

Modified Enlarged 18pt

OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS

Tuesday 2 June 2020 – Morning

A Level English Language and Literature (EMC)

H474/02 The language of poetry and plays

Time allowed: 2 hours

plus your additional time allowance

**YOU MUST HAVE:
the OCR 12-page Answer Booklet**

READ INSTRUCTIONS OVERLEAF



INSTRUCTIONS

Use black ink.

Write your answer to each question in the Answer Booklet. The question numbers must be clearly shown.

Fill in the boxes on the front of the Answer Booklet.

Answer ONE question in Section A and ONE in Section B.

INFORMATION

The total mark for this paper is 64.

The marks for each question are shown in brackets [].

ADVICE

Read each question carefully before you start your answer.

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SECTION A – Poetry: Stylistic analysis

**William Blake
Emily Dickinson
Seamus Heaney
Eavan Boland
Carol Ann Duffy
Jacob Sam-La Rose**

Answer ONE question from this section. You should spend about one hour on this section.

1 William Blake

Explore how William Blake presents attitudes towards Christian beliefs in ‘The Human Abstract’ and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Blake’s use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts. [32]

'The Human Abstract'

**Pity would be no more,
If we did not make somebody Poor:
And Mercy no more could be,
If all were as happy as we:**

**And mutual fear brings peace:
Till the selfish loves increase.
Then Cruelty knits a snare,
And spreads his baits with care.**

**He sits down with holy fears,
And waters the ground with tears:
Then Humility takes its root
Underneath his foot.**

**Soon spreads the dismal shade
Of Mystery over his head;
And the Catterpillar and Fly,
Feed on the Mystery.**

**And it bears the fruit of Deceit,
Ruddy and sweet to eat:
And the Raven his nest has made
In its thickest shade.**

**The Gods of the earth and sea,
Sought thro' Nature to find this Tree
But their search was all in vain;
There grows one in the Human Brain**

2 Emily Dickinson

Explore how Emily Dickinson presents attitudes towards beliefs about the afterlife in 'Going to Heaven!' (79) and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Dickinson's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts. [32]

'Going to Heaven!'

**Going to Heaven!
I don't know when –
Pray do not ask me how!
Indeed I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to Heaven!
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the Shepherd's arm!**

**Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first
Save just a little space for me
Close to the two I lost –
The smallest "Robe" will fit me
And just a bit of "Crown" –
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home –**

**I'm glad I don't believe it
For it would stop my breath –**

And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious Earth!
I'm glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty Autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

3 Seamus Heaney

Explore how Seamus Heaney presents thoughts and feelings about barbaric rituals in the past in 'Strange Fruit' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Heaney's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts. [32]

'Strange Fruit'

**Here is the girl's head like an exhumed gourd.
Oval-faced, prune-skinned, prune-stones for teeth.
They unswaddled the wet fern of her hair
And made an exhibition of its coil,
Let the air at her leathery beauty.
Pash of tallow, perishable treasure:
Her broken nose is dark as a turf clod,
Her eyeholes blank as pools in the old workings.
Diodorus Siculus confessed
His gradual ease among the likes of this:
Murdered, forgotten, nameless, terrible
Beheaded girl, outstaring axe
And beatification, outstaring
What had begun to feel like reverence.**

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4 Eavan Boland

Explore how Eavan Boland presents thoughts and feelings about relationships between men and women in 'The Black Lace Fan My Mother Gave Me' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Boland's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts. [32]

'The Black Lace Fan My Mother Gave Me'

**It was the first gift he ever gave her,
buying it for five francs in the Galleries
in pre-war Paris. It was stifling.
A starless drought made the nights stormy.**

**They stayed in the city for the summer.
They met in cafés. She was always early.
He was late. That evening he was later.
They wrapped the fan. He looked at his watch.**

**She looked down the Boulevard des Capucines.
She ordered more coffee. She stood up.
The streets were emptying. The heat was killing.
She thought the distance smelled of rain and lightning.**

**These are wild roses, appliqued on silk by hand,
darkly picked, stitched boldly, quickly.
The rest is tortoiseshell and has the reticent,
clear patience of its element. It is**

a worn-out, underwater bullion and it keeps,
even now, an inference of its violation.
The lace is overcast as if the weather
it opened for and offset had entered it.

