JUDGE

PRETTY WOMEN, YES!
PRETTY WOMEN, SIR!
PRETTY WOMEN!
PRETTY WOMEN, SIR!
PRETTY WOMEN...

TODD

PRETTY WOMEN, HERE'S TO
PRETTY WOMEN, ALL THE
PRETTY WOMEN...

(TODD raises his arm in a huge arc and is about to slice the razor across the JUDGE's throat when ANTHONY bursts in)

ANTHONY

JOHANNA MARRIES ME SUNDAY!
EVERYTHING'S SET, WE LEAVE TONIGHT!
WE'LL BE IN PARIS BY MONDAY
OUT OF THAT HEARTLESS TYRANT'S SIGHT

START

JUDGE

(Jumping up, spilling the basin and knocking the razor from TODD's hand)

You!

ANTHONY

Judge Turpin!

JUDGE

There is indeed a Higher Power to warn me thus in time.

(As ANTHONY retreats, HE jumps on him and grabs him by the arm)

Johanna elope with you?—I'll lock her up in some obscure retreat where neither you nor any other vile, corrupting youth shall ever lay eyes on her again.

ANTHONY

(Shaking himself free)

But, sir, I beg of you—

JUDGE

(To TODD)

And as for you, barber, it is all too clear what company you keep. Service them well and hold their custom—for you'll have none of mine.

(HE strides out and down the stairs)

ANTHONY

Mr. Todd!

TODD

(Shouting)

Out! Out, I say!