

## **Sweeney Todd Synopsis:**

Sweeney Todd The Demon Barber of Fleet Street is a gripping musical thriller set in 19th-century London, centered around a barber who embarks on a vengeful killing spree. Once known as Benjamin Barker, Todd was wrongfully imprisoned for 15 years. Upon his return to London, Todd seeks retribution, taking up residence above Mrs. Lovett's struggling pie shop. As his thirst for vengeance grows, he targets not only the judge but also unsuspecting customers. Meanwhile, Mrs. Lovett enthusiastically turns the grim aftermath into a profitable venture, using the bodies in her pies, which soon become a shocking sensation among the city's citizens.

## **Character Breakdown:**

### **Sweeney Todd:**

Sweeney escaped from prison after being wrongfully accused and jailed for fifteen years. Formerly a proud barber, a loving husband and a happy father, Sweeney is now consumed by loss and revenge. He has returned to London to right the wrongs committed against him, his wife, and his daughter. Sweeney is charming but hot-tempered, ferocious yet vulnerable.

Strong baritone/bass who can whistle.

Gender: Male | Age: 40 to 55 | Vocal range: F2-Gb4 | London Accent.

### **Mrs Lovett:**

A meat pie shop owner who will do whatever it takes to survive. She is in love with Todd and hopes that he'll forget the past and build a new life with her. At first shocked by Sweeney's bursts of violence, she turns his desire for revenge into a profitable business venture. Mrs. Lovett is resourceful, ambitious and calculating. Requires an actor with great comedic timing.

Mezzo with belt.

Gender: Female | Age: 35 to 50 | Vocal range: G3-E5 | Cockney Accent.

### **Anthony Hope:**

A youthful sailor who helps Sweeney return to London and unexpectedly falls in love with Johanna. He is idealistic, romantic and a bit reckless. His passions sometimes get the better of his reason. Over the course of the show, he awakens to the horrors around him and becomes disillusioned with London.

Tenor.

Gender: Male | Age: 20 to 30 | Vocal range: Bb2-F4 | Standard British Accent (RP).

### **Johanna:**

Todd's long-lost daughter and Judge Turpin's young ward. Home schooled and largely homebound. She has a rebellious, subversive and romantic streak and longs to escape her confinement. Johanna is aware that Judge Turpin isn't her real father and suspects him to be dangerous. Like her father, she has experienced trauma and possesses a buried capacity for violence. Although described as "pale" and "yellow haired," we are not taking this literally in casting considerations.

Soprano.

Gender: Female | Age: 18 to 21 | Vocal range: Bb3-A5 | Standard British Accent (RP).

### **Tobias Ragg:**

A poor youngster apprenticed first to Pirelli and then to Mrs. Lovett. He is industrious and eager to please, with a good sense of humour. Uneducated, but innately clever and observant, Tobias responds quickly to the kindness of Lovett but grows increasingly suspicious of Sweeney. After a betrayal, Toby experiences the violence and terror of this world and snaps.

Tenor.

Gender: Male | Age: 12 to 18 | Vocal range: Bb2-Ab4 | Cockney Accent.

**Judge Turpin:**

A lecherous public official who portrays himself as a sanctimonious authoritarian. He takes advantage of his position to imprison Todd, assault Lucy, and take Johanna in as his ward. He is aware that what he's done is wrong yet chooses to ignore or push against his conscience. Embodies Puritanical hypocrisy: he lusts after Johanna, even as he professes to keep her innocent. Bass/baritone.

Gender: Male | Age: 50 to 65 | Vocal range: E2-Gb4 | Standard British Accent (RP)

**Beadle Bamford:**

A pompous public official who is responsible for the health and safety of London. He possesses a dry, deadpan sense of humor and enjoys wielding his power. He is not a sniveling civil servant. He is deeply loyal to Turpin, though in his heart of hearts he believes he's better than the judge. The Beadle loves singing children's nursery rhymes, which remind him of his youth. Tenor with a strong falsetto.

Gender: Male | Age: 40 to 55 | Vocal range: D3-D5 | Standard British Accent (RP)

**Beggar Woman/Lucy Barker:**

An eerie, poor soul living on the streets of London. She supports herself by begging and prostituting herself to sailors. The Beggar Woman is Sweeney's wife, Lucy, who lost her mind after being assaulted by Turpin and taking poison. She has occasional flashes of lucidity and distrusts Mrs. Lovett. Like the oracle Cassandra, she is the only one who sees what's happening, but no one will listen to her. Mezzo.

