

(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 written for piano. It consists of four measures, labeled A, B, 1, and 2. The time signature is 3/4 and the key signature has two flats (B-flat major). The tempo is marked 'Misterioso' with a quarter note equal to 100 beats per minute. The first measure (A) is marked 'p' (piano) and the second measure (B) is marked 'simile'. The bass line is a simple sequence of quarter notes: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat. The treble line is a simple sequence of quarter notes: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat. The score is divided into four measures, labeled A, B, 1, and 2.

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. _____

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

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