The past is an empty café terrace.
An airless dusk before thunder. A man running.
And no way now to know what happened then –
none at all – unless, of course, you improvise:

The blackbird on this first sultry morning,
in summer, finding buds, worms, fruit,
feels the heat. Suddenly she puts out her wing –
the whole, full, flirtatious span of it.

5 Carol Ann Duffy

Explore how Carol Ann Duffy presents thoughts and feelings about the absence of a loved one in 'New Year' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Duffy's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts. [32]

'New Year'

↳ I drop the dying year behind me like a shawl
and let it fall. The urgent fireworks fling themselves
against the night, flowers of desire, love's fervency.
Out of the space around me, standing here, I shape
your absent body against mine. You touch me as the giving air.

Most far, most near, your arms are darkness, holding me,
so I lean back, lip-read the heavens talking on in light,
syllabic stars. I see, at last, they pray at us. Your breath
is midnight's, living, on my skin, across the miles between us,
fields and motorways and towns, the million lit-up little homes.

**This love we have, grief in reverse, full rhyme, wrong place,
wrong time, sweet work for hands, the heart's vocation, flares
to guide the new year in, the days and nights far out upon the sky's
dark sea. Your mouth is snow now on my lips, cool, intimate, first kiss,
a vow. Time falls and falls through endless space, to when we are.**

6 Jacob Sam-La Rose

Explore how Jacob Sam-La Rose presents ideas and feelings about freedom in ‘Speechless II’ and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Sam-La Rose’s use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts. [32]

‘Speechless II’

**1984. Torvill and Dean score 12 perfect 6.0s
and Olympic gold, Jesse Jackson botches**

**a presidential campaign, half a million people
protest the regime of Ferdinand Marcos,**

**astronauts make the first untethered space walk
and I attend singing lessons every Saturday morning.**

**I’ve been promised the freedoms
my mother never had, so there’s**

**choir and tap shoes, jazz hands, pianos
and Saturdays, learning to sing.**

**We’re taught to shape mouths to tame
voices, taught chorus and harmony,**

**how to turn on a smile for an audience,
each bright rictus like an artificial flower.**

**Sometimes a new kid bursts out into tears
and we carry on singing around him.**

One afternoon, after class, on the drive
to Brixton market for Saturday shopping,

we pass a skate park. For a short moment,
I'm silent, pressed up against the car's window

watching boys on their BMX bikes, one planing
up from a dip with a wild whooping holler,

handle bars twisted and limbs at brazen
angles, front wheel spinning free,

testing gravity's leash, blazing against the sky.

SECTION B – Plays: dramatic and stylistic analysis

William Shakespeare: ‘Othello’

Oscar Wilde: ‘The Importance of Being Earnest’

Tennessee Williams: ‘A Streetcar Named Desire’

Brian Friel: ‘Translations’

Timberlake Wertenbaker: ‘Our Country’s Good’

Jez Butterworth: ‘Jerusalem’

Answer ONE question from this section. You should spend about one hour on this section.

7 William Shakespeare: ‘Othello’

Explore how Shakespeare presents Othello’s account of his relationship with Desdemona in this extract from ‘Othello’.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts. [32]

BRABANTIO:

A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,
To fall in love with what she feared to look on?
It is a judgement maimed and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood
Or with some dram conjured to this effect
He wrought upon her.

