

Agrégation interne d'anglais
Session 2022
Épreuve EPC
Exposé de la préparation d'un cours

EPC
352

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Ken Loach, *I, Daniel Blake* (trailer), Sixteen Films, 2016.
- Document 2 : John Lennon, "Working Class Hero", *John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band*, Apple Records / EMI, 1970.
 - 2A : Song.
 - 2B : Lyrics.
- Document 3 : Alan Sillitoe, "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner", in *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner* (collection of short stories), Harper Perennial, 1959, pp. 51-52.

Compte tenu des caractéristiques de ce dossier et des différentes possibilités d'exploitation qu'il offre, vous indiquerez à quel niveau d'apprentissage vous pourriez le destiner et quels objectifs vous vous fixeriez. Vous présenterez et justifierez votre démarche pour atteindre ces objectifs.

Document 1 : Ken Loach, *I, Daniel Blake* (trailer), Sixteen Films, 2016.

Document vidéo (1'59") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

Document 2 : John Lennon, "Working Class Hero", *John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band*, Apple Records / EMI, 1970.

2A : Song.

Document audio (3'48") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

2B : Lyrics.

"Working Class Hero"

As soon as you're born they make you feel small

By giving you no time instead of it all

'Til the pain is so big you feel nothing at all

A working class hero is something to be

5 A working class hero is something to be

They hurt you at home and they hit you at school

They hate you if you're clever and they despise a fool

'Til you're so fucking crazy you can't follow their rules

A working class hero is something to be

10 A working class hero is something to be

When they've tortured and scared you for 20 odd years

Then they expect you to pick a career

When you can't really function, you're so full of fear

A working class hero is something to be

15 A working class hero is something to be

Keep you doped with religion, and sex, and T.V.

And you think you're so clever and classless and free

But you're still fucking peasants as far as I can see

A working class hero is something to be

20 A working class hero is something to be

There's room at the top they are telling you still

But first you must learn how to smile as you kill

If you want to be like the folks on the hill

A working class hero is something to be

25 A working class hero is something to be

If you want to be a hero well just follow me

If you want to be a hero well just follow me

Document 3 : Alan Sillitoe, "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner", in *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner* (collection of short stories), Harper Perennial, 1959, pp. 51-52.

Smith, a young offender, is detained in a Borstal, a rehabilitation school for teenagers in England.

Because I'm slowing down now for Gunthorpe to catch me up, and I'm doing it in a place just where the drive turns in to the sportsfield — where they can see what I'm doing, especially the governor and his gang from the grandstand, and I'm going so slow I'm almost marking time. Those on the nearest seats haven't caught on yet to what's happening and are still cheering like mad ready for when I make that mark, and I keep on wondering when the bleeding hell Gunthorpe behind me is going to nip by on to the field because I can't hold this up all day, and I think Oh Christ it's just my rotten luck that Gunthorpe's dropped out and that I'll be here for half an hour before the next bloke comes up, but even so, I say, I won't budge, I won't go for that last hundred yards if I have to sit down cross-legged on the grass and have the governor and his chinless wonders pick me up and carry me there, which is against their rules so you can bet they'd never do it because they're not clever enough to break the rules — like I would be in their place — even though they are their own. No, I'll show him what honesty means if it's the last thing I do, though I'm sure he'll never understand because if he and all them like him did it'd mean they'd be on my side which is impossible. By God I'll stick this out like my dad stuck out his pain and kicked them doctors down the stairs; if he had guts for that then I've got guts for this and here I stay waiting for Gunthorpe or Aylesham to bash that turf and go right slap-up against that bit of clothes-line stretched across the winning post. As for me, the only time I'll hit that clothes-line will be when I'm dead and a comfortable coffin's been got ready on the other side. Until then I'm a long-distance runner, crossing country all on my own no matter how bad it feels.

The Essex boys were shouting themselves blue in the face telling me to get a move on, waving their arms, standing up and making as if to run at that rope themselves because they were only a few yards to the side of it. You cranky lot, I thought, stuck at that winning post, and yet I knew they didn't mean what they were shouting, were really on my side and always would be, not able to keep their maulers to themselves, in and out of cop-shops and clink. And there they were now having the time of their lives letting themselves go in cheering me which made the governor think they were heart and soul on his side when he wouldn't have thought any such thing if he'd had a grain of sense. And I could hear the lords and ladies now

40 from the grandstand, and could see them standing up to wave me in: 'Run!' they were shouting in their posh voices. 'Run!' But I was deaf, daft and blind, and stood where I was, still tasting the bark in my mouth and still blubbing like a baby, blubbing now out of gladness that I'd got them beat at last.