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CAMBRIDGE
International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/32**

Paper 3 Shakespeare and Drama **February/March 2026**

2 hours

8395578791

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 present Claudius's relationship with Gertrude?

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

LAERTES: Lay her i' th' earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be
When thou liest howling.

HAMLET: What, the fair Ophelia!

QUEEN: Sweets to the sweet; farewell!

[*Scattering flowers*]

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

LAERTES: O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
T' o'er-top old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

HAMLET: [*Advancing*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

LAERTES: The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him*]

HAMLET: Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear. Hold off thy hand.

KING: Pluck them asunder.

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QUEEN: Hamlet! Hamlet!

ALL: Gentlemen!

HORATIO: Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

HAMLET: Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

QUEEN: O my son, what theme?

HAMLET: I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

KING: O, he is mad, Laertes.

QUEEN: For love of God, forbear him.

HAMLET: 'Swounds, show me what th'owt do:
Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't tear thyself,
Woo't drink up eisel, eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I;
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

QUEEN: This is mere madness;
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

HAMLET: Hear you, sir:
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever. But it is no matter.
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*]

KING: I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.

[*Exit* HORATIO.]

[*To* LAERTES] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push. –
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son. –
This grave shall have a living monument.
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then in patience our proceeding be.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*from* Act 5, Scene 1)

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Taming of the Shrew*

2 Either (a) In what ways and with what dramatic effects is Katherina presented as a daughter 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. In your answer, you should pay close attention to language, tone and action.

TRANIO: Call forth an officer.
[*Enter an Officer.*]
Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.
VINCENTIO: Carry me to the gaol!
GREMIO: Stay, Officer; he shall not go to prison.
BAPTISTA: Talk not, Signior Gremio; I say he shall go to prison.
GREMIO: Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business; I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.
PEDANT: Swear if thou dar'st.
GREMIO: Nay, I dare not swear it.
TRANIO: Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.
GREMIO: Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.
BAPTISTA: Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him!
VINCENTIO: Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd. O monstrous villain!
[*Re-enter* BIONDELLO*, with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.]
BIONDELLO: O, we are spoil'd; and yonder he is! Deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.
[*Exeunt* BIONDELLO*,* TRANIO*, and* PEDANT*, as fast as may be.*]
LUCENTIO: [*Kneeling*] Pardon, sweet father.
VINCENTIO: Lives my sweet son?
BIANCA: Pardon, dear father.
BAPTISTA: How hast thou offended?
Where is Lucentio?
LUCENTIO: Here's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.
GREMIO: Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!
VINCENTIO: Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?
BAPTISTA: Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?
BIANCA: Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.
LUCENTIO: Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

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While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

VINCENTIO: I'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me to the gaol.

BAPTISTA: [*To* LUCENTIO] But do you hear, sir?
Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

VINCENTIO: Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to; but I will in to be revenged for this villainy.

[*Exit.*]

BAPTISTA: And I to sound the depth of this knavery.

[*Exit.*]

LUCENTIO: Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.]

GREMIO: My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all but my share of the feast.

[*Exit.*]

KATHERINA: Husband, let's follow to see the end of this ado.

PETRUCHIO: First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATHERINA: What, in the midst of the street?

PETRUCHIO: What, art thou asham'd of me?

KATHERINA: No, sir; God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

PETRUCHIO: Why, then, let's home again. Come, sirrah, let's away.

KATHERINA: Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee, love, stay.

PETRUCHIO: Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*from* Act 5, 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 fathers and father figures in *Sweat*.

Or (b) Analyse the following extract, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Nottage's methods and concerns here and more widely in the play. In your answer, you should pay close attention to language, tone and action.

[OSCAR *walks in.* TRACEY *sees him and stops talking. It's too late for* OSCAR *to retreat.*]

OSCAR: Hey Stan.

STAN: Oscar.

OSCAR: I came to pick up the rest of my stuff. But, if now ain't such a good time … I thought …

[JASON *and* CHRIS *stare down* OSCAR. STAN *breaks the tension.*]

STAN: It's in the back. You want me to get it?

OSCAR: Nah, I'll get it.

JESSIE: [*Shouts.*] Fucking scab!

[OSCAR *goes to the back.* JASON *stands up.*]

STAN: Don't!

JASON: Don't what?

STAN: You know what. Sit down.

JASON: That fucking spic.

STAN: Hey, hey, c'mon. None of that in here. Oscar's a good guy. Let him get his stuff, okay?

JASON: I don't give a fuck.

TRACEY: Amen. That piece of shit knows what he's doing. I don't care about his sorry story. So what he's got an apartment filled with seventeen relatives that gotta eat. I'm tired of their shit. I worked that line for over twenty years and he thinks he can push in.

