

AS

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE (SPECIFICATION A)

Unit 2 Analysing Speech and its Representation

Monday 23 May 2016

Morning

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

Materials

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book.

Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Paper Reference** is ELLA2.
- Answer **Question 1** from Section A and **one** other question from Section B.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.

Information

- The texts prescribed for this paper **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 75.
- Question 1 carries 45 marks and Questions 2–9 carry 30 marks.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
 - use good English
 - organise information clearly
 - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

Advice

- You are advised to spend 50 minutes on Section A and 40 minutes on Section B.

Section A – Analysing Speech

Answer Question 1.

0	1
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Read **Texts A** and **B**.

Text A is a transcript of an interview in which Dan Roan (DR) talks to Lance Armstrong (LA), the seven times Tour de France cycling champion, who was stripped of his titles after a doping scandal.

Text B is an article from *The Guardian* newspaper online reporting on a speech made by Boris Johnson, the then Mayor of London, promoting cycling in the capital.

Compare how information and attitudes are conveyed by the speakers in the two texts.

In your answer you should comment on:

- vocabulary, and grammatical, stylistic and speech features
- the influence of context on the ways in which speakers convey attitudes and ideas.

[45 marks]

Key

(.) micropause
 (1.0) pause in seconds
underlining particular emphasis of a word
 [overlap
 :: elongation

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation.

Text A

DR: one of the big criticisms of your interview with Oprah (.) though is that you didn't say how it was done (0.5) how it was orchestrated (.) give the details (.) is that what you now have done

LA: well er how what was orchestrated

DR: the doping

LA: well (.) but everybody knows that (*slight laugh*) (1.0) don't they

DR: well we didn't hear it from you on that occasion

LA: well I don't know that (.) and then again I don't want to get into what they have asked (.) or not asked or what I answered or not answered (0.5) all I'll say is that whatever they asked (.)

DR: { sure

LA: { I answered it (0.5) and th (.) and there was not (.) not one question where I

said erm (.) I'm not comfortable with that (.) and you know they don't have any (0.5) I mean the tricky thing for them is they don't have a real erm (1.0) ultimate power to compel people to come (0.5) to compel people to answer certain questions (0.5) whereas er look at the reason we're in this situation is because (.) I mean forget USADA forget the (.) we're in this situation because the United States of America and the Department of Justice (.) and the FDA (.) and federal agents (.) forced (0.5) I mean (0.5) let's not say forced (0.5) compelled people with the threat of prison time to answer questions so that's an awfully(2.0)

DR: aren't we in this situation because you cheated (.)

ultimately (.)

LA: hm hm

DR: some would say that's the real reason

LA: to me or all of us

DR: well you and others (.)

yeah (.) not the fact that people went after them to try to get them to tell the truth (.) it's the fact that this happened in the first place (.) that's the core reason why this happened

LA: yes but it (0.5) of course but (2.0) I don't think anybody else from that generation (0.5) er (0.5) you know (0.5) had federal agents standing at their door with a badge and a gun (.) saying (.) you're going to answer my questions

DR: when it comes to the doping would you do it again

LA: (*slight laugh*) this is the most (.) I get this question a lot (2.0) it's (.) a very complicated question and my answer is (.) is not a popular answer (2.0) you know (.) if I was racing in 2015 (.) no (.) I wouldn't do it again because I don't think you'd have to do it again (0.5) if you take me back to 1995 (0.5) when it was completely and totally pervasive (0.5) I'd probably do it again (2.0) people don't like to hear that

Information

Oprah: Armstrong had given his first interview about the doping scandal on the Oprah Winfrey Show – an American chat show

USADA: United States Anti-Doping Agency

FDA: Food and Drug Administration

Turn over for Text B

Text B**Boris Johnson vows to continue London's cycling revolution**

Mayor makes pledge as he announces programme to make 33 of the capital's more dangerous junctions safer for bikes

The mayor of London, Boris Johnson, has promised to continue a "cycling revolution", predicting that London will become as welcoming to bikes as cities such as Amsterdam or Copenhagen despite recent safety worries.

Speaking at City Hall, Johnson also gave updated figures from a major police traffic operation launched following six cyclist deaths in less than two weeks, saying more than 2,000 motorists and cyclists had been stopped by officers in the past fortnight for infractions such as jumping red lights.

Speaking at a conference about reducing the disproportionate number of cyclist deaths connected to lorries, Johnson said Transport for London would set out a programme to make 33 of the city's more dangerous junctions safer for bikes, and pledged to make London "as popular with cyclists as the streets of Copenhagen or Amsterdam".

The mayor said: "There is now a growing chorus of voices who say that the cycling revolution has been going too fast and that we should somehow get all these cyclists off the roads and people look at me in an accusing way.

