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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/31**

Paper 3 Shakespeare and Drama **October/November 2025**

2 hours

0806264747

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.

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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 different kinds of madness 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.

[*The trumpet sounds. Hautboys play. The Dumb Show enters.*

Enter a KING *and a* QUEEN*, very lovingly; the* QUEEN *embracing him and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. He lies him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, pours poison in the sleeper's ears, and leaves him. The* QUEEN *returns; finds the* KING *dead, and makes passionate action. The* POISONER*, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to condole with her. The dead body is carried away. The* POISONER *woos the* QUEEN *with gifts; she seems harsh awhile, but in the end accepts his love.*]

[*Exeunt*.]

OPHELIA: What means this, my lord?

HAMLET: Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

OPHELIA: Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

[*Enter* PROLOGUE.]

HAMLET: We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

OPHELIA: Will 'a tell us what this show meant?

HAMLET: Ay, or any show that you will show him. Be not you asham'd to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

OPHELIA: You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play.

PROLOGUE: *For us, and for our tragedy,*
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

[*Exit*.]

HAMLET: Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

OPHELIA: 'Tis brief, my lord.

HAMLET: As woman's love.

[*Enter the* PLAYER KING *and* QUEEN.]

PLAYER KING: *Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round*
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,

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Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unit comutual in most sacred bands.

PLAYER QUEEN: *So many journeys may the sun and moon*
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women fear too much even as they love,
And women's fear and love hold quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

PLAYER KING: *Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too:*
My operant powers their functions leave to do;
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou –

PLAYER QUEEN: *O, confound the rest!*
Such love must needs be treason in my breast.
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

HAMLET: That's wormwood, wormwood.

PLAYER QUEEN: *The instances that second marriage move*
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

(*from* Act 3, Scene 2)

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[Turn over

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Taming of the Shrew*

2 **Either** **(a)** To what extent would you agree with the view that Shakespeare presents women as victims in the play?

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

SLY: These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 SERVANT: O, yes, my lord, but very idle words;
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

SLY: Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 SERVANT: Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

SLY: Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

ALL: Amen.

[*Enter the* PAGE *as a lady, with* ATTENDANTS.]

SLY: I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

PAGE: How fares my noble lord?

SLY: Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

PAGE: Here, noble lord; what is thy will with her?

SLY: Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me 'lord'; I am your goodman.

PAGE: My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

SLY: I know it well. What must I call her?

LORD: Madam.

SLY: Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

LORD: Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

SLY: Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

PAGE: Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

SLY: 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.

[*Exeunt* SERVANTS.]

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

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PAGE: Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set.
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

SLY: Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again. I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

[*Enter a* MESSENGER.]

MESSENGER: Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

SLY: Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

PAGE: No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

SLY: What, household stuff?

PAGE: It is a kind of history.

SLY: Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.

[*They sit down.*
A flourish of trumpets announces the play.]

(*from* Induction, Scene 2)

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[Turn over

Section B: Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

LYNN NOTTAGE: *Sweat*

3 Either (a) 'The characters in *Sweat* have no chance to improve their lives.'

With this quotation in mind, discuss the significance of the lack of opportunities 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.

[CYNTHIA, TRACEY *and* JESSIE *enter, in the midst of conversation.*]

TRACEY: Fill her up, Stan!

BRUCIE: Cynth.

CYNTHIA: What are you doing here?!

BRUCIE: Same as you, getting a drink.

CYNTHIA: Here?

BRUCIE: Hey Jessie, Tracey.

JESSIE: Brucie.

TRACEY: What's up?

BRUCIE: Not much. You guys look good.

TRACEY: You've always been a sweet liar.

BRUCIE: Hey Cynth, you got a minute?

CYNTHIA: No.

BRUCIE: Just –

CYNTHIA: No!

[CYNTHIA *plops down with* JESSIE *and* TRACEY.]

It's been a long day. I don't wanna start. Let me have a drink. K?

TRACEY: Ignore 'im.

JESSIE: Don't worry about it, we'll get one drink and then go. K?

[BRUCIE *approaches the women.*]

BRUCIE: C'mon, Cynth –

CYNTHIA: What do you want?

BRUCIE: Can I talk to you?

CYNTHIA: No.

BRUCIE: Can I talk to you?!

CYNTHIA: No!

BRUCIE: CAN I TALK TO YOU?

CYNTHIA: NO!

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[BRUCIE *slams the table. It's jarring. The women stand in unison, a united front.*]

STAN: C'mon, Brucie. Sit down. You want another drink?

TRACEY: She doesn't want to talk to you.

BRUCIE: You stay outta this!

STAN: Hey. Hey. C'mon –

TRACEY: Let's go.

CYNTHIA: I'm not going. This is my place.

JESSIE: That's right.

BRUCIE: Let's just talk.

CYNTHIA: I know what you want. Don't have it.

[CYNTHIA *turns her pockets inside out.*]

BRUCIE: Nice show. I heard you're –

CYNTHIA: What?

BRUCIE: We gotta do this in front of everyone?

