

START!

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!

(Runs back for it. Upstairs TODD stops dead at the sound of the voice. HE looks around wildly, see the chest, runs to it, opens the lid and then drags PIRELLI to it and tumbles him in, slamming the lid shut just as TOBIAS enters. It is at this moment that we realize that one of PIRELLI's hands is dangling out of the chest)

#18—Pirelli's Death Underscore

TOBIAS

Signor, I did like you said. I reminded you... the tailor... Ow, he ain't here.

TODD

Signor Pirelli has been called away.

TOBIAS

Where did he go?

TODD

He didn't say. You'd better run after him.

TOBIAS

Oh no, sir. Knowing him, sir, without orders to the contrary, I'd best wait for him here.

STOP!

(HE crosses to the chest and sits down on it, perilously near PIRELLI's hand, which HE doesn't notice. TODD at this moment does, however. Suddenly HE is all nervous and smiles)

TODD

So Mrs. Lovett gave you a pie, did she, my lad?