



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

Thursday 13 June 2024 – 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 extra materials are needed.



Please write clearly in black ink. **Do not write in the barcodes.**

Centre number

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Candidate number

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First name(s)

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Last name

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INSTRUCTIONS

- Use black ink. You can use an HB pencil, but only for annotation lines.
- Write your answer to each question in the space provided. If you need extra space use the lined pages at the end of this booklet. The question numbers must be clearly shown.
- Answer **all** the questions.

INFORMATION

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

ADVICE

- Read each question carefully before you start your answer.

- 1 As a director, describe and justify your vision for directing the actors in this extract to create character dynamics and explore emotions. Annotate the script to show how you would do this.

[30]

[illegible]

BEADLE: Mrs. Lovett! Mrs. Lovett!	
MRS. LOVETT (<i>Climbing the stairs, looking for TODD</i>): Mr. Todd! Mr. Todd!	
BEADLE (<i>Notices the harmonium, sits down, and sings from a song book, accompanying himself</i>): Sweet Polly Plunkett lay in the grass, Turned her eyes heavenward, sighing, "I am a lass who alas loves a lad Who alas has a lass in Canterbury. 'Tis a row dow diddle dow day 'Tis a row dow diddle dow dee ..."	5 10
MRS. LOVETT (<i>Enters, clapping</i>): Oh, Beadle Bamford, I didn't know you were a music lover, too.	15
BEADLE (<i>Not rising</i>): Good afternoon, Mrs. Lovett. Fine instrument you've acquired.	
MRS. LOVETT: Oh yes, it's my pride and joy.	20
BEADLE (<i>Sings, as she watches him uneasily</i>): Sweet Polly Plunkett saw her life pass, Flew down the city road, crying, "I am a lass who alas loves a lad Who alas has a lass loves another lad Who once I had In Canterbury. 'Tis a row dow diddle dow day, 'Tis a row dow diddle dow dee ..."	25 30
(<i>He speaks, leafing through the pages</i>) Well, ma'am, I hope you have a few moments, for I'm here today on official business.	35
MRS. LOVETT: Official?	
BEADLE: That's it, ma'am. You see, there's been complaints —	
MRS. LOVETT: Complaints?	
BEADLE: About the stink from your chimney. They say at night it's something foul. Health regulations being my duty, I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to let me take a look.	40
MRS. LOVETT (<i>Hiding extreme anxiety</i>): At the bakehouse?	45
BEADLE: That's right, ma'am.	
MRS. LOVETT (<i>Improvising wildly</i>): But, it's locked and ... and I don't have the key. It's Mr. Todd upstairs — he's got the key and he's not here right now.	50

BEADLE: When will he be back?	
MRS. LOVETT: Couldn't say, I'm sure.	
BEADLE (<i>Finds a particular song</i>): Ah, one of mother's favorites ...	55
(<i>Sings</i>) If one bell rings in the Tower of Bray, Ding dong, your true love will stay. Ding dong, one bell today In the Tower of Bray ...	60
Ding dong!	
TOBIAS (<i>Joining in from the bakehouse</i>): One bell today in the Tower of Bray ... Ding dong!	
BEADLE (<i>Stops playing</i>): What's that?	65
MRS. LOVETT: Oh, just my boy — the lad that helps me with the pies.	
BEADLE: But surely he's in the bakehouse, isn't he?	
MRS. LOVETT (<i>Almost beside herself</i>): Oh yes, yes, of course. But you see ... he's — well, simple in the head. Last week he run off and we found him two days later down by the embankment half-starved, poor thing. So ever since	70 75
then, we locks him in for his own security.	
BEADLE: Then we'll have to wait for Mr. Todd, won't we?	
(<i>Sings</i>)	80
But if two bells ring in the Tower of Bray, Ding dong, ding dong, your true love will stray. Ding dong —	85
(<i>Speaks</i>) Since you're a fellow music lover, ma'am, why don't you raise your voice along with mine?	
MRS. LOVETT: All right.	90
BEADLE (<i>Sings</i>): If three bells ring in the Tower of Bray ... Ding dong!	
MRS. LOVETT (<i>Another "inspiration"</i>): Oh yes, of course! Mr. Todd's gone down to Wapping. Won't be back for hours. And he'll be ever so sorry to miss you. Why, just the other day he was saying, "If only the Beadle would grace my tonsorial parlor I'd give him a most	95 100

