



# Cambridge IGCSE™ (9–1)

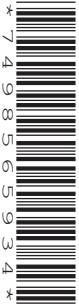
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

0992/32

Paper 3 Drama (Open Text)

October/November 2023

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.**

## 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.

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, and then answer the question that follows it:

|          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
|----------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Godfrey: | Pray for forgiveness, for peace of mind. You're lucky Sweet Father loves all, including those who have forsaken 'im. I wish you would go on inside and sleep off this bewitching.                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| Lily:    | Sleep it off. Damn it. I can't sleep off this bewitching any more than you can make Sandra rise from the dead or I can return home a virginal bride primed for marriage to an ignorant sharecropper. Picking fruit, damn, my fingers are hurting just thinking about it.                                                                                                  | 5  |
| Godfrey: | How can you be so disrespectful to Sandra's memory? <i>[Puts on his hat]</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 10 |
| Lily:    | I know a few folks that would testify to the fact that you drove poor Sandra into the grave. I can't say I blame her.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
| Godfrey: | ERNESTINE, ERMINA! You heard what I said. GO!<br><i>[He grabs his daughters' arms and shoves them into the bedroom.]</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 15 |
|          | NOT IN FRONT OF THEM, YOU DON'T! <i>[Angrily approaches LILY, thinks, then recomposes himself]</i> Were you at Sandra's side when she closed her eyes? Where were you when we put her in the ground?                                                                                                                                                                      |    |
| Lily:    | I own part of that pain.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 20 |
| Godfrey: | No, you were up North with your books and your friends and your party.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
| Lily:    | Sounds like you're jealous.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| Godfrey: | Not me!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| Lily:    | Yes, I was up North with my books and friends. Why should I stay someplace that treated me like filth.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 25 |
| Godfrey: | Treated you? And I was having a grand ole time baking cakes for Mr and Mrs Norton. <i>[Shaken]</i> And now you're gonna stand in my home and disrespect the choices I've made.                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| Lily:    | I ain't disrespecting ya, Godfrey. Honestly. Just having fun. What have I done, seriously? 'Cause you've purged your life of passion don't mean I got to. If I go to hell, I go of my own volition, not 'cause some preacherman's words sent me there. What have all your prayers brought you anyway? A sorry pair of shoes and an apartment barely fit for human beings. | 30 |
|          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 35 |
| Godfrey: | It ain't enough that you got the whole neighborhood thinking I'm a ... <i>[Whispered]</i> communist. Now you have to unsettle my home with your, your, your—                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| Lily:    | What would you like me to do? You want me to apologize?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
|          | <i>[She moves toward GODFREY. She leans into him and plants a kiss. He momentarily gives in to the kiss.]</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 40 |
|          | There. <i>[Breaks into a smile]</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |

Godfrey: My gals are going to have the best. They're gonna rise above you and I. When you're on my time clock, eating out of my icebox, sleeping under my roof, Father Divine is your leader. His word is grace. You don't like it you can git the ... you can leave us at peace. I left Florida for a reason, couldn't breathe, couldn't think, couldn't do nothing but go to work, make my dime and drink it down on Friday night. Then I found something that gave me inspiration, gave me strength to make a change. May not be like your change, revolution! Oh, but it do feel that big to me. It soothed my pain and that's all I want right now. It took all the strength I had to take these gals on a train, out their wooden doors and place 'em here in brick and concrete. And I think I deserve some respect and you're trying me, you're trying me. 45

[He sniffs the air. LILY smiles seductively.] 50

I smell the liquor and the sweat. I see the jukebox swirling and the cats laughing. [Begins to laugh, lost in the memory] I can hear the big sister on stage hollering out her song. Go on, sing! [Stomps his feet] But I ain't going there. Taste my lips puffing on a Cuba, talking out my ass. 60

[He pulls LILY close to him and does a few quick dance steps, then releases her.]

(from Act 1, Scene 4)

In what ways does Nottage powerfully create tension at this moment in the play?

Or 1(b) How does Nottage make Ernestine's graduation such a memorable and significant part of the play?

