

Instructions:

Please choose one of the acting sides below to prepare for your audition. Memorization is not required, but your audition will be better if you research unfamiliar terms, prepare the material, and make deliberate acting choices. (In some cases, monologues below have been adapted from dialogue from the show).

Monologues:

Sweeney Todd - It is here we go our several ways. Farewell, Anthony, I will not soon forget the good ship "Bountiful" nor the young man who saved my life. There's many a Christian who would have let me drown and not lost a wink's sleep for it, either. I beg your indulgence, boy. My mind is far from easy, for in these once familiar streets I feel the chill of ghostly shadows everywhere. Forgive me. Now leave me, Anthony. There's somewhere I must go, something I must find out. Now. And alone. (Later) Fifteen years sweating in a living hell on a trumped up charge. Fifteen years dreaming that, perhaps, I might come home to a loving wife and child. Let them quake in their boots - Judge Turpin and the Beadle - for their hour has come.

Mrs. Lovett - Nothing like a nice sitdown, is there, dear, after a hard day's work? Four and thruppence... Four and eleven pence. That makes 7 pounds nine shillings and four pence for this week. Not bad—and that don't include wot I had to pay out for my nice cheery wallpaper or the harmonium. And a real bargain it was, dear, it being only partly singed when the chapel burnt down. Mr. T., are you listening to me? We got a nice respectable business now, money coming in regular — since we're careful to pick and choose — only strangers and such like wot won't be missed — who's going to catch on? (later, talking about Anthony and Johanna) Oh, that sailor! Let him bring her here and then, since you're so hot for a little... (Makes a throat-cutting gesture) ... that's the throat to slit, dear. Oh Mr. T. we'll make a lovely home for her. You and me. The poor thing. All those years and not a scrap of motherly affection. I'll soon change that, I will, for if ever there was a maternal heart, it's mine.

Anthony - Oh, Mr. Todd, I have so much to tell you. I have found the fairest and most loving maid that any man could dream of! And yet there are problems. She has a guardian so tyrannical that she is shut up from human eye. But now this morning this key fell from her shuttered window. The surest sign that Johanna loves me! That's her name, ma'am, and Turpin that of the abominable parent. A judge, it seems. But, as I said, a monstrous tyrant.

Johanna (Speak Lyric) He means to marry me Monday. What shall I do? I'd rather die. I'll swallow poison on Sunday, that's what I'll do, I'll get some lye. Oh dear, was that a noise? I

think I heard a noise. It couldn't be, he's in court, he's in court today, Still that was a noise, wasn't that a noise? You must have heard that.

Signor Pirelli (Fake Italian accent) Good morning, Mr. Todd--- and to you, Bellissima Signorina. A little business with Mr. Todd, Signora. Perhaps if you will give the permission? Mr. Todd. (Irish dialect) Ow, call me Danny, Daniel O'Higgins the name when it's not professional. I'd like me five quid back, if'n you don't mind. 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.

Tobias - Oh, you're so good to me, ma'am. Sometimes, when I think what it was like with Signor Pirelli --- it seems like the Good Lord sent you for me. 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 you don't know was after you, I'd rip it apart with my bare fists, I would.

Judge Turpin - (To a defendant) This is the fourth time, sir, that you have been brought before this bench. Though it is my earnest wish ever to temper justice with mercy, your persistent dedication to a life of crime is such an abomination before God and man that I have no alternative but to sentence you to hang by the neck until you are dead. Court adjourned! (To the Beadle) It is perhaps remiss of me to close the court so early, but the stench of those miserable roaches at the bar was so offensive to my nostrils I feared my eagerness for fresher air might well impair the soundness of my judgment.

Beggar Woman (Speak Lyric) ALMS, ALMS, ...FOR A MISERABLE WOMAN ...BEG YOUR PARDON, IT'S YOU SIR...THANK YOU...THANK YOU, KINDLY. That? That's Judge Turpin's house, that is, and that's Johanna, his pretty little ward. But don't you go trespassing there, young man. Not if you value your hide. Tamper there and it's a good whipping for you --- or any other youth with mischief on his mind.