National Qualifications 2022

X824/77/12

English
Textual Analysis

THURSDAY, 12 MAY
2:30 PM – 4:00 PM

Total marks — 20

Attempt **ONLY** Part A **OR** Part B **OR** Part C **OR** Part D.

PART A — POETRY — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART B — PROSE FICTION — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART C — PROSE NON-FICTION — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART D — DRAMA — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

Write your answers clearly in the answer booklet provided. In the answer booklet you must clearly identify the question number you are attempting.

Use **blue** or **black** ink.

Before leaving the examination room you must give your answer booklet to the Invigilator; if you do not, you may lose all the marks for this paper.

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TEXTUAL ANALYSIS — 20 marks

Your answer should take the form of a CRITICAL ANALYSIS appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

Attempt ONLY Part A OR Part B OR Part C OR Part D.

PART A — POETRY

Read carefully *The Cyclist* (1946) by Louis MacNeice and then answer the question that follows it.

The Cyclist

Freewheeling down the escarpment past the unpassing horse
Blazoned in chalk[1] the wind he causes in passing
Cools the sweat of his neck, making him one with the sky,
In the heat of the handlebars he grasps the summer
Being a boy and to-day a parenthesis
Between the horizon's brackets; the main sentence
Waits to be picked up later but these five minutes
Are all to-day and summer. The dragonfly
Rises without take-off, horizontal,
Underlining itself in a sliver of peacock light.

And glaring, glaring white
The horse on the down moves within his brackets,
The grass boils with grasshoppers, a pebble
Scutters from under the wheel and all this country
Is spattered white with boys riding their heat-wave,
Feet on a narrow plank and hair thrown back

And a surf of dust beneath them. Summer, summer —
They chase it with butterfly nets or strike it into the deep
In a little red ball or gulp it lathered with cream
Or drink it through closed eyelids; until the bell
Left-right-left gives his forgotten sentence
And reaching the valley the boy must pedal again
Left-right-left but meanwhile
For ten seconds more can move as the horse in the chalk
Moves unbeginningly calmly
Calmly regardless of tenses and final clauses
Calmly unendingly moves.

[1] *chalk horse*: an ancient figure of a large white horse carved into a steep slope (escarpment) of a hill

Question

Write a detailed analysis of some of the means by which the poet captures a particular moment in time in this poem.

In your response, you should consider:

- form and structure
- word choice and imagery (including extended metaphor)
- mood and atmosphere
- any other literary or rhetorical device you consider to be important.

[Turn over

OR

PART B — PROSE FICTION

Read carefully *Miss Brill* (1920) by Katherine Mansfield and then answer the question that follows it.

Miss Brill

Although it was so brilliantly fine — the blue sky powdered with gold and great spots of light like white wine splashed over the Jardins Publiques — Miss Brill was glad that she had decided on her fur. The air was motionless, but when you opened your mouth there was just a faint chill, like a chill from a glass of iced water before you sip, and now and again a leaf came drifting — from nowhere, from the sky. Miss Brill put up her hand and touched her fur. Dear little thing! It was nice to feel it again. She had taken it out of its box that afternoon, shaken out the moth-powder, given it a good brush, and rubbed the life back into the dim little eyes. 'What has been happening to me?' said the sad little eyes. Oh, how sweet it was to see them snap at her again from the red eiderdown! . . . But the nose, which was of some black composition, wasn't at all firm. It must have had a knock, somehow. Never mind — a little dab of black sealing-wax when the time came — when it was absolutely necessary . . . Little rogue! Yes, she really felt like that about it. Little rogue biting its tail just by her left ear. She could have taken it off and laid it on her lap and stroked it. She felt a tingling in her hands and arms, but that came from walking, she supposed. And when she breathed, something light and sad — no, not sad, exactly — something gentle seemed to move in her bosom.

There were a number of people out this afternoon, far more than last Sunday. And the band sounded louder and gayer. That was because the Season had begun. For although the band played all the year round on Sundays, out of season it was never the same. It was like someone playing with only the family to listen; it didn't care how it played if there weren't any strangers present. Wasn't the conductor wearing a new coat, too? She was sure it was new. He scraped with his foot and flapped his arms like a rooster about to crow, and the bandsmen sitting in the green rotunda blew out their cheeks and glared at the music. Now there came a little 'flutey' bit — very pretty! — a little chain of bright drops. She was sure it would be repeated. It was; she lifted her head and smiled.