stylish haircut, the daintiest shave — all for nothing.” So why don’t you drop in some other time and take advantage of his offer?	105
BEADLE: Well, that’s real friendly of him. <i>(Immovable, he starts to sing another verse)</i> If four bells ring in the Tower of —	
MRS. LOVETT: Just how many bells are there?	110
BEADLE: Twelve. <i>(Resumes singing)</i> Ding dong!	
MRS. LOVETT <i>(Resigned)</i> . Ding dong!	115
TOBIAS: Ding dong!	
BEADLE: Ding dong!	120
BEADLE, MRS. LOVETT <i>and</i> TOBIAS: Then lovers must pray! ... <i>(During this, TODD enters, reacts on seeing the BEADLE)</i>	
MRS. LOVETT <i>(With a huge smile of relief)</i> : Back already! Look who’s here, Mr. T., on some foolish complaint about the bakehouse or something. He wants the key and I told him you had it. But ...	125
<i>(Coquettishly, to the BEADLE)</i> ... there’s no hurry, is there, sir? Why don’t you run upstairs with Mr. Todd and let him fix you up nice and pretty — there’ll be plenty of time for the bakehouse later.	130
BEADLE <i>(Considering)</i> : Well ... tell me, Mr. Todd, do you pomade the hair? I dearly love a pomaded head.	135
MRS. LOVETT: Pomade? Of course! And a nice facial rub with bay rum too. All for free!	140
BEADLE <i>(To TODD)</i> : Well, sir, I take that very kindly.	
TODD <i>(Bowing to the BEADLE)</i> : I am, sir, entirely at your — disposal. <i>(The two men exit. MRS. LOVETT hesitates, then speaks)</i>	145
MRS. LOVETT: Let’s hope he can do it quietly. But just to be on the safe side, I’ll provide a little musical send-off.	150

<i>(She goes to the harmonium, sits down on the stool and starts playing and singing a loud verse of "Polly Plunkett" which continues</i>	155
<i>distantly during the following. In the bakehouse, TOBIAS stands by the grinding machine eating a pie. He feels something on his tongue, puts a finger in his mouth and pulls the something out, holding it up for inspection)</i>	160
TOBIAS: An 'air! Black as a rook. Now that ain't Mrs. Lovett's 'air. Oh, well, some old black cow probably.	
<i>(He continues to eat. He bites on something else, takes it out of his mouth, looks at it)</i>	165
Coo, bit of fingernail! Clumsy. Ugh!	
<i>(He drops the pie. Bored, he starts around the room, inspecting. He peers at an unidentifiable hole in the wall — the chute. He is baffled by it. As he does so, we hear a strange, shambling, shuffling sound as if a heavy object is falling inside the wall.</i>	170
<i>TOBIAS spins around just as the bloody body of the BEADLE comes trundling out of the mouth of the chute. TOBIAS screams)</i>	175
No! Oh no!	180
<i>(He dashes to the door, tries the handle; it is locked. He starts beating on it)</i>	
Mrs. Lovett! Mrs. Lovett! Let me out! Let me out!	185
<i>(Wildly he tries to break down the door. It is too solid for him. Whimpering, he stands paralyzed. Then he sees the open trap door leading to the cellar steps. He runs and disappears down them. In the parlor, MRS. LOVETT continues to sing and play. After a suitable period, she stops)</i>	190
MRS. LOVETT:	
... With a row dow diddle dow day.	195
<i>(As she gets up from the harmonium, TODD hurries in)</i>	
TODD: It's done.	
MRS. LOVETT: Not yet it isn't! The boy, he's guessed.	200
TODD: Guessed what?	
MRS. LOVETT: About Pirelli. Since you weren't here, I locked him in the	

bakehouse. He's been yelling to wake the dead. We've got to look after him.	205
TODD (<i>Fiercely</i>): But the Judge is coming. I've arranged it.	
MRS. LOVETT: You — worrying about the bloody Judge at a time like this! (<i>Grabbing his arm and pulling him toward the door</i>)	210
Come on. (<i>The scene blacks out. Members of the company appear and sing</i>)	
COMPANY (<i>Variously</i>):	215
The engine roared, the motor hissed, And who could see how the road would twist?	
In Sweeney's ledger the entries matched:	220
A Beadle arrived, and a Beadle dispatched To satisfy the hungry god Of Sweeney Todd,	
ALL:	225
The Demon Barber of Fleet ... Sweeney! ... Street. Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeeeeeeeeeeey!	
(<i>And as they sing the name, they transform themselves into the inmates of Fogg's Asylum, which is now revealed: a huge stone wall and a heavy iron door. Behind the wall, the ragged inmates are crawling, lolling, capering, giggling, shrieking. In the center of them sits JOHANNA, her long yellow hair tumbling about her</i>)	235
INMATES (<i>Intoning, chattering, screaming</i>): Sweeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeey ... Sweeneysweeneysweeneysweeney ... (<i>These moans and humming noises continue under the following, occasionally interrupted by little made birdlike outbursts of song.</i>)	245
MR. FOGG enters with ANTHONY in his wigmaker's disguise. He carries a huge pair of scissors. (<i>Behind them is the asylum wall</i>)	250

- 2 As a director, explain and justify how you could stage a performance of *Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street* to highlight the historical, social and cultural context of the musical.

[30]

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