

**1. Try to identify all the characteristics of spoken English in the following passages. Please, do not focus only on the features that you analysed in detail in the second module of the course, but try to retrieve the elements that prof. Bruti introduced in the first part of the course as well.**

**2. Analyse the differences between the passages from the novels and the corresponding movie scripts.**

1.

SIMON: right erm (.) well I (.) there's a lot in these er (.) stories I think they kind of they're the kind of thing that would go well in the (.) in the portfolio erm (.) and I like Canal for instance

JAMES: yeah I've rewritten it erm (.)

SIMON: yeah

JAMES: 'cos I wasn't happy with it I've been trying to write in a more quick style I've

SIMON: yeah

JAMES: been a bit too influenced by reading loads of American people I realise I don't like the style (.) it's over-sentimental and too er detailed (.) and I wanted to get back to a more clipped European style

SIMON: yeah

JAMES: and that

SIMON: yeah

JAMES: so I've sort of reworked it to get it more er

SIMON: oh right yeah

JAMES: I don't want anything that isn't meant to be there I want it to be efficient

SIMON: well

JAMES: *(laughter)*

SIMON: I think that might be good if you wanted to bring in the one that you wanted

JAMES: which I'm pleased with

SIMON: which you're pleased with

JAMES: yeah (.)

SIMON: I don't think there's anything wrong with it particularly. I mean (.) I think

JAMES: but I just think

SIMON: I mean I think well certainly the stories are kind of good enough to go into the portfolio

JAMES: yeah

SIMON: I think (.) I'm trying to remember which one it was there's one where you kind of erm I think it occasionally you're going for something like the idea is you're going to have a clever remark er somewhere in it

JAMES: umm

SIMON: erm erm I think er like that kind of (.) sometimes (.) stops the poetry the the story from being (.) quite as effective

JAMES: you mean that at the end or just anywhere

SIMON: well (.) I think (.) erm *(long pause while tutor looks through stories)* no it's not that one I don't think I think erm I think it's erm (.)

JAMES: are you referring to the end?

SIMON: well not just the ending no it's it's kind of like the occasional thing that (.) you you're going for a funny remark when it doesn't quite come off

JAMES: right yeah

SIMON: but they actually work as stories

2.

A: well does Caroline like Jane (.) I don't know to be honest (2) well no (.) she said (.) she's cold she said (.) she doesn't dislike (.) but they've never really clicked

K: cold?

A: er yeah

K: Jane's cold?

A: and they've never really clicked (.) but she only has to work for her three days a week

K: I thought it was erm (.) Irene she didn't like

S: no it's Jane she didn't like

A: oh (.) and she was saying that (.) you know you were saying why didn't she get any men (.) in the hairdressers (.) she gets loads of offers she said (.) but they're all from married men (.) who want affairs

## Sense and Sensibility

1.

### **Sense and Sensibility, p. 35.**

Mrs. Dashwood, who could not think a man five years younger than herself so exceedingly ancient as he appeared to the youthful fancy of her daughter, ventured to clear Mrs. Jennings from the probability of wishing to throw ridicule on his age.

‘But, at least, mama, you cannot deny the absurdity of the accusation, though you may not think it intentionally ill-natured. Colonel Brandon is certainly younger than Mrs. Jennings, but he is old enough to be *my* father; and if he were ever animated enough to be in love, must have long outlived every sensation of the kind. It is too ridiculous! When is a man to be safe from such wit, if age and infirmity will not protect him?’

‘Infirmity!’ said Elinor; ‘do you call Colonel Brandon infirm? I can easily suppose that his age may appear much greater to you than my mother; but you can hardly deceive yourself as to his having the use of his limbs?’

‘Did not you hear him complain of rheumatism? And is not that the commonest infirmity of declining life?’

‘My dearest child,’ said her mother, laughing, ‘at this rate, you must be in continual terror of *my* decay; and it must seem to you a miracle that my life has been extended to the advanced age of forty.’

### **Film transcript, pp. 79-80.**

Marianne: It is too ridiculous! When is a man to be safe from such wit if age and infirmity did not protect him?

