

Modified Enlarged 18pt

OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS

Wednesday 4 June 2025 – Afternoon

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: poetic and stylistic analysis

**William Blake
Emily Dickinson
Malika Booker
Fatima Asghar
Carol Ann Duffy
Jacob Sam-La Rose**

Answer ONE question from this section.

You should spend about ONE HOUR plus your additional time allowance on this section.

1 WILLIAM BLAKE

Explore how Blake presents attitudes towards Christian beliefs in ‘The Divine Image (I)’ 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 Divine Image

**To Mercy Pity Peace and Love,
All pray in their distress:
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.**

**For Mercy Pity Peace and Love,
Is God our father dear,
And Mercy Pity Peace and Love,
Is Man his child and care.**

**For Mercy has a human heart
Pity, a human face:
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.**

**Then every man of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine
Love Mercy Pity Peace.**

**And all must love the human form,
In heathen, turk or jew.
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell
There God is dwelling too.**

2 EMILY DICKINSON

Explore how Dickinson presents ideas created by a memorable sight in 'I Like to See it Lap the Miles' 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]

**I like to see it lap the Miles -
And lick the Valleys up -
And stop to feed itself at Tanks -
And then - prodigious step**

**Around a Pile of Mountains -
And supercilious peer
In Shanties - by the Ribs of Roads -
And then a Quarry pare**

**To fit its sides
And crawl between
Complaining all the while
In horrid - hooting stanza -
Then chase itself down Hill -**

**And neigh like Boanerges -
Then - punctual as a Star
Stop - docile and omnipotent
At its own stable door -**

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3 MALIKA BOOKER

Explore how Booker presents ideas about food and family relationships in 'Brixton Market' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

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

Brixton Market

**I would stand at market stalls
and watch her take days to pick,
how she would test the okra,
bending their tips, placing only
the ones that snapped into a brown paper bag;
the way she scrutinised the yam,
feeling and weighing it in her palm;
plantains picked one by one
like an artist selecting her tools.
Flawed produce would be haggled
to the last, and sometimes
she would turn her back and walk
to make her point and get her way.
I pulled that shopping trolley
into the stench of meat shops,
waiting as she pointed to red slabs
she wanted. How many times
would she point and weigh
to change her mind!
I would stare at the goose-bumped
boiling chicken hanging from ceiling,
the cow-foot, and severed pig tails.
I tried to hold my breath at the fish stall
as she chose the kippers, and we waited**

for the snapper to be cleaned.
At Kwik Save, each can of baked beans
was vetted for dents, each egg
delicately lifted, searched for cracks.
I would learn that this is how my grandmother
taught her, kneeling in the bush uprooting dasheen
on the family land. She, too, hawk-eyed,
tested each provision to know
what was ripe, ready and good to cook.

4 FATIMA ASGHAR

Explore how Asghar presents ideas about being separated from loved ones in 'Partition (Ullu partitions the apartment in two-)' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

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

Partition

**Ullu partitions the apartment in two—
a thin blue wall cutting the deserted hall.
Toys & books on our side,**

**refrigerator, sink & TV with our Auntie A.
She sends us rations throughout the day & we stay
separate, not allowed to cross. I'm ten**

**& haven't been hugged in a long time.
Allah made a barrier between me & my mom.
Ullu makes a barrier between me & my aunt.**

**When he leaves we sit at the base of the blue wall
& I laugh loud so Auntie A knows
I'm alive & okay & she laughs loud so I know**

**she hasn't left & we sit like this for hours, hands
pressed to the felt, laughing, laughing
unable to see each other.**

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5 CAROL ANN DUFFY

Explore how Duffy presents attitudes towards commitment in 'Betrothal' 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]

Betrothal

**I will be yours, be yours.
I'll walk on the moors,
with my spade.
Make me your bride.**

**I will be brave, be brave.
I'll dig my own grave
and lie down.
Make me your own.**

**I will be good, be good.
I'll sleep in my blankets of mud
till you kneel above.
Make me your love.**

**I'll stay forever, forever.
I'll wade in the river,
wearing my gown of stone.
Make me the one.**

**I will obey, obey.
I'll float far away,
gargling my vows.
Make me your spouse.**

**I will say yes, say yes.
I'll sprawl in my dress
on my watery bed.
Make me be wed.**

**I'll wear your ring, your ring.
I'll dance and I'll sing
in the flames.
Make me your name.**

**I'll feel desire, desire.
I'll bloom in the fire.
I'll blush like a baby.
Make me your lady.**

**I'll say I do, I do.
I'll be ash in a jar, for you
to scatter my life.
Make me your wife.**

6 JACOB SAM-LA ROSE

Explore how Sam-La Rose captures a particular moment in time in ‘Plummeting’ 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]

