

(JOHANNA looks wildly around, sees the chest, runs to it and clammers in, closing the lid just as the BEGGAR WOMAN comes shuffling on. Dimly surveying the room, SHE mimes opening a window. SHE then gently picks up an imaginary infant and rocks it in her arms)

BEGGAR WOMAN

(Suddenly becoming giddily crazy)

BEADLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DUMPLING
 BEADLE DUMPLING BEDEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE
 DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE
 DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE ...

(BEGGAR WOMAN whimpers., growls lasciviously, prowls around. Sees the chest, feels it, opens a window. Sees a baby, screams and wails. Clutches baby to her, pats and rocks it.)

AND WHY SHOULD YOU WEEP THEN,
 MY JO, MY JING?
 OOH, YOUR FATHER'S AT TEA
 WITH THE SWEDISH KING.
 HE'LL BRING YOU THE MOON
 ON A SILVER STRING
 OOH ... OOH ...

QUICKLY TO SLEEP THEN,
 MY JO, MY JING
 HE'LL BRING YOU A SHOE
 AND A WEDDING RING
 SING HERE AGAIN, HOME AGAIN,
 COME AGAIN SPRING.

HE'LL BE COMING SOON NOW TO KISS YOU,
 MY JO, MY JING
 BRINGING YOU THE MOON AND A SHOE
 AND A WEDDING RING
 HE'LL BE COMING HERE AGAIN, HOME AGAIN ...

(Without warning, leaping in like a thunderbolt, TODD appears, the razor in his hand; music continues)

TODD

You! What are you doing here?

TODD

Beggar Woman

Start
 →

#17

BEGGAR WOMAN

(Clutching his arm)

Ah, evil is here, sir. The stink of evil - from below - her!

(Calling)

Beadle dear, Beadle!

TODD

(Looking anxiously out the window for the JUDGE)

Out of here, woman.

BEGGAR WOMAN

(Still clutching his arm)

She's the Devil's wife! Oh, beware her, sir. Beware her. She with no pity ... in her heart.

TODD

Out, I say!

BEGGAR WOMAN

(Peering dimly at him)

HEY, DON'T I KNOW YOU, MISTER?

(On the street, the JUDGE approaches the tonsorial parlor)

#28 - The Judge's Return

TODD

(Seeing him)

The Judge. I have no time.

(HE turns on the BEGGAR WOMAN, slits her throat, puts her in the chair and releases her down the chute! The JUDGE enters the room. Music continues under)

*
End

JUDGE

WHERE IS SHE? WHERE IS THE GIRL?

TODD

Below, your Honor. In the care of my neighbor, Mrs. Lovett. Thank heavens the sailor did not molest her. Thank heavens too, she has seen the error of her ways.

JUDGE

She has?