Only two people shared her 'special' seat: a fine old man in a velvet coat, his hands clasped over a huge carved walking-stick, and a big old woman, sitting upright, with a roll of knitting on her embroidered apron. They did not speak. This was disappointing, for Miss Brill always looked forward to the conversation. She had become really quite expert, she thought, at listening as though she didn't listen, at sitting in other people's lives just for a minute while they talked round her.

She glanced, sideways, at the old couple. Perhaps they would go soon. Last Sunday, too, hadn't been as interesting as usual. An Englishman and his wife, he wearing a dreadful Panama hat and she button shoes. And she'd gone on the whole time about how she ought to wear spectacles; she knew she needed them; but that it was no good getting any; they'd be sure to break and they'd never keep on. And he'd been so patient. He'd suggested everything — gold rims, the kind that curved round your ears, little pads inside the bridge. No, nothing would please her. 'They'll always be sliding down my nose!' Miss Brill had wanted to shake her.

The old people sat on the bench, still as statues. Never mind, there was always the crowd to watch. To and fro, in front of the flower-beds and the band rotunda, the couples and groups paraded, stopped to talk, to greet, to buy a handful of flowers from the old beggar who had his tray fixed to the railings. Little children ran among them, swooping and laughing; little boys with big white silk bows under their chins, little girls, little French dolls, dressed up in velvet and lace. And sometimes a tiny staggerer came suddenly rocking into the open from under the trees

stopped, stared, as suddenly sat down 'flop', until its small high-stepping mother, like a young hen, rushed scolding to its rescue. Other people sat on the benches and green chairs, but they were nearly always the same, Sunday after Sunday, and — Miss Brill had often noticed — there was something funny about nearly all of them. They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even — even cupboards!

Behind the rotunda the slender trees with yellow leaves down drooping, and through them just a line of sea, and beyond the blue sky with gold-veined clouds.

Tum-tum-tum tiddle-um! tiddle-um! tum tiddley-um tum ta! blew the band.

Two young girls in red came by and two young soldiers in blue met them, and they laughed and paired and went off arm-in-arm. Two pleasant women with funny straw hats passed, gravely, leading beautiful smoke-coloured donkeys. A cold, pale nun hurried by. A beautiful woman came along and dropped her bunch of violets, and a little boy ran after to hand them to her, and she took them and threw them away as if they'd been poisoned. Dear me! Miss Brill didn't know whether to admire that or not! And now an ermine toque[1] and a gentleman in grey met just in front of her. He was tall, stiff, dignified, and she was wearing the ermine toque she'd bought when her hair was yellow. Now everything, her hair, her face, even her eyes, was the same colour as the shabby ermine, and her hand, in its cleaned glove, lifted to dab her lips, was a tiny yellowish paw. Oh, she was so pleased to see him — delighted! She rather thought they were going to meet that afternoon. She described where she'd been — everywhere, here, there, along by the sea. The day was so charming — didn't he agree? And wouldn't he, perhaps? . . . But he shook his head, lighted a cigarette, slowly breathed a great deep puff into her face, and, even while she was still talking and laughing, flicked the match away and walked on. The ermine toque was alone; she smiled more brightly than ever. But even the band seemed to know what she was feeling and played more softly, played tenderly, and the drum beat, 'The Brute! The Brute!' over and over. What would she do? What was going to happen now? But as Miss Brill wondered, the ermine toque turned, raised her hand as though she'd seen someone else, much nicer, just over there, and pattered away. And the band changed again and played more quickly, more gaily than ever, and the old couple on Miss Brill's seat got up and marched away, and such a funny old man with long whiskers hobbled along in time to the music and was nearly knocked over by four girls walking abreast.

Oh, how fascinating it was! How she enjoyed it! How she loved sitting here, watching it all! It was like a play. It was exactly like a play. Who could believe the sky at the back wasn't painted? But it wasn't till a little brown dog trotted on solemn and then slowly trotted off, like a little 'theatre' dog, a little dog that had been drugged, that Miss Brill discovered what it was that made it so exciting. They were all on the stage. They weren't only the audience, not only looking on; they were acting. Even she had a part and came every Sunday. No doubt somebody would have noticed if she hadn't been there; she was part of the performance after all. How strange she'd never thought of it like that before! And yet it explained why she made such a point of starting from home at just the same time each week — so as not to be late for the performance — and it also explained why she had quite a queer, shy feeling at telling her English pupils how she spent her Sunday afternoons. No wonder! Miss Brill nearly laughed out loud. She was on the stage. She thought of the old invalid gentleman to whom she read the newspaper four afternoons a week while he slept in the garden. She had got quite used to the frail head on the cotton pillow, the hollowed eyes, the open mouth and the high pinched nose. If he'd been dead she mightn't have noticed for weeks; she wouldn't have minded. But suddenly he knew he was having the paper read to him by an actress! 'An actress!' The old head lifted; two points of light quivered in the old eyes. 'An actress — are ye?' And Miss Brill smoothed the newspaper as though it were the manuscript of her part and said gently: 'Yes, I have been an actress for a long time.'