Plummeting

**He works it, ear accustomed to the tune
of hard play: left, right, launch-step, discipline like a lump**

**of lead in his pocket he can melt
into gold. Keeps on until the sky turns plum,**

**sporting a corona of sweat like a plume
of peacock’s feathers, stoking the fire in each lung**

**as proof against the failing light and time
passing; left, right, launch-step, pelting**

**ball at hoop, deep bone-ache for the sweet line
from hand to flawless, unimpeachable plunge.**

The rim’s wide mouth, mute.

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SECTION B

PLAYS: dramatic and contextual analysis

William Shakespeare: 'Othello'

Oscar Wilde: 'The Importance of Being Earnest'

Tennessee Williams: 'A Streetcar Named Desire'

Inua Ellams: 'Barber Shop Chronicles'

Nina Raines: 'Tribes'

Jez Butterworth: 'Jerusalem'

Answer ONE question from this section.

You should spend about ONE HOUR plus your additional time allowance on this section.

7 William Shakespeare: 'Othello'

Explore how Shakespeare presents Othello 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]

Desdemona:

**Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.**

Othello:

Why? What art thou?

Desdemona:

Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Othello:

**Come, swear it; damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee. Therefore be double-damned:
Swear thou art honest.**

Desdemona:

Heaven doth truly know it.

Othello:

Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Desdemona:

To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

Othello:

Ah, Desdemon, away, away, away!

Desdemona:

**Alas, the heavy day! Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me. If you have lost him,
I have lost him too.**

Othello:

**Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction, had they rained
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience. But, alas, to make me
The fixèd figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at!
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well;**

But there where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs
Or else dries up — to be discarded thence
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin;
Ay, there look grim as hell!

Desdemona:

I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Othello:

O ay: as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O, thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er
been born!

Desdemona

Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Othello:

Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!
Committed? O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks
That would to cinders burn up modesty
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth
And will not hear it. What committed?
Impudent strumpet!

Desdemona:

By heaven, you do me wrong.

Othello:
Are not you a strumpet?

Desdemona:
No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Othello:
What, not a whore?

Desdemona:
No, as I shall be saved.

Othello:
Is't possible?

Desdemona:
O, heaven forgive us!

Othello:
I cry you mercy then:
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello. You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keeps the gate of hell! You, you, ay, you!

8 Oscar Wilde: 'The Importance of Being Earnest'

Explore how Wilde presents the relationship between Jack and Gwendolen 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]

Jack:

Charming day it has been, Miss Fairfax.

Gwendolen:

Pray don't talk to me about the weather, Mr. Worthing. Whenever people talk to me about the weather, I always feel quite certain that they mean something else. And that makes me so nervous.

Jack:

I do mean something else.

Gwendolen:

I thought so. In fact, I am never wrong.

Jack:

And I would like to be allowed to take advantage of Lady Bracknell's temporary absence ...

Gwendolen:

I would certainly advise you to do so. Mamma has a way of coming back suddenly into a room that I have often had to speak to her about.

Jack:

[Nervously.] Miss Fairfax, ever since I met you I have admired you more than any girl ... I have ever met since ... I met you.

Gwendolen:

Yes, I am quite well aware of the fact. And I often wish that in public, at any rate, you had been more demonstrative. For me you have always had an irresistible fascination. Even before I met you I was far from indifferent to you. [Jack looks at her in amazement.] We live, as I hope you know, Mr. Worthing, in an age of ideals. The fact is constantly mentioned in the more expensive monthly magazines, and has reached the provincial pulpits, I am told; and my ideal has always been to love some one of the name of Ernest. There is something in that name that inspires absolute confidence. The moment Algernon first mentioned to me that he had a friend called Ernest, I knew I was destined to love you.

Jack:

You really love me, Gwendolen?

Gwendolen:

Passionately!

Jack:

Darling! You don't know how happy you've made me.

Gwendolen:

My own Ernest!

Jack:

But you don't really mean to say that you couldn't love me if my name wasn't Ernest?

Gwendolen:
But your name is Ernest.

Jack:
Yes, I know it is. But supposing it was something else? Do you mean to say you couldn't love me then?