17

DUKE:

To vouch this is no proof
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

I SENATOR:

But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forcèd courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

OTHELLO:

I do beseech you
Send for the lady to the Sagittary
And let her speak of me before her father.
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

DUKE:

Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTHELLO:

Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place.
[Exit Iago with two or three Attendants]
And till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

18

DUKE:

Say it, Othello.

OTHELLO:

Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year – the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days

To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i'th'imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travels' history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak – such was the process:
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse; which I observing
Took once a pliant hour and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intensively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke

That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man. She thanked me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.
Here comes the lady: let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, Iago and Attendants.

8 Oscar Wilde: 'The Importance of Being Earnest'

Explore how Wilde presents the conversation between Miss Prism and Cecily in this extract from 'The Importance of Being Earnest'.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts. [32]

Second Act

Scene: Garden at the Manor House. A flight of grey stone steps leads up to the house. The garden, an old-fashioned one, full of roses. Time of year, July. Basket chairs, and a table covered with books, are set under a large yew-tree. Miss Prism discovered seated at the table. Cecily is at the back, watering flowers

MISS PRISM: (calling) Cecily, Cecily! Surely such a utilitarian occupation as the watering of flowers is rather Moulton's duty than yours? Especially at a moment when intellectual pleasures await you. Your German grammar is on the table. Pray open it at page fifteen. We will repeat yesterday's lesson.

CECILY: (coming over very slowly) But I don't like German. It isn't at all a becoming language. I know perfectly well that I look quite plain after my German lesson.

MISS PRISM: Child, you know how anxious your guardian is that you should improve yourself in every way. He laid particular stress on

your German, as he was leaving for town yesterday. Indeed, he always lays stress on your German when he is leaving for town.

CECILY: Dear Uncle Jack is so very serious! Sometimes he is so serious that I think he cannot be quite well.

MISS PRISM: (drawing herself up) Your guardian enjoys the best of health, and his gravity of demeanour is especially to be commended in one so comparatively young as he is. I know no one who has a higher sense of duty and responsibility.

CECILY: I suppose that is why he often looks a little bored when we three are together.

MISS PRISM: Cecily! I am surprised at you. Mr Worthing has many troubles in his life. Idle merriment and triviality would be out of place in his conversation. You must remember his constant anxiety about that unfortunate young man his brother.

CECILY: I wish Uncle Jack would allow that unfortunate young man, his brother, to come down here sometimes. We might have a good influence over him, Miss Prism. I am sure you certainly would. You know German, and geology, and things of that kind influence a man very much. (Cecily begins to write in her diary)

MISS PRISM: (shaking her head) I do not think that even I could produce any effect on a character that according to his own brother's

admission is irretrievably weak and vacillating. Indeed I am not sure I would desire to reclaim him. I am not in favour of this modern mania for turning bad people into good people at a moment's notice. As a man sows so let him reap. You must put away your diary, Cecily. I really don't see why you should keep a diary at all.

CECILY: I keep a diary in order to enter the wonderful secrets of my life. If I didn't write them down I should probably forget all about them.

MISS PRISM: Memory, my dear Cecily, is the diary that we all carry about with us.

CECILY: Yes, but it usually chronicles the things that have never happened, and couldn't possibly have happened. I believe that Memory is responsible for nearly all the three-volume novels that Mudie sends us.

MISS PRISM: Do not speak slightly of the three-volume novel, Cecily. I wrote one myself in earlier days.

CECILY: Did you really, Miss Prism? How wonderfully clever you are! I hope it did not end happily? I don't like novels that end happily. They depress me so much.

MISS PRISM: The good ended happily, and the bad unhappily. That is what Fiction means.

CECILY: I suppose so. But it seems very unfair. And was your novel ever published?

MISS PRISM: Alas! no. The manuscript unfortunately was abandoned. (Cecily starts) I used the word in the sense of lost or mislaid. To your work, child, these speculations are profitless.

CECILY: (smiling) But I see dear Dr Chasuble coming up through the garden.