CYNTHIA: We don't gotta do this at all. I don't recall having anything to say to you.

TRACEY: Relax, ignore him. JESSIE: Don't listen, don't!

STAN: Come on, let me buy you one … It's okay. What're you drinking?

[*De-escalating*]

BRUCIE: Same.

(*from* Act 1, Scene 4)

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

4 Either (a) Discuss the presentation and dramatic significance of different types of addiction in the play.

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

TYRONE: [*Heavily*] I wish to God she'd go to bed so that I could, too. [*Drowsily*] I'm dog tired. I can't stay up all night like I used to. Getting old – old and finished. [*With a bone-cracking yawn*] Can't keep my eyes open. I think I'll catch a few winks. Why don't you do the same, Edmund? It'll pass the time until she –

[*His voice trails off. His eyes close, his chin sags, and he begins to breathe heavily through his mouth.* EDMUND *sits tensely. He hears something and jerks nervously forward in his chair, staring through the front parlour into the hall. He jumps up with a hunted, distracted expression. It seems for a second he is going to hide in the back parlour. Then he sits down again and waits, his eyes averted, his hands gripping the arms of his chair. Suddenly all five bulbs of the chandelier in the front parlour are turned on from a wall switch, and a moment later someone starts playing the piano in there – the opening of one of Chopin's simpler waltzes, done with a forgetful, stiff-fingered groping, as if an awkward schoolgirl were practising it for the first time.* TYRONE *starts to wide-awakeness and sober dread, and* JAMIE*'s head jerks back and his eyes open. For a moment they listen frozenly. The playing stops as abruptly as it began, and* MARY *appears in the doorway. She wears a sky-blue dressing gown over her nightdress, dainty slippers with pompons on her bare feet. Her face is paler than ever. Her eyes look enormous. They glisten like polished black jewels. The uncanny thing is that her face now appears so youthful. Experience seems ironed out of it. It is a marble mask of girlish innocence, the mouth caught in a shy smile. Her white hair is braided in two pigtails which hang over her breast. Over one arm, carried neglectfully, trailing on the floor, as if she had forgotten she held it, is an old-fashioned white satin wedding gown, trimmed with duchesse lace. She hesitates in the doorway, glancing round the room, her forehead puckered puzzledly, like someone who has come to a room to get something but has become absent-minded on the way and forgotten what it was. They stare at her. She seems aware of them merely as she is aware of other objects in the room, the furniture, the windows, familiar things she accepts automatically as naturally belonging there but which she is too preoccupied to notice.*]

JAMIE: [*Breaks the cracking silence – bitterly, self-defensively sardonic.*] The Mad Scene. Enter Ophelia!

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[*His father and brother both turn on him fiercely.* EDMUND *is quicker. He slaps* JAMIE *across the mouth with the back of his hand.*]

TYRONE: [*His voice trembling with suppressed fury*] Good boy, Edmund. The dirty blackguard! His own mother!

JAMIE: [*Mumbles guiltily, without resentment.*] All right, Kid. Had it coming. But I told you how much I'd hoped – [*He put his hands over his face and begins to sob.*]

TYRONE: I'll kick you out in the gutter tomorrow, so help me God. [*But* JAMIE'*s sobbing breaks his anger, and he turns and shakes his shoulders, pleading.*] Jamie, for the love of God, stop it!

[*Then* MARY *speaks, and they freeze into silence again, staring at her. She has paid no attention whatever to the incident. It is simply a part of the familiar atmosphere of the room, a background which does not touch her preoccupation; and she speaks aloud to herself, not to them.*]

MARY: I play so badly now. I'm all out of practice. Sister Theresa will give me a dreadful scolding. She'll tell me it isn't fair to my father when he spends so much money for extra lessons. She's quite right, it isn't fair, when he's so good and generous, and so proud of me. I'll practise every day from now on. But something horrible has happened to my hands. The fingers have gotten so stiff – [*She lifts her hands to examine them with a frightened puzzlement.*] The knuckles are all swollen. They're so ugly. I'll have to go to the Infirmary and show Sister Martha. [*With a sweet smile of affectionate trust*] She's old and a little cranky, but I love her just the same, and she has things in her medicine chest that'll cure anything. She'll give me something to rub on my hands, and tell me to pray to the Blessed Virgin, and they'll be well again in no time. [*She forgets her hands and comes into the room, the wedding gown trailing on the floor. She glances around vaguely, her forehead puckered again.*] Let me see. What did I come here to find? It's terrible, how absent-minded I've become. I'm always dreaming and forgetting.

TYRONE: [*In a stifled voice*] What's that she's carrying, Edmund?

EDMUND: [*Dully*] Her wedding gown, I suppose.

(*from* Act 4)

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WOLE SOYINKA: *Kongi's Harvest*

5 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Soyinka shapes an audience's response to Daodu in the play.

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

SUPERINTENDENT: You see if I don't do something about that subversive kind of talk … E-eh!

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I deny any rights and beg you not to cast subtle damnations on my head.

(*from* Hemlock)

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