"This analysis grossly exaggerates my messianic abilities. I am a passionate cyclist, but I am not some kind of Pied Pedaller. People go by bike because they love to go by bike."

This necessitated a focus on safety, he said, adding: "We must make cycling even safer and wherever accidents take place, we must respond. We must see what could have been done to prevent them, we must immediately work out what we can do to stop them happening again, and we must address people's fears, well-founded or otherwise."

Several of the recent deaths took place on or near so-called cycle superhighways, a network of routes along primarily main roads introduced by Johnson. Critics have argued that they encourage riders to use major roads and are, for the most part, not segregated, just marked by a strip of blue paint. A coroner investigating two earlier deaths on a cycle superhighway surmised that they could give riders a false sense of safety.

Johnson has acknowledged that the current system is imperfect and has pledged to revamp much of it, using segregated lanes if feasible. He said: "We will continue to expand and improve the superhighways and yes, where it is possible and sensible, we will segregate those routes, as we have done at Stratford.

"The cycling revolution will continue, and it will accelerate. This is not the time to slacken off or give up because if we get this right, the prize is huge. London should be in many ways a perfect city to ride a bike.

"If we can get Londoners on to bikes, we can take the pressure off public transport, we can reduce traffic and I believe we can help people to be fitter, calmer, less hassled and to enjoy the glories of the city in a way that is different every day."

End of Section A

There are no questions printed on this page

Turn over for Section B

Section B – Analysing the Representation of Speech

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

The Return of the Native – Thomas Hardy

0	2
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How does Hardy use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present Clym Yeobright in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

[30 marks]

The conversation on Yeobright had been started by a distant view of the young man rambling leisurely across the heath before them.

‘A man who is doing well elsewhere wouldn’t bide here two or three weeks for nothing,’ said Fairway. ‘He’s got some project in ’s head – depend upon that.’

‘Well, ’a can’t keep a diment shop here,’ said Sam.

‘I don’t see why he should have had them two heavy boxes home if he had not been going to bide; and what there is for him to do here the Lord in heaven knows.’

Before many more surmises could be indulged in Yeobright had come near; and seeing the hair-cutting group he turned aside to join them. Marching up, and looking critically at their faces for a moment, he said, without introduction, ‘Now, folks, let me guess what you have been talking about.’

‘Ay, sure, if you will,’ said Sam.

‘About me.’

‘Now, it is a thing I shouldn’t have dreamed of doing, otherwise,’ said Fairway, in a tone of integrity; ‘but since you have named it, Master Yeobright, I’ll own that we were talking about ’ee. We were wondering what could keep you home here mollyhorning about when you have made such a world-wide name for yourself in the nick-nack trade – now, that’s the truth o’t.’

‘I’ll tell you,’ said Yeobright, with unexpected earnestness. ‘I am not sorry to have the opportunity. I’ve come home because, all things considered, I can be a trifle less useless here than anywhere else. But I have only lately found this out. When I first got away from home I thought this place was not worth troubling about. I thought our life here was contemptible. To oil your boots instead of blacking them, to dust your coat with a switch instead of a brush; was there ever anything more ridiculous? I said.’

‘So ’tis; so ’tis!’

‘No, no – you are wrong; it isn’t.’

‘Beg your pardon, we thought that was your maning?’

‘Well, as my views changed my course became very depressing.

I found that I was trying to be like people who had hardly anything in common with myself. I was endeavouring to put off one sort of life for another sort of life, which was not better than the life I had known before. It was simply different.'

'True; a sight different,' said Fairway.

'Yes, Paris must be a taking place,' said Humphrey. 'Grand shop winders, trumpets, and drums; and here be we out of doors in all winds and weathers—'

'But you mistake me,' pleaded Clym. 'All this was very depressing. But not so depressing as something I next perceived – that my business was the idlest, vainest, most effeminate business that ever a man could be put to. That decided me: I would give it up and try to follow some rational occupation among the people I knew best, and to whom I could be of most use. I have come home; and this is how I mean to carry out my plan. I shall keep a school as near to Egdon as possible, so as to be able to walk over here and have a night-school in my mother's house. But I must study a little at first, to get properly qualified. Now, neighbours, I must go.'

And Clym resumed his walk across the heath.

'He'll never carry it out in the world,' said Fairway. 'In a few weeks he'll learn to see things otherwise.'

'Tis good-hearted of the young man,' said another. 'But, for my part, I think he had better mind his business.'

Turn over for the next question

or

In A Dry Season – Peter Robinson

0 3

How does Robinson use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present Detective Chief Inspector Alan Banks in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

[30 marks]

Blackstone ordered a couple more pints of lager. He looked at his watch. ‘How about heading into town after this one?’ he asked.

