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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/33**

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

2 hours

0231126029

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) 'HAMLET: […] The play's the thing / Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.'

What, in your view, is the significance of the play within a play to the themes and dramatic action of *Hamlet*?

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

[*Elsinore. The guard-platform of the Castle.*
Enter HAMLET*,* HORATIO*, and* MARCELLUS.]

HAMLET: The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
HORATIO: It is a nipping and an eager air.
HAMLET: What hour now?
HORATIO: I think it lacks of twelve.
MARCELLUS: No, it is struck.
HORATIO: Indeed? I heard it not. It then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets, and two pieces go off.*]
What does this mean, my lord?
HAMLET: The King doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swagg'ring up-spring reels,
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
HORATIO: Is it a custom?
HAMLET: Ay, marry, is't;
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin;
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners – that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery or fortune's star,

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His virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault. The dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

[*Enter* GHOST.]

HORATIO: Look, my lord, it comes.

HAMLET: Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again. What may this mean
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? What should we do?

[GHOST *beckons* HAMLET.]

HORATIO: It beckons you to go away with it.
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

(*from* Act 1, Scene 4)

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Taming of the Shrew*

2 Either (a) In what ways and with what dramatic effects does Shakespeare use the two settings of the play, England and Italy?

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.

BIANCA: Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

KATHERINA: Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

BIANCA: If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself but you shall have him.

KATHERINA: O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

BIANCA: Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while.
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

KATHERINA: [*Strikes her.*] If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Enter* BAPTISTA.]

BAPTISTA: Why, how now, dame! Whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside – poor girl! she weeps.

[*He unbinds her.*]

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

KATHERINA: Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after* BIANCA.]

BAPTISTA: What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit* BIANCA.]

KATHERINA: What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit* KATHERINA.]

BAPTISTA: Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

[*Enter* GREMIO*, with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man;* PETRUCHIO*, with* HORTENSIO *as a musician; and* TRANIO*, as Lucentio, with his boy,* BIONDELLO*, bearing a lute and books*.]

GREMIO: Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

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BAPTISTA: Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.
God save you, gentlemen!

PETRUCHIO: And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katherina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA: I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katherina.

GREMIO: You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

PETRUCHIO: You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting* HORTENSIO]

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong –
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

BAPTISTA: Y'are welcome, sir, and he for your good sake;
But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PETRUCHIO: I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

BAPTISTA: Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?

PETRUCHIO: Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son.
A man well known throughout all Italy.

(*from* Act 2, Scene 1)

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Section B: Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

LYNN NOTTAGE: *Sweat*

3 **Either** **(a)** Stan says: 'This is neutral territory.'

With this quotation from the play in mind, discuss Nottage's presentation of the bar in *Sweat*.

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

[STAN *gestures to* BRUCIE *slumped at the table.*]

CHRIS: [*Relieved*] Jesus. Look atcha. Where've you been? I mean, I've been calling everyone. Goddamnit, where've you been?

BRUCIE: Chill. I'm here. Whassup?

CHRIS: Yo, J. Order me a beer.

JASON: Okay. [*Concern*] What's up, Brucie? You all right?

BRUCIE: Why wouldn't I be all right?

CHRIS: // Shit.

BRUCIE: You guys hanging tough?

JASON: You know. Miss the grind. Feeling the pinch. But Lester says it'll all work out.

BRUCIE: I've heard that before.

[JASON *moves toward* BRUCIE.]

JASON: Yo, everyone's been –

BRUCIE: I'm fine. Take a step back.

JASON: All right. All right.

[JASON *moves to the bar.*]

CHRIS: You can't do that. Disappear? Look at me. Where've you been?

BRUCIE: Around.

CHRIS: Mom won't say it, but she's worried as hell.

BRUCIE: Well, she has a damn funny way of showing it.

CHRIS: Nobody's seen you in a month. What's going on? What the hell? You stopped walking the line?

BRUCIE: … Yeah.

CHRIS: Dad! I'm talking to you! Where've you been?!!

BRUCIE: Um, crashing at your Uncle Cliff's crib, for now.

CHRIS: You need to pull yourself together! This bullshit's got to stop.

BRUCIE: I'm trying. Hey, don't give me that look. I'm trying. Okay?

CHRIS: …

BRUCIE: I'm *trying.*

CHRIS: You high?

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BRUCIE: I'm a grown-ass man, I don't gots to report to nobody. Especially you, boy! So step off.

CHRIS: That's all you got for me? Then go be a zombie, I don't give a shit.

[CHRIS *goes to sit at the bar.*]

JASON: Leave it.

[*A moment*]

BRUCIE: C'mon. Chris. I didn't come down here for this. C'mon.

CHRIS: What's going on with you? Earl and Saunders, both of 'em called me.

BRUCIE: I dunno. Can I tell you something that happened a couple of weeks ago?

CHRIS: You know what, I don't wanna // hear your bullshit –

BRUCIE: Chris … please! Chris!

