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CAMBRIDGE
International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/31**

Paper 3 Shakespeare and Drama **May/June 2026**

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) In what ways and with what dramatic effects does Shakespeare present Hamlet's relationships with his friends?

Or (b) Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Hamlet's motivation. In your answer, you should pay close attention to language, tone and action.

HAMLET: Speak; I am bound to hear.
GHOST: So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
HAMLET: What?
GHOST: I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love –
HAMLET: O God!
GHOST: Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
HAMLET: Murder!
GHOST: Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
HAMLET: Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
GHOST: I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

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HAMLET: O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!

GHOST: Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with traitorous gifts –
O wicked wit and gifts that have the power
So to seduce! – won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage.
But soft! methinks I scent the morning air.
Brief let me be. […]

(*from* Act 1 Scene 5)

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Taming of the Shrew*

2 Either (a) In what ways and with what dramatic effects does Shakespeare present different types of courting and wooing in the play?

Or (b) Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Petruchio's 'taming' of Katherina. In your answer, you should pay close attention to language, tone and action.

PETRUCHIO: Katherine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

WIDOW: Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

PETRUCHIO: Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

WIDOW: She shall not.

PETRUCHIO: I say she shall. And first begin with her.

KATHERINA: Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled –
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience –
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,

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To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot;
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

PETRUCHIO: Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

LUCENTIO: Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

VINCENTIO: 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

LUCENTIO: But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

PETRUCHIO: Come, Kate, we'll to bed.
We three are married, but you two are sped.
[*To* LUCENTIO] 'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
And being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHERINA.]

(*from* Act 5, Scene 2)

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Section B: Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

LYNN NOTTAGE: *Sweat*

3 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what dramatic effects does Nottage present friendship 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. In your answer, you should pay close attention to language, tone and action.

CYNTHIA: What do you want, Brucie?
BRUCIE: I keep trying to explain.
[BRUCIE *produces a piece of paper.*]
CYNTHIA: What's that?
[*He hands it to* CYNTHIA. *She reads.*]
BRUCIE: I'm in a program.
CYNTHIA: And is having a drink part of that program?
BRUCIE: It's not the same.
CYNTHIA: I beg to differ.
BRUCIE: That's all you gotta say?
CYNTHIA: Whatcha want me to say?
BRUCIE: Just wanna show you I'm trying.
CYNTHIA: K.
BRUCIE: And?
CYNTHIA: We done?
[BRUCIE *folds the paper and puts it in his pocket.*]
BRUCIE: Yeah.
CYNTHIA: K. Nice piece of paper. Maybe I'd be impressed if it was a pay stub. You call your son?
BRUCIE: How's he doing?
CYNTHIA: Good. Evolution. Chris tell you his news?
BRUCIE: Nah.
CYNTHIA: He got into Albright.
BRUCIE: Psh, for real?
CYNTHIA: That's all you gotta say? You know, he really wants you to … Forget it, just call 'im. K. He's starting in September.
BRUCIE: College? Who's paying for it?
CYNTHIA: He is.
BRUCIE: You gonna let him walk away from that steady money at the plant? Ask me, he'd be a damn fool to –
CYNTHIA: Good advice. How's that working out for you?

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BRUCIE: …

CYNTHIA: Look, if you speak to him, do me a favor, say you're proud of 'im and leave it at that. Don't put any other ideas in his head. Cuz if you do, so help me God … This is a good thing. And you should be proud of him.

TRACEY: That's right, he's always been smart, Cynth.

BRUCIE: I'm just saying –

CYNTHIA: Say nothing for a change.

[*A moment*]

BRUCIE: You doing okay?

CYNTHIA: Yeah. I'm cool.

BRUCIE: Stan says you're being considered for a promotion.

CYNTHIA: Yeah. Warehouse Supervisor. Not just me. Tracey, Clarence and Fat Henry. We're all in the running.

BRUCIE: [*To* TRACEY] That true?

TRACEY: Yeah. Deciding soon. But, I'm not holding my breath, they're just blowing smoke up our asses, because some fancy consultant told 'em it would be a good idea to chum the waters.

CYNTHIA: C'mon. You want this as bad as I do. You won't own it, but I know you do.

JESSIE: Of course she does, Tracey likes giving fucking orders.

TRACEY: Get outta here.

CYNTHIA: But, c'mon if one of us gets this job, how sweet'll that be?

[CYNTHIA *gives* TRACEY *a warm hug*.]

BRUCIE: [*Humor with edge*] They must be hard up if they're considering you guys.