‘Okay.’

‘How are the kids?’

‘Fine, I suppose. Well, at least Tracy is.’

‘Brian?’

‘Silly bugger’s just cocked up his finals and come out with a third.’

Blackstone, who had a degree in art history, frowned. ‘Any particular reason? You don’t blame yourself, do you? The break-up? Stress?’

Banks shook his head. ‘No, not really. I think he just sort of lost interest in the subject and found something he felt more passionate about.’

‘The music?’

‘Uh-huh. He’s in a band. They’re trying to make a go of it.’

‘Good for him,’ said Blackstone. ‘I would have thought you’d approve.’

‘That’s the bloody problem, Ken, I do. Only when he first told me I said some things I regret. Now I can’t get in touch with him to explain. They’re out on the road somewhere.’

‘Keep trying. That’s about all you can do.’

‘I sounded just like my own parents. It brought back a lot of stuff, things I hadn’t really thought much about in years, like why I made some of the choices I did.’

‘Any answers?’

Banks smiled. ‘On a postcard, please.’

‘Any great change in your circumstances tends to make you introspective. It’s one of the stages you go through.’

‘Been reading those self-help books again, Ken?’

Blackstone smiled. ‘Fruits of experience, mate. This DS you were asking me about on the phone, the one who was with you at Millgarth. What’s her name again?’

‘Annie. Annie Cabbot.’

‘Good-looking woman?’

‘I suppose so.’

‘You involved with her?’

Banks paused. If he told Ken Blackstone the truth, that would be *one* person too many who knew about them. But why keep it a secret? Why lie? Ken was a mate. He nodded briefly.

‘Is it serious?’

‘For crying out loud, Ken, I’ve only known her a week.’

Blackstone held his hand up. ‘Okay, okay. Is she the first one since Sandra?’

‘Yes. Well, apart from a mistake one night, Yes. Why?’

‘Just be careful, that’s all.’

‘Come again?’

Blackstone leaned back in his chair. ‘You’re still vulnerable, that’s what I’m talking about. It takes a long time to get over a relationship as long-lasting and as deep as yours and Sandra’s.’

‘I’m not sure how deep it went, Ken. I’m beginning to think I believed what I wanted to believe, missed the signposts to the real world.’

‘Whatever. All I’m saying is that when someone goes through what you’re going through, he either ends up angry at women for a long time or he misses what he had. Or both. If he’s angry, then he probably just shags them and leaves them. But if he misses the relationship, then he looks for another one to replace it, and his judgement is not necessarily in the best of nick. If he’s both, then he gets into another relationship and fucks it up royally all round and wonders why everyone ends up in tears.’

Banks pushed his chair back and stood up. ‘Well, thanks for the amateur psychology, Ken, but if I’d wanted Claire fucking Rayner—’

Blackstone grabbed on to Banks’s sleeve. ‘Alan. Sit down. Please. I’m not suggesting you do anything except be aware of the pitfalls.’ He smiled. ‘Besides, you’re bloody-minded enough to do what you want in any situation, I know that. All I’m saying is think about what you want and why you want it. Be aware of what’s going on. That’s all the wisdom I have to offer. You’ve always struck me as a bit of a romantic underneath it all.’

Banks hesitated, still half ready to leave and half ready to punch Blackstone. ‘What do you mean?’

‘The kind of detective who cares just a bit too much about every victim. The kind of bloke who falls a little bit in love with every woman he sleeps with.’

Banks glanced at Blackstone through narrowed eyes. ‘I haven’t slept with that many women,’ he said. ‘And as for—’

‘Sit down, Alan. Please.’

Banks paused for a moment. When he felt the anger sluice away, he sat.

or

The Lovely Bones – Alice Sebold

0 4

How does Sebold use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present Abigail Salmon in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

[30 marks]

When she saw Len approaching from the end of the long white corridor, she relaxed.

“Abigail,” he said when he grew closer.

“Oh, Len,” she said. Her face puzzled up on what she could say next. His name had been the sigh she needed. Everything that came next was not words.

The nurses at their station turned their heads away as Len and my mother touched hands. They extended this privacy veil habitually, as a matter of course, but even so they could see this man meant something to this woman.

“Let’s talk in the visitors’ area,” Len said and led my mother down the corridor.

As they walked she told him my father was in surgery. He filled her in on what had happened in the cornfield.

“Apparently he said he thought the girl was George Harvey.”

“He thought Clarissa was George Harvey?” My mother stopped, incredulous, just outside the visitors’ area.

