



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/31

Paper 3 Shakespeare and Drama

October/November 2022

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: *The Merchant of Venice*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss the dramatic significance of the casket scenes to the action and the effects of 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 PORTIA for BALTHASAR, dressed like a Doctor of Laws.]

- Duke: You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.
Give me your hand; come you from old Bellario? 5
- Portia: I did, my lord.
- Duke: You are welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
- Portia: I am informed throughly of the cause. 10
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
- Duke: Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
- Portia: Is your name Shylock?
- Shylock: Shylock is my name.
- Portia: Of a strange nature is the suit you follow; 15
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?
- Antonio: Ay, so he says.
- Portia: Do you confess the bond? 20
- Antonio: I do.
- Portia: Then must the Jew be merciful.
- Shylock: On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.
- Portia: The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven 25
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, 30
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself; 35
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this –

	That in the course of justice none of us Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy, And that same prayer doth teach us all to render The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much To mitigate the justice of thy plea, Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.	40 45
<i>Shylock:</i>	My deeds upon my head! I crave the law, The penalty and forfeit of my bond.	
<i>Portia:</i>	Is he not able to discharge the money?	
<i>Bassanio:</i>	Yes; here I tender it for him in the court; Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice, I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart; If this will not suffice, it must appear That malice bears down truth. And, I beseech you, Wrest once the law to your authority; To do a great right do a little wrong, And curb this cruel devil of his will.	50 55
<i>Portia:</i>	It must not be; there is no power in Venice Can alter a decree established; 'Twill be recorded for a precedent, And many an error, by the same example, Will rush into the state; it cannot be.	60
<i>Shylock:</i>	A Daniel come to judgment! Yea, a Daniel! O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!	
<i>Portia:</i>	I pray you, let me look upon the bond.	65
<i>Shylock:</i>	Here 'tis, most reverend Doctor; here it is.	
<i>Portia:</i>	Shylock, there's thrice thy money off'red thee.	
<i>Shylock:</i>	An oath, an oath! I have an oath in heaven. Shall I lay perjury upon my soul? No, not for Venice.	70

(from Act 4 Scene 1)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *King Lear*

- 2 Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Shakespeare shapes an audience's response to Edmund 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.

[Enter GLOUCESTER, and EDGAR dressed like a peasant.]

<i>Gloucester:</i>	When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?	
<i>Edgar:</i>	You do climb up it now; look how we labour.	
<i>Gloucester:</i>	Methinks the ground is even.	
<i>Edgar:</i>	Horrible steep.	5
	Hark, do you hear the sea?	
<i>Gloucester:</i>	No, truly.	
<i>Edgar:</i>	Why then, your other senses grow imperfect By your eyes' anguish.	
<i>Gloucester:</i>	So may it be indeed.	10
	Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st In better phrase and matter than thou didst.	
<i>Edgar:</i>	Y'are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd But in my garments.	
<i>Gloucester:</i>	Methinks y'are better spoken.	15
<i>Edgar:</i>	Come on, sir; here's the place. Stand still. How fearful And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low! The crows and choughs that wing the mid-way air Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half-way down Hangs one that gathers samphire – dreadful trade! Methinks he seems no bigger than his head. The fishermen that walk upon the beach Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge That on th' unnumb'ed idle pebble chafes Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more; Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight Topple down headlong.	20
<i>Gloucester:</i>	Set me where you stand.	25
<i>Edgar:</i>	Give me your hand. You are now within a foot Of th' extreme verge. For all beneath the moon Would I not leap upright.	30
<i>Gloucester:</i>	Let go my hand. Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and gods Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off; Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.	35
<i>Edgar:</i>	Now fare ye well, good sir.	
<i>Gloucester:</i>	With all my heart.	40

- Edgar:* Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.
- Gloucester* [*Kneeling*]: O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off. 45
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!
[*Rising*] Now, fellow, fare thee well. 50
- Edgar:* Gone, sir; farewell,
[*GLOUCESTER casts himself down.*]
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought, 55
By this had thought been past. – Alive or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! Speak! –
Thus might he pass indeed. Yet he revives –
What are you, sir?
- Gloucester:* Away, and let me die. 60
- Edgar:* Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg; but thou dost breathe,
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude 65
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell.
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.
- Gloucester:* But have I fall'n, or no?
- Edgar:* From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far 70
Cannot be seen or heard. Do but look up.
- Gloucester:* Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage 75
And frustrate his proud will.
- Edgar:* Give me your arm.
Up – so. How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
- Gloucester:* Too well, too well.

(from Act 4 Scene 6)

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 South Africa 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.

[*Pause.*]

Roelf [*continuing*]: It's strange, you know.