R C SHERRIFF: *Journey's End*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

|           |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
|-----------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Stanhope: | Give me that letter!                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| Raleigh   | [ <i>astonished</i> ]: But – Dennis –                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| Stanhope  | [ <i>trembling</i> ]: Give me that letter!                                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| Raleigh:  | But it's – it's private. I didn't know –                                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| Stanhope: | D'you understand an order? Give me that letter!                                                                                                                                                                                        | 5  |
| Raleigh:  | But I tell you – there's nothing –                                                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
|           | [STANHOPE <i>clutches</i> RALEIGH's wrist and tears the letter from his hand.]                                                                                                                                                         |    |
|           | Dennis – I'm –                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| Stanhope: | Don't 'Dennis' me! Stanhope's my name! You're not at school! Go and inspect your rifles!                                                                                                                                               | 10 |
|           | [RALEIGH <i>stands in amazement at the foot of the steps.</i> ]                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
| Stanhope  | [ <i>shouting</i> ]: D'you understand an order?                                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
|           | [For a moment RALEIGH <i>stares wide-eyed at</i> STANHOPE, who is <i>trembling and breathing heavily</i> , then almost in a whisper he says: 'Right', and goes quietly up the narrow steps. STANHOPE <i>turns towards the table.</i> ] | 15 |
| Osborne:  | Good heavens, Stanhope!                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| Stanhope  | [ <i>wheeling furiously on</i> OSBORNE]: Look here, Osborne, I'm commanding this company. I ask for advice when I want it!                                                                                                             | 20 |
| Osborne:  | Very well.                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
|           | [STANHOPE <i>sinks down at the table with the letter in his hand. There is silence for a moment. Then he throws the letter on the table and rests his head between his hands.</i> ]                                                    |    |
| Stanhope: | Oh, God! I don't want to read the blasted thing!                                                                                                                                                                                       | 25 |
| Osborne:  | You'll let it go, then?                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| Stanhope: | I don't care.                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
|           | [ <i>There is a pause.</i> ]                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
| Osborne:  | Shall I glance through it – for you?                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| Stanhope: | If you like.                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 30 |
| Osborne:  | I don't want to.                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| Stanhope: | You better. I can't.                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
|           | [OSBORNE <i>takes the letter from the table and opens it. STANHOPE sits with his head in his hand, digging a magazine with a pencil. After a while, OSBORNE glances up at STANHOPE.</i> ]                                              | 35 |
| Osborne:  | D'you want to hear?                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
| Stanhope: | I suppose I better know.                                                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| Osborne:  | He begins with a description of his getting here – he doesn't mention the names of any places.                                                                                                                                         | 40 |

|           |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
|-----------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Stanhope: | What does he say then?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| Osborne:  | The last piece is about you.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| Stanhope: | Go on.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| Osborne   | [ <i>reading</i> ]: He says: 'And now I come to the great news. I reported at Battalion Headquarters, and the colonel looked in a little book, and said, "You report to C Company – Captain Stanhope." Can't you imagine what I felt? I was taken along some trenches and shown a dugout. There was an awfully nice officer there – quite old – with grey hair' – [OSBORNE <i>clears his throat</i> ] – 'and then later Dennis came in. He looked tired, but that's because he works so frightfully hard, and because of the responsibility. Then I went on duty in the front line, and a sergeant told me all about Dennis. He said that Dennis is the finest officer in the battalion, and the men simply love him. He hardly ever sleeps in the dugout; he's always up in the front line with the men, cheering them on with jokes, and making them keen about things, like he did the kids at school. I'm awfully proud to think he's my friend.' | 45 |
|           | [ <i>There is silence. STANHOPE has not moved while OSBORNE has read.</i> ]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 50 |
|           | That's all. [ <i>Pause.</i> ] Shall I stick it down?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 55 |
|           | [STANHOPE <i>sits with lowered head. He murmurs something that sounds like 'Yes, please.'</i> He rises heavily and crosses to the shadows by OSBORNE's bed. The sun is shining quite brightly in the trench outside.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 60 |
|           |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 65 |

(from Act 2, Scene 1)

How does Sherriff powerfully portray Stanhope's emotions at this moment in the play?

Or 2(b) How does Sherriff's portrayal of Hibbert make you feel about him?

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

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

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

*Elesin:*           The contempt of my own son rescued something of my shame  
                          at your hands.

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I would  
have shaken it off, already my foot had begun to lift but then,  
the white ghost entered and all was defiled.

(from Scene 5)

How does Soyinka powerfully convey Elesin's feelings of shame at this moment in the play?

