

No. 12

WAIT  
(MRS. LOVETT, BEGGAR WOMAN)

Light comes up on Mrs. Lovett's Pie Shop and the apartment above, which now is sparsely furnished with a washstand and a long wooden chest. At the foot of the outside staircase is a brand-new barber's pole. Attached to the first banister of the staircase is an iron bell. Todd is pacing in the apartment above. Mrs. Lovett comes hurrying out of the shop, carrying a wooden chair. As she does so, the Beggar Woman shuffles across the stage.

Largo (♩ = 50)

A

BEGGAR WOMAN: (To a generous passerby) Thank yer. . . (She shuffles

Alms. . . alms. . . for a mis-'ra-ble. . .

*mf* R.H. L.H. *mp*

to Mrs. Lovett) MRS. LOVETT: (Imitating her, nastily) Alms. . . Alms. . . How many times have I told you? I'll not have trash from the gutter hanging around my establishment!

3

BEGGAR WOMAN: Not just a penny, dear? Or a pie? One of them pies that gives 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!

5

Più mosso  
agitato

Safety

*sempre mp*

BEGGAR WOMAN: (*Shuffling off into the wings*)

*She exits. Mrs. Lovett rings the bell to indicate her approach and starts climbing the stairs carrying the chair. At the sound of the bell, Todd becomes alert and snatches up the razor.*

8 10 16

Alms... alms... for a des-per-ate wom-an...

*As Mrs. Lovett appears, Todd relaxes somewhat. Mrs. Lovett is now very proprietary towards him.*

MRS. LOVETT: (*Putting the chair down*)  
It's not much of a chair, but it'll do till you get your fancy new one.

16

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*) 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.

19

MRS. LOVETT: And who says the week's out yet? It's only Friday. *Todd continues pacing restlessly.*

22 24

*Safety*  
(*last time poco rit.*)

Adagio espressivo ma non rubato (♩ = 112)

25

MRS. LOVETT:

*mp*

Eas - y now. — Hush, love, hush. — Don't dis - tress — your - self,

28

What's your rush? — Keep your thoughts — Nice and lush. —

31

*p* Todd keeps pacing.

32 (to 38)

38 *mp*

Wait. Hush, love, hush, —

39

Think it through. — Once it bub - bles, then what's to do? —

42 M.L. *gva.* Watch it close. — Let it brew. — *p* Todd grows calmer. Wait.

45 Mrs. Lovett looks around the room. *mf* 46 I've been think - ing, flow - ers — May - be dai - sies — To

48 bright - en up the room. ... Don't you think some flow - ers, — Pret - ty

51 *mp* dai - sies, Might re - lieve the gloom? Ah, Todd doesn't respond.

54

M.L.

Wait, love, wait.

dim.

R.H.

L.H.

57

TODD: (*Intensely*) And the Judge? When will I get him? MRS. LOVETT: Can't you think

of nothin' else? Always broodin' away on yer wrongs  
what happened heaven knows how many years ago --  
(*Todd turns away violently with a hiss*)

MRS. LOVETT:

60

61 (to 68)

68 *mf*

Slow, love, slow. — Time's so fast. —

*mf*

*mf*

70

Now goes quick - ly. See, now it's past! — Soon will come, — Soon will last. —

*f*

*dim.*

*f*

*dim.*

74 *Todd grows calm again.* 76 *mp*

M.L. *Wait.* Don't you know, — sil - ly man, —

78

Half the fun — is to plan the plan? All good things — come to those who can —

82 *p* *Todd sits quietly.* *Mrs. Lovett looks around the room again.*

*Wait.*

84

Gil - ly-flow-ers may - be, 'stead of dai - sies... I don't know, though...

*dim. poco a poco*

87 TODD: (*Docilely*) Yes. MRS. LOVETT:

M.L. What do you think?

pp

90 (*Gently taking the razor from him*) Gillyflowers, I'd say. // Nothing like a nice bowl of gillies.

mp L.H.

*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. Todd and Mrs. Lovett alert. She hastily gives him back the razor. Anthony bursts enthusiastically in.*

TODD: Anthony.

MRS. LOVETT: Johanna?

