



**9695/32**

October/November 2022

**2 hours**

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You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

- Answer **two** questions in total:  
Section A: answer **one** question.  
Section B: answer **one** question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- Dictionaries are **not** allowed.

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **12** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

**Section A: Shakespeare**

Answer **one** question from this section.

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice***

- 1 Either** (a) How far, and in what ways, does Shakespeare create sympathy for Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*?
- Or** (b) Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Portia, both here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
|------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Portia:</i>   | What ring gave you, my lord?<br>Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| <i>Bassanio:</i> | If I could add a lie unto a fault,<br>I would deny it; but you see my finger<br>Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 5  |
| <i>Portia:</i>   | Even so void is your false heart of truth;<br>By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed<br>Until I see the ring.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| <i>Nerissa:</i>  | Nor I in yours<br>Till I again see mine.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 10 |
| <i>Bassanio:</i> | Sweet Portia,<br>If you did know to whom I gave the ring,<br>If you did know for whom I gave the ring,<br>And would conceive for what I gave the ring,<br>And how unwillingly I left the ring,<br>When nought would be accepted but the ring,<br>You would abate the strength of your displeasure.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 15 |
| <i>Portia:</i>   | If you had known the virtue of the ring,<br>Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,<br>Or your own honour to contain the ring,<br>You would not then have parted with the ring.<br>What man is there so much unreasonable,<br>If you had pleas'd to have defended it<br>With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty<br>To urge the thing held as a ceremony?<br>Nerissa teaches me what to believe:<br>I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.                                                                                         | 20 |
| <i>Bassanio:</i> | No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,<br>No woman had it, but a civil doctor,<br>Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,<br>And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,<br>And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away –<br>Even he that had held up the very life<br>Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?<br>I was enforc'd to send it after him;<br>I was beset with shame and courtesy;<br>My honour would not let ingratitude<br>So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;<br>For by these blessed candles of the night, | 25 |
|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 30 |
|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 35 |

## 3

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
|------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
|                  | Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd<br>The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 40 |
| <i>Portia:</i>   | Let not that doctor e'er come near my house;<br>Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,<br>And that which you did swear to keep for me,<br>I will become as liberal as you;<br>I'll not deny him anything I have,<br>No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.<br>Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.<br>Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus;<br>If you do not, if I be left alone,<br>Now, by mine honour which is yet mine own,<br>I'll have that doctor for mine bedfellow. | 45 |
| <i>Nerissa:</i>  | And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd<br>How you do leave me to mine own protection.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
| <i>Gratiano:</i> | Well, do you so, let not me take him then;<br>For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 55 |
| <i>Antonio:</i>  | I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| <i>Portia:</i>   | Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
| <i>Bassanio:</i> | Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;<br>And in the hearing of these many friends<br>I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,<br>Wherein I see myself —                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 60 |
| <i>Portia:</i>   | Mark you but that!<br>In both my eyes he doubly sees himself,<br>In each eye one; swear by your double self,<br>And there's an oath of credit.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 65 |
| <i>Bassanio:</i> | Nay, but hear me.<br>Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear<br>I never more will break an oath with thee.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |    |
| <i>Antonio:</i>  | I once did lend my body for his wealth,<br>Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,<br>Had quite miscarried; I dare be bound again,<br>My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord<br>Will never more break faith advisedly.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 70 |
| <i>Portia:</i>   | Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,<br>And bid him keep it better than the other.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 75 |

(from Act 5 Scene 1)

- |                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
|-----------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Lear:</i>    | I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad.<br>I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.<br>We'll no more meet, no more see one another.<br>But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;<br>Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,<br>Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,<br>A plague-sore, or embossed carbuncle<br>In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;<br>Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;<br>I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoot,<br>Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.<br>Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure;<br>I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,<br>I and my hundred knights. | 5  |
| <i>Regan:</i>   | Not altogether so.<br>I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided<br>For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;<br>For those that mingle reason with your passion<br>Must be content to think you old, and so –<br>But she knows what she does.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 15 |
| <i>Lear:</i>    | Is this well spoken?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| <i>Regan:</i>   | I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers?<br>Is it not well? What should you need of more?<br>Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger<br>Speak 'gainst so great a number? How in one house<br>Should many people under two commands<br>Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 25 |
| <i>Goneril:</i> | Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance<br>From those that she calls servants, or from mine?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
| <i>Regan:</i>   | Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack ye,<br>We could control them. If you will come to me –<br>For now I spy a danger – I entreat you<br>To bring but five and twenty. To no more<br>Will I give place or notice.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 30 |
| <i>Lear:</i>    | I gave you all.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 35 |
| <i>Regan:</i>   | And in good time you gave it.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |    |
| <i>Lear:</i>    | Made you my guardians, my depositaries;<br>But kept a reservation to be followed<br>With such a number. What, must I come to you<br>With five and twenty, Regan? Said you so?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 40 |
| <i>Regan:</i>   | And speak't again, my lord. No more with me.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| <i>Lear:</i>    | Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd<br>When others are more wicked; not being the worst                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |

Stands in some rank of praise. [*To GONERIL*] I'll go with thee.

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(from Act 2 Scene 4)

## 6

**Section B: Drama**

Answer **one** question from this section.

