

Todd drops down into the barber's chair in a sweat, panting.

MRS. LOVETT: (*Who has been watching him intently*) That's all very well, but all that matters now is him! (*She points to the chest. Todd still 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!

MRS. LOVETT: (*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! (*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.

No. 18

A LITTLE PRIEST

(MRS. LOVETT, TODD)

MRS. LOVETT: (*After a pause*) You know Rubato ($\text{♩} = 120$)
me. Sometimes ideas just
pop into my head and I was thinking. . .

TODD: Shame?

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M.L.

had... has... nor it can't be traced. Bus-'ness needs a

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lift... Debts to be e-rased... Think of it as

cresc.

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thrift, as a gift... If you get my drift... No?... Seems an aw-ful

mf *dim.* (Todd is staring into space) (Sighs)

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waste. I mean, with the price of

Non rubato (♩ = 60) *mp* *poco accel.*