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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/32**

Paper 3 Shakespeare and Drama **February/March 2025**

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.

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Section A: Shakespeare

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

1 Either (a) Discuss the presentation and dramatic significance of revenge 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.

HAMLET: How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot?

1 CLOWN: Faith, if 'a be not rotten before 'a die – as we have many pocky corses now-a-days that will scarce hold the laying in – 'a will last you some eight year or nine year. A tanner will last you nine year.

HAMLET: Why he more than another?

1 CLOWN: Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade that 'a will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lien you i' th' earth three and twenty years.

HAMLET: Whose was it?

1 CLOWN: A whoreson mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

HAMLET: Nay, I know not.

1 CLOWN: A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'A poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was, sir, Yorick's skull, the King's jester.

HAMLET: This?

1 CLOWN: E'en that.

HAMLET: Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times. And now how abhorred in my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning – quite chap-fall'n? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HORATIO: What's that, my lord?

HAMLET: Dost thou think Alexander look'd a this fashion i' th' earth?

HORATIO: E'en so.

HAMLET: And smelt so? Pah!

[*Throws down the skull.*]

HORATIO: E'en so, my lord.

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HAMLET: To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till 'a find it stopping a bung-hole?

HORATIO: 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

HAMLET: No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it, as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O, that that earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!
But soft! but soft! awhile. Here comes the King.

[*Enter the* KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, *in funeral procession after the coffin, with* PRIEST *and lords attendant.*]

The Queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo it own life. 'Twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile and mark.

[*Retiring with* HORATIO.]

(*from* Act 5, Scene 1)

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Taming of the Shrew*

2 Either (a) Discuss the presentation and dramatic significance of Hortensio and Gremio as suitors in the play.

Or (b) Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Shakespeare's methods and concerns as the play draws to an end. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

LUCENTIO: How now! what news?

BIONDELLO: Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy and she cannot come.

PETRUCHIO: How! She's busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

GREMIO: Ay, and a kind one too.
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

PETRUCHIO: I hope better.

HORTENSIO: Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.]

PETRUCHIO: O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.

HORTENSIO: I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.
[*Re-enter* BIONDELLO.]
Now, where's my wife?

BIONDELLO: She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

PETRUCHIO: Worse and worse; she will not come!
O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.]

HORTENSIO: I know her answer.

PETRUCHIO: What?

HORTENSIO: She will not.

PETRUCHIO: The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
[*Re-enter* KATHERINA.]

BAPTISTA: Now, by my holidame, here comes Katherina!

KATHERINA: What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

PETRUCHIO: Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

KATHERINA: They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

PETRUCHIO: Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit* KATHERINA.]

LUCENTIO: Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

HORTENSIO: And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

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PETRUCHIO: Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.

BAPTISTA: Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

PETRUCHIO: Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

[*Re-enter* KATHERINA *with* BIANCA *and* WIDOW.]

See where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.
Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it underfoot.

[KATHERINA *complies*.]

WIDOW: Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh.
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

BIANCA: Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

LUCENTIO: I would your duty were as foolish too;
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since suppertime!

BIANCA: The more fool you for laying on my duty.

(*from* Act 5, Scene 2)

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Section B: Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

LYNN NOTTAGE: *Sweat*

3 **Either** **(a)** Discuss the presentation and dramatic significance of the relationship between Chris and his mother Cynthia in the play.

Or **(b)** Analyse the following extract, considering it in relation to Nottage's dramatic methods and concerns here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

[*Bar. It has been refurbished, polished.* OSCAR*, older and more mature, stands behind the bar.* CHRIS *enters and reluctantly sits at a table. A moment.* OSCAR *contemplates whether to speak.*]

OSCAR: You want me to turn on the game?

CHRIS: Nah. You awright?

OSCAR: Yeah. I heard you guys got out.

[*A moment*]

CHRIS: Oscar, I –

OSCAR: Didn't know you knew my name.

CHRIS: I –

OSCAR: Whatchu drinking?

CHRIS: … Whatcha got on tap?

OSCAR: It's this artisanal stuff. A guy, local, makes it.

CHRIS: You're joking.

OSCAR: Nah. It's good.

CHRIS: Um, okay.

[OSCAR *pours a beer.*]

The place looks nice.

OSCAR: New crowd. We get a lot of college kids since the plant closed. I been trying to keep it up, you know –

CHRIS: Yeah. How's, um, Howard?

OSCAR: Retired. Moved to Phoenix. I'm the manager.

CHRIS: Really?

OSCAR: Yeah. Bartend on weekends.

CHRIS: That's real cool.

OSCAR: Thanks.

CHRIS: I …

OSCAR: Look. Whatever you gotta say –

CHRIS: Listen –

[JASON *enters.* OSCAR*'s surprised, and grows a little on edge.*]

OSCAR: Whoa, what's going on here?

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[JASON *stops short, panic, then turns to leave.*]

CHRIS: Jason!

OSCAR: I don't want –

JASON: Yo, I can't do –

CHRIS: Don't walk outta here. I didn't think you'd come. We have –

[*A moment.* JASON *contemplates whether or not to leave. Then* STAN*, severely crippled, enters. A traumatic brain injury. He moves with extreme difficulty; it is painful to watch. Finally:*]

Hey Stan. Stan.

[STAN *doesn't register their presence.*]

OSCAR: He can't really hear good.

CHRIS: Jesus.

