



# Cambridge IGCSE™ (9–1)

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH****0992/32**

Paper 3 Drama (Open Text)

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

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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

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**INSTRUCTIONS**

- Answer **one** question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- You may take your set text into the exam room, but this must **not** contain personal annotations, highlighting or underlining.

**INFORMATION**

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

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

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

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

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

*George:* O.K.

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*Beneatha:* For understanding me this time.

[from Act 2]

What striking impressions of George and Beneatha does Hansberry create at this moment in the play?

**Or** **1(b)** How does Hansberry make the Younger family's apartment such a memorable setting for the play?

**ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible***

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

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

*Abigail*                      [*looking up*]: Look out!

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Mr Hale!

THE CURTAIN FALLS

*[from Act 3]*

Explore how Miller makes this such a powerful and dramatic ending to the scene.

**Or**      **2(b)** In what ways does Miller's portrayal of Rebecca Nurse contribute to the dramatic impact of the play?

TERENCE RATTIGAN: *The Winslow Boy*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

|             |                                                                                                                                        |    |
|-------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Catherine   | [ <i>after a pause</i> ]: I'm rather surprised that a case of this sort should interest you, Sir Robert.                               |    |
| Sir Robert: | Are you?                                                                                                                               |    |
| Catherine:  | It seems such a very trivial affair, compared to most of your great forensic triumphs.                                                 | 5  |
|             | [SIR ROBERT <i>does not reply</i> .]                                                                                                   |    |
|             | I was in court during your cross-examination of Len Rogers, in the Trades Union embezzlement case.                                     |    |
| Sir Robert: | Really?                                                                                                                                |    |
| Catherine:  | It was masterly.                                                                                                                       | 10 |
| Sir Robert: | Thank you.                                                                                                                             |    |
| Catherine:  | I suppose you heard that he committed suicide—a few months ago.                                                                        |    |
| Sir Robert: | Yes. I had heard.                                                                                                                      |    |
| Catherine:  | Many people believed him innocent, you know.                                                                                           | 15 |
| Sir Robert: | So I understand. [ <i>After a faint pause</i> .] As it happens, however, he was guilty.                                                |    |
|             | [GRACE <i>comes in hastily</i> .]                                                                                                      |    |
| Grace:      | Sir Robert? My husband's so sorry to have kept you, but he's just coming.                                                              | 20 |
|             | [SIR ROBERT <i>rises</i> . <i>He and GRACE shake hands</i> .]                                                                          |    |
| Sir Robert: | It's perfectly all right. How do you do?                                                                                               |    |
| Catherine:  | Sir Robert is dining at Devonshire House, Mother.                                                                                      |    |
| Grace:      | Oh, really? Oh, then you have to be punctual, of course, I do see that. It's the politeness of princes, isn't it?                      | 25 |
| Sir Robert: | So they say.                                                                                                                           |    |
| Grace:      | In this case, the other way round, of course. Ah, I think I hear my husband on the stairs. I hope Catherine entertained you all right? |    |
| Sir Robert  | [ <i>with a faint bow to CATHERINE</i> ]: Very well, thank you.                                                                        | 30 |
|             | [ARTHUR <i>comes in</i> . DESMOND <i>follows him</i> .]                                                                                |    |
| Arthur:     | Sir Robert? I am Arthur Winslow.                                                                                                       |    |
| Sir Robert: | How do you do?                                                                                                                         |    |
| Arthur:     | I understand you are rather pressed for time.                                                                                          |    |
| Grace:      | Yes. He's dining at Devonshire House.                                                                                                  | 35 |
| Arthur:     | Are you, indeed? My son should be down in a minute. I expect you will wish to examine him.                                             |    |
| Sir Robert  | [ <i>indifferently</i> ]: Just a few questions. I fear that is all I will have time for this evening.                                  |    |

- Arthur:* I am rather sorry to hear that. He has made the journey especially from school for this interview and I was hoping that by the end of it I should know definitely yes or no if you would accept the brief. 40
- Desmond* [*pacifically*]: Well, perhaps Sir Robert would consent to finish his examination some other time? [*He opens his briefcase on the table and takes out some documents.*] 45
- Sir Robert:* It might be arranged.
- Arthur:* To-morrow?
- Sir Robert:* To-morrow is impossible. I am in court all the morning, and in the House of Commons for the rest of the day. [*Carelessly*] If a further examination should prove necessary it will have to be some time next week. 50
- Arthur:* I see. Will you forgive me if I sit down? [*He moves to his chair and sits.*] Curry has been telling me you think it might be possible to proceed by Petition of Right. 55
- [*SIR ROBERT sits at the table.*]
- Catherine:* What's a Petition of Right?
- Desmond:* Well—granting the assumption that the Admiralty, as the Crown, can do no wrong——
- Catherine* [*murmuring*]: I thought that was exactly the assumption we refused to grant. 60
- Desmond:* In law, I mean. Now a subject can sue the Crown, nevertheless, by Petition of Right, redress being granted as a matter of grace—and the custom is for the Attorney-General—on behalf of the King—to endorse the Petition, and allow the case to come to court. [*He moves the documents along the table in front of SIR ROBERT.*] 65
- Sir Robert:* It is interesting to note that the exact words he uses on such occasions are: Let Right be done.
- Arthur:* Let Right be done. I like that phrase, sir. 70
- Sir Robert:* It has a certain ring about it—has it not? [*Languidly*] Let Right be done.