“It was dark out, Abigail. I think he only saw the girl’s flashlight. My visit today couldn’t have helped much. He’s convinced that Harvey is involved.”

“Is Clarissa all right?”

“She was treated for scratches and released. She was hysterical. Crying and screaming. It was a horrible coincidence, her being Susie’s friend.”

Hal was slumped down in a darkened corner of the visitors’ area with his feet propped up on the helmet he’d brought for Lindsey. When he heard the voices approaching he stirred.

It was my mother and a cop. He slumped back down and let his shoulder-length hair obscure his face. He was pretty sure my mother wouldn’t remember him.

But she recognized the jacket as Samuel’s and for a moment thought, *Samuel’s here*, but then thought, *His brother*.

“Let’s sit,” Len said, indicating the connected modular chairs on the far side of the room.

“I’d rather keep walking,” my mother said. “The doctor said it will be an hour at least before they have anything to tell us.”

“Where to?”

“Do you have cigarettes?”

“You know I do,” Len said, smiling guiltily. He had to seek out her

eyes. They weren't focusing on him. They seemed to be preoccupied, and he wished he could reach up and grab them and train them on the here and now. On him.

"Let's find an exit, then."

They found a door to a small concrete balcony near my father's room. It was a service balcony for a heating unit, so even though it was cramped and slightly chilly, the noise and the hot exhaust of the humming hydrant beside them shut them into a capsule that felt far away. They smoked cigarettes and looked at each other as if they had suddenly and without preparation moved on to a new page, where the pressing business had already been highlighted for prompt attention.

"How did your wife die?" my mother asked.

"Suicide."

Her hair was covering most of her face, and watching her I was reminded of Clarissa at her most self-conscious. The way she behaved around boys when we went to the mall. She would giggle too much and flash her eyes over at them to see where they were looking. But I was also struck by my mother's red mouth with the cigarette going up and away from it and smoke trailing out. I had seen this mother only once before—in the photograph. This mother had never had us.

"Why did she kill herself?"

"That's the question that preoccupies me most when I'm not preoccupied by things like your daughter's murder."

A strange smile came across my mother's face.

"Say that again," she said.

"What?" Len looked at her smile, wanted to reach out and trace the corners of it with his fingertips.

"My daughter's murder," my mother said.

"Abigail, are you okay?"

"No one says it. No one in the neighbourhood talks about it. People call it the 'horrible tragedy' or some variation on that. I just want it to be spoken out loud by somebody. To have it said aloud. I'm ready—I wasn't ready before."

My mother dropped her cigarette onto the concrete and let it burn. She took Len's face in her hands.

"Say it," she said.

"Your daughter's murder."

"Thank you."

And I watched that flat red mouth move across an invisible line that separated her from the rest of the world. She pulled Len in to her and slowly kissed him on the mouth. He seemed to hesitate at first. His body tensed, telling him NO, but that NO became vague and cloudy, became air sucked into the intake fan of the humming hydrant beside them. She reached up and unbuttoned her raincoat. He placed his hand against the thin gauzy material of her summer gown.

or

Strange Meeting – Susan Hill

0 5

How does Hill use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present impressions of the effects of war in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

[30 marks]

‘I imagine it was fairly painful?’

Hilliard glanced up, startled. Barton was looking with interest at the red, rough-edged scar along his left thigh. It made him want to conceal it hurriedly, he felt ashamed in some odd way, it seemed a blemish, a flaw, for which he was accountable. The only people to look at it until now had been the doctors, and that was not the same thing. He himself had examined it, peering at it closely as he used to peer at scabs and bruises on arms and knees when he was a small boy, charting their progress from blue to brown to yellow, watching the thickening of the skin. He touched this shrapnel wound with the pads of his fingers, sitting on his bed at Hawton, and now Barton was looking at it with the same kind of curiosity.

‘You’ll see a lot worse than this,’ Hilliard said shortly, reaching for his pyjamas.

‘But that’s not the point, is it? I’ve never seen any shrapnel wound before, this is the first.’

‘You must have seen plenty of gore in your father’s surgery.’

‘That was different. Isn’t this different, for you? It’s your own injury, that’s the one you know about, that’s the one that counts. Only by that can you assess what other people suffer, surely. By the damage to your own flesh, by the amount of pain *you* feel.’

Hilliard thought, how does he know?

‘What happened?’

‘Not sure. Some bit of metal flying through the air.’

‘Oh come!’ Barton was laughing at him. ‘How *did* it happen?’

‘I’ve told you, I really don’t remember too clearly. One minute I was making my way along the trench, trying to get past a pile of pit props someone had left in the way – it was pitch dark – then a shell dropped somewhere behind us and it was a bit flying off that caught my leg. Nobody else was hurt. It all happens so quickly.’