Gender: Female | Age: 35 to 50 | Vocal range: Ab3-F5 | London Accent.

**Adolfo Pirelli:**

An Irish former employee of Sweeney's who has since developed a public persona as a flamboyant and flashy world-famous Italian barber. A charlatan who sells fake medicine and challenges other barbers to shaving contests. Pirelli is charming, calculating, and over-the-top comedic. Possess some anti-English sentiments and does not take lightly to being publicly embarrassed by Sweeney. High tenor.

Gender: Male | Age: 30 to 45 | Vocal range: B2-C5 | Italian and Irish Accent.

**Jonas Fogg:**

The owner of Fogg's Asylum. Fogg sells the hair of inmates to wigmakers. Considers the inmates "children" and takes pleasure in showing them off to visitors. Chooses to ignore the human rights of his patients in the name of scientific progress. An authoritarian who is really a coward at heart.

Gender: Male | Age: 35 to 60 | Cockney Accent. Speaking role who sings with the ensemble.

**Ensemble:**

The ensemble, essential to the storytelling, acts as a Greek Chorus, commenting on the action and participating in the tale. They play roles of customers, townspeople, police, inmates at the insane asylum, Sweeney's thoughts, and Sweeney's victims. The ensemble gets ample opportunities for vocal challenges and is showcased with solos and harmonies throughout the show. Sopranos, altos, tenors, baritones, and basses. Note: Some characters may double as ensemble.

Sweeney  
Part 1 of 2  
No Place Like London  
28

221

T. And she was beau - ti - ful. \_\_\_\_\_

*dolce*

223

And she was vir - tu - ous, \_\_\_\_\_

225

And he was na - ive. \_\_\_\_\_

*ten.*

*mp*

*mf subito*

228

There was an -

*p*

*R.H.*

*mf subito*

Start

230

T. oth - er man who saw That she was beau - ti - ful. — A pi - ous

*mp*

233 *cresc.*

vul - ture of the law, Who with a ges - ture of his claw Re - moved the

236 *mf*

bar - ber from his plate. Then there was noth - ing but to wait,

*dolce*

239 *cresc.*

And she would fall, So soft, So young, So lost and oh, so

*f*

242 *f* ANTHONY: And the lady, sir . . . did she - - succumb?  
 beau - ti - ful. —

TODD:  
 245 *poco rall.* *mp* 247 *a tempo*  
 Oh, that was man - y years a - go.

248 Now leave me, Anthony,  
 I beg of you.  
 I doubt if an - y - one would know.

251 There's somewhere I must go, something I must find out. Now. And alone. ANTHONY: But surely we will meet again before

Sweeney Part 2 of 2  
Pretty Women

TODD: Oh, nothing, sir. Nothing. May we proceed? *The Judge leans back again. Todd brings the razor down to his throat.*

30

Start

(♩ = 72)  
TODD: (*Shaving him*)  
*mp*

33

Pret - ty wom - en . . . fas - ci - nat - ing . . . Sip - ping cof - fee, — danc - ing . . .

*Non rubato*

*mp subito* *poco cresc.*

37

Pret - ty wom - en — are a won - der. — Pret - ty wom - en! —

*dim.* *mp* *p*

41

Sit - ting in the — win - dow or Stand - ing on the — stair,

*mf* *sempre mp*

End

45 *mp* (h)

T. Some-thing in them\_ cheers the air.

R.H. L.H. *poco cresc.* *dim.*

49 (TODD)

Pret-ty wom-en... Stay with-in you...

JUDGE: *mp*

Sil-hou-ett-ed... Glanc-ing...

*mp*

53 *mf*

Stay for-ev-er... Pret-ty wom-en, - Pret-ty wom-en! -

Breath-ing light-ly... Pret-ty wom-en! -

*mf*

*cresc.* *mf*

L.H.

Lovett  
Worst Pies in London

31 (Gives him ale)

M.L. cede it. It's noth - ing but crust - ing. Here, drink this, you'll need it. The

36 *sempre f*

worst pies in Lon - don. And no won - der, with the price of

*mf*

Tempo I<sup>o</sup>

39 (Slams a lump of dough on the counter and begins pounding it)

Meat what it is (grunt) when you get it. (grunt) Nev - er (grunt) thought I'd live to see the day men - 'd think it was a

*f mf f mf f mf f mf*

41 **Start**

Treat find - ing poor (grunt) an - i - mals (grunt) wot are dy - ing in the street. Mrs. - Moo - ney has a

*f mf f mf f mf*

43

M.L.