Gwendolen:
[Glibly.] Ah! that is clearly a metaphysical speculation, and like most metaphysical speculations has very little reference at all to the actual facts of real life, as we know them.

Jack:
Personally, darling, to speak quite candidly, I don't much care about the name of Ernest ... I don't think the name suits me at all.

Gwendolen:
It suits you perfectly. It is a divine name. It has a music of its own. It produces vibrations.

Jack:
Well, really, Gwendolen, I must say that I think there are lots of other much nicer names. I think Jack, for instance, a charming name.

Gwendolen:
Jack? ... No, there is very little music in the name Jack, if any at all, indeed. It does not thrill. It produces absolutely no vibrations ... I have known several Jacks, and they all, without exception, were more than usually plain. Besides, Jack is a notorious domesticity for John! And I pity any woman who is married to a man called John. She would probably never be allowed to know the entrancing pleasure of a single moment's solitude. The only really safe name is Ernest.

Jack:

Gwendolen, I must get christened at once – I mean we must get married at once. There is no time to be lost.

Gwendolen:

Married, Mr. Worthing?

Jack:

[Astounded.] Well ... surely. You know that I love you, and you led me to believe, Miss Fairfax, that you were not absolutely indifferent to me.

Gwendolen:

I adore you. But you haven't proposed to me yet. Nothing has been said at all about marriage. The subject has not even been touched on.

Jack:

Well ... may I propose to you now?

Gwendolen:

I think it would be an admirable opportunity. And to spare you any possible disappointment, Mr. Worthing, I think it only fair to tell you quite frankly before-hand that I am fully determined to accept you.

Jack:

Gwendolen!

Gwendolen:

Yes, Mr. Worthing, what have you got to say to me?

Jack:

You know what I have got to say to you.

Gwendolen:

Yes, but you don't say it.

Jack:

Gwendolen, will you marry me? [Goes on his knees.]

Gwendolen:

Of course I will, darling. How long you have been about it! I am afraid you have had very little experience in how to propose.

Jack:

My own one, I have never loved any one in the world but you.

Gwendolen:

Yes, but men often propose for practice. I know my brother Gerald does. All my girl-friends tell me so. What wonderfully blue eyes you have, Ernest! They are quite, quite, blue. I hope you will always look at me just like that, especially when there are other people present.

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9 Tennessee Williams: 'A Streetcar Named Desire'

Explore how Williams presents the opening of the play 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 exterior of a two-storey corner building on a street in New Orleans which is named Elysian Fields and runs between the L&N tracks and the river. The section is poor but unlike corresponding sections in other American cities, it has a raffish charm. The houses are mostly white frame, weathered grey, with rickety outside stairs and galleries and quaintly ornamented gables. This building contains two flats, upstairs and down. Faded white stairs ascend to the entrances of both. It is first dark of an evening early in May. The sky that shows around the dim white building is a peculiarly tender blue, almost turquoise, which invests the scene with a kind of lyricism and gracefully attenuates the atmosphere of decay. You can almost feel the warm breath of the brown river beyond the river warehouses with their faint redolences of bananas and coffee. A corresponding air is evoked by the music of Negro entertainers at a bar-room around the corner. In this part of New Orleans you are practically always just around the corner, or a few doors down the street, from a tinny piano being played with the infatuated fluency of brown fingers. This 'blue piano' expresses the spirit of the life which goes on here.

[Two women, one white and one coloured, are taking the air on the steps of the building. The white

woman is EUNICE, who occupies the upstairs flat; the coloured woman a neighbour, for New Orleans is a cosmopolitan city where there is a relatively warm and easy intermingling of races in the old part of town.

Above the music of the 'blue piano' the voices of people on the street can be heard overlapping.]

Negro Woman:

[to EUNICE] ... she says St Barnabas would send out his dog to lick her and when he did she'd feel an icy cold wave all up an' down her. Well, that night when –

A Man:

[to a SAILOR] You keep right on going and you'll find it. You'll hear them tapping on the shutters.

Sailor:

[to NEGRO WOMAN and EUNICE] Where's the Four Deuces?

Vendor:

Red hot! Red hots!

Negro Woman:

Don't waste your money in that clip joint!

Sailor:

I've got a date there.

Vendor:

Re-e-ed h-o-o-t!

Negro Woman:

Don't let them sell you a Blue Moon cocktail or you won't go out on your own feet!