**ATHOL FUGARD: *The Train Driver and Other Plays***

- 3**   **Either**   **(a)** In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Fugard present feelings of guilt in these plays?
- Or**   **(b)** Analyse the following extract, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Fugard's methods, here and more widely in the plays. You should pay close attention to the language, tone and action in your answer.

*Veronica:*      This is it.

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*[She empties the contents into his hand.]*

*(from Coming Home, Act 1 Scene 1)*

**SHELAGH STEPHENSON: *An Experiment with an Air Pump***

- 4 Either (a)** 'Tom: ... you do all your experiments in a vacuum –'

With this quotation in mind, discuss Stephenson's presentation of ethical issues, both past and present, in the play.

- Or (b)** Analyse the following extract, considering it in relation to Stephenson's presentation of family tensions, here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

*[Lights up on a long table, lit with candelabra.*

FENWICK, SUSANNAH, MARIA, ROGET and ARMSTRONG seated. Supper is over, and they are eating fruit, drinking. ISOBEL is clearing away plates and glasses. Everyone is a little the worse for wear, particularly SUSANNAH.]

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*Fenwick:* When you've finished, Isobel, you may come and join us if you wish.

*Susannah:* You prefer to talk to the servants than to me, Joseph.

*Fenwick:* Don't be ridiculous, Susannah.

*Susannah:* I am not being ridiculous. It's patronising to ask the girl to fetch and carry on the one hand and join us for elevating conversation on the other.

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*[She pours herself more wine. Hands ISOBEL the empty bottle.]*

Bring up another bottle please, Isobel.

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*Isobel:* Yes, madam.

*[She goes out with tray of crockery etc. as HARRIET comes in wearing her bonnet with the chimney. The chimney is now belching puffs of steam.]*

*Harriet:* Papa, Mama! Here you are. Look! I told you I would get it to work.

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*[They all look. Murmurs of delight.]*

*Fenwick:* Oh, well done, Harriet –

*Roget:* I say! Look at that!

*Susannah:* Look at what? What am I supposed to be looking at?

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*Maria:* Her bonnet, Mama!

*Susannah:* What about it?

*Armstrong:* The steam, madam, the steam –

*Susannah:* Good God –

*[The steam stops puffing.]*

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*Harriet:* Oh. It's stopped –

*Roget:* Nevertheless, Harriet, a remarkable achievement –

*Harriet:* Papa? Are you proud of me?

*Fenwick:* Impressed beyond words. It was almost worth sitting through that dreadful play, if this is one of the serendipitous results –

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*Susannah:* But when would you wear such a thing, dear?



## 9

|                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
|-------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Harriet:</i>   | That's not the point, Mama, the point is that through experiment I have made a discovery –                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Susannah:</i>  | But a singularly useless one –                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| <i>Fenwick:</i>   | Susannah, shut up. Harriet, my dear, sit down and have some wine. I'm delighted and impressed.<br>[HARRIET <i>sits down, glowing.</i> ]                                                                   | 40 |
| <i>Susannah:</i>  | Mark the contemptuous way my husband speaks to me, gentlemen –                                                                                                                                            |    |
| <i>Fenwick:</i>   | Susannah, that's enough –                                                                                                                                                                                 | 45 |
| <i>Susannah:</i>  | Tell me, Mr Roget, do you think my husband a saint?                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| <i>Roget:</i>     | I'm sorry?                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Susannah:</i>  | St Joseph of Newcastle upon Tyne. How would that suit him?                                                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Roget:</i>     | I think him a exemplary man, a great scientist and fine physician. However, sainthood would seem to be stretching a point.                                                                                | 50 |
| <i>Susannah:</i>  | But you think him a man of great principle, with a finely tuned conscience, considerate to servants, indulgent to his family, yes?                                                                        | 55 |
| <i>Roget:</i>     | Well ... on balance, I would say so, yes.                                                                                                                                                                 |    |
| <i>Susannah:</i>  | Then allow me to tell you how profoundly wrong you are.                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| <i>Fenwick:</i>   | Susannah –                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Susannah:</i>  | Don't worry, I'm not about to reveal any scandal. Oh, gentlemen, if only he were scandalous, but I'm afraid he's much too dull for that. What he is, is indifferent. To me. And what wife can stand that? | 60 |
| <i>Armstrong:</i> | I wonder if we should perhaps retire to the drawing-room, Roget –<br>[ <i>He begins to get up.</i> ]                                                                                                      | 65 |
| <i>Susannah:</i>  | Sit down!                                                                                                                                                                                                 |    |
| <i>Armstrong:</i> | Of course.<br>[ <i>He sits down again abruptly.</i> ]                                                                                                                                                     |    |
| <i>Harriet:</i>   | May Maria and I be excused, Papa?                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| <i>Susannah:</i>  | No!<br>[ <i>Silence.</i> ]                                                                                                                                                                                | 70 |

(from Act 2 Scene 3)

10

**TOM STOPPARD: *Indian Ink***

- 5**   **Either**   **(a)** What, in your view, do the scenes with Mrs Swan add to the play's meaning and effects?
- Or**   **(b)** Analyse the following extract, considering it in relation to Stoppard's dramatic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

*[One of the next cars makes FLORA gasp and almost jump out of her chair.]*

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*[The RAJAH gives PIKE the copy of the letter.]*

*(from Act 2)*

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