[1] *ermine toque*: a style of hat, in this case made of fur

The band had been having a rest. Now they started again. And what they played was warm, sunny, yet there was just a faint chill — a something what was it? — not sadness — no, not sadness — a something that made you want to sing. The tune lifted, lifted, the light shone; and it seemed to Miss Brill that in another moment all of them, all the whole company, would begin singing. The young ones, the laughing ones who were moving together, they would begin, and the men's voices, very resolute and brave, would join them. And then she too, she too, and the others on the benches — they would come in with a kind of accompaniment — something low, that scarcely rose or fell, something so beautiful — moving . . . And Miss Brill's eyes filled with tears and she looked smiling at all the other members of the company. Yes, we understand, we understand, she thought — though what they understood she didn't know.

Just at that moment a boy and a girl came and sat down where the old couple had been. They were beautifully dressed; they were in love. The hero and heroine, of course, just arrived from his father's yacht. And still soundlessly singing, still with that trembling smile, Miss Brill prepared to listen.

'No, not now,' said the girl. 'Not here, I can't.'

'But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there?' asked the boy. 'Why does she come here at all — who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home?'

'It's her fu-fur which is so funny,' giggled the girl. 'It's exactly like a fried whiting.'

'Ah, be off with you!' said the boy in an angry whisper. Then: 'Tell me, *ma petite chère* —'

'No, not here,' said the girl. 'Not *yet*.'

* * *

On her way home she usually bought a slice of honey-cake at the baker's. It was her Sunday treat. Sometimes there was an almond in her slice, sometimes not. It made a great difference. If there was an almond it was like carrying home a tiny present — a surprise — something that might very well not have been there. She hurried on the almond Sundays and struck the match for the kettle in quite a dashing way.

But today she passed the baker's by, climbed the stairs, went into the little dark room — her room like a cupboard — and sat down on the red eiderdown. She sat there for a long time. The box that the fur came out of was on the bed. She unclasped the necklet quickly; quickly, without looking, laid it inside. But when she put the lid on she thought she heard something crying.

Question

Discuss some of the means by which the writer explores different aspects of Miss Brill's isolation.

In your response, you should consider:

- characterisation
- symbolism
- mood
- the final two paragraphs
- any other literary devices you consider to be important.

OR

PART C — PROSE NON-FICTION

Read carefully *The Sea and the Wind That Blows* (1963) by E.B. White and then answer the question that follows it.

The Sea and the Wind That Blows

Waking or sleeping, I dream of boats — usually of rather small boats under a slight press of sail. When I think how great a part of my life has been spent dreaming the hours away and how much of this total dream life has concerned small craft, I wonder about the state of my health, for I am told that it is not a good sign to be always voyaging into unreality, driven by imaginary breezes.

I have noticed that most men, when they enter a barber shop and must wait their turn, drop into a chair and pick up a magazine. I simply sit down and pick up the thread of my sea wandering, which began more than fifty years ago and is not quite ended. There is hardly a waiting room in the East that has not served as my cockpit, whether I was waiting to board a train or to see a dentist. And I am usually still trimming sheets when the train starts or the drill begins to whine.

If a man must be obsessed by something, I suppose a boat is as good as anything, perhaps a bit better than most. A small sailing craft is not only beautiful, it is seductive and full of strange promise and the hint of trouble. If it happens to be an auxiliary cruising boat, it is without question the most compact and ingenious arrangement for living ever devised by the restless mind of man — a home that is stable without being stationary, shaped less like a box than like a fish or a bird or a girl, and in which the homeowner can remove his daily affairs as far from shore as he has the nerve to take them, close-hauled or running free — parlor, bedroom, and bath, suspended and alive.