‘Just like that?’

‘Most of it comes about just like that.’ Hilliard snapped his fingers. He thought of the deaths and injuries he had seen, not in battle but caused by the single, random bullet, by a careless accident, by sheer bad luck. One shell coming out of nowhere, through the blue sky of a May morning, singing down into a corner of a trench where Higgins was frying bacon and talking to a couple of men from Glazier’s platoon. All killed. Then nothing more that day, only the warm sunshine and ordinary jobs. Sergeant Carson had had his arms blown off demonstrating a new type of hand grenade at the Training Camp. So many pointless, messy, inglorious deaths, ‘just like that’. He resented them more than anything.

‘Will it disturb you if I keep the lamp on for a bit?’

Hilliard smiled. ‘I can sleep through most things.’ And so will you, he thought, glancing across to where Barton lay reading, *The Turn of the Screw*, propped on his elbow.

‘Oh, God . . .’ He spoke before he could stop himself.

‘What?’ Barton laid down the book at once. ‘What’s up?’

The last time he had lain in bed like this and looked sideways at the man beside him had been the night before he was sent home from the hospital, the night Crawford had gone away, without giving him anything to help him sleep, so that he had had to lie and hear the noises, look at the rows of humped shapes and feel the pain in his own leg, like a deep burn. Then, the Field-Gunner had stopped crying and spoken suddenly across the space between their beds, half-delirious, had begged Hilliard to talk to him, to help him, help him, to take him away.

‘Who are you?’ he had said. His face could not be imagined beneath the white bandages. ‘I don’t know . . . Please . . . what time is it? What time is it?’

‘Just after twelve.’

‘Is it day?’

‘No.’

‘Where is it?’

‘This is the hospital.’

‘No, no, *where* is it?’

Uselessly, he had said, ‘Shall I get the nurse to come?’

But the Field-Gunner seemed not to hear, he lay muttering words Hilliard could not catch, except now and then a fragment about ‘the green light, the green light’. Then, for a few moments, he had surfaced, his voice became clear and quite steady. He said, ‘Who are you?’

‘Hilliard.’

‘Artillery?’

‘No, I’m an infantry lieutenant. Look, you’d better get some sleep now, hadn’t you? If you can. I don’t think you ought to talk.’ He turned over himself.

The reply had come out high and urgent, half a cry. ‘Oh God, don’t go away, talk to me. They keep going away. Don’t you go. Please, talk to me, *talk to me.*’

Hilliard could not. He knew that he should have got out of his own bed and sat on the chair beside the Gunner, touched him, given him a drink, let the man know that he would stay there, would listen to whatever it was he had to say, to the incoherent words about the green light. He could not do it, he was too afraid. He had rung the bell and after a long time one of the nurses came, hurrying because they were busy that night, seven men had just been brought in, the survivors from an underground explosion near Artois, she had no time to sit with the Field-Gunner.

‘Try and keep him quiet. You can do as much for him as I can, just at the moment.’

Her footsteps went away. The Field-Gunner began to cry again very quietly, as though he had given up hope.

or

A Man for All Seasons – Robert Bolt

0 | 6

How does Bolt use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Norfolk in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

[30 marks]

NORFOLK (*looks at him*) A chair for the prisoner. (*while JAILER brings a chair and MORE sits on it, NORFOLK rattles off*): This is the Seventh Commission to enquire into the case of Sir Thomas More, appointed by His Majesty's Council. Have you anything to say?

MORE No. (*To JAILER.*) Thank you.

NORFOLK (*sitting back*) Mr Secretary.

CROMWELL Sir Thomas – (*breaks off*) – do the witnesses attend?

RICH Mr Secretary

JAILER Sir.

CROMWELL (*to JAILER*) Nearer! (*He advances a bit.*) Come where you can hear! (*JAILER takes up stance by RICH. To MORE.*) Sir Thomas, you have seen this document before?

MORE Many times.

CROMWELL It is the Act of Succession. These are the names of those who have sworn to it.

MORE I have, as you say, seen it before.

CROMWELL Will you swear to it?

MORE No

NORFOLK Thomas, we must know plainly –

CROMWELL (*throws down document*) Your Grace, please!

NORFOLK Master Cromwell! (*They regard one another in hatred.*)

CROMWELL I beg Your Grace's pardon. (*Sighing, rests head in hands.*)

NORFOLK Thomas, we must know plainly whether you recognise the offspring of Queen Anne as heirs to His Majesty.

MORE The King in Parliament tells me that they are. Of course I recognise them.

NORFOLK Will you swear that you do?

MORE Yes.

NORFOLK Then why won't you swear to the Act?

