

(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 for a piece titled "My Friends" from the musical "Sweeney Todd". It is marked "Misterioso" with a tempo of 100. The score is in 4/4 time and consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has four measures labeled A, B, 1, and 2. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include "p" (piano) and "simile".

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 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

mf *cresc.*

27 *Più mosso*
f

home — to find you wait - ing.

f

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. —

poco cresc.

Now, with a sigh, you grow warm in my hand, My —