[Two men come round the corner, STANLEY KOWALSKI and MITCH. They are about twenty-eight or thirty years old, roughly dressed in blue denim work clothes. STANLEY carries his bowling jacket and a red-stained package from a butcher's.]

Stanley:

[to MITCH] Well, what did he say?

Mitch:

He said he'd give us even money.

Stanley:

Naw! We gotta have odds!

[They stop at the foot of the steps.]

Stanley:

[bellowing] Hey, there! Stella, Baby!

[STELLA comes out on the first-floor landing, a gentle young woman, about twenty-five, and of a background obviously quite different from her husband's.]

Stella:

[mildly] Don't holler at me like that. Hi, Mitch.

Stanley:

Catch!

Stella:

What?

Stanley:

Meat!

[He heaves the package at her. She cries out in protest but manages to catch it: then she laughs breathlessly. Her husband and his companion have already started back around the corner.]

Stella:

[calling after him] Stanley! Where are you going?

Stanley:

Bowling!

Stella:

Can I come watch?

Stanley:

Come on. [He goes out.]

Stella:

Be over soon. [To the white woman] Hello, Eunice. How are you?

Eunice:

I'm all right. Tell Steve to get him a poor boy's sandwich 'cause nothing's left here.

[They all laugh; the COLOURED WOMAN does not stop. STELLA goes out.]

Negro Woman:

What was that package he th'ew at 'er? [She rises from steps, laughing louder.]

Eunice:

You hush, now!

Negro Woman:

Catch what!

[She continues to laugh. BLANCHE comes around the corner, carrying a valise. She looks at a slip of paper, then at the building, then again at the slip and again at the building. Her expression is one of shocked disbelief. Her appearance is incongruous to this setting. She is daintily dressed in a white suit with a fluffy bodice, necklace and ear-rings of pearl, white gloves and hat, looking as if she were arriving at a summer tea or cocktail party in the garden district. She is about five years older than STELLA. Her delicate beauty must avoid a strong light. There is something about her uncertain manner, as well as her white clothes, that suggests a moth.]

Eunice:

[finally] What's the matter, honey? Are you lost?

Blanche:

[with faintly hysterical humour] They told me to take a streetcar named Desire, and then transfer to one called Cemeteries and ride six blocks and get off at – Elysian Fields!

Eunice:

That's where you are now.

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10 Inua Ellams: 'Barber Shop Chronicles'

Explore how Ellams presents issues of language and identity in this extract from 'Barber Shop Chronicles'.

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]

(// SAMUEL exits. WINSTON walks after him.
EMMANUEL stops WINSTON.)

(Beat.)

Tanaka:

So... yeah... Who is in the starting line-up?

(ALL look intensely at the screen)

Muhammed:

Suárez is there?

Winston:

Yeah.

Muhammed:

I don't like him.

Winston:

Why?

Muhammed:

Racist. When he was at Liverpool he called Evra a negro.

Emmanuel:

No, he suffered racism too! They banned him *because*

he is South American, because when John Terry did it to Anton Ferdinand, everyone rushed to his defence.

Muhammed:

That's because Terry was from this country, captain of England team, and a white man. He was untouchable... both of them, racist.

Emmanuel:

No, Suárez also said he didn't mean it like that. Where he's from, *negro* means black.

Muhammed:

Uncle Emmanuel, he meant it! When you pinch someone like this and say negro... What's that mean?

Winston:

That true you na.

Muhammed:

And in the last World Cup, he was biting people. You can't defend him.

Emmanuel:

Okay, I see your point.

Muhammed:

Evra said as an African, being called *negro* hurts, and the FA were saying he should move on. Move where?! Especially when every week, fans are chanting monkey, nigger!

Winston:

But everyone uses it now. Just de other day, me a see two white yout, over dere on de high street, broad daylight, singing dat song Ma Nigga Ma Nigga. Maybe we na help tings? Rap music, nigger this, nigger that.

Tanaka:
Nigger is not bad though.

Muhammed:
No!

Emmanuel:
It's not about the word, it's the context in which it's used and who uses it.

Winston:
If a white man uses it you'll get offended?

Tanaka:
Yeah, because a black man won't use it as a derogative term.

Muhammed:
Still no! Because, it started with the white man abusing the black man.