MISS PRISM: (rising and advancing) Dr Chasuble! This is indeed a pleasure.

Enter Canon Chasuble

CHASUBLE: And how are we this morning? Miss Prism, you are, I trust, well?

CECILY: Miss Prism has just been complaining of a slight headache. I think it would do her so much good to have a short stroll with you in the Park, Dr Chasuble.

MISS PRISM: Cecily, I have not mentioned anything about a headache.

CECILY: No, dear Miss Prism, I know that, but I felt instinctively that you had a headache. Indeed I was thinking about that, and not about my German lesson, when the Rector came in.

CHASUBLE: I hope, Cecily, you are not inattentive.

CECILY: Oh, I am afraid I am.

CHASUBLE: That is strange. Were I fortunate enough to be Miss Prism's pupil, I would hang upon her lips. [Miss Prism glares] I spoke metaphorically.—My metaphor was drawn from bees.

9 Tennessee Williams: 'A Streetcar Named Desire'

Explore how Williams presents the poker night in this extract from 'A Streetcar Named Desire'.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts. [32]

The Poker Night.

There is a picture of Van Gogh's of a billiard-parlour at night. The kitchen now suggests that sort of lurid nocturnal brilliance, the raw colours of childhood's spectrum. Over the yellow linoleum of the kitchen table hangs an electric bulb with a vivid green glass shade. The poker players – STANLEY, STEVE, MITCH, and PABLO – wear coloured shirts, solid blues, a purple, a red-and-white check, a light green, and they are men at the peak of their physical manhood, as coarse and direct and powerful as the primary colours. There are vivid slices of watermelon on the table, whisky bottles, and glasses. The bedroom is relatively dim with only the light that spills between the portières and through the wide window on the street.

[For a moment there is absorbed silence as a hand is dealt.]

STEVE: Anything wild this deal?

PABLO: One-eyed jacks are wild.

STEVE: Give me two cards.

PABLO: You, Mitch?

MITCH: I'm out.

PABLO: One.

MITCH: Anyone want a shot?

STANLEY: Yeah. Me.

PABLO: Why don't somebody go to the Chinaman's and bring back a load of chop suey?

STANLEY: When I'm losing you want to eat! Ante up! Openers? Openers! Get off the table, Mitch. Nothing belongs on a poker table but cards, chips, and whisky.

[He lurches up and tosses some watermelon rinds to the floor.]

MITCH: Kind of on your high horse, ain't you?

STANLEY: How many?

STEVE: Give me three.

STANLEY: One.

MITCH: I'm out again. I oughta go home pretty soon.

STANLEY: Shut up.

MITCH: I gotta sick mother. She don't go to sleep until I come in at night.

STANLEY: Then why don't you stay home with her?

MITCH: She says to go out, so I go, but I don't enjoy it. All the while I keep wondering how she is.

STANLEY: Aw, for God's sake, go home, then!

PABLO: What've you got?

STEVE: Spade flush.

MITCH: You all are married. But I'll be alone when she goes. – I'm going to the bathroom.

STANLEY: Hurry back and we'll fix you a sugar-tit.

MITCH: Aw, lay off. [He crosses through the bedroom into the bathroom.]

STEVE [dealing a hand]: Seven-card stud. [Telling his joke as he deals] This ole nigger is out in back of his house sittin' down th'owing corn to the chickens when all at once he hears a loud cackle and this young hen comes lickety split around the side of the house with the rooster right behind her and gaining on her fast.

STANLEY [impatient with the story]: Deal!

STEVE: But when the rooster catches sight of the nigger th'owing the corn he puts on the brakes and lets the hen get away and starts pecking corn. And the old nigger says, 'Lord God, I hopes I never gits *that* hongry!'

[STEVE and PABLO laugh. The sisters appear around the corner of the building.]

STELLA: The game is still going on.

BLANCHE: How do I look?

STELLA: Lovely, Blanche.

