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CAMBRIDGE
International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/32**

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.

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) In what ways and with what dramatic effects does Shakespeare present women 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.

KING: Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't –
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will.
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder'!
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder –
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling; there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels. Make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,

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Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
All may be well.

[*Retires and kneels.*]

[*Enter* HAMLET.]

HAMLET: Now might I do it pat, now 'a is a-praying;
And now I'll do't – and so 'a goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
'A took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent.
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage;
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At game, a-swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't –
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

[*Exit*.]

KING: [*Rising*] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below.
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

[*Exit*.]

(*from* Act 3, Scene 3)

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Taming of the Shrew*

2 Either (a) Discuss the presentation and dramatic significance of deception 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.

[*Enter* KATHERINA.]

PETRUCHIO: Good morrow, Kate – for that's your name, I hear.

KATHERINA: Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO: You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation –
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

KATHERINA: Mov'd! in good time! Let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

PETRUCHIO: Why, what's a moveable?

KATHERINA: A join'd-stool.

PETRUCHIO: Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.

KATHERINA: Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO: Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATHERINA: No such jade as you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO: Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee!
For, knowing thee to be but young and light –

KATHERINA: Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PETRUCHIO: Should be! should – buzz!

KATHERINA: Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PETRUCHIO: O, slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

KATHERINA: Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

PETRUCHIO: Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

KATHERINA: If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PETRUCHIO: My remedy is then to pluck it out.

KATHERINA: Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PETRUCHIO: Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

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KATHERINA: In his tongue.
PETRUCHIO: Whose tongue?
KATHERINA: Yours, if you talk of tales; and so farewell.
PETRUCHIO: What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
KATHERINA: That I'll try.
[*She strikes him.*]
PETRUCHIO: I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
KATHERINA: So may you lose your arms.
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
PETRUCHIO: A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!
KATHERINA: What is your crest – a coxcomb?
PETRUCHIO: A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
KATHERINA: No cock of mine: you crow too like a craven.
PETRUCHIO: Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
KATHERINA: It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
PETRUCHIO: Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
KATHERINA: There is, there is.
PETRUCHIO: Then show it me.
KATHERINA: Had I a glass I would.
PETRUCHIO: What, you mean my face?
KATHERINA: Well aim'd of such a young one.
PETRUCHIO: Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
KATHERINA: Yet you are wither'd.
PETRUCHIO: 'Tis with cares.
KATHERINA: I care not.
PETRUCHIO: Nay, hear you, Kate – in sooth, you scape not so.
KATHERINA: I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

(*from* Act 2, 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 financial hardship and its significance to the play.

Or (b) Analyse the following extract and consider in what ways it adds to your understanding of Nottage's presentation of hopes and dreams. In your answer, you should pay close attention to language, tone and action.

CYNTHIA: Listen babe, they're always looking for reasons to let us go. 'Specially now, with this damn shake-up –

STAN: Then the rumor's true, huh? Butz is getting promoted?

CYNTHIA: Yeah.

TRACEY: He's heading to some plant outta state.

STAN: Who they bringing in?

TRACEY: They're talking about hiring someone from the floor.

STAN: Get outta here. Really? You gonna apply?

TRACEY: Me? No fucking way.

[STAN *glances over at* CYNTHIA.]

STAN: You're awful quiet, Cynth.

CYNTHIA: Who knows? I might apply.

TRACEY: What?! Get outta here.

CYNTHIA: Why the hell not? I've got twenty-four years on the floor.

TRACEY: Well, I got you beat by two. Started in '74, walked in straight outta high school. First and only job. Management is for them. Not us.

CYNTHIA: More money. More heat. More vacation. Less work. That's all I need to know.

TRACEY: Hey Stan, how many years did you put in before the injury?

STAN: Twenty-eight.

TRACEY: And in those twenty-eight years you ever see anyone move off the floor?

STAN: … Um, no … wait, wait … there was Griff Parker.

TRACEY: Yeah, but he left, went to college came back as management. They didn't pluck him off the line. Doesn't count.

CYNTHIA: Shit, you wanna be fifty and standing on your feet for ten hours a day? Titties sagging into the machines. I got bunions the size of damn apples. // My back –

TRACEY: Bla … bla. Write a book.

CYNTHIA: Don't know about you, but I can feel my body slowing down, a little every day. I go home and my hands are frozen, I can't even hold a frying pan. I gotta rub 'em together for an hour

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before they even move.

TRACEY: But be serious, Butz's job?

CYNTHIA: I know the machines. I know the people.

TRACEY: Hold on, hold on. You're really gonna apply?! No bullshit.

CYNTHIA: All they can do is say no, right Stan?

STAN: That's right.