Men who ache all over for tidiness and compactness in their lives often find relief for their pain in the cabin of a thirty-foot sailboat at anchor in a sheltered cove. Here the sprawling panoply of The Home is compressed in orderly miniature and liquid delirium, suspended between the bottom of the sea and the top of the sky, ready to move on in the morning by the miracle of canvas and the witchcraft of rope. It is small wonder that men hold boats in the secret place of their mind, almost from the cradle to the grave.

Along with my dream of boats has gone the ownership of boats, a long succession of them upon the surface of the sea, many of them makeshift and crank. Since childhood I have managed to have some sort of sailing craft and to raise a sail in fear. Now, in my seventies, I still own a boat, still raise my sail in fear in answer to the summons of the unforgiving sea. Why does the sea attract me in the way it does? Whence comes this compulsion to hoist a sail, actually or in dream? My first encounter with the sea was a case of hate at first sight. I was taken, at the age of four, to a bathing beach in New Rochelle. Everything about the experience frightened and repelled me: the taste of salt in my mouth, the foul chill of the wooden bathhouse, the littered sand, the stench of the tide flats. I came away hating and fearing the sea. Later, I found that what I had feared and hated, I now feared and loved.

I returned to the sea of necessity, because it would support a boat; and although I knew little of boats, I could not get them out of my thoughts. I became a pelagic[1] boy. The sea became my unspoken challenge: the wind, the tide, the fog, the ledge, the bell, the gull that cried help, the never-ending threat and bluff of weather. Once having permitted the wind to enter the belly of my sail, I was not able to quit the helm; it was as though I had seized hold of a high-tension wire and could not let go.

I liked to sail alone. The sea was the same as a girl to me — I did not want anyone else along.

[1] *pelagic:* relating to the open sea

Lacking instruction, I invented ways of getting things done, and usually ended by doing them in a rather queer fashion, and so did not learn to sail properly, and still cannot sail well, although I have been at it all my life. I was twenty before I discovered that charts existed; all my navigating up to that time was done with the wariness and the ignorance of the early explorers. I was thirty before I learned to hang a coiled halyard on its cleat as it should be done. Until then I simply coiled it down on deck and dumped the coil. I was always in trouble and always returned, seeking more trouble. Sailing became a compulsion: there lay the boat, swinging to her mooring, there blew the wind; I had no choice but to go. My earliest boats were so small that when the wind failed, or when I failed, I could switch to manual control — I could paddle or row home. But then I graduated to boats that only the wind was strong enough to move. When I first dropped off my mooring in such a boat, I was an hour getting up the nerve to cast off the pennant. Even now, with a thousand little voyages notched in my belt, I feel a memorial chill on casting off, as the gulls jeer and the empty mainsail claps.

Of late years, I have noticed that my sailing has increasingly become a compulsive activity rather than a simple source of pleasure. There lies the boat, there blows the morning breeze — it is a point of honor, now, to go. I am like an alcoholic who cannot put his bottle out of his life. With me, I cannot not sail. Yet I know well enough that I have lost touch with the wind and, in fact, do not like the wind anymore. It jiggles me up, the wind does, and what I really love are windless days, when all is peace. There is a great question in my mind whether a man who is against wind should longer try to sail a boat. But this is an intellectual response — the old yearning is still in me, belonging to the past, to youth, and so I am torn between past and present, a common disease of later life.

When does a man quit the sea? How dizzy, how bumbling must he be? Does he quit while he's ahead, or wait till he makes some major mistake, like falling overboard or being flattened by an accidental jibe? This past winter I spent hours arguing the question with myself. Finally, deciding that I had come to the end of the road, I wrote a note to the boatyard, putting my boat up for sale. I said I was 'coming off the water.' But as I typed the sentence, I doubted that I meant a word of it.

If no buyer turns up, I know what will happen: I will instruct the yard to put her in again — 'just till somebody comes along.' And then there will be the old uneasiness, the old uncertainty, as the mild southeast breeze ruffles the cove, a gentle, steady, morning breeze, bringing the taint of the distant wet world, the smell that takes a man back to the very beginning of time, linking him to all that has gone before. There will lie the sloop, there will blow the wind, once more I will get under way. And as I reach across to the red nun[2] off the Torry Islands, dodging the trap buoys and toggles, the shags gathered on the ledge will note my passage. 'There goes the old boy again,' they will say. 'One more rounding of his little Horn, one more conquest of his Roaring Forties.' And with the tiller in my hand, I'll feel again the wind imparting life to a boat, will smell again the old menace, the one that imparts life to me: the cruel beauty of the salt world, the barnacle's tiny knives, the sharp spine of the urchin, the stinger of the sun jelly, the claw of the crab.

