

Todd / Lovett

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.

(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 don'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 it? 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. (Music begins. She opens the case for him to look inside. TODD stands a long moment gazing down at the case) My, them handles is chased silver, ain't they?

TODD: Silver, yes.