

(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 and tears off his mask, revealing himself. SHE screams as HE reaches for her, struggling wildly as the BEADLE hurls her to the floor. HE holds her there as the JUDGE ravishes her and the masked dancers pirouette around her)

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!

*Mrs. Lovett & Todd*

*START!*

**TODD**

(A wild shout)

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.

STOP!