Elinor: Infirmity!

Mrs Dashwood: If Colonel Brandon is infirm, then I am at death's door.

Elinor: It is a miracle your life has extended this far...

Marianne: Did you not hear him complain of a rheumatism in his shoulder?

Elinor: ‘A slight ache’ I believe was his phrase...

*Marianne smiles and Elinor laugh at her.*

### **Sense and Sensibility, pp. 39-41.**

‘Is there a felicity in the world,’ said Marianne, ‘superior to this? Margaret, we will walk here at least two hours.’

Margaret agreed, and they pursued their way against the wind, resisting it with laughing delight for about twenty minutes longer, when suddenly the clouds united over their heads, and a driving rain set full in their faces. Chagrined and surprised, they were obliged, though unwillingly, to turn back, for no shelter was nearer than their own house. One consolation, however, remained for them, to which the exigence of the moment gave more than usual propriety; it was that of running with all possible speed down the steep side of the hill which led immediately to their garden gate. They set off. Marianne had at first the advantage, but a false step brought her suddenly to the ground, and Margaret unable to stop herself to assist her, was involuntarily hurried along, and reached the bottom in safety.

A gentleman carrying a gun, with two pointers playing round him, was passing up the hill, and within a few yards from Marianne, when her accident happened. He put down his gun and ran to her assistance. She had raised herself from the ground, but her foot had been twisted in the fall, and she was scarcely able to stand. The gentleman offered his services, and perceiving that her modesty declined what her situation rendered necessary, took her up in his arms without further delay, and

carried her down the hill. Then passing through the garden, the gate of which had been left open by Margaret, he bore her directly into the house, whither Margaret was just arrived, and quitted not his hold till he had seated her in a chair in the parlour.

Elinor and her mother rose up in amazement at their entrance, and while the eyes of both were fixed on him with an evident wonder and a secret admiration which equally sprung from his appearance, he apologized for his intrusion by relating its cause, in a manner so frank and so graceful, that his person, which was uncommonly handsome, received additional charms from his voice and expression. Had he been even old, ugly, and vulgar, the gratitude and kindness of Mrs. Dashwood would have been secured by any act of attention to her child; but the influence of youth, beauty, and elegance, gave an interest to the action which came home to her feelings.

She thanked him again and again, and with a sweetness of address which always attended her, invited him to be seated. But this he declined, as he was dirty and wet. Mrs. Dashwood then begged to know to whom she was obliged. His name, he replied, was Willoughby, and his present home was at Allenham, from whence he hoped she would allow him the honour of calling to-morrow to inquire after Miss Dashwood. The honour was readily granted, and he then departed, to make himself still more interesting, in the midst of an heavy rain.

**Film transcript, pp. 84-89.**

59. EXT. DOWNS NEAR BARTON COTTAGE. DAY.

*It has started to rain. Mists are gathering around the two figures walking against the wind.*

Marianne: Is there any felicity in the world superior to this?

Margaret: I told you it would rain.

Marianne: Look! There is some blue sky! Let us chase it!

Margaret: I'm not supposed to run...

*Marianne runs off down the hill into the heart of the mist. Margaret stumbles after her, grumbling. We follow Marianne in her headlong descent and suddenly, dramatically, she trips and sprawls to the ground, letting out a sharp cry of pain.*

Margaret: Marianne!

Marianne: Help me!

*She tries to get up, but the pain in her ankle is too great. She sinks back to the ground. Margaret is very alarmed.*

Marianne: Margaret, run home and fetch help.

*The mists have thickened. They can no longer see when they are. Despite her rising fear, Margaret squares her shoulders bravely and tries to sense the direction.*

Margaret: I think it is this way. I will run as fast as I can, Marianne.

*She dashes off. As she goes into the mist we hear the thunder of hooves. CU Margaret's terrified expression. They seem to be coming from all around. She wheels and turns and then – Crash! Through the mist breaks a huge white horse. Astride sits an Adonis in hunting gear. Margaret squeals. The horse rears. Its rider controls it and slides off. He rushes to Marianne's side.*

The stranger: Are you hurt?

