



# Cambridge IGCSE™

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## LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

**0475/33**

Paper 3 Drama (Open Text)

**October/November 2020****45 minutes**

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

**Candidates may take their set texts into the exam room, but these must NOT contain personal annotations, highlighting or underlining.**

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### INSTRUCTIONS

- 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.
- You may take your set text into the exam room, but this must **not** contain personal annotations, highlighting or underlining.

### INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 25.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

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This document has **12** pages. Blank pages are indicated.

**LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun***

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 1(a)** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Lindner*      [*looking around at the hostile faces and reaching and assembling his hat and briefcase*]: Well – I don't understand why you people are reacting this way.

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Joke.

*[from Act 2]*

Explore how Hansberry vividly conveys the Younger family's feelings at this moment in the play.

**Or**      **1(b)** How does Hansberry make Walter's dream of a better life such a memorable part of the play?

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**ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible***

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 2(a)** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Proctor*

*[He starts for the door as MARY WARREN enters. As soon as he sees her, he goes directly to her and grabs her by her cloak, furious]:* How do you go to Salem when I forbid it?

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Last month – a Monday, I think – she walked away, and I thought my guts would burst for two days after.

*[from Act 2]*

How does Miller make this such a disturbing moment in the play?

**Or 2(b)** In what ways does Miller make Reverend Parris such a dislikeable character?

TERENCE RATTIGAN: *The Winslow Boy*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 3(a) Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

|         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
|---------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Arthur: | Catherine's late. She was in at half-past one yesterday.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| Grace:  | Perhaps they're taking the lunch interval later to-day.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| Arthur: | Lunch interval? This isn't a cricket match. [ <i>He looks at her.</i> ]<br>Nor, may I say, is it a matinee at the Gaiety. Why are you<br>wearing that highly unsuitable get-up?                                                                                                                        | 5  |
| Grace:  | Don't you like it, dear? I think it is Mme. Dupont's best.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| Arthur: | Grace—your son is facing a charge of theft and forgery—                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| Grace:  | Oh dear! It's so difficult! I simply can't be seen in the same<br>old dress, day after day! [ <i>A thought strikes her.</i> ] I tell you<br>what, Arthur. I'll wear my black coat and skirt to-morrow—for<br>the verdict.                                                                              | 10 |
| Arthur: | [ <i>glares at her, helplessly, then turns his chair towards the<br/>dining-room</i> ]: Did you say my lunch was ready?                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| Grace:  | Yes, dear. It's only cold. I did the salad myself. Violet and<br>cook are at the trial.                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 15 |
| Dickie: | Is Violet still with you? She was under sentence last time I<br>saw you—                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| Grace:  | She's been under sentence for the last six months, poor<br>thing—only she doesn't know it. Neither your father nor I<br>have the courage to tell her—                                                                                                                                                  | 20 |
| Arthur: | [ <i>stopping at the door</i> ]: I have the courage to tell her.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| Grace:  | It's funny that you don't then, dear.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| Arthur: | I will.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| Grace:  | [ <i>hastily</i> ]: No, no, you mustn't. When it's to be done, I'll do it.                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| Arthur: | You see, Dickie? These taunts of cowardice are daily flung<br>at my head; but should I take them up I'm forbidden to move<br>in the matter. Such is the logic of women.<br>[ <i>ARTHUR wheels himself into the dining-room. DICKIE,<br/>who has been holding the door open, closes it after him.</i> ] | 25 |
| Dickie: | How is he?<br>[ <i>GRACE shakes her head quietly.</i> ]<br>Will you take him away after the trial?                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 30 |
| Grace:  | He's promised to go into a nursing home.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| Dickie: | Do you think he will?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| Grace:  | How do I know? He'll probably find some new excuse.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 35 |
| Dickie: | But surely, if he loses this time, he's lost for good, hasn't he?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |    |
| Grace:  | [ <i>slowly</i> ]: So they say, Dickie dear—I can only hope it's true.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |    |
| Dickie: | How did you keep him away from the trial?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| Grace:  | Kate and Sir Robert together. He wouldn't listen to me or the<br>doctor.                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 40 |
| Dickie: | Poor old Mother! You must have been having a pretty rotten<br>time of it, one way and another—                                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |

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*Grace:* I've said my say, Dickie. He knows what I think. Not that he cares. He never has—all his life. Anyway, I've given up worrying. He's always said he knew what he was doing. It's my job to try and pick up the pieces, I suppose.