Question

Discuss the effectiveness of the ways in which E. B. White explores his feelings towards the sea and sailing, and its significance to his life.

[2] *nun*: a type of navigational buoy

OR

PART D — DRAMA

Read carefully the extract from *The Architect* (1996) by David Greig and then answer the question that follows it.

Characters in this extract:

LEO BLACK: *an architect, fifties*

MARTIN BLACK: *his son, twenties*

SHEENA MACKIE: *a campaigner, fifties*

The Architect

Setting: A city. The present.

Act One

1

Darkness.
The long blast of a siren.
A moment of silence.
A series of explosions.
Large buildings falling to the ground.
A crowd applauding.

2

A summer afternoon.
A building site.

A small trestle table stands centre stage. On the table are architectural plans and blueprints. The papers are weighted down with stones to stop them blowing away. Two hard hats are on the table.

MARTIN *is looking casually at the blueprints.*

LEO *enters carrying an architectural model, it is bulky, he is struggling with it.* MARTIN *looks.*

LEO: Some professions, Martin, exist only or mainly, to provide particular people with a congenial way of earning their living. Publishing, for example, or radio, you mentioned radio. These people, these publishers and so on, they're interesting. I've met them sometimes. They're creative people. Their surroundings are, if you like, seductive. But in the end, these are people without effect in the world. Do you see what I'm saying. They have no . . . power to shape, no responsibility. Now, building, construction, engineering, architecture. These have effects. Here you have responsibility. Obviously you can dream, use your imagination, of course, but there's a purpose. You put your dreams on paper . . . blueprints, drawings.

The smallest line, the merest gesture of the pencil, can be the curve of a motorway flyover, or pull a tower up from the slums, or shape a square from a mess of alleys. That's what we do, Martin, we dream these structures and then.

MARTIN: It's flat.

LEO: Sorry?

MARTIN: This. Here. I thought you built. I thought you were a builder. This is flat.

LEO: This is the car park. It's supposed to be flat.

[Turn over

MARTIN: Oh.

LEO: To go back, we dream these structures, these buildings and —

MARTIN: You said there was going to be a tower. There's a tower on the model.

LEO: The buildings take shape, become solid.

MARTIN: There's no tower here.

LEO: People live in them, work in them . . .

MARTIN: There's some lumps.

LEO: We have an effect. You understand?

MARTIN *refers to the model.*

MARTIN: Nothing like that.

LEO: The tower's going to be over there. At the head of the docks. Where the fish market used to be. They're still digging foundations. But you can imagine.

MARTIN: Is this one of yours? The tower? Did you dream it?

LEO: A lot of people are involved on the project.

MARTIN: Did you think it up though? Your dream?

LEO: I'm part of the design team, obviously . . . so in that sense, yes. Everyone has their role, everyone has input.

MARTIN: What's your input?

LEO: Well, the car park's mine. My job on the team is access. So clearly . . . parking — which is important on a project like this . . . also security, the walls, if you like.

MARTIN: They're big.

LEO: Well spotted.

MARTIN: Thick.

LEO: Look around you, Martin — beyond the fencing, over there — what do you see?

MARTIN: Houses. Some people.

LEO: Houses, yes, but — look at the immediate environment — the surroundings.

MARTIN: . . .

LEO: Understand? This site's in the middle of no-man's-land. Look at it. Devastation. Someone in the planning department told me, this is officially third world status. Which means vandalism, burglars, and Christ knows whatever else. It's a prime example.
You dream up ideas, but you have to think, you have to see potential problems. Solve them. Before they happen — understand? I saw the problem — that . . . and this is the physical solution.

MARTIN: Big walls.

LEO: Metaphorically, yes, I suppose so.

MARTIN: How high?

LEO: Four metres, plus barbed wire . . .

MARTIN: The tower. How high?

LEO: Square footage?

MARTIN: How many floors?

LEO: Seventeen.

MARTIN: How high can you build something?

LEO: In what way do you mean high?

MARTIN: Up the way high? How high can a thing be built? Anything?

LEO: It's an interesting question.

MARTIN: Interesting.

LEO: Design, materials and nature are what you have to think about. A good design can take poor materials higher. Good materials can support a poor design. And then there's nature — wind, damp, heat, earthquakes, the imponderables. You overcompensate for nature . . .