Tanaka:
No, it started with us! Negus is what ancient Ethiopians called regional kings, yes. Then Negra/Nigre/Negro is Latin and Spanish for Black, a colour, not offensive and offence depends where you are anyway. In South Africa, call a black man kaffir, see what happen. That's worse / than any

Muhammed:
No! Look at it from slavery, it was used to insult. Nigre is black. Necro means death. 'Black Death'. That's what they called us!

Emmanuel:
Slavery was bad, much worse than Holocaust even. Holocaust was six million, terrible eh, slavery, thirty

million Africans died! Minimum, so to reclaim the word is saying we're moving past slavery.

Tanaka:

And 2Pac says there's a difference between N.I.G.G.A and N.I.G.G.E.R/

Muhammed:

What did you say?

Tanaka:

2Pac says.

Muhammed (to Emmanuel)

**Uncle, where did you get this boy from? (to TANAKA)
Whether you change the spelling, GGA or GGER, it means the same thing! 2face, 2Pac, whatever! Shit in any language smells like shit! Am I wrong? Am I wrong?**

All:

(Laugh.)

Emmanuel:

Oya, the cup final is starting!

(He increases the volume. A whistle blows.)

All (save Emmanuel)

Up Chelsea! Come on!

11 Nina Raines: 'Tribes'

Explore how Raines presents Sylvia in this extract from 'Tribes'.

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]

(Meanwhile SYLVIA has turned and is signing to BILLY)

**Sylvia:
He doesn't like me.**

**Billy:
They do. He does like you. This is his way of showing it. He only does this to people he likes.**

(Simultaneously to their signing, BETH to CHRISTOPHER)

**Beth:
(in an undertone). Christopher, stop it.**

**Christopher:
(in an undertone). Stop what?**

**Beth:
(in an undertone). You might make her cry.**

**Christopher:
(in an undertone). Of course I'm not going to make her cry. The last thing I want to do is to make her cry.**

Sylvia:

(loudly). No, it's okay. You can make me cry.

Christopher:

(mildly). I'm not trying to make you cry, I'm having a conversation. That's what we do in this house.

RUTH fans herself, starts taking her cardigan off.

Ruth:

(generally). Phew! Is it just me, or is it really stressful in here? – I mean, hot in here. Hot.

Daniel:

Well, I think this calls for a nuît-grave.

Beth:

Dan.

Daniel:

(to SYLVIA). A cigarette. Family slang.

Christopher:

I've told you, Dan. You're not allowed in the house.

Daniel:

Everyone in this room is a smoker apart from Ruth, I'm lighting up.

(He lights a cigarette. Then turns to SYLVIA.) Sylvia. What do you do if you want to pose a hypothesis in sign?

Sylvia:

... Like what?

Daniel:

If I smoke this cigarette, my dad will get angry. If my dad asked you any more questions, you would get angry.

Beat.

Sylvia:

You can't say 'would' in sign. Or 'if'.

Christopher:

Aha, I see.

Sylvia:

But –

Christopher:

Right. So, no word for 'if' or 'would'. Because this is where it gets interesting. I do words, Sylvia, that's what I do.

Ruth:

He's a slag for words.

Christopher:

And I would say that if your language is a bit black and white then it makes you a bit black and white. Because how can you feel a feeling unless you have the word for it?

Beat.

Sylvia:

Deaf people can be more honest.

Christopher:

More honest? Or more tactless?

Sylvia:

(raising her voice). Are you asking me whether signing makes you a coarser person because signing is a coarse language? Whether deaf people are emotionally deaf as well, lack empathy?

Beth:

No, he's not asking that.

Beat.

Daniel:

Yes, he is asking that.

Beth and Ruth:

Dan!

Daniel:

Well, he is.

Sylvia:

Well then I'll be coarse soon.

Deaf people can be blunt and direct and tactless. And paranoid. It's true. I see it in my parents.

Beat.

Ruth:

(in an undertone). Well done, Dan.

Beth:

To be honest, *you're* both being pretty coarse and tactless, Daniel. And Christopher.

Sylvia... They didn't mean to hurt you.

Sylvia:
(loudly). Sorry, it upsets me because I'm going deaf and actually, you're talking about my family.

Silence. SYLVIA is on the verge of tears and no one knows what to do. BILLY takes her hand.

Beth:
(whispers). Oh dear...

(Silence.)

Christopher:
I'm sorry.

Beat.

We didn't mean to upset you, Sylvia.

Beth:
We're all very pleased to meet you.

Sylvia:
(still struggling with tears). Sorry... I just get very upset still.

