



# Cambridge IGCSE™

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## LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

0475/33

Paper 3 Drama (Open Text)

October/November 2024

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. Any blank pages are indicated.

LYNN NOTTAGE: *Crumbs from the Table of Joy*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
|------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Lily:      | Ernie, I came up here just like you, clothing so worn and shiny folks wouldn't even give me the time of day. I came with so much country in my bags folks got teary-eyed and reminiscent as I'd pass. It was the year white folk had burned out old Johnston, and we'd gathered at Reverend Duckett's church, listening to him preach on the evils of Jim Crow for the umpteenth time, speaking the words as though they alone could purge the demon. He whipped us into a terrible frenzy that wore us out. I'd like to say I caught the spirit, but instead I spoke my mind ... A few miscalculated words, not knowing I was intended to remain silent. You know what a miscalculation is? It's saying, 'If y'all peasy-head Negroes ain't happy, why don't you go up to city hall and demand some respect. I'm tired of praying, goddamnit!' Mind ya, I always wanted to leave. And mind ya, I might not have said 'goddamn.' But those words spoken by a poor colored gal in a small cracker town meant you're morally corrupt. A communist, Ernie. Whole town stared me down, nobody would give me a word. It was finally the stares that drove me North. Stares from folks of our very persuasion, not just the crackers. You want to be part of my revolution? You know what I say to that, get yourself a profession like a nurse or something so no matter where you are or what they say, you can always walk into a room with your head held high, 'cause you'll always be essential. Period. Stop! But you gotta find your own 'root' to the truth. That's what I do. Was true, is true, can be true, will be true. You ain't a communist, Ernie! | 5  |
| Ernestine: | No?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
| Lily:      | Not yet! You just thinking, chile. A movie star can't have politics. [LILY laughs. A moment. GERTE enters from the bedroom, flustered.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 10 |
| Gerte:     | Excuse me. I heard the noise. I thought Godfrey was home. Sometimes I get scared in the dark when he is at work. I fix myself something to eat and I feel better. [Gives ERNESTINE an imploring smile, then heads toward the kitchen]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 15 |
| Lily:      | Do you want a drink?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 20 |
|            | [GERTE stops short.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| Gerte      | [Surprised]: Thank you. [LILY passes her glass to GERTE. GERTE knocks the drink back.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 25 |
| Lily:      | Easy does it.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 30 |
|            | [GERTE refrains from making eye contact with LILY.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
|            | It's a little quiet, ain't it? Wouldn't mind some music. [ERNESTINE turns on the radio. Mambo music plays. LILY pours GERTE another drink. The women stand awkwardly for a moment. LILY offers GERTE her hand. GERTE accepts it.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 35 |
|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 40 |
|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 45 |

|                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
|-------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
|                   | <i>The music swells as they are swathed in the brilliant, flickering glow of the cinema. LILY and GERTE do an elaborate mambo.</i>                                                                                                       |    |
| <i>Ernestine</i>  | [ <i>To audience</i> ]: At least I wish they had. But there they stood.<br>[ <i>The music stops abruptly. The women stand silently, facing each other.</i> ]                                                                             | 50 |
| <i>Lily:</i>      | Are you sure you don't want a drink?                                                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
| <i>Gerte:</i>     | I should go to sleep, really. [ <i>She begins to leave</i> ] Good night.<br>[ <i>As she leaves, she touches LILY's shoulder</i> ] I wish –                                                                                               |    |
| <i>Lily:</i>      | Please don't embarrass me with your articulation of regrets.<br>[ <i>GERTE smiles and exits.</i> ]                                                                                                                                       | 55 |
|                   | [ <i>To ERNESTINE</i> ] You're looking a little tired yourself.                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| <i>Ernestine:</i> | Will you turn out the light?<br>[ <i>LILY gives ERNESTINE a hug. ERNESTINE exits. LILY makes her way over to ERNESTINE's graduation dress. She rips the lace off of the bottom of her slip and begins to sew it around the collar.</i> ] | 60 |

(from Act 2, Scene 4)

How does Nottage vividly depict the relationships between the three women in this ending to Act 2?

Or 1(b) To what extent does Nottage's portrayal of Godfrey make you sympathise with him?

**WOLE SOYINKA: *Death and the King's Horseman***

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

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

*Elesin:*                Wait.

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The hidden path to me.

*(from Scene 3)*

How does Soyinka make this moment in the play so dramatic and mysterious?

**Or**      **2(b)** How far does Soyinka suggest that Pilkings is responsible for the failure of Elesin's ritual death?

**TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire***

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

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

*Blanche:* I am not being or feeling at all superior, Stella.

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*As the lights fade away, with a lingering brightness on their embrace, the music of the 'blue piano' and trumpet and drums is heard.]*

*(from Scene 4)*

How does Williams make this such a memorable and significant moment in the play?

**Or**      **3(b)** Explore the ways in which Williams powerfully portrays Stanley's cruelty.

Do **not** use the passage printed in **Question 3(a)** in answering this question.

