

(The dumb show vanishes. Todd and Mrs. Lovett gaze at each other)

MRS. LOVETT: *(Coolly)* So it is you -- Benjamin Barker.

TODD: *(Frighteningly vehement)* Not Barker! Not Barker! Todd now! Sweeney Todd! Where is she?

MRS. LOVETT: So changed! Good God, what did they do to you down there in bloody Australia or wherever?

TODD: Where is my wife? Where's Lucy?

MRS. LOVETT: She poisoned herself. Arsenic from the apothecary on the corner. I tried to stop her but she wouldn't listen to me.

TODD: And my daughter?

MRS. LOVETT: Johanna? He's got her.

TODD: He? Judge Turpin?

MRS. LOVETT: Even he had a conscience tucked away, I suppose. Adopted her like his own. You could say it was good luck for her. . .almost.

TODD: Fifteen years sweating in a living hell on a trumped up charge. Fifteen years dreaming that, perhaps, I might come home to a loving wife and child. *(Todd strikes ferociously on the pie counter with his fists)* Let them quake in their boots -- Judge Turpin and the Beadle -- for their hour has come.

MRS. LOVETT: *(Awed)* You're going to -- get 'em? You? A bleeding little nobody of a runaway convict? Don't make me laugh. You'll never get His 'Igh and Mightiness! Nor the Beadle neither. Not in a million years. *(No reaction from Todd)* You got any money? *(Still no reaction)* Listen to me! You got any money?

TODD: No money.

MRS. LOVETT: Then how you going to live even?

TODD: I'll live. If I have to sweat in the sewers or in the plague hospital, I'll live -- and I'll have them.

MRS. LOVETT: Oh, you poor thing! You poor thing! *(A sudden thought)* Wait! *(She disappears behind a curtained entrance leading to her parlor. For a beat Todd stands alone, almost exalted. Mrs. Lovett returns with a razor case. She holds it out to him)* See! It doesn't have to be the sewers or the plague hospital. When they come for the little girl, I hid 'em. I thought, who knows? Maybe the poor silly blighter'll be back again someday and need 'em. Cracked in the head, wasn't I? Times as bad as they are, I could have got five, maybe ten quid for 'em, any day. See? You can be a barber again. *(She opens the case for him to look inside. For a long moment he stands, gazing down into the case)*

No. 5

MY FRIENDS (TODD, MRS. LOVETT)

Todd picks up a small razor, fondles it. MRS. LOVETT: My, them handles is chased silver, ain't they? TODD: Silver, yes.

Misterioso (♩ = 100)

The musical score is for a piano accompaniment. It is in 3/4 time and B-flat major. The tempo is marked 'Misterioso' with a quarter note equal to 100 beats per minute. The score consists of four measures. The top staff is a bass line with rests. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The bottom staff is a bass line with rests. The first measure is marked 'A', the second 'B', and the third and fourth are marked '1' and '2' respectively. The melody in the piano part is a simple, rhythmic pattern of quarter notes.

TODD:
p sempre dolce

3

These are my friends. See how they glis - ten. —

7

See this one shine, How he smiles in the light, My —

poco cresc.

11

Più mosso
mp

friend, — My faith - ful friend. —

He holds the razor to his ear.
rit.

mp *rit. e dim.*

15

p a tempo

Speak to me, friend. Whis - per, I'll lis - ten. —

p a tempo

19 *cresc.*

T. I know, I know. You've been locked out — of sight all these

poco cresc.

23 *mf*

years, _____ like me, my friend. _____ Well, I've come

cresc.

27 *Più mosso*
f

home _____ to find you wait - ing. _____

f

31

Home, _____ and we're to - geth - er, _____

mf

34 *dim.* *rit.*

T. And we'll do won-ders, — Won't we? —

37 MRS. LOVETT: (*Fondling Todd gently*)
a tempo *p*

TODD: (*Picking up a larger razor*)
p a tempo

I'm your friend, too, Mis-ter Todd, If you on - ly
You there, my friend. Come, let me hold you. —

41 *poco cresc.*

knew, Mis-ter Todd. Ooh, Mis-ter Todd, you're warm in my hand. —

Now, with a sigh, you grow warm in my hand, My —

poco cresc.

45

M.L. *dim.* *poco rall.*
 You've come home. Al-ways had a fond-ness for you, I did.

T. *poco rall.*
 friend, My clev - er friend.

mf *dim.* *poco rall.*

49

a tempo *p*
 Nev - er you fear, Mis - ter Todd. You can move in

p a tempo
 Rest now, my friends. Soon I'll un - fold you, —

p *a tempo*

53

cresc. poco a poco
 here, Mis - ter Todd. Splen - dors you nev - er have dreamed all your

cresc. poco a poco
 Soon you'll know splen - dors you nev - er have dreamed all your

cresc. poco a poco

M.L.
T.

days will be yours. I'm your friend, and you're
days, My luck-y friends. Till now your

mf

61

mine! Don't they shine beau-ti-ful! Sil-ver's good e-nough for me,
shine was mere-ly sil-ver.

f
f.p.

R.H.

65

Mis-ter T.
Friends, you shall drip ru-bies.

mf

R.H.

68

M.L.

T.

rit.

dim. *rit.*

You'll soon drip pre - cious — ru - bies... —

R.H. R.H.

R.H. R.H.

dim. *rit.*

71

A tempo, sempre dolce

Slowly, Todd rises and holds the razor up to the light.

p.

R.H. L.H.

74

p.

R.H.

cresc. poco a poco

77

The lights dim, except for a harsh spot on Todd.

TODD: My right arm is complete again!

L.H.

fff

Meno mosso, ben marcato

80

COMPANY: (Appearing suddenly)

Todd exits slowly, holding the razor high.

S. *ff* > Lift your ra - zor high, Swee - ney.

A. *ff* > Lift your ra - zor high, Swee - ney.

T. *ff* > Lift your ra - zor high, Swee - ney.

B. *ff* *div.* > Lift your ra - zor high, Swee - ney.

L.H.

84

S. > Hear it sing - ing, "Yes!"

A. > Hear it sing - ing, "Yes!"

T. > Hear it sing - ing, "Yes!"

B. > Hear it sing - ing, "Yes!"

(R.H.)

88

S. A. Sink it in the ro - sy skin of

T. Sink it in the ro - sy skin of

B. Sink it in the ro - sy skin of

ritto

92

S. A. righ - teous - ness.

T. righ - teous - ness.

B. righ - teous - ness.

fff

dim.

95

BEADLE: *mp*

His voice was soft, his man - ner mild.

99

4 WOMEN:

He sel - dom laughed but he of - ten smiled.

103

1 BASS:

He'd seen how civ - i - lized men be-have. He nev - er for - got and he

107

ALL: *p*

nev - er for - gave, Not Swee - ney, Not

1 TENOR:
1 BASS:

111

Swee - ney Todd, The De - mon Bar - ber of

115

They disappear.

Fleet Street...

Light comes up on Judge Turpin's mansion. A Bird Seller enters, carrying small birds in wicker cages. Johanna, a young girl with long blond hair, appears at an upper level of the mansion and stands disconsolate.

----- Safety -----

(Add electronically reproduced bird sounds ad lib.)

118 119 120 121

fade