

RS#3 Sweeney Todd & Pirelli

TOBIAS

Oh yes, ma'am.

MRS. LOVETT

(Taking his hand)

Then come with me, love.

(They start down the stairs to the shop)

Start



Mr. Todd.

PIRELLI

TODD

Signor Pirelli.

PIRELLI

(Reverting to Irish)

Ow, call me Danny, Daniel O'Higgins' the name when it's not professional.

(Looks around the shop)

Not much, but I imagine you'll pretty it up a bit.

(Holds out his hand)

I'd like me five quid back, if'n ya don't mind.

TODD

Why?

(In the shop, MRS. LOVETT pats a stool for TOBIAS to sit down and hands him a piece of pie. He starts to eat greedily)

PIRELLI

It'll hold me over till your customers start coming. Then it's half your profits you'll hand over to me every week on a Friday, share and share alike. All right . . . Mr. Benjamin Barker?

TODD

(Very quiet)

Why do you call me that?

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)***End** 