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream***

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

**Either 4(a)** Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

|                |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
|----------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Snout:</i>  | What say you, Bottom?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
| <i>Bottom:</i> | Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.                                                             | 5  |
| <i>Quince:</i> | If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.                                                                        |    |
|                | [Enter PUCK <i>behind</i> .]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 10 |
| <i>Puck:</i>   | What hempen homespuns have we swagg'ring here,<br>So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen?<br>What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;<br>An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.                                                                                                             |    |
| <i>Quince:</i> | Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 15 |
| <i>Bottom:</i> | <i>Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet –</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |    |
| <i>Quince:</i> | 'Odious' – odorous!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| <i>Bottom:</i> | – – <i>odours savours sweet;</i><br><i>So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.</i><br><i>But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,</i><br><i>And by and by I will to thee appear.</i>                                                                                             | 20 |
|                | [Exit.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| <i>Puck:</i>   | A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |    |
|                | [Exit.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| <i>Flute:</i>  | Must I speak now?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 25 |
| <i>Quince:</i> | Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| <i>Flute:</i>  | <i>Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,</i><br><i>Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,</i><br><i>Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,</i><br><i>As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,</i><br><i>I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.</i> | 30 |
| <i>Quince:</i> | 'Ninus' tomb', man! Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is 'never tire'.                                                                                                     | 35 |
| <i>Flute:</i>  | O – <i>As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.</i><br>[Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.]                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| <i>Bottom:</i> | <i>If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| <i>Quince:</i> | O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray master! fly, masters! Help!                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 40 |
|                | [Exeunt all but BOTTOM and PUCK.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| <i>Puck:</i>   | I'll follow you; I'll lead you about a round,<br>Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;                                                                                                                                                                                 |    |

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,  
 A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;  
 And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,  
 Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[Exit.]

*Bottom:* Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me  
 afeard. 50

[Re-enter SNOOT.]

*Snout:* O Bottom, thou art chang'd! What do I see on thee?

*Bottom:* What do you see? You see an ass-head of your own, do you?  
 [Exit SNOOT.]

[Re-enter QUINCE.] 55

*Quince:* Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee! Thou art translated.

[Exit.]

*Bottom:* I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if  
 they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can; I  
 will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear  
 I am not afraid. 60

[Sings.]

The ousel cock, so black of hue,  
 With orange-tawny bill,  
 The throstle with his note so true,  
 The wren with little quill. 65

(from Act 3, Scene 1)

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes this moment in the play so entertaining.

**Or 4(b)** Helena feels that she is treated unfairly.

How does Shakespeare vividly convey this?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

|                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                   |
|-----------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Othello:</i> | She had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;<br>I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;<br>And, on the proof, there is no more but this –<br>Away at once with love or jealousy!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                   |
| <i>Iago:</i>    | I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason<br>To show the love and duty that I bear you<br>With franker spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,<br>Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.<br>Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;<br>Wear your eyes thus, not jealous nor secure.<br>I would not have your free and noble nature<br>Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't.<br>I know our country disposition well:<br>In Venice they do let God see the pranks<br>They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience<br>Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown. | 5<br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br>10<br><br><br><br>15 |
| <i>Othello:</i> | Dost thou say so?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                   |
| <i>Iago:</i>    | She did deceive her father, marrying you;<br>And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,<br>She lov'd them most.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 20                                                                |
| <i>Othello:</i> | And so she did.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                   |
| <i>Iago:</i>    | Why, go to then!<br>She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,<br>To seal her father's eyes up close as oak –<br>He thought 'twas witchcraft. But I am much to blame;<br>I humbly do beseech you of your pardon<br>For too much loving you.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 25                                                                |
| <i>Othello:</i> | I am bound to thee for ever.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                   |
| <i>Iago:</i>    | I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                   |
| <i>Othello:</i> | Not a jot, not a jot.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 30                                                                |
| <i>Iago:</i>    | I'faith, I fear it has.<br>I hope you will consider what is spoke<br>Comes from my love; but I do see you are mov'd.<br>I am to pray you not to strain my speech<br>To grosser issues nor to larger reach<br>Than to suspicion.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 35                                                                |
| <i>Othello:</i> | I will not.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                   |
| <i>Iago:</i>    | Should you do so, my lord,<br>My speech should fall into such vile success<br>Which my thoughts aim'd not. Cassio's my worthy friend –<br>My lord, I see you are mov'd.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 40                                                                |
| <i>Othello:</i> | No, not much mov'd.<br>I do not think but Desdemona's honest.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                   |
| <i>Iago:</i>    | Long live she so! and long live you to think so!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                   |
| <i>Othello:</i> | And yet, how nature erring from itself –                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 45                                                                |

*Iago:* Ay, there's the point: as – to be bold with you –  
 Not to affect many proposed matches  
 Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,  
 Whereto we see in all things nature tends –  
 Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank, 50  
 Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.  
 But pardon me – I do not in position  
 Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear  
 Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,  
 May fall to match you with her country forms, 55  
 And happily repent.

*Othello:* Farewell, farewell.  
 If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;  
 Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

*Iago:* My lord, I take my leave. 60

[Going.]

*Othello:* Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless  
 Sees and knows more – much more than he unfolds.

(from Act 3, Scene 3)

How does Shakespeare strikingly portray Iago at this moment in the play?

**Or**      **5(b)** Explore how Shakespeare dramatically portrays Roderigo as a victim.

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