



Thursday 13 June 2019 – Morning

A Level Drama and Theatre

H459/45 Deconstructing Texts for Performance Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes

No additi Paper.	onal mate	erial is re	quired for	this Ques	tion



Please write clea	arly in b	lack ink	. Do no	ot writ	e in the barcodes.		
Centre number					Candidate number		
First name(s)							
Last name							

INSTRUCTIONS

- Use black ink. You may use an HB pencil for annotation lines.
- Answer all the questions.
- Write your answer to each question in the space provided. If additional space is required, use the lined page(s) at the end of this booklet. The question number(s) must be clearly shown.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 60.
- The marks for each question are shown in brackets [].
- · This document consists of 16 pages.

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Answer all the questions.

withi	director	ısical as	a whole	e, and a	innotate	how yo	u would	bring th	is out.		I
	•									 	

JUDGE. You're in a me today, barber.	erry mood again	
TODD (<i>Joyfully</i>). Pretty women!		
JUDGE.	TODD.	5
What we do for Pretty women! (During the following, T bay rum on the JUDGE behind him for a razor)		10
Blowing out their candles Or combing out their hair –	Blowing out their candles Or combing out their hair,	
Then they leave – Even when they leave you And vanish, they	Even when they leave,	15
somehow Can still remain There with you there	They still Are there, They're there	20
(Music continu	es under)	
JUDGE. How seldom it fellow spirit!		25
TODD (Smiling down). – in women, at least		
JUDGE. What? What's	that?	
TODD. The years no d changed me, sir. Bu the face of a barber of a prisoner in the o particularly memora	t then, I suppose, – the face dock – is not	30
JUDGE (With horrified and Benjamin Barker! (The factory whistle	ŕ	35
JUDGE in terror trie but TODD slashes h pulls the lever and s tumbling out of sigh chute. Music continu moment, TODD star forward by the chair Then slowly he drop and even more slow razor, gazing at it. H	s to jump up his throat, then sends the body t and down the ues. For a long hds crouched t, exhaling deeply. his to his knees hyly holds up the	<i>40 45</i>
TODD.	onigo,	
Rest now, my friend Rest now forever. Sleep now the untro Sleep of the angels © OCR 2019	oubled	50

(Suddenly remembering, speaks)	
The boy.	
(He starts down the stairs. He stops midway, remembering his razor)	55
My razor!	
(He starts back up the steps just as JOHANNA has climbed out of the chest. She stands frozen)	
You! What are you doing here? Speak!	60
JOHANNA (<i>Deepening her voice</i>). Oh, dear. Er – excuse me, sir. I saw the barber's sign. So thinking to ask for a shave, I –	65
TODD. When? When did you come in?	
JOHANNA. Oh, sir, I beg of you. Whatever I have seen, no man shall ever know. I swear it. Oh, sir, please, sir	70
TODD. A shave, eh?	
(He turns chair toward her)	
At your service.	
JOHANNA. But, sir	
TODD. Whatever you may have seen, your cheeks are still as much in need of the razor as before. Sit, sir. Sit.	75
(TODD sits JOHANNA in the chair. As he goes for the razor, simultaneously the factory whistle blows and MRS. LOVETT is heard screaming "Die! Die!" from the bakehouse	80
below. JOHANNA jumps up and runs out, TODD lunges after her, misses her. She runs away. TODD pauses; another scream from the bakehouse sends him running down the stairs, and as he disappears into the pieshop, the company appears)	85
COMPANY (Sings). Lift your razor high, Sweeney! Hear it singing, "Yes!" Sink it in the rosy skin Of righteousness!	90
(Light comes up on the bakehouse, MRS. LOVETT is standing in horror by the mouth of the chute from which the JUDGE, still alive, clutches her skirt. MRS. LOVETT tries to tug the	95
skirt away from the vise-like grip)	100

MRS. LOVETT. Die! Die! God in heaven – die!	
(The JUDGE's fingers relax their grip; he is dead. Panting, MRS. LOVETT backs away from him and for the first time notices the body of the BEGGAR WOMAN. She pauses)	105
You! Can it be? How all the demons of Hell come to torment me!	
(Looks hastily over her shoulder)	110
Quick! To the oven.	
(She starts to drag the BEGGAR WOMAN to the oven as TODD enters, runs to her)	
TODD. Why did you scream? Does the Judge still live?	115
MRS. LOVETT. He was clutching, holding on to my skirt, but now – he's finished.	
(Continues dragging BEGGAR WOMAN to oven)	120
TODD. Leave them to me. Open the doors.	
(He starts to shove her toward the oven)	
MRS. LOVETT (<i>Clutching the</i> BEGGAR WOMAN's wrists). No! Don't touch her!	125
TODD (Pushing her to the oven doors and leaning down to pick up the BEGGAR WOMAN). What is the matter with you? It's only some meddling old beggar –	130
(MRS. LOVETT opens the oven doors and the light from the fire illuminates the BEGGAR WOMAN's face. A chord of music as TODD realizes who she is)	135
Oh no, Oh God "Don't I know you?" she said	
(Looks up)	140
You knew she lived. From the first moment that I walked into your shop you knew my Lucy lived!	
MRS. LOVETT. I was only thinking of you!	145
TODD (<i>Looking down again, sings</i>). Lucy	
MRS. LOVETT. Your Lucy! A crazy hag picking bones and rotten spuds out	

of alley ashcans! Would you have wanted to know that was all that was left of her?	150
TODD (Slowly looking up). You lied to me.	
MRS. LOVETT (Sings). No, no, not lied at all. No, I never lied.	155
TODD (<i>To the</i> BEGGAR WOMAN). Lucy	
MRS. LOVETT. Said she took the poison – she did – Never said that she died – Poor thing, She lived –	160
TODD.	
I've come home again	165
MRS. LOVETT. But it left her weak in the head, All she did for months was just lie there in bed –	
TODD.	170
Lucy	
MRS. LOVETT. Should've been in hospital, Wound up in Bedlam instead, Poor thing!	175
TODD.	
Oh, my God	
MRS. LOVETT. Better you should think she was dead. Yes, I lied 'cos I love you!	180
TODD. Lucy	
MRS. LOVETT. I'd be twice the wife she was! I love you!	185
TODD. What have I done?	
MRS. LOVETT. Could that thing have cared for you Like me?	190
(TODD rises, soft and smiling; MRS. LOVETT takes a step away in panic. Waltz music starts)	
TODD.	
Mrs. Lovett, You're a bloody wonder, Eminently practical and yet Appropriate as always. As you've said repeatedly,	195

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There's little point in dwelling on the 200 past.

MRS. LOVETT. TODD.

Do you mean it? No, come here, my

love ...

Everything I did I swear I thought

Was only for the Not a thing to fear,

best,

Believe me! My love ... Can we still be What's dead

210

Married? Is dead.

> (TODD puts his arm around her waist; she starts to relax in her babbling, and they sway to the waltz, her arms

around his neck) 215

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15 ADDITIONAL ANSWER SPACE

If additional space is required, you should use the following lined page(s). The question number(s must be clearly shown in the margin(s).

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