



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/33

Paper 3 Shakespeare and Drama

May/June 2025

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.

Section A: Shakespeare

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

1 Either (a) Discuss the presentation and dramatic significance of spying and overhearing in the play.

Or (b) Analyse the following extract, considering in what ways it adds to your understanding of Hamlet's relationship with his mother. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

QUEEN: What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

HAMLET: Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths. O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face does glow
O'er this solidity and compound mass
With heated visage, as against the doom –
Is thought-sick at the act.

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QUEEN: Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

HAMLET: Look here upon this picture and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill –
A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

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This was your husband. Look you now what follows:
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion; but sure that sense
Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?

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Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope. O shame! where is thy blush? 45
 Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
 And melt in her own fire; proclaim no shame
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge, 50
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.

QUEEN: O Hamlet, speak no more!

Thou turn'st my eyes into my very soul;
 And there I see such black and grained spots 55
 As will not leave their tinct.

HAMLET: Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
 Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
 Over the nasty sty! 60

QUEEN: O, speak to me no more!

These words like daggers enter in my ears;
 No more, sweet Hamlet.

HAMLET: A murderer and a villain!

A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
 Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
 And put it in his pocket! 65

QUEEN: No more! 70

(from Act 3, Scene 4)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Taming of the Shrew*

2 Either (a) Discuss the dramatic presentation and significance of Petruchio's marriage to Katherina in the play as a whole.

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

PETRUCHIO: Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather than decreas'd. 5
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAPTISTA: After my death, the one half of my lands
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

PETRUCHIO: And for that dowry, I'll assure her of 10
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

BAPTISTA: Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all. 15

PETRUCHIO: Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury. 20
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

BAPTISTA: Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. 25

PETRUCHIO: Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
That shake not though they blow perpetually.
[Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke.]

BAPTISTA: How now, my friend! Why dost thou look so pale? 30

HORTENSIO: For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAPTISTA: What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HORTENSIO: I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

BAPTISTA: Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute? 35

HORTENSIO: Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she 'I'll fume with them'. 40

And with that word she struck me on the head,
 And through the instrument my pate made way;
 And there I stood amazed for a while,
 As on a pillory, looking through the lute,
 While she did call me rascal fiddler
 And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
 As had she studied to misuse me so.

45

PETRUCHIO: Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
 I love her ten times more than e'er I did.
 O, how I long to have some chat with her!

50

BAPTISTA: Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited;
 Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
 She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
 Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

55

PETRUCHIO: I pray you do.

(from Act 2, Scene 1)

Section B: Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

LYNN NOTTAGE: *Sweat*

3 Either (a) 'The past is important and influential in this play.'

In the light of this comment, discuss Nottage's dramatic presentation of the past 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.

STAN: Says he got wind that they were gonna cut back his line at the plant.

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And I don't know.

(from Act 1, Scene 2)

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

4 Either (a) In what ways and with what dramatic effects does O'Neill present different types of illness in the play?

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

MARY: [Turns smilingly to them, in a merry tone that is a bit forced.] I've been teasing your father about his snoring. [To TYRONE] I'll leave it to the boys, James. They must have heard you. No, not you, Jamie. I could hear you down the hall almost as bad as your father. You're like him. As soon as your head touches the pillow you're off and ten foghorns couldn't wake you. [She stops abruptly, catching JAMIE's eyes regarding her with an uneasy, probing look. Her smile vanishes and her manner becomes self-conscious.] Why are you staring, Jamie? [Her hands flutter up to her hair.] Is my hair coming down? It's hard for me to do it up properly now. My eyes are getting so bad and I never can find my glasses. 5

JAMIE: [Looks away guiltily.] Your hair's all right, Mama. I was only thinking how well you look. 10

TYRONE: [Heartily] Just what I've been telling her, Jamie. She's so fat and sassy, there'll soon be no holding her. 15

EDMUND: Yes, you certainly look grand, Mama.

[She is reassured and smiles at him lovingly. He winks with a kidding grin.]

I'll back you up about Papa's snoring. Gosh, what a racket! 20

JAMIE: I heard him, too. [He quotes, putting on a ham-actor manner] 'The Moor, I know his trumpet.'

[His mother and brother laugh.]

TYRONE: [Scathingly] If it takes my snoring to make you remember Shakespeare instead of the dope sheet on the ponies, I hope I'll keep on with it. 25

MARY: Now, James! You mustn't be so touchy.

[JAMIE shrugs his shoulders and sits down in the chair on her right.]

EDMUND: [Irritably] Yes, for Pete's sake, Papa! The first thing after breakfast! Give it a rest, can't you? 30

[He slumps down in the chair at left of table next to his brother. His father ignores him.]

MARY: [Reprovingly] Your father wasn't finding fault with you. You don't have to always take Jamie's part. You'd think you were the one ten years older. 35

JAMIE: [Boredly] What's all the fuss about? Let's forget it.

TYRONE: [Contemptuously] Yes, forget! Forget everything and face nothing! It's a convenient philosophy if you've no ambition in life except to – 40

MARY: James, do be quiet. [She puts an arm around his shoulder – coaxingly.] You must have gotten out of the wrong side of the bed this morning. [To the boys, changing the subject] What were you two grinning about like Cheshire cats when you came in? What was the joke? 45

TYRONE: [With a painful effort to be a good sport] Yes, let us in on it, lads. I told your mother I knew damned well it would be one on me, but never mind that, I'm used to it.

JAMIE: [Dryly] Don't look at me. This is the Kid's story.

EDMUND: [Grins.] I meant to tell you last night, Papa, and forgot it. Yesterday when I went for a walk I dropped in at the Inn – 50

MARY: [Worriedly] You shouldn't drink now, Edmund.

EDMUND: [Ignoring this] And who do you think I met there, with a beautiful bun on, but Shaughnessy, the tenant on that farm of yours.

MARY: [Smiling] That dreadful man! But he is funny. 55

TYRONE: [Scowling] He's not so funny when you're his landlord. He's a wily Shanty Mick, that one. He could hide behind a corkscrew. What's he complaining about now, Edmund – for I'm damned sure he's complaining. I suppose he wants his rent lowered. I let him have the place for almost nothing, just to keep someone on it, and he never pays that till I threaten to evict him. 60

EDMUND: No, he didn't beef about anything. He was so pleased with life he even bought a drink, and that's practically unheard of. He was delighted because he'd had a fight with your friend, Harker, the Standard Oil millionaire, and won a glorious victory. 65

MARY: [With amused dismay] Oh, Lord! James, you'll really have to do something –

TYRONE: Bad luck to Shaughnessy, anyway!

JAMIE: [Maliciously] I'll bet the next time you see Harker at the Club and give him the old respectful bow, he won't see you. 70

(from Act 1)

WOLE SOYINKA: *Kongi's Harvest*

5 Either (a) In what ways and with what dramatic effects does Soyinka present the Carpenters' Brigade in this play?

Or (b) Analyse the following extract, the ending of *Kongi's Harvest*, 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.

DANLOLA: I'll go and hurry them.

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A mixture of the royal music and the anthem rises loudly, plays for a short while, comes to an abrupt halt as the iron grating descends and hits the ground with a loud, final clang.]

BLACKOUT

THE END

(from Hangover)

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