Beth:
....Why? You've got this wonderful language.

Ruth:
Yes. I bet you sign's better than words at high feeling.

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12 Jez Butterworth: 'Jerusalem'

Explore how Butterworth presents Lee 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]

(GINGER lets off the horn, A young man, Lee, suddenly sits up from the couch, gasping.)

Lee:
Mother!

Johnny:
Morning, Lee.

Ginger:
Bastard! You said he weren't here.

Lee:
Where the fuck am I? Ow. My head.

Ginger:
'Gathering.' 'Gathering', mind.

Johnny:
Cup of tea, Lee?

Lee:
Lovely. That a spliff?

Johnny:
What's it look like?

Lee:

Lush. Morning, Ginger. You missed a classic last night, son. Everyone was here. Didn't get cracking till after hours. Whizz. Wangers. Sick beats. Tasty birds. Rum 'n' Ribena. Benilyn 'n' brandy ... Birds are going bats for it. Banging it back. Then, right. Then. Right. Then. (He cracks up.) Then. Right. Then. (Laughs.) Then. Right. Rooster. Right. (Cracks up. He says it. He's laughing so hard, you can't understand it.)

**Ginger:
What?**

Lee:

Then. Right. Then. Right. Then. Then. (Tries again.)

Johnny:

Sorry. I can't help you.

Lee:

Then. Then. Right. Then.

(LEE, in fits of laughter, starts signalling for a pen.)

Ginger:

'Gathering.' 'Gathering', mind ...

Lee:

Rooster brings his telly out and crowds everyone round and smashes it up with a cricket bat. (Collapses laughing.)

Johnny:

No I never.

(LEE affirms that he did, laughing. We can't understand the words.)

Bollocks.

Lee:

(still laughing, pointing, trying to say). It's over there, mate.

(They look over at a ruined pile of plastic, glass and circuitry, yonder.)

Johnny:

I never done that. I'd never do that.

Lee:

(wiping tears from his eyes). You had to be there, Ginger. It was unmissable.

Ginger:

(to LEE). Aren't you supposed to be gone?

Lee:

Tomorrow, mate. Heathrow Airport. 6 a.m. coach from Chippenham.

Ginger:

I thought it was today.

Lee:

No fear. I'm hardly gonna sweat bullets for six months just to miss my last one. This is it, my lovers. Lee Piper's Last Flintock Fair.

Johnny:

I shouldn't worry, boy. You'll be back next year.

Lee:

(takes the ticket out of his pocket). Check the ticket. One way, mate. I cleared out my room. Put all my old stuff on eBay. My old toys. Games. Posters. CDs.

Ginger:
What you make?

Lee:
Nothing. Not one bid. Action Man Utility Vehicle. Set of Smurfs. Life-size cardboard cut-out of Chewbacca. In the end, I put everything in six bin bags, lugs it up Oxfam. Old lady tells me to fuck off. So I lugs it back home and burned it in the garden.

Ginger:
Nice. Final.

Lee:
Fuck it. Can't take it with you.

Johnny:
You can't now.

Lee:
I got one haversack standing in Mum's hall. And two hundred Australian dollars. That's me.

Johnny:
How long's that last? A week?

Lee:
Duck and dive, mate. Watch the pennies. Plus, right. I'm on a fast.

Johnny:
A what?

Lee:
Fast. I'm purging myself.

Johnny:
Why the fuck are you on a fast?

Lee:
To clean out the system. Hone my willpower. Been going two weeks now. I was on Google buying my ticket, I found this link to this wicked site about the Potawatomes.

Johnny:
The who?

Lee:
Potawatomes. The Potawatomes are this double-hard Red Indian tribe. They ruled the Black Mountains of Dakota and terrorised the Bozeman Trail from 1851 to the late 1890s.

Ginger:
Can't you just download porn like any sane human being?

Lee:
Before a great journey, the Potawatome braves used to go on fasts to gain knowledge. Build willpower. Vision quests. You go on a dreamquest and discover your true name. Your spirit name.

Ginger:
So what's your Red Indian spirit name then, Lee?

Johnny:
'Burns His Smurfs.'

Ginger:
'Flies to Australia Then Comes Straight Back.'

Lee:

You can take the piss. I learned loads. So I thought I'd give it a blast. I'm just purging myself. Preparing myself, thassall.

Johnny:

What for?

Lee:

The journey. What lies ahead. Come Monday, boy, all this is gone. Memories. From the other side of the world.

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