JUDGE 2

TODD

AT THEIR MIRRORS ...

JUDGE

IN THEIR GARDENS ...

TODD

LETTER-WRITING

JUDGE

FLOWER-PICKING

TODD

WEATHER-WATCHING ...

BOTH

HOW THEY MAKE A MAN SING –
PROOF OF HEAVEN
AS YOU'RE LIVING –
PRETTY WOMEN, SIR!

JUDGE

PRETTY WOMEN, YES!
PRETTY WOMEN, SIR!
PRETTY WOMEN!
PRETTY WOMEN, SIR!
PRETTY WOMEN ...

TODD

PRETTY WOMEN, HERE'S TO
PRETTY WOMEN,
ALL THE
PRETTY WOMEN ...

(TODD raises his arm in a huge arc and is about to slice the razor across the JUDGE's throat when ANTHONY bursts in)

ANTHONY

JOHANNA MARRIES ME SUNDAY,
EVERYTHING'S SET, WE LEAVE TONIGHT

(Fade on cue)

WE'LL BE IN PARIS BY MONDAY,
OUT OF THAT HEARTLESS TYRANT'S SIGHT

JUDGE

(Jumping up, spilling the basin and knocking the razor from TODD's hand)

START You!

ANTHONY

Judge Turpin!

JUDGE

There is indeed a Higher Power to warn me thus in time.

(As ANTHONY retreats, HE jumps on him and grabs him by the arm)

Johanna elope with you? Deceiving slut – I'll lock her up in some obscure retreat where neither you nor any other vile, corrupting youth shall ever lay eyes on her again.

ANTHONY

(Shaking himself free)

But, sir, I beg of you–

JUDGE

(To TODD)

And as for you, barber, it is all too clear what company you keep. Service them well! and hold their custom – for you'll have none of mine. FINISH

(HE strides out and down the stairs)

ANTHONY

Mr. Todd!

TODD

(Shouting)

Out! Out, I say!

#17 – *Epiphany*

(Bewildered, ANTHONY leaves. Music begins under, very agitated. TODD stands motionless, in shock. As the JUDGE hurries off down the street, MRS. LOVETT, with a new bottle of gin in her hand, sees him. SHE glances after him, then goes into the back parlor where TOBIAS is now asleep. SHE looks at him, puts down the bottle and hurries out and up the stairs to TODD)

MRS. LOVETT

All this running and shouting. What is it now, dear?

TODD

I HAD HIM – AND THEN ...

MRS. LOVETT

The sailor busted in. I saw them both running down the street and I said to myself: "The fat's in the fire, for sure!"