STAN: Enough, c'mon. This is neutral territory.

JASON: She's got a point. I'll be damned if I'm gonna let that fucker walk over my toes. It ain't gonna happen.

CHRIS: J, sit the fuck down, you don't got a beef with him. Not here. He's just –

JASON: What?

CHRIS: Trying to make a dollar. Okay? The same as you or me.

JASON: Nah, it ain't the same. We got history here. Us! Me, you, him, her! What the fuck does he have, huh? A green card that gives him the right to shit on everything we worked for?

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STAN: Why don't you take a walk around the block?

CHRIS: Yeah, let's go.

[CHRIS *tries to pull* JASON *out.* JASON *wrenches himself away.*]

JASON: Do you hear yourself? I'm the problem? I should sit the fuck down? No way.

CHRIS: Let it alone. Fuck 'em. Now, ain't the moment. That muthafucka ain't worth it. Okay?

TRACEY: Did you see the way he looked at you guys? He's eating your dinner, your steak and potatoes, your fucking dessert.

JESSIE: Yum! Yum!

[JESSIE *laughs*.]

STAN: Shut up!

TRACEY: I'm not shutting up!

(*from* Act 2, Scene 6)

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

4 Either (a) Discuss O'Neill's dramatic presentation of feelings of hopelessness in the play.

Or (b) Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Jamie's relationship with his father, Tyrone, here and elsewhere in the play. In your answer, you should pay close attention to language, tone and action.

JAMIE: I never wanted to be an actor. You forced me on the stage.

TYRONE: That's a lie! You made no effort to find anything else to do. You left it to me to get you a job and I have no influence except in the theatre. Forced you! You never wanted to do anything except loaf in bar-rooms! You'd have been content to sit back like a lazy lunk and sponge on me for the rest of your life! After all the money I'd wasted on your education, and all you did was get fired in disgrace from every college you went to!

JAMIE: Oh, for God's sake, don't drag up that ancient history!

TYRONE: It's not ancient history that you have to come home every summer to live on me.

JAMIE: I earn my board and lodging working on the grounds. It saves you hiring a man.

TYRONE: Bah! You have to be driven to do even that much! [*His anger ebbs into a weary complaint.*] I wouldn't give a damn if you ever displayed the slightest sign of gratitude. The only thanks is to have you sneer at me for a dirty miser, sneer at my profession, sneer at every damned thing in the world – except yourself.

JAMIE: [*Wryly*] That's not true, Papa. You can't hear me talking to myself, that's all.

TYRONE: [*Stares at him puzzledly, then quotes mechanically.*] 'Ingratitude, the vilest weed that grows'!

JAMIE: I could see that line coming! God, how many thousand times – ! [*He stops, bored with their quarrel, and shrugs his shoulders.*] All right, Papa, I'm a bum. Anything you like, so long as it stops the argument.

TYRONE: [*With indignant appeal now*] If you'd get ambition in your head instead of folly! You're young yet. You could still make your mark. You had the talent to become a fine actor! You have it still. You're my son – !

JAMIE: [*Boredly*] Let's forget me. I'm not interested in the subject. Neither are you.

[TYRONE *gives up.* JAMIE *goes on casually.*]

What started us on this? Oh, Doc Hardy. When is he going to call you up about Edmund?

TYRONE: Around lunch time. [*He pauses – then defensively*] I couldn't have sent Edmund to a better doctor. Hardy's treated him whenever he was sick up here, since he was knee-high. He knows his constitution as no other doctor could. It's not a question of my being miserly, as you'd like to make out.

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[*Bitterly*] And what could the finest specialist in America do for Edmund, after he's deliberately ruined his health by the mad life he's led ever since he was fired from college? Even before that, when he was in prep school, he began dissipating and playing the Broadway sport to imitate you, when he's never had your constitution to stand it. You're a healthy hulk like me – or you were at his age – but he's always been a bundle of nerves like his mother. I've warned him for years his body couldn't stand it, but he wouldn't heed me, and now it's too late.

JAMIE: [*Sharply*] What do you mean, too late? You talk as if you thought –

TYRONE: [*Guiltily explosive*] Don't be a damned fool! I meant nothing but what's plain to anyone! His health has broken down and he may be an invalid for a long time.

(*from* Act 1)

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WOLE SOYINKA: *Kongi's Harvest*

5 Either (a) In what ways and with what dramatic effects does Soyinka present the modern world in *Kongi's Harvest*?

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

[KONGI*'s retreat*]

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We need to

Bury him in shovelfuls.

(*from* First Part *and* Second Part)

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