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[SIMON *comes out of the darkness.*]

(*from The Train Driver, Scene 5*)

SHELAGH STEPHENSON: *An Experiment with an Air Pump*

- 4 Either** (a) Discuss Stephenson's dramatic presentation of the ethical limits of scientific exploration in the play.
- Or** (b) Analyse the following extract, considering it in relation to Stephenson's dramatic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

[ROGET walks over to him and punches him hard in the stomach. He doubles over in agony as ROGET walks out. He staggers out after him as TOM and ELLEN come in. They look round the empty room.]

- | | | |
|---------------|---|----|
| <i>Ellen:</i> | We could still pull out. Contracts aren't signed yet. | 5 |
| <i>Tom:</i> | No. Let's sell up and get out. Let's start again. | |
| <i>Ellen:</i> | Are you sure? | |
| <i>Tom:</i> | Yes. It's just a house. I think they should knock it down actually. | |
| <i>Ellen:</i> | What? | 10 |
| <i>Tom:</i> | It's had its day. It's worn out. You can't keep adapting this bit and converting that bit. Knock it down and build something new. Something wonderful. There was a medieval almshouse on the site before they built this place and they knocked that down with confidence. Kate thinks I worship the past but I don't. I just liked this house, but fuck it, I want to be free of it now. I'm sick of being shackled to dry rot and deathwatch beetles. We'll start again. It could be exciting even. | 15 |
| <i>Ellen:</i> | You'll get another job. | |
| <i>Tom:</i> | I doubt it. I'm going to sail into the twenty-first century as a middle-aged redundant man supported by a younger sexier wife who works at the cutting edge of technology. Maybe there's a sort of poetic justice to it. | 20 |
| <i>Ellen:</i> | You're only redundant as an English lecturer. You're not redundant as a human being. | 25 |
| <i>Tom:</i> | I keep thinking about the dead girl, do you? No upper vertebrae. Missing ribs. That's the bit I don't understand. | |
| <i>Ellen:</i> | I don't suppose we ever will. | |
| <i>Tom:</i> | No. | |
| | <i>[Pause.]</i> | 30 |
| | This time next year, this room will be full of Scandinavian businessmen leaping out of saunas and drinking schnapps and shouting skol. | |
| <i>Ellen:</i> | I bet it's not. They'll probably run out of money by June and the place'll be left abandoned, halfway between a bunker and a shopping centre. This time next year there'll be pigeons in here and security fences outside. And in five years' time they'll pull it down. And build a car park. | 35 |
| <i>Tom:</i> | And no one will remember the dead girl in the kitchen garden except us. | 40 |
| <i>Ellen:</i> | I think I'll be glad to leave now. | |

Tom:	Let's go and put the champagne in the fridge. [<i>They go out as the lights dim. Music, distant sounds of what could be celebrations, or could be riots. Chandelier descends, ROGET and ARMSTRONG carry on ISOBEL's open coffin. HARRIET and MARIA follow them with tall flickering candles. The coffin is placed gently on the table. They gather round to look at her.</i>]	45
Harriet:	Poor Isobel.	
Roget:	She looks almost beautiful. Pale as wax. One might hardly notice her poor back. It seems, now, the least significant thing about her.	50
Armstrong	[<i>gazing at her, fascinated</i>]: She is exquisite. She makes a beautiful corpse. [<i>They look at him.</i>] As Roget said ... So pale and waxen.	55
Maria:	What time is it?	
Harriet:	It must be almost midnight. [<i>FENWICK and SUSANNAH come in. They go to the coffin. FENWICK kisses ISOBEL's forehead, SUSANNAH strokes her hair.</i>]	60
Fenwick:	So this is how we're seeing out the century. Not the way we'd imagined it, not with a flurry of trumpets and beacons blazing. I thought it would be a golden night, full of hope and anticipation, and instead, this. Groping blindly over the border in a fog of bewilderment. The future looks less benign now, Isobel. We're a little more frightened than we were. [<i>He kisses her again. SUSANNAH strokes her hair.</i>]	65
Susannah:	I don't understand ... I don't understand ...	
Fenwick:	Goodbye, Isobel ... [<i>The lighting changes as they gather round the coffin, to the chiaroscuro effects of the very first montage. Their positions and attitudes once again suggest the painting, but this time ISOBEL, in her coffin, has taken the place of the bird in the air pump. The rioting continues from outside. FENWICK looks at his pocket watch.</i>]	70
Susannah:	Are they rioting or celebrating out there?	
Fenwick:	It's hard to tell ... [<i>He lifts his right arm for silence as the bells ring out the chimes of midnight.</i>]	75
Fenwick:	Here's to whatever lies ahead ... here's to uncharted lands ... here's to a future we dream about but cannot know ... here's to the new century. [<i>Music. Hold on montage. Lights fade.</i>]	80

(from Act 2 Scene 5)

TOM STOPPARD: *Indian Ink*

- 5** **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Stoppard portray the Indians in the play?
- Or** **(b)** Analyse the following extract and consider in what ways it adds to your understanding of Stoppard's presentation of the British in India, here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

Flora: No.

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*She sits at her table and
starts to write.]*

(from Act 1)

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