CROMWELL (*impatient*) Because there is more than that *in* the Act.

NORFOLK Is that it?

MORE (*after a pause*) Yes.

NORFOLK Then we must find out what it is in the Act that he objects to!

CROMWELL Brilliant. (*NORFOLK rounds on him.*)

CRANMER (*hastily*) Your Grace – May I try?

NORFOLK Certainly. I've no pretension to be an expert, in Police work.

During next speech CROMWELL straightens up and folds arms resignedly.

CRANMER (*clears throat fussily*) Sir Thomas, it states in the preamble that the King's former marriage, to the Lady Catherine, was unlawful, she being previously his brother's wife and the – er – 'Pope' having no authority to sanction it. (*Gently.*) Is that what you deny? (*No reply.*) Is that what you dispute? (*No reply.*) Is that what you are not sure of? (*No reply.*)

NORFOLK Thomas, you insult the King and His Council in the person of the Lord Archbishop!

MORE I insult no one. I will not take the oath. I will not tell you why I will not.

NORFOLK Then your reasons must be treasonable!

MORE Not 'must be'; may be.

NORFOLK It's a fair assumption!

MORE The law requires more than an assumption; the law requires a fact.

(*CROMWELL looks at him and away again.*)

CRANMER I cannot judge your legal standing in the case; but until I know the *ground* of your objections, I can only guess your spiritual standing too.

MORE (*is for a second furiously affronted; then humour overtakes him*) If you're willing to guess at that, Your Grace, it should be a small matter to guess my objections.

CROMWELL (*quickly*) You do have objections to the Act?

NORFOLK (*happily*) Well, we know *that*, Cromwell!

MORE You don't, my lord. You may *suppose* I have objections. All you *know* is that I will not swear to it. From sheer delight to give you trouble it might be.

NORFOLK Is it material why you won't?

MORE It's most material. For refusing to swear my goods are forfeit and I am condemned to life imprisonment. You cannot lawfully harm me further. But if you were right in supposing I had reasons for refusing and right again in supposing my reasons to be treasonable, the law would let you cut my head off.

NORFOLK (*he has followed with some difficulty*) Oh yes.

CROMWELL (*admiring murmur*) Oh, well done, Sir Thomas. I've been trying to make that clear to His Grace for some time.

NORFOLK (*hardly responds to the insult; his face is gloomy and disgusted*) Oh, confound all this ... (*With real dignity.*) I'm not a scholar, as Master Cromwell never tires of pointing out, and frankly I don't know whether the marriage was lawful or not. But damn it, Thomas, look at those names ... You know those men! Can't you do what I did, and come with us, for fellowship?

MORE (*moved*) And when we stand before God, and you are sent to Paradise for doing according to your conscience, and I am damned for not doing according to mine, will you come with me, for fellowship?

or

All My Sons – Arthur Miller

0 7

How does Miller use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Ann Deever in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

[30 marks]

ANN: Let's eat at the shore tonight! Raise some hell around here, like we used to before Larry went!

MOTHER (*emotionally*): You think of him! You see? (*Triumphantly.*) She thinks of him!

ANN (*with an uncomprehending smile*): What do you mean, Kate?

MOTHER: Nothing. Just that you – remember him, he's in your thoughts.

ANN: That's a funny thing to say; how could I help remembering him?

MOTHER (*it is drawing to a head the wrong way for her; she starts anew. She rises and comes to Ann*): Did you hang up your things?

ANN: Yeah . . . (*To Chris*) Say, you've sure gone in for clothes. I could hardly find room in the closet.

MOTHER: No, don't you remember? That's Larry's room.

ANN: You mean . . . they're Larry's?

MOTHER: Didn't you recognize them?

ANN (*slowly rising, a little embarrassed*): Well, it never occurred to me that you'd – I mean the shoes are all shined.

MOTHER: Yes, dear. (*Slight pause, ANN can't stop staring at her. MOTHER breaks it by speaking with the relish of gossip, putting her arm around Ann and walking with her.*) For so long I've been aching for a nice conversation with you, Annie. Tell me something.

ANN: What?

MOTHER: I don't know. Something nice.

CHRIS (*wryly*): She means do you go out much?

MOTHER: Oh, shut up.

KELLER: And are any of them serious?

MOTHER (*laughing, sits in her chair*): Why don't you both choke?

KELLER: Annie, you can't go into a restaurant with that woman any more. In five minutes thirty-nine strange people are sitting at the table telling her their life story.

MOTHER: If I can't ask Annie a personal question —

KELLER: Askin' is all right, but don't beat her over the head. You're beatin' her, you're beatin' her. (*They are laughing.*)

ANN takes pan of beans off stool, puts them on floor under chair and sits.

