

#12 - Wait

#6

BEGGAR WOMAN

ALMS ... ALMS ... FOR A MISERABLE ...

MRS. LOVETT

(Imitating her nastily)

Alms ... Alms ...

(Music continues)

How many times have I told you? I'll not have trash from the gutter hanging around my establishment!

BEGGAR WOMAN

Not just a penny, dear? Or a pie? One of them pies that give the stomach cramps to half the neighborhood?

(A cackling laugh)

Come on, dear. Have a heart, dear.

MRS. LOVETT

Off. Off with you or you'll get a kick on the rump that'll make your teeth chatter!

BEGGAR WOMAN

Stuck up thing! You and your fancy airs!

(Shuffling off, into the wings)

ALMS ... ALMS ...

FOR A DESPERATE WOMAN ...

(SHE exits. Music continues. MRS. LOVETT rings the bell to indicate her approach and starts climbing the stairs. At the sound of the bell, TODD becomes alert and snatches up a razor. The music becomes agitated. As MRS. LOVETT appears, HE relaxes somewhat. MRS. LOVETT is now very proprietary towards him)

MRS. LOVETT

It's not much of a chair, but it'll do till you get your fancy new one. It was me poor Albert's chair, it was. Sat in it all day long he did, after his leg give out from the dropsy.

(Surveying the room, music under)

Kinda bare, isn't it? I never did like a bare room. Oh, well, we'll find some nice little knickknacks.

TODD

Why doesn't the Beadle come? "Before the week is out," that's what he said.

BEGGAR WOMAN
MRS LOVETT