

TODD

(pgs 69-72 abridged.)

Providence is kind!

MRS. LOVETT

Who is it?

TODD

Judge Turpin.

MRS. LOVETT

(Flustered)

Him, him? The Judge? It can't be! It—

TODD

Quick, leave me!

MRS. LOVETT

What are you going to do?

TODD

(Roaring)

Leave me, I said!

MRS. LOVETT

Don't worry, dear. I'm — out!

(SHE scuttles out of the tonsorial parlor and starts down the stairs as the JUDGE ascends. THEY meet halfway. SHE gives him a deep curtsy)

Excuse me, your Lordship.

(SHE hurries back to TOBIAS in the shop)

JUDGE

Mr. Todd?

TODD

At your service, sir. An honor to receive your patronage, sir.

JUDGE

(Looking around)

These premises are hardly prepossessing and yet the Beadle tells me you are the most accomplished of all the barbers in the city.

TODD

That is gracious of him, sir. And you must please excuse the modesty of my establishment. It's only a few days ago that I set up quarters here and some necessities are yet to come.

(Indicating chair)

Sit, sir, if you please, sir. Sit.

TODD

And what may I do for you, sir? A stylish trimming of the hair? A soothing skin massage?

TODD - continued.
Speak the
lines in capitals.

JUDGE

YOU SEE, SIR, A MAN INFATUATE WITH LOVE,
~~HER ARDENT AND EAGER SLAVE,~~
SO FETCH THE POMADE AND PUMICE STONE
~~AND LEND ME A MORE SEDUCTIVE TONE,~~
A SPRINKLING PERHAPS OF FRENCH COLOGNE,
BUT FIRST, SIR, I THINK - A SHAVE.

TODD

THE CLOSEST I EVER GAVE.

(TODD whips the sheet over the JUDGE, then tucks the bib in. The JUDGE hums, flicking imaginary dust off the sheet; TODD whistles gaily)

JUDGE

You are in a merry mood today, Mr. Todd.

TODD - AND WHO, MAY IT BE SAID,
IS YOUR INTENDED, SIR?

JUDGE

MY WARD.

(TODD freezes; the JUDGE closes his eyes, settles comfortably, speaks)

And pretty as a rosebud.

TODD

(Music rising)

As pretty as her mother?

JUDGE

(Mildly puzzled)

What? What was that?

(As the music reaches a shrill crescendo, TODD is slowly bringing the razor toward the JUDGE's throat when suddenly the JUDGE opens his eyes and starts to twist around in curiosity)

TODD

(Musingly, lightly)

Oh, nothing, sir. Nothing. May we proceed?