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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/32**

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

2 hours

4176775192

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) In what ways and with what dramatic effects does Shakespeare use public and private settings in the play?

Or (b) Analyse the following extract and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Shakespeare's methods and concerns both here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

[*A table prepared. Trumpets, Drums, and Officers with cushions, foils and daggers. Enter* KING*,* QUEEN*,* LAERTES*, and all the State.*]

KING: Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me. [*The* KING *puts* LAERTES*'s hand into* HAMLET*'s.*]

HAMLET: Give me your pardon, sir. I have done you wrong;
But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard how I am punish'd
With a sore distraction. What I have done
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.

LAERTES: I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stir me most
To my revenge; but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement
Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice and precedent of peace
To keep my name ungor'd – but till that time
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

HAMLET: I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. Come on.

LAERTES: Come, one for me.

HAMLET: I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' th' darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

LAERTES: You mock me, sir.

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HAMLET: No, by this hand.

KING: Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

HAMLET: Very well, my lord; *45*
Your Grace has laid the odds a' th' weaker side.

KING: I do not fear it: I have seen you both;
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

LAERTES: This is too heavy; let me see another.

HAMLET: This likes me well. These foils have all a length? *50*

[*They prepare to play.*]

OSRIC: Ay, my good lord.

KING: Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange, *55*
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups; *60*
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
'Now the King drinks to Hamlet'. Come, begin –
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye. *65*

HAMLET: Come on, sir.

LAERTES: Come, my lord. [*They play.*]

(*from* Act 5, Scene 2)

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Taming of the Shrew*

2 Either (a) Discuss the presentation and dramatic significance of relationships between masters and servants in the play.

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

KATHERINA: Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

PETRUCHIO: A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What's this? Mutton?

1 SERVANT: Ay.

PETRUCHIO: Who brought it?

PETER: I.

PETRUCHIO: 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you villains bring it from the dresser
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all;

[*Throws the meat, etc., at them.*]

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

[*Exeunt* SERVANTS.]

KATHERINA: I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

PETRUCHIO: I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it;
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Re-enter* SERVANTS *severally.*]

NATHANIEL: Peter, didst ever see the like?

PETER: He kills her in her own humour.

[*Re-enter* CURTIS.]

GRUMIO: Where is he?

CURTIS: In her chamber. Making a sermon of continency to her,
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither.

[*Exeunt.*]

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[*Re-enter* PETRUCHIO.]

PETRUCHIO: Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets;
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her –
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night;
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show.

[*Exit.*]

(*from* Act 4, Scene 1)

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Section B: Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

LYNN NOTTAGE: *Sweat*

3 **Either** **(a)** Discuss Nottage's dramatic presentation of ambitions for a better life in *Sweat*.

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.

[*A moment. It becomes evident that* TRACEY *is strung out.*]

JASON: How long has that been going on?

TRACEY: How long what?

JASON: Don't fuck with me, you know exactly what I'm talkin' about.

TRACEY: That's very rich coming from you. Gimme back my money, and get the fuck outta here.

JASON: You look like shit.

TRACEY: I look like shit? Have you looked in the mirror lately?

JASON: Is this really all you got?

TRACEY: Yeah. I'm not running a money farm.

JASON: I didn't believe Fat Henry when he said you were strung out.

TRACEY: Fat Henry needs to mind his business. It's for my back pain.

JASON: Aspirin won't do?

TRACEY: Ha, ha. Very funny. You have no idea. You … Have … No … Idea!

JASON: OKAY!

TRACEY: We done?

JASON: …

TRACEY: When can I git it back?

JASON: You want this five dollars back?

TRACEY: Yeah. I want it back. Tomorrow?

JASON: You know what, never mind. This is too much trouble.

TRACEY: Fine. Give it here.

[*She grows antsy. She needs a fix.* JASON *extends the money, and she snatches it from him, desperate.*]

JASON: Jesus, look at you.

TRACEY: What?!

JASON: How the fuck did this happen?

[CYNTHIA*'s sparse apartment.* CYNTHIA*, nervous and excited, scrambles into the room. She wears a nursing-home maintenance uniform. She picks up a couple of take-out food containers littering the floor.*]

CHRIS: So. This is where you live?

CYNTHIA: Yeah. It's what I could manage for now. You hungry?

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CHRIS: Nah. Where should I put my stuff?

CYNTHIA: Anywhere.

[CHRIS *looks around. He drops his backpack.*]

CHRIS: You didn't mention you moved.

CYNTHIA: No?

CHRIS: What happened to the house?

CYNTHIA: I got behind … You wanna drink or something?

CHRIS: Nah.

CYNTHIA: Why didn't you let me know you got out? I had to hear it from the grapevine.

CHRIS: I just needed some time. Still trying to get adjusted. Get my head back.

CYNTHIA: How long have you been out?

CHRIS: Six weeks?

CYNTHIA: Why didn't you call me? I woulda picked you up.

