PIRELLLI 2

(ANTHONY)

(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 coquetishly, PIRELLI and TOBIAS suddenly appear at the door. TODD pulls violently away from MRS. LOVETT.)

PIRELLI

START *(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 perfessional.

(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 shortcropped hair)*~~

(TOBIAS)

~~— get awful 'ot.~~

(~~HE continues to eat the pie. 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? FINISH

(For a long moment TODD stands gazing at him)

#12a — Pirelli's Death

(Sings, nastily)

YOU T'INK-A YOU SMART,
YOU FOOLISH-A BOY.
TOMORROW YOU START
IN MY-A EMPLOY!
YOU UNNER-A-STAN'?
YOU LIKE-A MY PLAN—?

(One again HE hits his high note, and once again HE is interrupted — TODD knocks the razor out of his hand and starts, in a protracted struggle, to strangle him)

TOBIAS

(Downstairs, unaware of this)

Oh gawd, he's got an appointment with his tailor. If he's late and it's my fault — you don't know him!

(HE jumps up and starts out)

MRS. LOVETT

I wouldn't want to, I'm sure, dear.

(TODD violently continues with the strangling)

TOBIAS

(Calling on the stairs)

Signor! It's late! The tailor, sir.

(Remembering)

Oh, me wig!