TOBIAS 1

(TOBIAS)

— get awful 'ot.

(HE continues to eat the pie. PIRELLI strolls over to the washstand, picks up the razor, flicks it open)

PIRELLI

You don't remember me. Why should you? I was just a down and out Irish lad you hired for a couple of weeks — sweeping up hair and such like —

(Holding up razor)

but I remember these — and you. Benjamin Barker, later transported to Botany Bay for life. So, Mr. Todd — is it a deal or do I run down the street for me pal Beadle Bamford?

(For a long moment TODD stands gazing at him)

#12a — Pirelli's Death

(Sings, nastily)

YOU T'INK-A YOU SMART,
YOU FOOLISH-A BOY.
TOMORROW YOU START
IN MY-A EMPLOY!
YOU UNNER-A-STAN'?
YOU LIKE-A MY PLAN—?

(One again HE hits his high note, and once again HE is interrupted — TODD knocks the razor out of his hand and starts, in a protracted struggle, to strangle him)

START

TOBIAS

(Downstairs, unaware of this)

Oh gawd, he's got an appointment with his tailor. If he's late and it's my fault — you don't know him!

(HE jumps up and starts out)

MRS. LOVETT

I wouldn't want to, I'm sure, dear.

(TODD violently continues with the strangling)

TOBIAS

(Calling on the stairs)

Signor! It's late! The tailor, sir.

(Remembering)

Oh, me wig!

(Runs back for it. Upstairs TODD stops dead at the sound of the voice. HE looks around wildly, see the chest, runs to it, opens the lid and then drags PIRELLI to it and tumbles him in, slamming the lid shut just as TOBIAS enters. It is at this moment that we realize that one of PIRELLI's hands is dangling out of the chest)

#12b – Pirelli Death Underscore

(TOBIAS)

Signor, I did like you said. I reminded you ... the tailor ... Ow, he ain't here.

TODD

Signor Pirelli has been called away.

TOBIAS

Where did he go?

TODD

He didn't say. You'd better run after him.

TOBIAS

Oh no, sir. Knowing him, sir, without orders to the contrary, I'd best wait for him here.

(HE crosses to the chest and sits down on it, perilously near PIRELLI's hand, which HE doesn't notice. TODD at this moment does, however. Suddenly HE is all nervous smiles)

TODD

So Mrs. Lovett gave you a pie, did she, my lad?

TOBIAS

Oh yes, sir. She's a real kind lady. One whole pie.

(As HE speaks, his hand moves very close to PlRELLI's hand)

TODD

(Moving toward him)

A whole pie, eh? That's a treat. And yet, if I know a growing boy, there's still room for more, eh?

TOBIAS

I'd say, sir.

(Patting his stomach)

An aching void.

(Once again his hand is on the edge of the chest, moving toward PIRELLI's hand. Slowly now, we see the fingers of PIRELLI's hand stirring, feebly trying to clutch TOBIAS's hand. When it has almost reached him, TODD grabs TOBIAS up off the chest)

TODD

Then why don't you run downstairs and wait for your master there? There'll be another pie in it for you, I'm sure.

(Afterthought)

And tell Mrs. Lovett to give you a nice big tot of gin.

TOBIAS

Oo, sir! Gin, sir! Thanking you, sir, thanking you kindly. Gin! You're a Christian indeed, sir!

(HE runs down the stairs to MRS. LOVETT)

Oh, ma'am, the gentleman says to give me a nice tot of gin, ma'am.

MRS. LOVETT

Gin, dear? Why not! FINISH

(Upstairs, with great ferocity, TODD opens the chest, grabs PIRELLI by the hair, tugs him up from the chest and slashes his throat as, downstairs, MRS. LOVETT pours a glass of gin and hands it to TOBIAS. HE takes it. The tableau freezes, then fades)

#12c – *The Ballad Of Sweeney Todd*

THREE TENORS

(Enter and sing)

HIS HANDS WERE QUICK, HIS FINGERS STRONG.
IT STUNG A LITTLE BUT NOT FOR LONG.
AND THOSE WHO THOUGHT HIM A SIMPLE CLOD
WERE SOON RECONSIDERING UNDER THE SOD,
CONSIGNED THEREWITH A FRIENDLY PROD
FROM SWEENEY TODD,
THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET.

SEE YOUR RAZOR GLEAM, SWEENEY,
FEEL HOW WELL IT FITS
AS IT FLOATS ACROSS THE THROATS
OF HYPOCRITES ...

(The ballad ends on a crashing chord as the singers black out and lights comes up on JUDGE TURPIN in full panoply of wig, robe, etc. HE is about to convict a very young boy)