pie shop, Does a bus-ness, but I no-tice some-thing weird: Late-ly all her neigh-bors'

*mp* *f* *mp* *f* *mp*

45

cats have dis-ap-peared. Have to hand it to her. (*grunt*) Wot I calls (*grunt*) en-ter-prise,

(Rolls the dough)

*f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

47

(*grunt*) Pop-ping pussies in - to pies. Would - n't do in my shop. Just the thought of it's e-

(Pounds the dough)

*f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

49

nough to make you sick. And I'm tell-ing you, them pus-sy- cats is quick. No de-ny-ing, times is

(Again) *rit.*

*f* *mf* *rit.* *f* *mf*

51 *Meno mosso, sempre rubato*

M.L. *52*

hard, sir. E - ven hard - er than the worst pies in Lon - don.

*f* L.H./ *mf* *f*

55 (*As Todd gamely tries another mouthful*)

On - ly lard and noth - ing more. Is that just re - volt - ing? All

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

58

greas - y and grit - ty. It looks like it's

61 *poco rit.*

molt - ing and tastes like... Well, pit - y a

*poco rit.*

64 *a tempo, molto espressivo*

M. L. *wom - an a - lone* *With*

*a tempo, molto espressivo*

68 *lim - it - ed wind* *And the worst pies in*

*cresc.*

72 *Lon - don.* *End* *Rubato* *mp* 74 *Ah, sir, times is hard, times is*

*ff* *mf*

76 *Tempo I<sup>o</sup>* *mf (Folds the pie crust and finishes with a flourish)*

*hard.* *f*

No. 8

JOHANNA (Part I)  
(ANTHONY)

*Jobanna reappears at the window. Anthony holds the cage up as a present, beckoning her down. She hesitates, smiles, nods, disappears into the house. He waits. Shyly, almost furtively, she slips out of the door and stands there. He moves toward her, holding out the cage. Slowly her hand goes out toward him.*

Start

Tranquillo (♩ = 66)

1 Safety 3 Their fingers touch.

ANTHONY: mp

Bird sounds continue, then fade.

p

5 feel you, Jo - han - na, I

mp

9 feel you. I was half con-vinced I'd wak - en,

13

A.

Sat - is - fied e - nough to dream you. Hap - pi - ly, I was mis - tak -

16

en, Jo - han - na! I'll steal

20

dim. mp

you, Jo - han - na, I'll steal you...

End

JUDGE: *(Shouting)* Johanna! Johanna!

JOHANNA: Oh dear! *(Forgetting the birdcage, she scurries to the house)*

JUDGE: *(Glaring at Anthony)* If I see your face again on this or any other neighbor street, you'll rue the day you were born. Is that plain enough speaking for you?

ANTHONY: But, sir. I swear there was nothing in my heart...

*They are so absorbed with each other that they fail to notice the approach of Judge Turpin and the Beadle.*

25

dim.

Safety

*(last time)*

# Beggar Woman

254

113

(ANTHONY)

(TODD) (*Looking up*)

Bur - ied sweet - ly in your  
(*He pulls the lever and again the customer disappears*)

Oh, look, Jo - han - na, A star! \_\_\_\_\_

117

yel - low hair. . . \_\_\_\_\_ (to 125)

*He tosses the customer's hat down the chute. Night falls again. Smoke rises. The Beggar Woman reappears,*

A shoot - ing star! \_\_\_\_\_

Start

*coughing fit to kill.*

*Safety-*

BEGGAR WOMAN: (*Pointing*)  
*f* (*last time*)

125

There! There! 126

Some - bod - y, some - bod - y look up there!

*mf*

127 *Passers-by continue to ignore her.*

B.W.

Did-n't I tell you? Smell that air! Cit-y on fi-re!

130

Quick, miss! Run and tell! Warn 'em all of the witch's spell! There it

L.H.

132

is, there it is, the un-ho-ly smell! Tell it to the Bea-dle and the po-lice as well!

cresc.

cresc.

134

ff (Top line optional) The smoke thins.

Tell 'em! Tell 'em! Help! Fiend! Cit-y on fi-re!

137 *f* Dawn rises. *mf*

B.W. Cit - y on fi - re... Mis - chief... Mis - chief...

140 *mp* She curses at the bakehouse with her fingers.

Mis - chief... Fiend...

143 *p*

Alms... Alms...

146 She shuffles off. Todd greets a third customer, whose small daughter, much to Todd's chagrin, follows her father into

*mp*

5

J. How can you ju-bi-late, sit-ting in cag - es, Nev - er tak-ing wing?

*L.H.*

9 **Start**

Out - side the sky waits, beck - on - ing, beck - on - ing, Just be - yond the bars.

