(The shapes are now clear. A ball is in progress at the JUDGE's house: the COMPANY, wearing grotesque masks, is dancing a slow minuet. The BEADLE, leading the WIFE, appears, moving with her, through the dancers. HE gives her champagne. SHE looks dazedly around, terrified)

(MRS. LOVETT)

THERE'S NO ONE SHE KNOWS THERE,
POOR DEAR, POOR THING.
SHE WANDERS TORMENTED, AND DRINKS,
POOR THING.
THE JUDGE HAS REPENTED, SHE THINKS,
POOR THING.
"OH, WHERE IS JUDGE TURPIN?" SHE ASKS.

(During the following, the JUDGE appears, tears off his mask, then his cloak, revealing himself naked. SHE screams as HE reaches for her, struggling wildly as the BEADLE hurls her to the floor. HE holds her there as the JUDGE mounts her and the masked dancers pirouette around the ravishment giggling)

HE WAS THERE, ALL RIGHT –
ONLY NOT SO CONTRITE!
SHE WASN'T NO MATCH FOR SUCH CRAFT, YOU SEE,
AND EVERYONE THOUGHT IT SO DROLL.
THEY FIGURED SHE HAD TO BE DAFT, YOU SEE.
SO ALL OF 'EM STOOD THERE AND LAUGHED, YOU SEE.
POOR SOUL!
POOR THING!

TODD

(A wild shout)

START Would no one have mercy on her?

(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.

TODD STOP

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 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.

#5 – *My Friends*

(Music beings. 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? LOVETT STOP

TODD

Silver, yes.

(Quietly, looking into the box)

THESE ARE MY FRIENDS.
SEE HOW THEY GLISTEN.

(Picks up a small razor)

SEE THIS ONE SHINE,
HOW HE SMILES IN THE LIGHT.
MY FRIEND, MY FAITHFUL FRIEND.

(Holds it to his ear, feeling the edge with his thumb)

SPEAK TO ME, FRIEND.
WHISPER, I'LL LISTEN.

(Listening)

I KNOW, I KNOW –
YOU'VE BEEN LOCKED OUT OF SIGHT
ALL THESE YEARS –
LIKE ME, MY FRIEND.
WELL, I'VE COME HOME
TO FIND YOU WAITING.
HOME,