ANN (*to Mother*): Don't let them bulldoze you. Ask me anything you like. What do you want to know, Kate? Come on, let's gossip.

MOTHER (*to Chris and Keller*): She's the only one is got any sense. (*To Ann.*) Your mother – she's not getting a divorce, heh?

ANN: No, she's calmed down about it now. I think when he gets out they'll probably live together. In New York, of course.

MOTHER: That's fine. Because your father is still – I mean he's a decent man after all is said and done.

ANN: I don't care. She can take him back if she likes.

MOTHER: And you? You – (*shakes her head negatively*) – go out much? (*Slight pause.*)

ANN (*delicately*): You mean am I still waiting for him?

MOTHER: Well, no. I don't expect you to wait for him but —

ANN (*kindly*): But that's what you mean, isn't it?

MOTHER: Well . . . yes.

ANN: Well, I'm not, Kate.

MOTHER (*faintly*): You're not?

ANN: Isn't it ridiculous? You don't really imagine he's —?

MOTHER: I know, dear, but don't say it's ridiculous, because the papers were full of it; I don't know about New York, but there was half a page about a man missing even longer than Larry, and he turned up from Burma.

CHRIS (*coming to Ann*): He couldn't have wanted to come home very badly, Mom.

MOTHER: Don't be so smart.

CHRIS: You can have a helluva time in Burma.

ANN (*rises and swings around in back of Chris*): So I've heard.

CHRIS: Mother, I'll bet you money that you're the only woman in the country who after three years is still —

MOTHER: You're sure?

CHRIS: Yes, I am.

MOTHER: Well, if you're sure then you're sure. (*She turns her head away an instant.*) They don't say it on the radio but I'm sure that in the dark at night they're still waiting for their sons.

CHRIS: Mother, you're absolutely —

MOTHER (*waving him off*): Don't be so damned smart! Now stop it! (*Slight pause.*)

There are just a few things you *don't* know. All of you. And I'll tell you one of them, Annie. Deep, deep in your heart you've always been waiting for him.

ANN (*resolutely*): No, Kate.

MOTHER (*with increasing demand*): But deep in your heart, Annie!

CHRIS: She ought to know, shouldn't she?

MOTHER: Don't let them tell you what to think. Listen to your heart. Only your heart.

ANN: Why does your heart tell you he's alive?

MOTHER: Because he has to be.

ANN: But why, Kate?

MOTHER (*going to her*): Because certain things have to be, and certain things can never be. Like the sun has to rise, it has to be. That's why there's God. Otherwise anything could happen. But there's God, so certain things can never happen. I would know, Annie – just like I knew the day he – (*indicates Chris*) – went into that terrible battle. Did he write me? Was it in the papers? No, but that morning I couldn't raise my head off the pillow. Ask Joe. Suddenly, I knew. I knew! And he was nearly killed that day. Ann, you *know* I'm right!

ANN *stands there in silence, then turns trembling, going upstage.*

ANN: No, Kate.

or

Pack of Lies – Hugh Whitmore

0 8

How does Whitmore use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Bob Jackson in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

[30 marks]

Stewart I hope you don't think I've been neglecting you, Mr Jackson.

Bob No no.

Stewart I've been meaning to come round, but the days just flash by, don't they? (*He turns to face Bob*) I gather from my girls that your wife is becoming increasingly unhappy with the, um . . . (*Pause*) Is she?

Bob Well, yes.

Stewart You should have told me. (*Pause*) There's not much I can do.

Bob No.

Stewart You do understand that, don't you? Well, of course you do. I know you do. You're a reasonable man, after all.

Pause

Bob Can I get you a drink, sir?

Stewart Thank you very much. Whisky and water, if that's all right.

Bob goes to fetch a drink for Stewart and himself. Stewart glances at his wristwatch

What time does she get back from her art club?

Bob Any minute now.

Stewart Oh good. (*He takes his cigarette pack from his jacket pocket*) May I?

Bob Please.

Stewart Would it help, do you think, if I tried to clarify the situation a little?

Bob How do you mean?

Stewart Perhaps she feels she's being kept in the dark. Does she? Is that the problem, do you think?

Bob Something like that, yes.

Stewart Well, in that case, it's a problem easily solved. (*He smiles; pause*) By the way, I meant to ask: somebody was saying that you and the Krogers have got the same sort of car – is that right?

Bob Yes.

Stewart You've both got black Ford Consuls?

Bob Yes.

Stewart How extraordinary.

No response

Or perhaps it isn't. What do you think?

Bob There are plenty of Consuls about – specially round here.

