

#12 - Wait

7

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

* Start

MRS
LOVETT/
TODD

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.

MRS. LOVETT

And who says the week's out yet? It's only Tuesday.

(As TODD paces restlessly)

EASY NOW.
HUSH, LOVE, HUSH.
DON'T DISTRESS YOURSELF,
WHAT'S YOUR RUSH?
KEEP YOUR THOUGHTS
NICE AND LUSH.
WAIT.

(TODD paces)

HUSH, LOVE, HUSH,
THINK IT THROUGH.
ONCE IT BUBBLES,
THEN WHAT'S TO DO?
WATCH IT CLOSE,
LET IT BREW,
WAIT.

(TODD grows calmer)

I'VE BEEN THINKING, FLOWERS—
MAYBE DAISIES—
TO BRIGHTEN UP THE ROOM.
DON'T YOU THINK SOME FLOWERS,
PRETTY DAISIES,
MIGHT RELIEVE THE GLOOM?

(As TODD doesn't respond)

AH, WAIT, LOVE, WAIT.

(Music continues under)

TODD

(Intensely)

And the Judge? When will I get him?

MRS. LOVETT

Can't you think of nothing else? Always broodin' away on yer wrongs what happened heaven knows how many years ago —

(TODD turns away violently with a hiss)

SLOW, LOVE, SLOW.
TIME'S SO FAST.

(MRS. LOVETT)

NOW GOES QUICKLY -
SEE, NOW IT'S PAST!
SOON WILL COME,
SOON WILL LAST.
WAIT.

(TODD grows calm again)

DON'T YOU KNOW,
SILLY MAN,
HALF THE FUN IS TO
PLAN THE PLAN?
ALL GOOD THINGS COME TO
THOSE WHO CAN
WAIT.

(Looking around the room)

GILLYFLOWERS, MAYBE,
'STEAD OF DAISIES ...
I DON'T KNOW, THOUGH ...
WHAT DO YOU THINK?

TODD

(Docilely)

Yes.

MRS. LOVETT

(Gently taking the razor from him)

Gillyflowers, I'd say. Nothing like a nice bowl of gillies.

(During this, we have seen ANTHONY moving down the street. HE sees the sign and stops. HE goes to the bell and rings it, then starts running up the stairs. The effect on TODD is electric. Even MRS. LOVETT, affected by his tension, alerts. SHE hastily gives him back the razor. ANTHONY bursts enthusiastically in.)

~~END~~

TODD

Anthony.

ANTHONY

Mr. Todd, I've paced Fleet Street a dozen times with no success. But now the sign!
In business already.

TODD

Yes.