45

[from Act 2]

How does Rattigan vividly depict the impact of the trial on Grace Winslow at this moment in the play?

**Or**      **3(b)** How does Rattigan strikingly convey the sacrifices Catherine Winslow makes in the play?

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*****Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.****Either 4(a)** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

|                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                |
|-----------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| <i>Angus:</i>   | We are sent<br>To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;<br>Only to herald thee into his sight,<br>Not pay thee.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                |
| <i>Ross:</i>    | And, for an earnest of a greater honour,<br>He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor;<br>In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane!<br>For it is thine.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 5              |
| <i>Banquo:</i>  | What, can the devil speak true?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                |
| <i>Macbeth:</i> | The Thane of Cawdor lives; why do you dress me<br>In borrowed robes?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 10             |
| <i>Angus:</i>   | Who was the Thane lives yet;<br>But under heavy judgment bears that life<br>Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd<br>With those of Norway, or did line the rebel<br>With hidden help and vantage, or that with both<br>He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;<br>But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,<br>Have overthrown him.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 15             |
| <i>Macbeth</i>  | [ <i>Aside</i> ]: Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!<br>The greatest is behind. – Thanks for your pains.<br>[ <i>Aside to BANQUO</i> ]: Do you not hope your children shall be kings,<br>When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me<br>Promis'd no less to them?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 20             |
| <i>Banquo</i>   | [ <i>Aside to MACBETH</i> ]: That, trusted home,<br>Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,<br>Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange;<br>And oftentimes to win us to our harm,<br>The instruments of darkness tell us truths,<br>Win us with honest trifles, to betray's<br>In deepest consequence. –<br>Cousins, a word, I pray you.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 25             |
| <i>Macbeth</i>  | [ <i>Aside</i> ]: Two truths are told,<br>As happy prologues to the swelling act<br>Of the imperial theme. – I thank you, gentlemen.<br>[ <i>Aside</i> ] This supernatural soliciting<br>Cannot be ill; cannot be good. If ill,<br>Why hath it given me earnest of success,<br>Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.<br>If good, why do I yield to that suggestion<br>Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair<br>And make my seated heart knock at my ribs<br>Against the use of nature? Present fears<br>Are less than horrible imaginings.<br>My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,<br>Shakes so my single state of man<br>That function is smother'd in surmise,<br>And nothing is but what is not. | 35<br>40<br>45 |



## 9

|                |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                  |
|----------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------|
| <i>Banquo:</i> | Look how our partner's rapt.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                  |
| <i>Macbeth</i> | <i>[Aside]:</i> If chance will have me King, why, chance may crown me,<br>Without my stir.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 50               |
| <i>Banquo:</i> | New honours come upon him,<br>Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould<br>But with the aid of use.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                  |
| <i>Macbeth</i> | <i>[Aside]:</i> Come what come may,<br>Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 55               |
| <i>Banquo:</i> | Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                  |
| <i>Macbeth</i> | Give me your favour. My dull brain was wrought<br>With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains<br>Are regist'ed where every day I turn<br>The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King.<br><i>[Aside to BANQUO]:</i><br>Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,<br>The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak<br>Our free hearts each to other. | 60<br>65         |
| <i>Banquo</i>  | <i>[Aside to MACBETH]:</i> Very gladly.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                  |
| <i>Macbeth</i> | <i>[Aside to BANQUO]:</i> Till then, enough. –<br>Come, friends.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | <i>[Exeunt.]</i> |

*[from Act 1, Scene 3]*

How does Shakespeare make this early moment in the play so disturbing?

**Or**      **4(b)** The witches say, 'Something wicked this way comes!'

Do you think that Shakespeare portrays Macbeth as completely wicked?

**Either**    **5(a)** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

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## 11

*Juliet:* Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name, 40  
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?  
 But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.  
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;  
 – Your tributary drops belong to woe, 45  
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
 My husband lives that Tybalt would have slain,  
 And Tybalt's dead that would have slain my husband.  
 All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?  
 Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death, 50  
 That murd' red me; I would forget it fain,  
 But, O, it presses to my memory  
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:  
 'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished'.

[from Act 3, Scene 2]

In what ways does Shakespeare vividly convey Juliet's distress at this moment in the play?

**Or**      **5(b)** How far does Shakespeare persuade you that Mercutio is a good friend to Romeo?

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