CHRIS: I dunno, I didn't wanna bother you.

CYNTHIA: Don't get it mixed up. You're staying here.

[CHRIS *fidgets with the Bible in his hand.*]

What's that?

CHRIS: It's my Bible.

CYNTHIA: A Bible?

CHRIS: Yeah, a Bible.

CYNTHIA: I heard you got all churchy.

CHRIS: I don't know what you heard, but this book saved my life.

CYNTHIA: Why don't you sit down? You're making me nervous just hovering there. Sit. Relax. You're home.

(*from* Act 2, Scene 1)

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

4 **Either** **(a)** Discuss the presentation of Mary Tyrone and her dramatic significance in the play.

Or **(b)** Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of O'Neill's dramatic presentation of addictive behaviour here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

CATHLEEN: [*With garrulous familiarity*] Here's the whiskey. It'll be lunch-time soon. Will I call your father and Mister Jamie, or will you?

EDMUND: [*Without looking up from his book*] You do it.

CATHLEEN: It's a wonder your father wouldn't look at his watch once in a while. He's a divil for making the meals late, and then Bridget curses me as if I was to blame. But he's a grand handsome man, if he is old. You'll never see the day you're as good-looking – nor Mister Jamie, either. [*She chuckles.*] I'll wager Mister Jamie wouldn't miss the time to stop work and have his drop of whiskey if he had a watch to his name!

EDMUND: [*Gives up trying to ignore her and grins.*] You win that one.

CATHLEEN: And here's another I'd win, that you're making me call them so you can sneak a drink before they come.

EDMUND: Well, I hadn't thought of that –

CATHLEEN: Oh no, not you! Butter wouldn't melt in your mouth, I suppose.

EDMUND: But now you suggest it –

CATHLEEN: [*Suddenly primly virtuous*] I'd never suggest a man or a woman touch drink, Mister Edmund. Sure didn't it kill an uncle of mine in the old country. [*Relenting*] Still, a drop now and then is no harm when you're in low spirits, or have a bad cold.

EDMUND: Thanks for handing me a good excuse. [*Then with forced casualness*] You'd better call my mother, too.

CATHLEEN: What for? She's always on time without any calling. God bless her, she has some consideration for the help.

EDMUND: She's been taking a nap.

CATHLEEN: She wasn't asleep when I finished my work upstairs a while back. She was lying down in the spare room with her eyes wide open. She'd a terrible headache, she said.

EDMUND: [*His casualness more forced*] Oh well then, just call my father.

CATHLEEN: [*Goes to the screen door, grumbling good-naturedly.*] No wonder my feet kill me each night. I won't walk out in this heat and get sunstroke. I'll call from the porch.

[*She goes out on the side porch, letting the screen door slam behind her, and disappears on her way to the front porch. A moment later she is heard shouting.*]

Mister Tyrone! Mister Jamie! It's time!

[EDMUND*, who has been staring frightenedly before him, forgetting his book, springs to his feet nervously.*]

EDMUND: God, what a wench!

[*He grabs the bottle and pours a drink, adds ice water and drinks. As he does so, he hears someone coming in the front*

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door. He puts the glass hastily on the tray and sits down again, opening his book. JAMIE *comes in from the front parlour, his coat over his arm. He has taken off collar and tie and carries them in his hand. He is wiping sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief.* EDMUND *looks up as if his reading was interrupted.* JAMIE *takes one look at the bottle and glasses and smiles cynically.*]

JAMIE: Sneaking one, eh? Cut out the bluff, Kid. You're a rottener actor than I am.

EDMUND: [*Grins.*] Yes, I grabbed one while the going was good.

JAMIE: [*Puts a hand affectionately on his shoulder.*] That's better. Why kid me? We're pals, aren't we?

EDMUND: I wasn't sure it was you coming.

JAMIE: I made the Old Man look at his watch. I was halfway up the walk when Cathleen burst into song. Our wild Irish lark! She ought to be a train announcer.

EDMUND: That's what drove me to drink. Why don't you sneak one while you've got a chance?

JAMIE: I was thinking of that little thing. [*He goes quickly to the window at right.*] The Old Man was talking to old Captain Turner. Yes, he's still at it. [*He comes back and takes a drink.*] And now to cover up from his eagle eye. [*He memorizes the level in the bottle after every drink. He measures two drinks of water and pours them in the whiskey bottle and shakes it up.*] There. That fixes it. [*He pours water in the glass and sets it on the table by* EDMUND.] And here's the water you've been drinking.

EDMUND: Fine! You don't think it will fool him, do you?

(*from* Act 2, Scene 1)

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WOLE SOYINKA: *Kongi's Harvest*

5 Either (a) Discuss the dramatic presentation and significance of Segi's Club in the play.

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

[KONGI*'s Retreat*]

FOURTH: Now, a systematic examination of the data.

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I knew nothing of the fasting part of it until we were cut off from all contact.

(*from* First Part)

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