

# Cambridge International AS & A Level

## LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/32

## Paper 3 Shakespeare and Drama

February/March 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.

## Section A: Shakespeare

Answer **one** question from this section.

### WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of Ophelia's relationship with her father, Polonius, and its significance for the play as a whole.
- 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.

|              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                  |
|--------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
|              | [Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Others.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                  |
| Hamlet:      | Good sir, whose powers are these?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                  |
| Captain:     | They are of Norway, sir.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                  |
| Hamlet:      | How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 5                                |
| Captain:     | Against some part of Poland.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                  |
| Hamlet:      | Who commands them, sir?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                  |
| Captain:     | The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                  |
| Hamlet:      | Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,<br>Or for some frontier?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 10                               |
| Captain:     | Truly to speak, and with no addition,<br>We go to gain a little patch of ground<br>That hath in it no profit but the name.<br>To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;<br>Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole<br>A ranker rate should it be sold in fee.                                                                                                                                                                                   | 15                               |
| Hamlet:      | Why, then the Polack never will defend it.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                  |
| Captain:     | Yes, it is already garrison'd.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                  |
| Hamlet:      | Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats<br>Will not debate the question of this straw.<br>This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,<br>That inward breaks, and shows no cause without<br>Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 20                               |
| Captain:     | God buy you, sir.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | [Exit.]                          |
| Rosencrantz: | Will't please you go, my lord?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 25                               |
| Hamlet:      | I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                  |
|              | [Exeunt all but HAMLET.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                  |
|              | How all occasions do inform against me,<br>And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,<br>If his chief good and market of his time<br>Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more!<br>Sure he that made us with such large discourse,<br>Looking before and after, gave us not<br>That capability and godlike reason<br>To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be<br>Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple<br>Of thinking too precisely on th' event – | 30<br><br><br><br><br><br><br>35 |

A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom  
 And ever three parts coward – I do not know  
 Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do', 40  
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,  
 To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:  
 Witness this army, of such mass and charge,  
 Led by a delicate and tender prince,  
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd, 45  
 Makes mouths at the invisible event,  
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure  
 To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,  
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great 50  
 Is not to stir without great argument,  
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,  
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,  
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
 Excitements of my reason and my blood,  
 And let all sleep, while to my shame I see 55  
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men  
 That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,  
 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot  
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
 Which is not tomb enough and continent 60  
 To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,  
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[Exit.]

(from Act 4, Scene 4)

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

**2 Either (a)** 'All that glisters is not gold'.

With this quotation from the play in mind, discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of deception 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.

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |          |
|------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| <i>Shylock:</i>  | I take this offer then: pay the bond thrice,<br>And let the Christian go.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |          |
| <i>Bassanio:</i> | Here is the money.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |          |
| <i>Portia:</i>   | Soft!<br>The Jew shall have all justice. Soft! No haste.<br>He shall have nothing but the penalty.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 5        |
| <i>Gratiano:</i> | O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |          |
| <i>Portia:</i>   | Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.<br>Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more<br>But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more<br>Or less than a just pound – be it but so much<br>As makes it light or heavy in the substance,<br>Or the division of the twentieth part<br>Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn<br>But in the estimation of a hair –<br>Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate. | 10<br>15 |
| <i>Gratiano:</i> | A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!<br>Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |          |
| <i>Portia:</i>   | Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |          |
| <i>Shylock:</i>  | Give me my principal, and let me go.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 20       |
| <i>Bassanio:</i> | I have it ready for thee; here it is.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |          |
| <i>Portia:</i>   | He hath refus'd it in the open court;<br>He shall have merely justice, and his bond.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |          |
| <i>Gratiano:</i> | A Daniel still say I, a second Daniel!<br>I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 25       |
| <i>Shylock:</i>  | Shall I not have barely my principal?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |          |
| <i>Portia:</i>   | Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture<br>To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |          |
| <i>Shylock:</i>  | Why, then the devil give him good of it!<br>I'll stay no longer question.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 30       |
| <i>Portia:</i>   | Tarry, Jew.<br>The law hath yet another hold on you.<br>It is enacted in the laws of Venice,<br>If it be prov'd against an alien<br>That by direct or indirect attempts<br>He seek the life of any citizen,<br>The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive<br>Shall seize one half his goods; the other half<br>Comes to the privy coffer of the state;                                                                            | 35       |

|           |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                |
|-----------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
|           | And the offender's life lies in the mercy<br>Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.<br>In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;<br>For it appears by manifest proceeding<br>That indirectly, and directly too,<br>Thou hast contrived against the very life<br>Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd<br>The danger formerly by me rehears'd.<br>Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.                                                                        | 40<br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br>45                   |
| Gratiano: | Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself;<br>And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,<br>Thou hast not left the value of a cord;<br>Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 50                                                             |
| Duke:     | That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,<br>I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.<br>For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;<br>The other half comes to the general state,<br>Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 55                                                             |
| Portia:   | Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                |
| Shylock:  | Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that.<br>You take my house when you do take the prop<br>That doth sustain my house; you take my life<br>When you do take the means whereby I live.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 60                                                             |
| Portia:   | What mercy can you render him, Antonio?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                |
| Gratiano: | A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                |
| Antonio:  | So please my lord the Duke and all the court<br>To quit the fine for one half of his goods;<br>I am content, so he will let me have<br>The other half in use, to render it<br>Upon his death unto the gentleman<br>That lately stole his daughter –<br>Two things provided more: that, for this favour,<br>He presently become a Christian;<br>The other, that he do record a gift,<br>Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd<br>Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter. | 65<br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br>70<br><br><br><br>75 |
| Duke:     | He shall do this, or else I do recant<br>The pardon that I late pronounced here.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                |
| Portia:   | Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                |
| Shylock:  | I am content.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                |

(from Act 4, Scene 1)

**Section B: Drama**

Answer **one** question from this section.

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

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss Fugard's dramatic presentation of memories and remembering in these plays.
- Or** (b) Analyse the following extract, considering it in relation to Fugard's dramatic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the plays. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

[SIMON *looks around and then walks among the graves*  
*muttering: 'Zimbini, zimbini, zimbini.'*



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*He speaks  
firmly but gently*: You must stop now looking for her.

*(from The Train Driver, Scene 3)*

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

- 4**   **Either**   (a) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does O'Neill present James Tyrone as a father?
- 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.

*[The front door is heard closing and TYRONE calls uneasily from the hall.]*



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*Edmund*

[cannot control his bitterness]: Maybe I guessed there was a good reason not to laugh.

(from Act 3)



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

- 5    **Either**    (a) In what ways, and with what dramatic significance for the play as a whole, is scientific experimentation presented in *An Experiment with an Air Pump*?
- 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.

*Fenwick:*            Susannah –



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*[She sits down again, in tears.]*

*(from Act 2, Scene 3)*



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