BLANCHE: I feel so hot and frazzled. Wait till I powder before you open the door. Do I look done in?

STELLA: Why no. You are as fresh as a daisy.

BLANCHE: One that's been picked a few days.

[STELLA opens the door and they enter.]

STELLA: Well, well, well. I see you boys are still at it!

STANLEY: Where you been?

STELLA: Blanche and I took in a show. Blanche, this is Mr Gonzales and Mr Hubbel.

BLANCHE: Please don't get up.

STANLEY: Nobody's going to get up, so don't be worried.

STELLA: How much longer is this game going to continue?

STANLEY: Till we get ready to quit.

BLANCHE: Poker is so fascinating. Could I kibitz?

STANLEY: You could not. Why don't you women go up and sit with Eunice?

STELLA: Because it is nearly two-thirty. [BLANCHE crosses into the bedroom and partially closes the portières.] Couldn't you call it quits after one more hand?

[A chair scrapes. STANLEY gives a loud whack of his hand on her thigh.]

STELLA [sharply]: That's not fun, Stanley.

10 Brian Friel: 'Translations'

Explore how Friel presents Yolland in this extract from 'Translations'.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts. [32]

OWEN: Good luck! What were you thanking Doalty for?

YOLLAND: I was washing outside my tent this morning and he was passing with a scythe across his shoulder and he came up to me and pointed to the long grass and then cut a pathway round my tent and from the tent down to the road – so that my feet won't get wet with the dew. Wasn't that kind of him? And I have no words to thank him ... I suppose you're right: I suppose I couldn't live here ... Just before Doalty came up to me this morning, I was thinking that at that moment I might have been in Bombay instead of Ballybeg. You see, my father was at his wits' end with me and finally he got me a job with the East India Company – some kind of clerkship. This was ten, eleven months ago. So I set off for London. Unfortunately I – I – I missed the boat. Literally. And since I couldn't face Father and hadn't enough money to hang about until the next sailing, I joined the Army. And they stuck me into the Engineers and posted me to Dublin. And Dublin sent me here. And while I was washing this morning and looking across the Tra Bhan, I was thinking how very, very lucky I am to be here and not in Bombay.

OWEN: Do you believe in fate?

YOLLAND: Lancey's so like my father. I was watching him last night. He met every group of sappers as they reported in. He checked the field kitchens. He examined the horses. He inspected every single report – even examining the texture of the paper and commenting on the neatness of the handwriting. The perfect colonial servant: not only must the job be done – it must be done with excellence. Father has that drive, too; that dedication; that indefatigable energy. He builds roads – hopping from one end of the Empire to the other. Can't sit still for five minutes. He says himself the longest time he ever sat still was the night before Waterloo when they were waiting for Wellington to make up his mind to attack.

OWEN: What age is he?

YOLLAND: Born in 1789 – the very day the Bastille fell. I've often thought maybe that gave his whole life its character. Do you think it could? He inherited a new world the day he was born – the Year One. Ancient time was at an end. The world had cast off its old skin. There were no longer any frontiers to man's potential. Possibilities were endless and exciting. He still believes that. The Apocalypse is just about to happen ... I'm afraid I'm a great disappointment to him. I've neither his energy, nor his coherence, nor his belief. Do I believe in fate? The day I arrived in Ballybeg – no, Baile Beag – the moment you brought me in here, I had a curious sensation. It's difficult to describe. It was a momentary sense of

discovery; no – not quite a sense of discovery – a sense of recognition, of confirmation of something I half knew instinctively; as if I had stepped ...

OWEN: Back into ancient time?

YOLLAND: No, no. It wasn't an awareness of *direction* being changed but of experience being of a totally different order. I had moved into a consciousness that wasn't striving nor agitated, but at its ease and with its own conviction and assurance. And when I heard Jimmy Jack and your father swapping stories about Apollo and Cuchulainn and Paris and Ferdia – as if they lived down the road – it was then that I thought – I knew – perhaps I could live here ... (now embarrassed) Where's the pot-teen?