(*from* Act 1, Scene 4)

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

4 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what dramatic effects does O'Neill present family conflicts 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. In your answer, you should pay close attention to language, tone and action.

[MARY *and the second girl,* CATHLEEN*, are discovered. The latter is standing at left of table. She holds an empty whiskey glass in her hand as if she'd forgotten she had it. She shows the effects of drink. Her stupid, good-humoured face wears a pleased and flattered simper.*

MARY *is paler than before and her eyes shine with unnatural brilliance. The strange detachment in her manner has intensified. She has hidden deeper within herself and found refuge and release in a dream where present reality is but an appearance to be accepted and dismissed unfeelingly – even with a hard cynicism – or entirely ignored. There is at times an uncanny gay, free youthfulness in her manner, as if in spirit she were released to become again, simply and without self-consciousness, the naïve, happy, chattering schoolgirl of her convent days. She wears the dress into which she had changed for her drive to town, a simple, fairly expensive affair, which would be extremely becoming if it were not for the careless, almost slovenly way she wears it. Her hair is no longer fastidiously in place. It has a slightly dishevelled, lopsided look. She talks to* CATHLEEN *with a confiding familiarity, as if the second girl were an old, intimate friend. As the curtain rises, she is standing by the screen door looking out. A moan of the foghorn is heard.*]

MARY: [*Amused – girlishly*] That foghorn! Isn't it awful, Cathleen?

CATHLEEN: [*Talks more familiarly than usual but never with intentional impertinence because she sincerely likes her mistress.*] It is indeed, Ma'am. It's like a banshee.

MARY: [*Goes on as if she hadn't heard. In nearly all the following dialogue there is a feeling that she has* CATHLEEN *with her merely as an excuse to keep talking.*] I don't mind it tonight. Last night it drove me crazy. I lay awake worrying until I couldn't stand it any more.

CATHLEEN: Bad cess to it. I was scared out of my wits riding back from town. I thought that ugly monkey, Smythe, would drive us in a ditch or against a tree. You couldn't see your hand in front of you. I'm glad you had me sit in back with you, Ma'am. If I'd been in front with that monkey – He can't keep his dirty hands to himself. Give him a chance and he's pinching me on the leg or you-know-where – asking your pardon, Ma'am, but it's true.

MARY: [*Dreamily*] It wasn't the fog I minded, Cathleen. I really love fog.

CATHLEEN: They say it's good for the complexion.

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MARY: It hides you from the world and the world from you. You feel that everything has changed, and nothing is what it seemed to be. No one can find or touch you any more.

CATHLEEN: I wouldn't care so much if Smythe was a fine, handsome man like some chauffeurs I've seen – I mean, if it was all in fun, for I'm a decent girl. But for a shrivelled runt like Smythe – ! I've told him, you must think I'm hard up that I'd notice a monkey like you. I've warned him, one day I'll give him a clout that'll knock him into next week. And so I will!

MARY: It's the foghorn I hate. It won't let you alone. It keeps reminding you, and warning you, and calling you back. [*She smiles strangely.*] But it can't tonight. It's just an ugly sound. It doesn't remind me of anything. [*She gives a teasing, girlish laugh.*] Except, perhaps, Mr Tyrone's snores. I've always had such fun teasing him about it. He has snored ever since I can remember, especially when he's had too much to drink, and yet he's like a child, he hates to admit it. [*She laughs, coming to the table.*] Well, I suppose I snore at times, too, and I don't like to admit it. So I have no right to make fun of him, have I? [*She sits in the rocker at right of table.*]

CATHLEEN: Ah, sure, everybody healthy snores. It's a sign of sanity, they say. [*Then, worriedly*] What time is it, Ma'am? I ought to go back in the kitchen. The damp is in Bridget's rheumatism and she's like a raging divil. She'll bite my head off. [*She puts her glass on the table and makes a movement toward the back parlour.*]

MARY: [*With a flash of apprehension*] No, don't go, Cathleen. I don't want to be alone, yet.

(*from* Act 3)

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WOLE SOYINKA: *Kongi's Harvest*

5 **Either** **(a)** Discuss Soyinka's dramatic presentation of female characters and their importance to 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. In your answer, you should pay close attention to language, tone and action.

SUPERINTENDENT: [*Rushes in, agitated.*]

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[*The retainers burst into derisive laughter and the* SUPERINTENDENT *becomes incensed.*]

(*from* Hemlock)

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