[CHRIS *walks over to* BRUCIE.]

CHRIS: What?

BRUCIE: I was doing my rotation on the line, same as always. And it began to rain, all at once a downpour, folks fled, but I … I just stood there … couldn't move. I got soaked through to my skin. I still couldn't move. And … and finally someone pulled me into the tent to get dry, but my whole body was shaking, wouldn't stop. It was scary. And I hadn't had that feeling of being outta control since my mother died.

(*from* Act 2, Scene 4)

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

4 Either (a) 'The play presents not only a journey forwards into night, but also a journey back into past lives and unfulfilled dreams.'

With this comment in mind, discuss O'Neill's presentation of time 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.

EDMUND: Mama! Stop talking. Why don't we go in to lunch.

MARY: [*Starts and at once the quality of unnatural detachment settles on her face again. She even smiles with an ironical amusement to herself.*] Yes, it is inconsiderate of me to dig up the past, when I know your father and Jamie must be hungry. [*Putting her arm around* EDMUND*'s shoulder – with a fond solicitude which is at the same time remote.*] I do hope you have an appetite, dear. You really must eat more. [*Her eyes become fixed on the whiskey glass on the table beside him – sharply.*] Why is that glass there? Did you take a drink? Oh, how can you be such a fool? Don't you know it's the worst thing? [*She turns on* TYRONE.] You're to blame, James. How could you let him? Do you want to kill him? Don't you remember my father? He wouldn't stop after he was stricken. He said doctors were fools! He thought, like you, that whiskey is a good tonic! [*A look of terror comes into her eyes and she stammers.*] But, of course, there's no comparison at all. I don't know why I – Forgive me for scolding you, James. One small drink won't hurt Edmund. It might be good for him, if it gives him an appetite.

[*She pats* EDMUND*'s cheek playfully, the strange detachment again in her manner. He jerks his head away. She seems not to notice, but she moves instinctively away.*]

JAMIE: [*Roughly, to hide his tense nerves*] For God's sake, let's eat. I've been working in the damned dirt under the hedge all morning. I've earned my grub. [*He comes around behind his father, not looking at his mother, and grabs* EDMUND*'s shoulder.*] Come on, Kid. Let's put on the feed bag.

[EDMUND *gets up, keeping his eyes averted from his mother. They pass her, heading for the back parlour.*]

TYRONE: [*Dully*] Yes, you go in with your mother, lads. I'll join you in a second.

[*But they keep on without waiting for her. She looks at their backs with a helpless hurt and, as they enter the back parlour, starts to follow them.* TYRONE*'s eyes are on her, sad and condemning. She feels them and turns sharply without meeting his stare.*]

MARY: Why do you look at me like that? [*Her hands flutter up to pat her hair.*] Is it my hair coming down? I was so worn out from last night. I thought I'd better lie down this morning. I drowsed off and had a nice refreshing nap. But I'm sure I fixed my hair again when I woke up. [*Forcing a laugh*] Although, as usual, I couldn't find my glasses. [*Sharply*] Please stop staring! One

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would think you were accusing me – [*Then pleadingly*] James! You don't understand!

TYRONE: [*With dull anger*] I understand that I've been a God-damned fool to believe in you! [*He walks away from her to pour himself a big drink.*]

MARY: [*Her face again sets in stubborn defiance.*] I don't know what you mean by 'believing in me'. All I've felt was distrust and spying and suspicion. [*Then accusingly*] Why are you having another drink? You never have more than one before lunch. [*Bitterly*] I know what to expect. You will be drunk tonight. Well, it won't be the first time, will it – or the thousandth? [*Again she bursts out pleadingly.*] Oh, James, please! You don't understand! I'm so worried about Edmund! I'm so afraid he –

TYRONE: I don't want to listen to your excuses, Mary.

MARY: [*Strickenly*] Excuses? You mean – ? Oh, you can't believe that of me! You mustn't believe that, James! [*Then slipping away into her strange detachment – quite casually*] Shall we not go in to lunch, dear? I don't want anything but I know you're hungry.

[*He walks slowly to where she stands in the doorway. He walks like an old man. As he reaches her she bursts out piteously.*]

James! I tried so hard! I tried so hard! Please believe – !

TYRONE: [*Moved in spite of himself – helplessly*] I suppose you did, Mary. [*Then grief-strickenly*] For the love of God, why couldn't you have the strength to keep on?

MARY: [*Her face setting into that stubborn denial again*] I don't know what you're talking about. Have the strength to keep on what?

TYRONE: [*Hopelessly*] Never mind. It's no use now.

[*He moves on and she keeps beside him as they disappear in the back parlour.*]

(*from* Act 2, Scene 1)

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WOLE SOYINKA: *Kongi's Harvest*

5 **Either** **(a)** Discuss Soyinka's dramatic presentation of Kongi's public image and its importance in the play.

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

DAODU: Since you don't intend to be present anyway, why all this energy?

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How is the woman?

(*from* Second Part)

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