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

*mp* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

12

How can you re-main, star - ing at the rain, mad-dened by the

*poco accel. e cresc.*

*poco accel. e cresc.*

15 *mf* *poco rit.*

stars?

*L.H.* *mf* *poco rit.* *simile* *dim.*

17 *mp* *rit.* *a tempo*

J. How is it you sing \_\_\_\_\_ an - y - thing? How is it you sing? \_\_\_\_\_

*p* *rit.* *a tempo*

21

Green finch and lin-net bird, night-in-gale, black-bird, How is it you sing? \_\_\_\_\_

*mp* L.H.

25 *Con poco moto* *cresc. poco a poco*

Whence comes this mel - o - dy con - stant - ly flow - ing? Is it re - joic - ing or

*simile* *cresc. poco a poco*

28 *f*

mere - ly hal - lo - ing? Are you dis - cuss - ing or fuss - ing or sim - ply

54 *mf espressivo*

face Or e-ven a part Wid-out it - a smart Re-qui-re da

*espressivo*

57 *ten.* *Meno mosso* *(Gesturing to Tobias, who pulls down an elaborate anatomical chart of the head)*

heart. It take - a da art. I show you a chart I stud - y - a

*mp*

60 *Start* *Rubato* *Again, Todd slowly strops his razor.* *PIRELLI: (Gaining confidence)*

start - ing in my yout'! *mp* To cut - a da

62 *as he sees Todd so far behind)*

hair, To trim - a da beard, To make - a da bris - tle clean like a

*L.H.* *mf molto espressivo*

65  
P. whis - tle, Dis is from ear - ly in - fan - cy da

67 *ten.* tal - ent give to me by God! *mf* It take - a da skill, It take - a da

71 brains, *ten.* It take - a da will To take - a da pains, — It take - a da

Todd, with a few deft strokes, lathers and shaves his man, and signals the Beadle.

74 *f* pace, It take - a da grace - - ! **End** BEADLE: The win - ner is Todd!

*(Lights come up on the eating garden. Early evening. The place 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, mum.

MRS. LOVETT: That's my boy. *(Holding up the knitting)* Look, dear! A lovely muffler and guess who it's for.

TOBIAS: Cool! For me?

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

TOBIAS: Oh, you're so good to me, mum. Sometimes, when I think what it was like with Signor 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: *(Coming closer, hovering, very earnest)* You know, mum, 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: *(Somewhat uneasy)* A man, dear?

TOBIAS: *(Exaggeratedly conspiratorial)* A man wot was bad. . .

No. 23

NOT WHILE I'M AROUND

(TOBIAS, MRS. LOVETT)

Molto rubato (♩ = 112)

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

MRS. LOVETT: *(Even more wary)* What is this? What are you talking about?

1

Start

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

3

TOBIAS: *p*

Nothing's gon - na harm you, Not while I'm a - round.

7

TOBIAS: *mp*

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

Noth-ing's gon-na harm you, no, sir, Not while I'm a-round.

*p* L.H. *cresc.* *mp*

11

TOBIAS: *mf*

MRS. LOVETT: (*Relieved, patting his head*) And so they are, dear.

De-mons are prowl-ing ev-'ry-where now-a-days.

15

TOBIAS:

*dim.*

*mp*

I'll send 'em howl-ing, I don't care... I got ways.

(b) *mp* *mp*

18

*poco accel.*

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

*rit.*

*L.H.* *p poco accel.* *rit.*

21 TOBIAS: *a tempo p* MRS. LOVETT: I know what Toby deserves. . .

No one's gon - na hurt you, No one's gon - na dare.

*p a tempo*

25 TOBIAS: *mp* *cresc.*

Oth - ers can de - sert you, Not to wor - ry,

*cresc.*

27 MRS. LOVETT: Here, have a nice bong-bong. (*Starts to reach for her purse, but Tobias stays her hand in adoration*)

Whis - tle, I'll be there.

*mf*

*mf*

(b)

29 TOBIAS: *mf* *mp*

De - mons 'll charm you with a smile For a while, But in time

*mp* L.H.

(b)

MRS. LOVETT: What is

33

T. *p*

Noth - ing can harm you, Not while I'm a - round.

*p* *sempre legato*

37 this foolishness? What are you talking about? TOBIAS: Little things wot I've been thinking and wondering about. . .

39 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,

41 as I've lived and learned. (*She looks at him uneasily*)

*Safety*