**Or**      **3(b)** Explore **two** moments in the play which Soyinka makes particularly dramatic for you.

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

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |  |
|------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
|            | [Enter ANTONIO and Officers.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |  |
| Viola:     | Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |  |
| Duke:      | That face of his I do remember well;<br>Yet when I saw it last it was besmear'd<br>As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war. 5<br>A baubling vessel was he captain of,<br>For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,<br>With which such scathful grapple did he make<br>With the most noble bottom of our fleet<br>That very envy and the tongue of loss 10<br>Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |  |
| 1 Officer: | Orsino, this is that Antonio<br>That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy;<br>And this is he that did the Tiger board<br>When your young nephew Titus lost his leg. 15<br>Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,<br>In private brabble did we apprehend him.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |  |
| Viola:     | He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;<br>But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.<br>I know not what 'twas but distraction. 20                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |  |
| Duke:      | Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief!<br>What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies<br>Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,<br>Hast made thine enemies?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |  |
| Antonio:   | Orsino, noble sir, 25<br>Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:<br>Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,<br>Though I confess, on base and ground enough,<br>Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:<br>That most ingrateful boy there by your side 30<br>From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth<br>Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was.<br>His life I gave him, and did thereto add<br>My love without retention or restraint,<br>All his in dedication; for his sake, 35<br>Did I expose myself, pure for his love,<br>Into the danger of this adverse town;<br>Drew to defend him when he was beset;<br>Where being apprehended, his false cunning,<br>Not meaning to partake with me in danger, 40<br>Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,<br>And grew a twenty years removed thing<br>While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,<br>Which I had recommended to his use<br>Not half an hour before. 45 |  |
| Viola:     | How can this be?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |  |

*Duke:* When came he to this town?

*Antonio:* To-day, my lord; and for three months before,  
No int'rim, not a minute's vacancy,  
Both day and night did we keep company.

50

[*Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.*]

*Duke:* Here comes the Countess; now heaven walks on earth.  
But for thee, fellow – fellow, thy words are madness.  
Three months this youth hath tended upon me.

(*from Act 5, Scene 1*)

What vivid impressions of Antonio does Shakespeare create at this moment in the play?

**Or**      **4(b)** How far do you think Shakespeare portrays Sir Toby Belch as a likeable character?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

[OTHELLO *withdraws*.

|                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
|-----------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Iago:</i>    | Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,<br>A huswife that by selling her desires<br>Buys herself bread and clothes; it is a creature<br>That dotes on Cassio, as 'tis the strumpet's plague<br>To beguile many and be beguil'd by one.<br>He, when he hears of her, cannot restrain<br>From the excess of laughter.<br>[ <i>Re-enter CASSIO.</i> ] | 5  |
|                 | Here he comes.<br>As he shall smile Othello shall go mad;<br>And his unbookish jealousy must construe<br>Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviours,<br>Quite in the wrong. How do you now, Lieutenant?                                                                                                                                | 10 |
| <i>Cassio:</i>  | The worser that you give me the addition<br>Whose want even kills me.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 15 |
| <i>Iago:</i>    | Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.<br>Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's dower,<br>How quickly should you speed!                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| <i>Cassio:</i>  | Alas, poor caitiff!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 20 |
| <i>Othello:</i> | Look how he laughs already!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |    |
| <i>Iago:</i>    | I never knew a woman love man so.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Cassio:</i>  | Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| <i>Othello:</i> | Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
| <i>Iago:</i>    | Do you hear, Cassio?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 25 |
| <i>Othello:</i> | Now he importunes him<br>To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
| <i>Iago:</i>    | She gives it out that you shall marry her.<br>Do you intend it?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| <i>Cassio:</i>  | Ha, ha, ha!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 30 |
| <i>Othello:</i> | Do you triumph, Roman? Do you triumph?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
| <i>Cassio:</i>  | I marry her! What, a customer! I prithee bear some charity to<br>my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| <i>Othello:</i> | So, so, so, so – they laugh that wins.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
| <i>Iago:</i>    | Faith, the cry goes that you marry her.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 35 |
| <i>Cassio:</i>  | Prithee say true.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Iago:</i>    | I am a very villain else.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
| <i>Othello:</i> | Ha you scor'd me? Well.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| <i>Cassio:</i>  | This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will<br>marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my<br>promise.                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 40 |
| <i>Othello:</i> | Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |    |

|                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                      |    |
|-----------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Cassio:</i>  | She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was t'other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble – by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck. | 45 |
| <i>Othello:</i> | Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were: his gesture imports it.                                                                                                                                          |    |
| <i>Cassio:</i>  | So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!                                                                                                                          |    |
| <i>Othello:</i> | Now he tells how she pluck'd him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw't to.                                                                                    | 50 |
| <i>Cassio:</i>  | Well, I must leave her company.                                                                                                                                                                      |    |

(from Act 4, Scene 1)

How does Shakespeare make this such a disturbing moment in the play?

**Or**      **5(b)** How far does Shakespeare make you feel sorry for Roderigo?

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