Stewart Yes, true. (*Brief pause*) Nevertheless – to find two black Ford Consuls owned by such close neighbours – I must say that strikes me as being rather . . . well, rather surprising.

No response

How did it happen? Whose car came first?

Bob Ours. Helen said how nice it was, how smart, and so on – and then Peter told me they were going to get one exactly the same.

Stewart Uh-huh. (*Brief pause*) Is he a car person? Is he interested in cars?

Bob No, not particularly.

Stewart He just took a fancy to yours . . .

Bob Well, yes.

Stewart (*smiling*) Well, why not? It's a very nice car. What are his interests?

Does he have any hobbies?

Bob Nothing special. I don't think, um . . . (*Pause*) Books, of course. Apart from that . . . nothing much.

(*Pause*) He likes music. He listen to music a lot.

Stewart On the radio?

Bob And records. He's got quite a collection.

Stewart Don't tell me he's one of these hi-fi fanatics.

Bob Well, a bit, I suppose – stereo sound, FM radio, headphones, you know, rumble filters. All that sort of stuff.

Stewart Headphones . . . ?

Bob He likes classical music and she doesn't. She can't stand it. So he listens to his records through the headphones.

Stewart Well, that's one way of avoiding domestic strife, I suppose. What about Mrs Kroger? Does she have a hobby?

Bob No, not really. She's too much of a Dizzy Lizzy to do anything properly. Poor old Helen. She makes us laugh.

Stewart How often do you go to the Krogers' house?

Bob Hardly ever. Barbara pops in for a cup of tea most weeks, but as far as I'm concerned – well, four or five times a year – birthdays, Christmas, that sort of thing, you know.

Stewart nods, pause

Peter works at home – I think we told you. That makes it a bit difficult.

We're always afraid of disturbing him.

Stewart Yes, quite. Apart from you, does Mrs Kroger have any particular friends?

Bob She's friendly with everyone. She's a very friendly woman.

Stewart In what way?

Bob (*not understanding the question*) What?

Stewart How does this friendliness manifest itself?

Bob (*irritated*) She's just an ordinary friendly woman. She pops in for a chat, she worries if anything's wrong, she takes an interest in people, that's all.

Stewart Takes an interest . . . ?

Bob Well, you know.

Stewart Perhaps you could give me an example.

Bob (*angrily*) I don't often see her, Mr Stewart, I'm at work when she comes round; Barbara's the one she talks to, not me. I don't know what she does or what she says. Anyway, there's nothing sinister about being friendly, is there?

Stewart Nothing sinister, no. It just adds to the pattern.

Bob Pattern?

Stewart Well, if the Krogers are mixed up in this business – and I say if – if they are, then it would be essential for them to know what's going on. Any change of routine, any change of neighbour . . . it could be dangerous for them.

Bob You can make anything look suspicious if you try hard enough.

Stewart True.

Bob I mean, all that stuff about the cars. Why shouldn't they buy a car like ours if they want to?

Stewart No reason at all – on the other hand, it could be construed as an extremely clever thing to do.

Bob Clever, why?

Stewart Because it would certainly confuse anyone who might be watching them; I mean, if one of my chaps saw a black Ford Consul parked in Cranley Drive he couldn't be sure, at a glance, whether the Krogers were at home or whether you were. Might be useful, that.

Bob stares at Stewart; he says nothing

or

Measure for Measure – William Shakespeare

0 9

How does Shakespeare use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present the Duke in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

[30 marks]

A FRIAR'S cell

Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS

DUKE No. Holy father, throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth. 5

FRIAR May your Grace speak of it?

DUKE My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, witless bravery keeps. 10
I have delivered to Lord Angelo –
A man of stricture and firm abstinence –
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travelled to Poland;
For so I have strewed it in the common ear, 15
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this.

FRIAR Gladly, my lord.

DUKE We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong jades, 20
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight 25
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mocked than feared: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose,
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart 30
Goes all decorum.

FRIAR It rested in your Grace

To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased;
 And it in you more dreadful would have seemed
 Than in Lord Angelo.

DUKE

I do fear, too dreadful.

35

Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
 For what I bid them do : for we bid this be done,
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
 And not the punishment. Therefore indeed, my
 father,

I have on Angelo imposed the office;

40

Who may in th'ambush of my name strike home,
 And yet my nature never in the fight

To do in slander. And to behold his sway,

I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,

Visit both prince and people. Therefore, I

prithce,

45

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me

How I may formally in person bear

Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this action

At our more leisure shall I render you;

Only this one: Lord Angelo is precise;

50

Stands at a guard with Envy; scarce confesses

That his blood flows; or that his appetite

Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall we see

If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[Exeunt]

END OF QUESTIONS

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