OWEN: Poteen?

YOLLAND: Poteen – poteen – poteen. Even if I did speak Irish I'd always be an outsider here, wouldn't I? I may learn the password but the language of the tribe will always elude me, won't it? The private core will always be ... hermetic, won't it?

OWEN: You can learn to decode us.

11 Timberlake Wertenbaker: 'Our Country's Good'

Explore how Wertenbaker presents the relationship between Harry and Duckling in this extract from 'Our Country's Good'.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts. [32]

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12 Jez Butterworth: 'Jerusalem'

Explore how Butterworth presents the conversation between Johnny, Parsons and Fawcett in this extract from 'Jerusalem'.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts. [32]

FAWCETT: Mr Byron. Mr John Winston Byron.

JOHNNY: Who wants to know?

FAWCETT: I'm Linda Fawcett, Senior Community Liaison Officer for Kennet and Avon County Council. This is my colleague, Luke Parsons.

PARSONS: Afternoon.

FAWCETT: I see, sir, you found our paperwork. I shall assume it was received and that you've read and digested the contents. Mr Byron, on March 17th you were served with an F-99 enforcement notice. After refusing to reply to or acknowledge receipt of six subsequent summons, this morning you were granted an optional grace period of eight hours to vacate. You now have just over two hours to submit to the enforcement notice and quit this site or you will be forcibly evicted.

Silence. JOHNNY looks from one to the other.

JOHNNY: Tell me, Mrs Fawcett. Have we met before?

FAWCETT: Mr Byron, you know full well who I am. We've met many times.

JOHNNY: I knew it. I never forget a face.

FAWCETT: We met in Salisbury Magistrates' Court three years ago when I gave evidence against you in the dispute with my colleague Pat Pickles.

JOHNNY (thinks): Pickles. Pickles...

FAWCETT: You trespassed on Mr Pickles's property, verbally assaulted him, stripped him bare, gagged him and locked him in his shed.

JOHNNY: It's not ringing any bells.

FAWCETT: He was in there without food or water for a week.

JOHNNY: Pickles. Short. Bald. Shifty fat bastard?

FAWCETT: Mr Pickles has high blood pressure, sir. He had no access to his medicine. He lost two and a half stone. He was severely dehydrated. He could have died.

JOHNNY: Pat Pickles should thank me. I called his GP and she said I lowered his blood pressure. She reckoned I've put a good ten years on Pat Pickles.

FAWCETT: Then six months ago you attacked my colleague Peter Hands in the foyer of the Salisbury Arts Centre during the interval of 'Jack and the Beanstalk'.

JOHNNY: First of all, that was by far the worst pantomime I've ever been to. I was only there because my mate Tonka helped build the beanstalk. And second, what were you doing at the Christmas pantomime with Mr Hands, a married man who's not your husband?

FAWCETT: For your information, Peter and I won joint first prize in the office sweepstake.

JOHNNY: I see. That's strange, because I was in the row behind you and from where I was sat Mr Hands is aptly named. He's behind you!

She stares at him. **PARSONS** lowers the camera.

PARSONS (quietly). I can delete that.

FAWCETT: This illegal encampment has passed unchallenged since September 1982, a period of twenty-seven years, during which time no ground rent or rates have been paid to Kennet and Avon Council.

JOHNNY: Come on, Linda. This is me you're talking to.

FAWCETT: This land belongs to Kennet and Avon Council.

JOHNNY: Says who?

FAWCETT: The law, Mr Byron. The English law. I am showing the recipient a legally recognised petition of local complainants concerning the illegal encampment and activities hereabouts.

JOHNNY: See that sign? What does it say?

FAWCETT: It says, 'Fuck the New Estate', Mr Byron.

JOHNNY: I loves it when you talk dirty, Linda.

END OF QUESTION PAPER



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