MARTIN: How high then?

LEO: The base of the building would have to be wide . . . to support the height. Lifts are a problem, over a certain number of floors and you need separate lifts . . . then there's the human elements . . . vertigo. People do get vertigo. I suppose that counts as nature. Materials, design and nature . . . if one of these factors is out of harmony then, when you get beyond a certain point, the structure overbalances, things get dangerous. You can work it out. Theoretically, though, there's no limits.

MARTIN: Can you build a thing high enough that if you fell off you wouldn't hit the ground?

LEO: . . .

MARTIN: High enough so that if you fell, you'd fall into orbit?

LEO: This is offices, Martin. No one's going to fall out.

MARTIN: Could you though?

LEO: Is this a joke?

MARTIN: I'm only asking —

LEO: It feels like you're making a joke.

MARTIN: I'm not, honestly.

LEO: I thought you wanted to talk about work.

MARTIN: I was.

LEO: If you're bored.

MARTIN: I'm not bored . . . I was asking a question.

LEO: It sounded like a joke. I'm sorry.

MARTIN: Doesn't matter. Forget it.

LEO: Put this on.

LEO *gives* MARTIN *a hardhat*.

MARTIN: What for?

LEO: Safety. It's to protect your head.

MARTIN: From what?

LEO: Everyone on site has to wear a hard hat. It's regulations.

MARTIN: But there's nothing above us. It's flat. Only lumps.

LEO: We're on site, Martin. Accidents happen. You'll wear a hard hat.

MARTIN: I'm just saying.

LEO: What the hell is the problem with you?
There's no pain in wearing it.
It won't hurt your head.
I said to put it on.

MARTIN *puts the hat on*.

MARTIN: I look like one of the Village People.

LEO: What?

MARTIN: Doesn't matter.

LEO: You mutter, Martin, do you know that? You're a mutterer. Under your breath. You speak behind your hand. Do you notice yourself doing it?

MARTIN: (*muttering*) No.

LEO: If you've got something to say. Say it clearly. Make the point.
You have to think about your presentation.
Think about how you come across.

He offers MARTIN *a cigarette*.

MARTIN: I don't smoke.

LEO: Quite right too.

He tries to light his cigarette. He can't get the lighter to work.

LEO: Too windy.

He turns and cups his hand. The lighter still doesn't work.

LEO: Damn.

He lifts his jacket to use as a windbreak. Again he fails.

LEO: Damn.

MARTIN: I thought you'd given up.

LEO: Not yet.

MARTIN: Mum said she didn't let you smoke in the house any more.

LEO: We're not in the house.

MARTIN: Die if you want to.

LEO: You're muttering again. Stand here.

MARTIN *stands in front of* LEO *to block the wind*.

MARTIN: I said, 'Die if you want to.'

LEO: Closer.

MARTIN *stands closer.*

MARTIN: Man your age. Your job. You're probably due a stroke.

LEO: Closer.

MARTIN *and* LEO *stand uncomfortably close. The cigarette is finally lit.* MARTIN *moves away.*

LEO: So. What do you think?

MARTIN: About what?

LEO: The work. Does it appeal?

MARTIN: . . . ?

LEO: Are you interested or not?

MARTIN: . . . ?

LEO: Do you want the job?

MARTIN: What job?

LEO: What do you think I've been talking about?

MARTIN: I don't know. Stuff.

LEO: I wanted you to see the work.
I'm offering you a job, Martin.
You don't do anything . . . you're drifting . . . you don't — I've been thinking, for a while now, just the time hasn't been right, I've been considering the idea of setting up on my own. Small scale. Nothing big, not yet anyway. It's only an idea at the moment but this job's coming to an end and . . .
I want to get back to . . . a certain control. Understand?
This work, there's prestige but there's no control.

MARTIN: Who builds the models?

LEO: Never mind the model. Are you interested?

MARTIN: You used to let me play with these, when you'd finished with them. I put toy soldiers in the buildings . . . I staged riots, assassinations and things, street to street fighting, car bombs and earthquakes.

LEO: They're technical models. They're not toys.

MARTIN: They're so delicate. So perfect. They look solid but you only have to nudge them and something breaks.

LEO: You could have damaged them.

MARTIN: The model's clean. Is that deliberate? When you make them? They don't look anything like real buildings. There's no dirt. No mess around them. Just white card, patches of green felt and pretend trees. They look like film buildings. They look as though the sun's always shining on them.

