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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/33**

Paper 3 Shakespeare and Drama **October/November 2024**

2 hours

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- 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.

INFORMATION

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

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

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Section A: Shakespeare

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

1 Either (a) 'Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.'

With this comment in mind, discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of Denmark in the play.

Or (b) Analyse the following extract, considering it in relation to Shakespeare's dramatic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

[LAERTES *wounds* HAMLET*: then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and* HAMLET *wounds* LAERTES.]

King: Part them; they are incens'd.

Hamlet: Nay, come again.

[*The* QUEEN *falls*.]

Osric: Look to the Queen there, ho!

Horatio: They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?

Osric: How is't, Laertes?

Laertes: Why, as a woodcock, to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Hamlet: How does the Queen?

King: She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen: No, no, the drink, the drink! O my dear Hamlet!
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd.

[*Dies*.]

Hamlet: O, villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd.
Treachery! seek it out.

[LAERTES *falls*.]

Laertes: It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;
No med'cine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.
I can no more. The King, the King's to blame.

Hamlet: The point envenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work.

[*Stabs the* KING.]

All: Treason! treason!

King: O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Hamlet: Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?
Follow my mother.

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[KING *dies*.]

Laertes: He is justly serv'd:
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me!

[*Dies*.]

Hamlet: Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, as this fell sergeant Death
Is strict in his arrest, O, I could tell you –
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead:
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Horatio: Never believe it.
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane;
Here's yet some liquor left.

Hamlet: As th'art a man,
Give me the cup. Let go. By heaven, I'll ha't.
O God! Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.

[*March afar off, and shot within*]

What warlike noise is this?

Osric: Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To th' ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Hamlet: O, I die, Horatio!
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit.
I cannot live to hear the news from England,
But I do prophesy th' election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice.
So tell him, with th' occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited – the rest is silence.

[*Dies*.]

Horatio: Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

[*March within*]

Why does the drum come hither?

[*Enter* FORTINBRAS *and English ambassadors, with drum, colours, and attendants*.]

(*from* Act 5, Scene 2)

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice*

2 Either (a) Discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of Shylock's attitudes to Christians in the play.

Or (b) Analyse the following extract, considering it in relation to Shakespeare's dramatic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

Portia: I pray thee over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

Nerissa: First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Portia: Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself; I am much afear'd my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

Nerissa: Then is there the County Palatine.

Portia: He doth nothing but frown, as who should say 'An you will not have me, choose'. He hears merry tales and smiles not. I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Nerissa: How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Portia: God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker, but he – why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man. If a throstle sing he falls straight a-cap'ring; he will fence with his own shadow; if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Nerissa: What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Portia: You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Nerissa: What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Portia: That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able; I think the Frenchman became his surety, and seal'd under for another.

Nerissa: How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Portia: Very vilely in the morning when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk. When he is best, he is a little

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worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Nerissa: If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Portia: Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Nerissa: You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Portia: If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Nerissa: Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Portia: Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he call'd.

Nerissa: True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Portia: I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

(*from* Act 1, Scene 2)

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Section B

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 create links between past and present in these plays?

Or **(b)** Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Fugard's dramatic presentation of confrontations in these plays. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

Alfred: Okay.

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ALFRED *approaches her uncertainly.*]

(*from* Coming Home, Act 2, Scene 1)

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EUGENE O'NEILL: *Long Day's Journey Into Night*

4 **Either** **(a)** '*Tyrone* [*bitterly*]: What the hell was it that I wanted to buy, I wonder, that was worth – Well, no matter. It's a late day for regrets.'

With Tyrone's comment in mind, discuss the significance of money in the play.

Or **(b)** Analyse the following extract, considering it in relation to O'Neill's dramatic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

Mary [*looking around her*]: Something I need terribly.

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EDMUND *and* JAMIE *remain motionless.*]

(*from* Act 4)

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SHELAGH STEPHENSON: *An Experiment with an Air Pump*

5 Either (a) Explore Stephenson's dramatic presentation of men and their changing roles in society in the play.

Or (b) Analyse the following extract, considering it in relation to Stephenson's dramatic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

Phil: I had a thought.

Tom: Did you?

Phil: Aye.

[*Pause.*]

Tom: What was it then?

Phil: Bar codes.

Tom: Sorry?

Phil: Well, along those lines. Like you know, if they can map your genes before you're born, they'll soon be wanting a little plastic card with your DNA details on. And if it says anything dodgy, it'll be like you're credit blacked. And then imagine this, people'll say I can't have this kid because it'll never get a mortgage. I mean, that's bloody mad, that. I bet your wife hasn't thought about that, has she?

Tom: I think she's starting to –

[ELLEN *and* KATE *come in, wearing outdoor clothes.*]

Ellen: What on earth are you doing?

[PHIL *gets up.*]

Phil: Just messing around. I'd better take this downstairs.

[*He goes over to his ladder, picks it up and goes out.*]

Ellen: Did I say something?

Tom: He was going anyway.

[*He goes back to packing.*]

Kate: That looked very cosy. Doing a bit of male bonding, were you?

Tom: We were talking about the body in the basement.

Ellen: I wish you wouldn't call it that.

Kate: She probably wasn't murdered. She was dissected. That's why some of her's missing.

Tom: What makes you think this?

Kate: I remember years ago, they had to dig up an old cemetery near us, to widen the road. And when they came to move the coffins, lots of the really old ones were empty. The bodies had been snatched. Probably by medical students, before the Anatomy Act, which was about eighteen thirtysomething.

Ellen: So why then bury her in our garden?

Kate: I don't know. Nearest place maybe. It'd be a bit risky trying to put her back in her grave. Risky enough getting her out in the first place.

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Ellen: There you are, Tom. Not a murder victim at all. Just the equivalent of leaving your body for medical research. Feel better now?

[*He stares into the candle flame, and blows it out. Blackout. They leave.*

ROGET *and* ARMSTRONG *enter, in outdoor clothes, carrying racquets. The two men blow on their hands, stamp to keep warm.* ROGET *takes a shuttlecock from his pocket and they begin to play.*]

Armstrong: You should have been there. A growth the size of a potato.

Roget: Jersey or King Edward?

Armstrong: Bigger in fact. As big as my fist. In the upper abdominal cavity. Smaller ones in the lungs. The smell was abominable, of course.

Roget: Where did you get him from?

Armstrong: Who?

Roget: The unfortunate stinking corpse.

Armstrong: I've no idea. Farleigh saw to it.

Roget: Ah.

Armstrong: Ah what?

Roget: Was it still in its grave clothes by any chance?

Armstrong: It was stark naked on a slab. I don't know why you're playing holier than thou.

[*He stretches for a shot and misses, crashing his racquet down on the table.*]

Damn.

Roget: Mind the table!

[*He goes over and rubs at it with his coat sleeve.* ARMSTRONG *picks up the shuttlecock and bats it back to* ROGET.]

Roget: The whole thing sticks in my craw ever since two students in Edinburgh acquired for us a lovely fresh corpse which turned out to be our tutor's grandfather. The poor man clean fainted away when he pulled back the sheet.

Armstrong: What difference does it make if they're dead? The dead are just meat. But meat that tells a story. Every time I slice open a body, I feel as if I'm discovering America.

Roget: I do see the relatives' point. If you believe in bodily resurrection, the minimum requirement is a body.

Armstrong: I'd happily allow you to slice mine into porterhouse steaks, as long as I was definitively dead.

(*from* Act 2, Scene 2)

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