



# Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/33

Paper 3 Shakespeare and Drama

May/June 2021

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.

## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- |                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
|------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Leontes:</i>  | You, my lords,<br>Look on her, mark her well; be but about<br>To say ‘She is a goodly lady’ and<br>The justice of your hearts will thereto add<br>‘Tis pity she’s not honest – honourable’.<br>Praise her but for this her without-door form,<br>Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight<br>The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands<br>That calumny doth use – O, I am out! –<br>That mercy does, for calumny will sear<br>Virtue itself – these shrugs, these hum’s and ha’s,<br>When you have said she’s goodly, come between,<br>Ere you can say she’s honest. But be’t known,<br>From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,<br>She’s an adultress. | 5  |
| <i>Hermione:</i> | Should a villain say so,<br>The most replenish’d villain in the world,<br>He were as much more villain: you, my lord,<br>Do but mistake.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 10 |
| <i>Leontes:</i>  | You have mistook, my lady,<br>Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing!<br>Which I’ll not call a creature of thy place,<br>Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,<br>Should a like language use to all degrees<br>And mannerly distinguishment leave out<br>Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have said<br>She’s an adultress; I have said with whom.<br>More, she’s a traitor; and Camillo is<br>A federary with her, and one that knows<br>What she should shame to know herself<br>But with her most vile principal – that she’s<br>A bed-swerver, even as bad as those<br>That vulgars give bold’st titles; ay, and privy<br>To this their late escape.                            | 20 |
| <i>Hermione:</i> | No, by my life,<br>Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,<br>When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that<br>You thus have publish’d me! Gentle my lord,<br>You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say<br>You did mistake.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 25 |
|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 30 |
| <i>Hermione:</i> | No, by my life,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 35 |
|                  | Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,<br>When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that<br>You thus have publish’d me! Gentle my lord,<br>You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say<br>You did mistake.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 40 |

- Leontes:* No; if I mistake  
 In those foundations which I build upon,  
 The centre is not big enough to bear  
 A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison.  
 He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty  
 But that he speaks. 45
- Hermione:* There's some ill planet reigns.  
 I must be patient till the heavens look  
 With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,  
 I am not prone to weeping, as our sex 50  
 Commonly are – the want of which vain dew  
 Perchance shall dry your pities – but I have  
 That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns  
 Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,  
 With thoughts so qualified as your charities 55  
 Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  
 The King's will be perform'd!
- Leontes* [To the Guard]: Shall I be heard?
- Hermione:* Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your Highness  
 My women may be with me, for you see 60  
 My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;  
 There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress  
 Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears  
 As I come out: this action I now go on  
 Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord. 65  
 I never wish'd to see you sorry; now  
 I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.
- Leontes:* Go, do our bidding; hence!

[Exeunt HERMIONE, guarded, and Ladies.]

(from Act 2 Scene 1)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *King Lear*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of ungrateful children in *King Lear*.
- Or** (b) Analyse the following extract, considering ways Shakespeare presents Lear's relationship with the Fool here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |
|-------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
|       | [Enter FOOL.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |          |
| Fool: | Let me hire him too; here's my coxcomb.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |          |
|       | [Offering KENT <i>his cap</i> .]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |          |
| Lear: | How now, my pretty knave! How dost thou?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |          |
| Fool: | Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 5        |
| Kent: | Why, fool?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |          |
| Fool: | Why? For taking one's part that's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banish'd two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. – How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters! | 10       |
| Lear: | Why, my boy?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |          |
| Fool: | If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 15       |
| Lear: | Take heed, sirrah – the whip.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |          |
| Fool: | Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when Lady the brach may stand by th' fire and stink.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |          |
| Lear: | A pestilent gall to me!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |          |
| Fool: | Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 20       |
| Lear: | Do.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |          |
| Fool: | Mark it, nuncle:<br>Have more than thou showest,<br>Speak less than thou knowest,<br>Lend less than thou owest,<br>Ride more than thou goest,<br>Learn more than thou trowest,<br>Set less than thou throwest;<br>Leave thy drink and thy whore,<br>And keep in-a-door,<br>And thou shalt have more<br>Than two tens to a score.                                         | 25<br>30 |
| Kent: | This is nothing, fool.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |          |
| Fool: | Then 'tis like the breath of an un-fee'd lawyer – you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 35       |
| Lear: | Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |          |
| Fool  | [To KENT]: Prithee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |
| Lear: | A bitter fool!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |          |
| Fool: | Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 40       |

- Lear:* No, lad; teach me.
- Fool:* That lord that counsell'd thee  
                     To give away thy land,  
                     Come place him here by me – 45  
                     Do thou for him stand.  
                     The sweet and bitter fool  
                     Will presently appear;  
                     The one in motley here,  
                     The other found out there. 50
- Lear:* Dost thou call me fool, boy?
- Fool:* All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.
- Kent:* This is not altogether fool, my lord.
- Fool:* No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't. And ladies too – they will not let me have all the fool to myself; they'll be snatching. Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns. 55
- Lear:* What two crowns shall they be?
- Fool:* Why, after I have cut the egg i' th' middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' th' middle, and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt. Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gav'st thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so. 60
- [Sings]      Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;  
                     For wise men are grown foppish,  
                     And know not how their wits to wear,  
                     Their manners are so apish. 65

(from Act 1 Scene 4)

**Section B: Drama**

Answer **one** question from this section.

**ATHOL FUGARD: *Township Plays***

- 3    **Either**    (a) Compare and contrast Fugard's dramatic presentation of oppression in the *Township Plays*. In your response you should write about at least **two** plays.
- Or**        (b) Analyse Fugard's dramatic presentation of poverty in this extract from *Nongogo* and elsewhere in the plays. You should pay careful attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

*Johnny:*        Isn't there anything you want, Queeny?

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*Johnny:* I'd better start selling and give us something to celebrate.

*(from Nongogo, Act 2)*

**TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *The Glass Menagerie***

- 4**   **Either**   **(a)** Discuss Williams's dramatic presentation of failure and its significance to the play.
- Or**        **(b)** Analyse the following extract, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Williams's dramatic methods and concerns in the play.

*Amanda:*    You *will* hear more, you –

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You ugly – babbling old – *witch*. ...

(*from* Scene 3)

**TOM STOPPARD: *Indian Ink***

- 5**   **Either**   **(a)** Discuss the dramatic presentation and significance of Eldon Pike as Flora's biographer in the play.
- Or**       **(b)** Analyse the following extract, considering it in relation to Stoppard's dramatic methods and concerns in the play as a whole.

*[Dusk. FLORA sits alone on a moving train.]*

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*[She disappears into the bathroom with her suitcase.]*

*(from Act 1)*

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