

Even now I'm at your window.
I am in the dark beside you,
Buried sweetly in your yellow hair.

I feel you,
Johanna,
And one day
I'll steal you.
Till I'm with you then,
I'm with you there,
Sweetly buried in your yellow hair . . .

(He smashes the cage, throws it away and exits as lights fade)

(Lights come up to reveal St. Dunstan's Marketplace. A hand-drawn caravan, painted like a Sicilian donkey cart, stands on the street. On its side is written in ornate script: "Signor Adolfo Pirelli — Haircutter-Barber-Toothpuller to His Royal Majesty the King of Naples," and under this: "Banish Baldness with Pirelli's Miracle Elixir." TODD and MRS. LOVETT enter. TODD is carrying his razor case. MRS. LOVETT has a shopping basket)

TODD *(Pointing at the caravan)*: That's him? Over there?

MRS. LOVETT: Yes, dear. He's always here Thursdays.

TODD *(Reading the sign)*: Haircutter, barber, toothpuller to His Royal Majesty the King of Naples.

MRS. LOVETT: Eyetalian. All the rage, he is.

TODD: Not for long.

MRS. LOVETT: Oh Mr. T., you really think you can do it?

TODD: By tomorrow they'll all be flocking after me like sheep to be shorn.

MRS. LOVETT *(Sees BEADLE)*: Oh no! Look. The Beadle — Beadle Bamford.

TODD: So much the better.

MRS. LOVETT: But what if he recognizes you? Hadn't we better — ?

TODD: I will do what I have set out to do, woman.

MRS. LOVETT: Oops. Sorry, dear, I'm sure.

(TOBIAS, PIRELLI's adolescent, simple-minded assistant, appears through a curtain at the rear of the caravan, beating on a tin drum. A factory whistle blows and a crowd of people comes running on, gathering around him)

TOBIAS *(Sings)*:

Ladies and gentlemen!

May I have your attention, perlease?

Do you wake every morning in shame and despair
To discover your pillow is covered with hair
Wot ought not to be there?

Well, ladies and gentlemen,

From now on you can waken at ease.

You need never again have a worry or care,

I will show you a miracle marvelous rare.

Gentlemen, you are about to see something wot rose
from the dead!

(A woman gasps — he smiles and wiggles his finger no)
On the top of my head.

Scarcely a month ago, gentlemen,

I was struck with a 'orrible

Dermatologic disease.

Though the finest physicians in London were called,

I awakened one morning amazed and appalled

To discover with dread that my head was as bald

As a novice's knees.

I was dying of shame

Till a gentleman came,

TODD: Whatever you may have seen, your cheeks are still as much in need of the razor as before. Sit, sir. Sit.

(TODD sits JOHANNA in the chair. As he goes for the razor, simultaneously the factory whistle blows and MRS. LOVETT is heard screaming "Die! Die!" from the bakehouse below. JOHANNA jumps up and runs out, TODD lunges after her, misses her. She runs away. TODD pauses; another scream from the bakehouse sends him running down the stairs, and as he disappears into the pieshop, the company appears)

COMPANY (Sings):

Lift your razor high, Sweeney!
Hear it singing, "Yes!"
Sink it in the rosy skin
Of righteousness!

(Light comes up on the bakehouse. MRS. LOVETT is standing in horror by the mouth of the chute from which the JUDGE, still alive, clutches her skirt. MRS. LOVETT tries to tug the skirt away from the vise-like grip)

MRS. LOVETT: Die! Die! God in heaven — die!

(The JUDGE's fingers relax their grip; he is dead. Panting, MRS. LOVETT backs away from him and for the first time notices the body of the BEGGAR WOMAN. She pauses)

You! Can it be? How all the demons of Hell come to torment me!

(Looks hastily over her shoulder)

Quick! To the oven.

(She starts to drag the BEGGAR WOMAN to the oven as TODD enters, runs to her)

TODD: Why did you scream? Does the Judge still live?

MRS. LOVETT: He was clutching, holding on to my skirt, but now — he's finished.

(Continues dragging BEGGAR WOMAN to oven)

TODD: Leave them to me. Open the doors.

(He starts to shove her toward the oven)

MRS. LOVETT (*Clutching the BEGGAR WOMAN's wrists*): No! Don't touch her!

TODD (*Pushing her to the oven doors and leaning down to pick up the BEGGAR WOMAN*): What is the matter with you? It's only some meddling old beggar —

(MRS. LOVETT opens the oven doors and the light from the fire illuminates the BEGGAR WOMAN's face. A chord of music as TODD realizes who she is)

Oh no, Oh God . . . "Don't I know you?" she said . . .

(Looks up)

You knew she lived. From the first moment that I walked into your shop you knew my Lucy lived!

MRS. LOVETT: I was only thinking of you!

TODD (*Looking down again, sings*):

Lucy . . .

MRS. LOVETT: Your Lucy! A crazy hag picking bones and rotten spuds out of alley ashcans! Would you have wanted to know that was all that was left of her?

TODD (*Slowly looking up*): You lied to me.

MRS. LOVETT (*Sings*):

No, no, not lied at all.

No, I never lied.

TODD (*To the BEGGAR WOMAN*):

Lucy . . .

MRS. LOVETT:

Said she took the poison — she did —

Never said that she died —

Poor thing,

She lived —