

[Resumes writing]

From the institution where you —

[Thinks]

So wisely confined her but,

Hoping to earn your favor,

I have persuaded the boy to lodge her here tonight

At my tonsorial parlor —

[Dips the pen]

In Fleet Street.

If you want her again in your arms,

Hurry

After the night falls.

[He starts to sign, then adds another phrase with a smile]

She will be waiting.

[Reads it over]

Waiting ...

[Dips pen again, writing carefully]

Your obedient humble servant,

Sweeney

[A flourish of the pen]

Todd.

[Music continues under as TODD hurries across the stage to JUDGE TURPIN 's house, knocks on the door, which opens, and hands in the letter]

TODD: Give this to JUDGE TURPIN. It's urgent.

[As he disappears, lights come up on the eating garden. It is early evening. The garden is deserted. MRS. LOVETT is sitting on the steps knitting a half-finished muffler. The bells of St. Dunstan's sound. After a beat, TOBIAS emerges from the shop with a "Sold Out" sign, puts it on the shop door, and goes to MRS. LOVETT]

TOBIAS: I put the sold-out sign up, ma'am.

MRS. LOVETT: That's my boy.

[Holding up the knitting]

Look, dear! A lovely muffler and guess who it's for.

TOBIAS: Coo, ma'am. For me?

MRS. LOVETT: Wouldn't you like to know!

TOBIAS: Oh, you're so good to me, ma'am. Sometimes, when I think what it was like with Signer PIRELLI — it seems like the Good Lord sent you for me.

MRS. LOVETT: It's just my warm heart, dear. Room enough there for all God's creatures.

TOBIAS: You know, ma'am, — there's nothing I wouldn't do for you. ,If there was a monster or an ogre or anything bad like that wot was after you, I'd rip it apart with my bare fists, I would.

MRS. LOVETT: What a sweet child it is.

TOBIAS: Or even if it was just a man

MRS. LOVETT A man, dear?

TOBIAS: A man wot was bad and wot might be luring you all unbeknownst into his evil deeds, like.

MRS. LOVETT: What is this? What are you talking about?

TOBIAS [Sings]:
Nothing's gonna harm you,
Not while I'm around.

MRS. LOVETT: Of course not, dear, and why should it?

TOBIAS:
Nothing's gonna harm you,
No, sir,
Not while I'm around.

MRS. LOVETT: What do you mean, "a man"?

TOBIAS:
Demons are prowling
Everywhere
Nowadays.

MRS. LOVETT: And so they are, dear.

TOBIAS:
I'll send 'em howling,
I don't care —
I got ways.

MRS. LOVETT: Of course you do ... What a sweet, affectionate child it is.

TOBIAS:

No one's gonna hurt you,
No one's gonna dare.

MRS. LOVETT: I know what Toby deserves ...

TOBIAS:

Others can desert you —
Not to worry —
Whistle, I'll be there.

MRS. LOVETT: Here, have a nice bon-bon. [Starts to reach for her purse, but TOBIAS stays her hand in adoration]

TOBIAS:

Demons'll charm you
With a smile
For a while,
But in time
Nothing can harm you,
Not while I'm around.

MRS. LOVETT: What is this foolishness? What're you talking about?

TOBIAS: Little things wot I've been thinking and wondering about . . . It's him, you see — Mr. TODD. Oh, I know you fancy him, but men ain't like women, they ain't wot you can trust, as I've lived and learned. [She looks at him uneasily]

Not to worry, not to worry,
I may not be smart but I ain't dumb.
I can do it,
Put me to it,
Show me something I can overcome.
Not to worry, mum.
Being close and being clever
Ain't like being true.
I don't need to, I won't never
Hide a thing from you,
Like some.

MRS. LOVETT: Now Toby dear, haven't we had enough foolish chatter? Let's just sit nice and quiet for a bit. Here. [She pulls out the chatelaine purse, which is now immediately recognizable to the audience as PIRELLI's money purse, and starts to fumble in it for a bon-bon]