

motionless, in shock. As the JUDGE hurries off down the street, MRS. LOVETT, with a new bottle of gin in her hand, sees him. SHE glances after him, then goes into the back parlor where TOBIAS is now asleep. SHE looks at him, puts down the bottle and hurries out and up the stairs to TODD)

MRS. LOVETT

All this running and shouting. What is it now, dear?

TODD

I HAD HIM – AND THEN ...

MRS. LOVETT

The sailor busted in. I saw them both running down the street and I said to myself: "The fat's in the fire, for sure!"

TODD

(Interrupting) *(hand not sung)*

I HAD HIM!

HIS THROAT WAS BARE

~~BENEATH MY HAND~~ – !

MRS. LOVETT

(Alarmed, pacifying)

There, there, dear. Don't fret.

TODD

NO, I HAD HIM!

(spoken)

~~HIS THROAT WAS THERE,~~

~~AND HE'LL NEVER COME AGAIN!~~

MRS. LOVETT

EASY NOW.

spoken

HUSH, LOVE, HUSH.

~~I KEEP TELLING YOU~~

TODD

(Violently)

~~WHEN?~~

MRS. LOVETT

WHAT'S YOUR RUSH?

spoken

TODD

I will get him.

MRS. LOVETT *(cont)*.

(Who has been watching him intently)

That's all very well, but all that matters now is him.

(SHE points to the chest, sits motionless. SHE goes to him, peers at him)

Listen! Do you hear me? Can you hear me? Get control of yourself.

(SHE slaps his cheek. After a long pause TODD, still in a half-dream, gets to his feet)

What are we going to do about him? And there's the lad downstairs. We'd better go and have a look and be sure he's still there. When I left him he was sound asleep in the parlor.

(SHE starts downstairs)

Come on!

(TODD follows. SHE disappears into the back parlor and re-emerges)

No problem there. He's still sleeping. He's simple as a baby lamb. Later I can fob him off with some story easy. But him!

(MRS. LOVETT)

(Indicating the tonsorial parlor above)

What are we going to do with him?

TODD

(Disinterestedly)

Later on, when it's dark, we'll take him to some secret place and bury him.

MRS. LOVETT

Well, of course, we could do that. I don't suppose there's any relatives going to come poking around looking for him. But ...

(Pause. Chord)

You know me. Sometimes ideas just pop into me head and I keep thinking ...