LEO: Do you want to work with me or not? . . .
It would be a job.

MARTIN: Can I do the models?

LEO: You'd have to start at the bottom . . . but you'd be trained. I could start you off with —

MARTIN: I could be in charge of making the models look real. Cover the walls in graffiti or something . . . put little models of dossers under the bridges . . . Use my know-how. Could I do that?

LEO: Why don't we have a look at the foundations?

MARTIN: Whatever you say, boss.

LEO: You can see how the building takes shape.

MARTIN: Whatever you want, boss.

SHEENA *has entered. She stands by the model. She is carrying some papers.*

LEO: I want to know what you want, Martin. I know what I want. I'm trying to help you.

MARTIN: Dad, there's —

LEO: I don't expect you to be interested, you know. You don't have to pretend — Obviously you're interested in other things. Whatever. I don't know. You don't tell me. If you told me, maybe I could get in touch with someone —

MARTIN: Foundations — fine. Dad — there's a woman —

LEO: You mentioned radio. Maybe I could ring someone.

MARTIN: Cheers. But —

LEO: I have some contacts. I just thought it was possible you'd be interested in working for me.

MARTIN: I said. I said I was interested.

LEO: Don't do me any favours.

MARTIN: All right. I'm not interested.

LEO: Well, what then? What exactly do you want?

MARTIN: Do you need a bicycle courier?

SHEENA: Excuse me.

LEO: Sorry?

MARTIN: I tried to tell you.

SHEENA: Mr Black?

MARTIN: She's been stood there waiting.

SHEENA: Leo Black? Sorry to bother you. My name's Sheena Mackie. I haven't caught you at a bad time, have I?

LEO: No . . . I'm sorry. Are you supposed to be here?

SHEENA: I'll only take a minute. I've got a taxi waiting.

LEO: Do you have a site pass?

SHEENA: I didn't know I needed one?

LEO: No one's allowed on site without a pass . . . I'm sorry it's regulations.

SHEENA: Well. I'm here now so maybe we could have a chat.

LEO: It's Saturday morning, Mrs . . .

SHEENA: Mackie, it's actually Ms. As I say, I'll only be a minute, the thing is I've tried to get you at your office, but you always seem to be busy . . . I don't know if you remember the letter? I've put a copy in with the petition.

LEO: Petition? You've lost me.

SHEENA: I'm the tenants' representative. From Eden Court. We wrote to you about the flats weeks ago now.

LEO: What letter?
I haven't seen any —
Just a minute. Martin, could you get the phone from the car?

SHEENA: I wouldn't normally bother you but things are moving on. We need to keep things going. For the campaign. Your wife said you'd be down here. I thought I'd take the chance to catch you.

LEO: There's obviously been some —
Some kind of mix up.
I'm sure we can sort it out. The thing is . . . you need a site pass. You understand we can't have people wandering round, in case there's an accident. If you hold on, my son'll ring the security people. Martin, could you give Mrs Mackie your hat. While you're on site you need a hard hat. In case anything falls on your head. For insurance . . .

MARTIN *gives her his hat*.

LEO *begins reading the folder of papers*.

SHEENA: I feel like the Queen visiting the shipyards.

MARTIN: What about me?

LEO: What?

MARTIN: I don't have a hat now.

LEO: Just get the phone.

SHEENA: I won't be a minute. The meter's running. Is that your son?

MARTIN: Do you want me to answer?

LEO: He helps me.

SHEENA: Are you a builder as well?

LEO: Architect.

MARTIN: Bicycle courier.

SHEENA: Well. Pleased to meet you.

MARTIN: Martin.
Do you still want me to get the phone?

LEO: Yes.

SHEENA: Like Dean Martin.

MARTIN: What?

SHEENA: Before your time.

MARTIN: No.

LEO: I don't follow this, Mrs Mackie.
This petition you've got here.
This correspondence.
It's been sorted out. The council have spoken to me about the Eden Court flats. I've talked to them about it. They're going to refurbish them . . . I've sent designs . . . I don't see what you're getting at.

MARTIN: Martin Sheen maybe.

SHEENA: You didn't know?

LEO: No.

SHEENA: I'm not sure how to say this.
The problem is . . . we . . .
I mean, us, the tenants . . . we don't want the flats refurbished.

MARTIN: Martin Luther King.

Bored, MARTIN *has begun to play with the model, piling buildings on top of each other. Moving them around.*

LEO: But they need work. Some of those blocks haven't been maintained for years.