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

ANTHONY: That's her name, ma'am, and Turpin that of the abominable parent. A judge, it seems. But, as I said, a monstrous tyrant. Oh, Mr. Todd, once the judge has gone to court, I'll slip into the house and plead with her to fly with me tonight! Yet when I have her -- where can I bring her till I have hired a coach to speed us home to Plymouth? Oh, Mr. Todd, if I could lodge her here just for an hour or two! (*He gazes at the inscrutable Todd*)

TODD: Yes.

ANTHONY: I congratulate you. (*Turning to Mrs. Lovett*) And...er...

MRS. LOVETT: Mrs. Lovett, sir.

ANTHONY: A pleasure, ma'am. 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 kept shut up from human eye. But now this morning this key fell from her shuttered window. (*He holds up Johanna's key*) The surest sign that Johanna loves me and...

MRS. LOVETT: (*After a beat*) Bring her, dear.

ANTHONY: Oh thank you, thank you, ma'am. (*To Todd*) I have your consent, Mr. Todd?

TODD: (*After a pause*) The girl may come. (*Anthony grabs his hand and pumps it, then turns to grab Mrs. Lovett's*)

- ANTHONY: I shall be grateful for this to the grave. Now I must hurry, for surely the judge is off to the Old Bailey. *(Turning at the door)* My thanks! A thousand blessings on you both! *(He hurries out and down the stairs)*
- MRS. LOVETT: Johanna! Who'd have thought it! It's like Fate, isn't it? You'll have her back before the day is out.
- TODD: For a few hours? Before he carries her off to the other end of England?
- MRS. LOVETT: 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. *(During this speech Pirelli, accompanied by Tobias, has appeared on the street. They see the sign and start up the stairs without ringing the bell. Now, as Mrs. Lovett goes to Todd coquettishly, Pirelli and Tobias suddenly appear at the door. Todd pulls violently away from Mrs. Lovett)*
- PIRELLI: *(With Italianate bow)* Good morning, Mr. Todd -- and to you, Bellissima Signorina. *(He kisses Mrs. Lovett's hand)*
- MRS. LOVETT: Well, 'ow do you do, Signor, I'm sure.
- PIRELLI: A little business with Mr. Todd, Signora. Perhaps if you will give the permission?
- MRS. LOVETT: Oh yes, indeed, I'll just pop on down to my pies. *(Surveying Tobias)* Oh lawks, look at it now! Don't look like it's had a kind word since half past never! *(Smiling at him)* What would you say, son, to a nice juicy meat pie, eh? Your teeth is strong, I hope?
- TOBIAS: Oh yes, ma'am.
- MRS. LOVETT: *(Taking his hand)* Then come with me, love. *(They start down the stairs to the shop)*
- PIRELLI: Mr. Todd.
- TODD: Signor Pirelli.
- PIRELLI: *(Reverting to Irish)* Ow, call me Danny, Daniel O'Higgins' the name when it's not professional. *(Looks around the shop)* Not much, but I imagine you'll pretty it up a bit. *(Holds out his hand)* I'd like me five quid back, if'n ya don't mind.
- TODD: Why? *(In the shop, Mrs. Lovett pats a stool for Tobias to sit down and hands him a piece of pie. He starts to eat greedily)*
- MRS. LOVETT: That's my boy. Tuck in.
- PIRELLI: 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?
- TODD: *(Very quiet)* Why do you call me that?
- MRS. LOVETT: *(Stroking Tobias's luxurious locks)* At least you've got a nice full head of hair on you.
- TOBIAS: Well, Ma'am, to tell the truth, Ma'am -- *(He reaches up and pulls off the "locks" which are a wig, revealing his own short-cropped hair)* -- gets awful 'ot. *(He continues to eat the pie. Upstairs, Pirelli strolls over to the washstand, picks up the razor, flicks it open)*
- PIRELLI: You don't remember me. Why should you? I was just a down and out Irish lad you hired for a couple of weeks -- sweeping up hair and such like. *(Holding up razor)* But I remember these -- and you. Benjamin Barker, later transported to Botany Bay for life. So, Mr. Todd -- is it a deal or do I run down the street for me pal Beadle Bamford? *(For a long moment Todd stands gazing at him)*