[*A moment*]

TRACEY: Well … If that's the case, maybe I should throw my name into the mix. Right? I need a vacation. I got the same experience you got. But, I mean none of us girls are gonna get it, right?

CYNTHIA: It's been a helluva lot better since Olstead's grandson took over –

STAN: Gimme a break. That place hasn't changed since I walked in there in '69. Not a lightbulb, not one single nut or bolt. As a matter of fact it hasn't changed much since my grandfather began working there in '22. Good luck, sweetheart. I don't know him, but I can tell you that Olstead's grandson is the same brand of asshole as all of 'em, stuffing his pockets, rather than improving the floor.

(*from* Act 1, Scene 2)

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

4 **Either** **(a)** Discuss O'Neill's exploration of the characters' attitudes to acting and the theatre in *Long Day's Journey Into Night*.

Or **(b)** Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of the relationship between Edmund and Jamie. In your answer, you should pay close attention to language, tone and action.

EDMUND: [*Almost frightenedly*] Jamie! Cut it out! You're crazy!

JAMIE: But don't get wrong idea, Kid. I love you more than I hate you. My saying what I'm telling you now proves it. I run the risk you'll hate me – and you're all I've got left. But I didn't mean to tell you that last stuff – go that far back. Don't know what made me. What I wanted to say is, I'd like to see you become the greatest success in the world. But you'd better be on your guard. Because I'll do my damnedest to make you fail. Can't help it. I hate myself. Got to take revenge. On everyone else. Especially you. Oscar Wilde's 'Reading Gaol' has the dope twisted. The man was dead, and so he had to kill the thing he loved. That's what it ought to be. The dead part of me hopes you won't get well. Maybe he's even glad the game has got Mama again! He wants company, he doesn't want to be the only corpse around the house! [*He gives a hard, tortured laugh.*]

EDMUND: Jesus, Jamie! You really have gone crazy!

JAMIE: Think it over and you'll see I'm right. Think it over when you're away from me in the sanatorium. Make up your mind you've got to tie a can to me – get me out of your life – think of me as dead – tell people, 'I had a brother, but he's dead.' And when you come back, look out for me. I'll be waiting to welcome you with that 'my old pal' stuff, and give you the glad hand, and at the first good chance I get stab you in the back.

EDMUND: Shut up! I'll be God-damned if I'll listen to you any more – !

JAMIE: [*As if he hadn't heard.*] Only don't forget me. Remember I warned you – for your sake. Give me credit. Greater love hath no man than this, that he saveth his brother from himself. [*Very drunkenly, his head bobbing*] That's all. Feel better now. Gone to confession. Know you absolve me, don't you, Kid? You understand. You're a damned fine kid. Ought to be. I made you. So go and get well. Don't die on me. You're all I've got left. God bless you, K.O.

[*He falls into a drunken doze, not completely asleep.* EDMUND *buries his face in his hands miserably.* TYRONE *comes in quietly through the screen door from the porch, his dressing gown wet with fog, the collar turned up around his throat. His face is stern and disgusted but at the same time pitying.* EDMUND *does not notice his entrance.*]

TYRONE: [*In a low voice*] Thank God he's asleep.

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[EDMUND *looks up with a start.*]

I thought he'd never stop talking. [*He turns down the collar of his dressing gown.*] We'd better let him stay where he is and sleep it off.

[EDMUND *remains silent.* TYRONE *regards him – then goes on.*]

I heard the last part of his talk. It's what I've warned you. I hope you'll heed the warning, now it comes from his own mouth.

[EDMUND *gives no sign of having heard.* TYRONE *adds pityingly.*]

But don't take it too much to heart, lad. He loves to exaggerate the worst of himself when he's drunk. He's devoted to you. It's the one good thing left in him. [*He looks down on* JAMIE *with a bitter sadness.*] A sweet spectacle for me! My first-born, who I hoped would bear my name in honour and dignity, who showed such brilliant promise!

EDMUND: [*Miserably*] Keep quiet, can't you, Papa?

TYRONE: [*Pours a drink*] A waste! A wreck, a drunken hulk, done with and finished!

[*He drinks.* JAMIE *has become restless, sensing his father's presence, struggling up from his stupor. Now he gets his eyes open to blink up at* TYRONE. *The latter moves back a step defensively, his face growing hard.*]

(*from* Act 4)

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WOLE SOYINKA: *Kongi's Harvest*

5 **Either** **(a)** Discuss Soyinka's dramatic presentation of flawed leadership and its significance in *Kongi's Harvest*.

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.

[KONGI *is seen dimly in his own cell, above the* AWERI.

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Very nice indeed,
very nice.

(*from* First Part)

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