MARTIN: Martina Navratilova.

LEO: I told the housing executive. They'll fall apart if work isn't done on them soon. The surveyor's report was — Martin, don't do that!

MARTIN: Just curious.

LEO: The problem's under control. The work's being done for you.

SHEENA: We don't want the flats done up, Mr Black. We want them knocked down.

LEO: . . .

SHEENA: We've got a petition. Signed by every resident.
That copy's for you. There's a copy gone to the council, one to the paper and one to Prince Charles. He signed it.

LEO: Christ.

SHEENA: Well, he's interested in that sort of thing, isn't he? Buildings. He's concerned. Not professionally but like an ordinary person. Isn't he?

LEO: He's not an architect. No.

SHEENA: Mr Black, we just want houses. We've been in Eden Court, some of us, for twenty years. This isn't a new problem. We've tried but things have gone too far now. We're not interested in plastering over the cracks any more. We want to live in proper houses, decently built.

LEO: I see.

SHEENA: It's nothing personal.

LEO: Of course.

SHEENA: No offence.

LEO: None taken.

SHEENA: You'll consider the petition then?

LEO: I don't really see how I can help you.

SHEENA: You can give us your support.

LEO: To demolish my own buildings?

SHEENA: Our flats.

LEO: My design.

MARTIN: You could bomb them.

LEO: I don't see why you need my signature. I'd have thought there was plenty people who wanted to see the back of Eden Court.

MARTIN: From the sky. Planes.

LEO: People in this country don't like anything unless it's thatched.

MARTIN: Smart bombs.

SHEENA: The council don't want to build a new estate. They say there isn't the money. It's cheaper to slap a bit of paint on and leave the place to fall apart. We could take them to court but something like this could take years. The only way we'll get what we want is if we embarrass the council. And if you say they need to be rebuilt they'll have to do something. They can hardly argue with the architect, can they?

LEO: Or Prince Charles.

. . .

You're very well organised, Mrs Mackie. This is . . . it's impressive.

SHEENA: Thank you.

LEO: You've put a lot of work into it.

SHEENA: We have.

LEO: There's obviously . . . a lot of strong feeling in what you say.

SHEENA: Obviously.

LEO: But the feelings are misdirected, I'm afraid. The Eden Court flats are good buildings. Technically.

MARTIN: What's wrong with them?

SHEENA: They're cold, the lifts don't work.

LEO: There's nothing wrong with the design.

MARTIN: Is that all?

SHEENA: Most of the flats are infested with cockroaches.

LEO: There wasn't enough money spent on them at the time.

MARTIN: Get Rentokil.

LEO: But if the council are prepared to spend the money now I don't see the need for destruction.

SHEENA: They're a new breed of cockroach. A new mutation. There's been a documentary.

LEO: If you look at my proposals —

SHEENA: They can't be killed in the ordinary way.

LEO: I realise that, I understand there's a depth of emotion. Tower blocks do cause . . . passion. I know that. But if I could . . . persuade you about this . . . I don't think there needs to be . . .

SHEENA: We're not asking you to say sorry or anything, Mr Black. We just want you to consider the petition. These signatures. That's the people that live in Eden Court.

LEO: But destruction.

SHEENA: People get things wrong . . . that's fair enough.

LEO: These are understandable grievances but —

SHEENA: You've got a chance to help fix it.

LEO: Individual problems like this can be solved.

SHEENA: You've got a chance to make things right.

LEO: You can't just blow something up for no reason . . . You can't just destroy something that's perfectly sound.

SHEENA: Look, Mr Black. The taxi's waiting. Now that we've met. Actually made contact. Maybe I could arrange an appointment. Talk to you once you've read everything.

LEO: I won't change my mind. I'm sorry.

SHEENA: You know, it's funny to think it was you that built them.

LEO: Is it?

SHEENA: Not you in particular. I just mean it's funny to think someone thought them up. You know, a person. You always feel as though they just happened. You're not insulted, are you?

LEO: I assure you —

SHEENA: It's just . . . seeing you. Face to face, I mean. It's funny. Well. I'll be in touch. (*To* MARTIN.) Nice to have met you.

SHEENA *leaves*. MARTIN *considers the model. Now considerably rearranged*.

LEO: Jesus Christ.

MARTIN: Boom.

LEO: What?

MARTIN: Boom.

Lights down

Question

Discuss the effectiveness of Greig's presentation of the character of Leo through his interactions with Martin and Sheena.

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

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