

Jerusalem – Benchmark Assessment

Explore how Butterworth explores Ginger and the Professor in this extract from *Jerusalem*.

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

PROFESSOR (*off*). Mary! Mary? Are you there? Mary? Mary?

GINGER. Here we go.

JOHNNY. Be nice.

GINGER. Here we fucking go.

JOHNNY. Oi. Play nicely. Ginger –

GINGER. I'm not saying anything.

Enter the PROFESSOR, smartly dressed, with wellies, through the wood.

PROFESSOR. Good morning, Mr Byron.

JOHNNY. Morning, Professor. You're up early. You off to the fair then?

PROFESSOR. Indeed. Indeed, Mr Byron. Indeed I'm off to the fair.

He clears his throat.

To see a strange outlandish fowl,
A quaint baboon, an ape, an owl,
A dancing bear, a giant's bone,
A warlock shift a standing stone,
A rhymer's jests, a juggler's cheats,
A tumbler showing cunning feats,
A morris dance, a puppet play,
Mad Tom to sing a roundelay,
All this upon St George's Day!

I was up at first light. I said to the shaving mirror, I said, 'It's ten press-ups, then up Rooster's Wood by breakfast. A lungful of wild garlic, then scurry up Orr Hill to watch the floats gather.' Here we are, and now I've lost the dog. I've looked all over. You haven't seen my Mary pass this way?

JOHNNY. Not this morning, Professor. No...

PROFESSOR. She spies a weasel and that's that. I tracked her through the bracken and bluebells. I'll holler myself hoarse for all the good it'll do. Will she come back? Will she?

JOHNNY. I'm sure she'll bundle up.

PROFESSOR. Of course. Of course. Well, it's very good to see you, Mr Byron. Who's this young lady?

JOHNNY. This is Ginger, Professor. You remember Ginger. From last time.

GINGER. Morning.

PROFESSOR. I remember you. You're in the Maths Faculty?

GINGER. No, mate. I'm a DJ.

JOHNNY. Since when?

GINGER. I'm a DJ.

JOHNNY. He's an unemployed plasterer.

PROFESSOR. I see. Are you pure or applied?

GINGER (to the PROFESSOR). Just a tick, mate. (To JOHNNY.) Since, right, I'm pencilled in second if 2 Trevs pulls out today, from the car park of The Cooper's at sunset. I got my records in the car. (To the PROFESSOR.) Sorry. You were saying.

PROFESSOR. A DJ, eh?

GINGER. That's right, mate.

PROFESSOR. How does that work?

GINGER. Basically, I spin sick beats. Bring the ruckus. Drop the bomb on the people at the back 'cause the people at the back don't take no slack.

PROFESSOR. Fascinating. It's Maureen, isn't it?

GINGER. That's right, mate. Maureen.

PROFESSOR. Maureen Pringle.

GINGER. Doctor Maureen Pringle. How do you do?

PROFESSOR. How are you finding the funding cuts over there?

GINGER. I think it's disgraceful. I don't see how we're going to meet our quotas. It's like a sausage factory.

PROFESSOR. Word in the college is 1987 is going to be worse.

JOHNNY. I suggest you bring the ruckus.

GINGER. Just you try and stop me...

PROFESSOR. That's the spirit, Maureen.

JOHNNY. I'll tell you what, Maureen.

GINGER. It's Doctor Maureen.

JOHNNY. I'll you what, Doctor. You pop in there, make us two bacon rolls, I'll roll a spliff, we'll spruce up. Get down in time for the floats.

GINGER. Only if you tell him I'm a DJ.

JOHNNY. You're not a DJ.

GINGER. Just say it. Say, 'Ginger is a DJ.'

JOHNNY. I'll never say it.

GINGER. Say it.

JOHNNY. Never.

GINGER. Ginger is a DJ.

JOHNNY. Fuck off.

GINGER. Say it.

JOHNNY. No.

GINGER. Say it.

JOHNNY. No.

GINGER. Say it. Say it.

PROFESSOR. For God's sake, man. Say it. 'Ginger is a DJ.'
Ginger is a DJ.

Beat.

GINGER (*points to JOHNNY*). You are a cunt. (*Points to the PROFESSOR.*) You, I like.

PROFESSOR. Perhaps, Doctor Pringle, a drink some time?

GINGER. That would be delightful. I should point out for the record I don't actually have GCSE Maths. But I *do* have a great big hairy cock and balls. If that helps. (*He pats the PROFESSOR's cheek. To JOHNNY.*) Not too much baccy.

JOHNNY. Lots of HP.

GINGER *goes inside and shuts the door.*

PROFESSOR. By God. She's *modern.*