Marianne (transfixed): Only my ankle.

The stranger: May I have your permission to –

*He indicates her leg. Decorous, perhaps faintly impish.*

The stranger: - ascertain if there are any breaks?

*Marianne nods speechlessly. With great delicacy, he feels her ankle. Margaret's eyes are out on chapel-hooks. Marianne almost swoons with embarrassment and excitement mixed*

The stranger: It is not broken. Now, can you put your arm about my neck?

*Marianne does not need any encouragement. He lifts her effortlessly and calls to his horse: 'Bedivere!' It trots obediently forward. The stranger smiles down at Marianne.*

The stranger: Allow me to escort you home.

60. INT: BARTON COTTAGE. DINING ROOM. DAY.

*Rain is thudding again the window from which Mrs Dashwood turns, looking very worried.*

## About a Boy

### Novel

Christine came in holding the new baby while John was in the kitchen making him a cup of tea.

'This is Imogen,' she said.

'Oh,' said Will. 'Right.' What was he supposed to say next? He knew there was something, but he couldn't for the life of him remember what it was. 'She's...' No. It had gone. He concentrated his conversational efforts on Christine. 'How are you, anyway, Chris?'

'What about you, anyway, Will?' 'I'm fine, thanks.' 'Any desire for a family of your own yet?'

I would rather eat one of Barney's dirty nappies, he thought.

'Not yet,' he said.

'You are a worry to us,' said Christine. 'I'm OK as I am, thanks.' 'Maybe,' said Christine smugly.

'We were wondering,' said John, 'whether you'd like to be Imogen's Godfather?'

The two of them sat there with as expectant smile on their face, as if he were about to leap to his feet, burst into tears and wrestle them to the carpet in a euphoric embrace. Will laughed nervously.

'Godfather? Church and things? Birthday presents? Adoption if you're killed in an air crash?'

'Yeah.'

'You're kidding'.

'We've always thought you have hidden depths,' said John.

'Ah, but you see I haven't. I really am this shallow.'

They were still smiling. They weren't getting in. 'Listen. I'm touched that you asked. But I can't think of anything worse. Seriously. It's not my sort of thing.'

### Script

Christina: This is Imogene. You can hold her if you like.

Will: That's... Well, okay. Yeah. Got her. Lovely. Yeah, she's delightful, isn't she?

Christina: I know. Isn't she?

Will: Mmm... To tell the truth, I'm being crap with her. You better take her back.

Christina: Ehi, uh... She could've been yours if you got your act together.

Will: Just think of that, yeah. So, the place is looking... really nice.

John: Barney, Barney, Barney. Say hello to Will, Barney.

Will: (Here we go. It's the Antichrist). Hello, Barney. How are you?

John: He's lovely.

Will: Yeah.

John: And what about you, Will? Any desire for a family of your own yet?

Will: (I'd rather eat Barney's nappies). Not really. I'm sort of all right as I am.

Christina: Oh, please, Will.

Will: What does that mean? "Oh, please" what?

Christina: Look at yourself. You're 38 and you've never had a job...

...or a relationship that lasted longer than two months. I wouldn't exactly say you were okay. I mean, I would say you were a disaster. I mean, what is the point of your life?

Will: Bloody hell. You're right. There's probably no point to my life...  
...but thank you for bringing it up.

John: Will, the reason we wanted you to come here today was we wanted to ask you...

Christina: ...how would you like to be Imogene's godfather?

Will: Seriously?

Christina: Seriously.

Will: Listen, I'm really, really touched. But, ahm, you must be joking. I couldn't possibly think of a worse godfather for Imogene. You know me. I'll drop her at her christening. I'll forget her birthdays until her 18th, when I'll take her out and get her drunk...

...and possibly, let's face it, you know, try and shag her. I mean, seriously, it's a very, very bad choice.

Christina: We know, I just thought you had hidden depths.

Will: Oh, no... No. No... You've always had that wrong. I really am this shallow.