[STAN *goes about wiping tables. They all watch.* STAN *drops his cloth. He struggles to get it.* JASON *runs over and picks it up.*]

STAN: [*Garbled*] Thank … you.

JASON: It's nice that you take care of him.

OSCAR: That's how it oughta be.

[*There's apology in their eyes, but* CHRIS *and* JASON *are unable to conjure words just yet. The four men, uneasy in their bodies, await the next moment in a fractured togetherness.*

Blackout.

End of play.]

(*from* Act 2, Scene 8)

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EUGENE O'NEILL: *Long Day's Journey Into Night*

4 Either (a) What, in your view, are the dramatic effects of limiting the action of the play to just one day?

Or (b) Analyse the following extract and consider in what ways it is characteristic of O'Neill's dramatic presentation of the Tyrone family here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to the language, tone and action in your answer.

MARY: You mustn't mind Edmund, James. Remember he isn't well.

[EDMUND *can be heard coughing as he goes upstairs.*]

[*She adds nervously*] A summer cold makes anyone irritable.

JAMIE: [*Genuinely concerned*] It's not just a cold he's got. The Kid is damned sick.

[*His father gives him a sharp warning look but he doesn't see it.*]

MARY: [*Turns on him resentfully.*] Why do you say that? It *is* just a cold! Anyone can tell that! You always imagine things!

TYRONE: [*With another warning glance at* JAMIE – *easily*] All Jamie meant was Edmund might have a touch of something else, too, which makes his cold worse.

JAMIE: Sure, Mama. That's all I meant.

TYRONE: Doctor Hardy thinks it might be a bit of malarial fever he caught when he was in the tropics. If it is, quinine will soon cure it.

MARY: [*A look of contemptuous hostility flashes across her face.*] Doctor Hardy! I wouldn't believe a thing he said, if he swore on a stack of Bibles! I know what doctors are. They're all alike. Anything, they don't care what, to keep you coming to them. [*She stops short, overcome by a fit of acute self-consciousness as she catches their eyes fixed on her. Her hands jerk nervously to her hair. She forces a smile.*] What is it? What are you looking at? Is my hair – ?

TYRONE: [*Puts his arm around her – with guilty heartiness, giving her a playful hug.*] There's nothing wrong with your hair. The healthier and fatter you get, the vainer you become. You'll soon spend half the day primping before the mirror.

MARY: [*Half reassured*] I really should have new glasses. My eyes are so bad now.

TYRONE: [*With Irish blarney*] Your eyes are beautiful, and well you know it.

[*He gives her a kiss. Her face lights up with a charming, shy embarrassment. Suddenly and startlingly one sees in her face the girl she had once been, not a ghost of the dead, but still a living part of her.*]

MARY: You mustn't be so silly, James. Right in front of Jamie!

TYRONE: Oh, he's on to you, too. He knows this fuss about eyes and hair is only fishing for compliments. Eh, Jamie?

JAMIE: [*His face has cleared, too, and there is an old boyish charm in his loving smile at his mother.*] Yes. You can't kid us, Mama.

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MARY: [*Laughs and an Irish lilt comes into her voice.*] Go along with both of you! [*Then she speaks with a girlish gravity.*] But I did truly have beautiful hair once, didn't I, James?

TYRONE: The most beautiful in the world!

MARY: It was a rare shade of reddish brown and so long it came down below my knees. You ought to remember it too, Jamie. It wasn't until after Edmund was born that I had a single grey hair. Then it began to turn white. [*The girlishness fades from her face.*]

TYRONE: [*Quickly*] And that made it prettier than ever.

MARY: [*Again embarrassed and pleased*] Will you listen to your father, Jamie – after thirty-five years of marriage! He isn't a great actor for nothing, is he? What's come over you, James? Are you pouring coals of fire on my head for teasing you about snoring? Well then, I take it all back. It must have been only the foghorn I heard. [*She laughs, and they laugh with her. Then she changes to a brisk businesslike air.*] But I can't stay with you any longer, even to hear compliments. I must see the cook about dinner and the day's marketing. [*She gets up and sighs with humorous exaggeration.*] Bridget is so lazy. And so sly. She begins telling me about her relatives so I can't get a word in edgeways and scold her. Well, I might as well get it over. [*She goes to the back-parlour doorway, then turns, her face worried again.*] You mustn't make Edmund work on the grounds with you, James, remember. [*Again with the strange obstinate set to her face*] Not that he isn't strong enough, but he'd perspire and he might catch more cold.

[*She disappears through the back parlour.* TYRONE *turns on* JAMIE *condemningly.*]

TYRONE: You're a fine lunkhead! Haven't you any sense? The one thing to avoid is saying anything that would get her more upset over Edmund.

JAMIE: [*Shrugging his shoulders*] All right. Have it your way. I think it's the wrong idea to let Mama go on kidding herself. It will only make the shock worse when she has to face it. Anyway, you can see she's deliberately fooling herself with that summer-cold talk. She knows better.

TYRONE: Knows? Nobody knows yet.

(*from* Act 1)

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WOLE SOYINKA: *Kongi's Harvest*

5 **Either** **(a)** 'Rituals, ceremonies and festivals are essential to the dramatic power of the play.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this statement?

Or **(b)** Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of the Organising Secretary here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

[*Coloured lights, and the sustained chord of a juju band guitar gone typically mad brings on the night club scene, a few dancers on, the band itself offstage.*

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What are they saying?

(*from* First Part)

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