[*from Act 1*]

How does Rattigan memorably depict this first meeting between Sir Robert Morton and the Winslow family?

Or **3(b)** How does Rattigan's portrayal of Ronnie Winslow encourage you to sympathise with him?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

|                      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |          |
|----------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| <i>Macbeth:</i>      | Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more;<br>Macbeth does murder sleep' – the innocent sleep,<br>Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,<br>The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,<br>Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,<br>Chief nourisher in life's feast.                                                                                                                   | 5        |
| <i>Lady Macbeth:</i> | What do you mean?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |          |
| <i>Macbeth:</i>      | Still it cried 'Sleep no more' to all the house;<br>'Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor<br>Shall sleep no more – Macbeth shall sleep no more'.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 10       |
| <i>Lady Macbeth:</i> | Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy Thane,<br>You do unbend your noble strength to think<br>So brainsickly of things. Go get some water<br>And wash this filthy witness from your hand.<br>Why did you bring these daggers from the place?<br>They must lie there. Go carry them, and smear<br>The sleepy grooms with blood.                                                                                      | 15       |
| <i>Macbeth:</i>      | I'll go no more:<br>I am afraid to think what I have done;<br>Look on't again I dare not.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 20       |
| <i>Lady Macbeth:</i> | Infirm of purpose!<br>Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead<br>Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood<br>That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,<br>I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,<br>For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within.]                                                                                                                                          | 25       |
| <i>Macbeth:</i>      | Whence is that knocking?<br>How is't with me, when every noise appals me?<br>What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.<br>Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood<br>Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather<br>The multitudinous seas incarnadine,<br>Making the green one red.<br>[Re-enter LADY MACBETH.]                                                                                 | 30       |
| <i>Lady Macbeth:</i> | My hands are of your colour; but I shame<br>To wear a heart so white. [Knock] I hear a knocking<br>At the south entry; retire we to our chamber.<br>A little water clears us of this deed.<br>How easy is it then! Your constancy<br>Hath left you unattended. [Knock] Hark! more knocking.<br>Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us<br>And show us to be watchers. Be not lost<br>So poorly in your thoughts. | 35<br>40 |

*Macbeth:* To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [Knock. 45  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!  
[Exeunt.  
[from Act 2, Scene 2]

How does Shakespeare strikingly contrast the reactions of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth to King Duncan's murder at this moment in the play?

**Or** **4(b)** In what ways does Shakespeare's portrayal of Banquo contribute to the dramatic impact of the play?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

|           |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                 |
|-----------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
|           | [Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six other Maskers; Torch-bearers.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                 |
| Romeo:    | What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?<br>Or shall we on without apology?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                 |
| Benvolio: | The date is out of such prolixity.<br>We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,<br>Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,<br>Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;<br>Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke<br>After the prompter, for our entrance;<br>But, let them measure us by what they will,<br>We'll measure them a measure, and be gone. | 5<br><br><br><br><br><br><br>10 |
| Romeo:    | Give me a torch; I am not for this ambling;<br>Being but heavy, I will bear the light.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                 |
| Mercutio: | Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 15                              |
| Romeo:    | Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes<br>With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead<br>So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                 |
| Mercutio: | You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings<br>And soar with them above a common bound.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 20                              |
| Romeo:    | I am too sore enpierced with his shaft<br>To soar with his light feathers; and so bound<br>I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.<br>Under love's heavy burden do I sink.                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                 |
| Mercutio: | And to sink in it should you burden love;<br>Too great oppression for a tender thing.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 25                              |
| Romeo:    | Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,<br>Too rude, too boist'rous, and it pricks like thorn.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                 |
| Mercutio: | If love be rough with you, be rough with love;<br>Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.<br>Give me a case to put my visage in. [Putting on a mask.<br>A visor for a visor! What care I<br>What curious eye doth quote deformities?<br>Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.                                                               | 30                              |
| Benvolio: | Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in<br>But every man betake him to his legs.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 35                              |
| Romeo:    | A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,<br>Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;<br>For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;<br>I'll be a candle-holder and look on;<br>The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.                                                                                                                           | 40                              |
| Mercutio: | Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word;<br>If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire<br>Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stickest<br>Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!                                                                                                                                                        | 45                              |

## 11

*Romeo:* Nay, that's not so.

*Mercutio:* I mean, sir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain – like lights by day.  
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits  
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

50

*Romeo:* And we mean well in going to this mask;  
But 'tis no wit to go.

*Mercutio:* Why, may one ask?

*Romeo:* I dreamt a dream to-night.

*Mercutio:* And so did I.

55

*Romeo:* Well, what was yours?

*Mercutio:* That dreamers often lie.

*Romeo:* In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

*Mercutio:* O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

[from Act 1, Scene 4]

How does Shakespeare vividly portray Romeo's friendship with Benvolio and Mercutio at this early moment in the play?

Or **5(b)** How far does Shakespeare persuade you that the Nurse is to blame for Juliet's death?

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