

# MS#2a Mrs. Lovett

No. 3

## THE WORST PIES IN LONDON (MRS. LOVETT)

*Mrs. Lovett does not notice Todd until his shadow passes across her. She looks up, knife in air, and screams, freezing him in his tracks.*

Start

Allegretto agitato (♩ = 112)  
MRS. LOVETT:

(Sticks the knife into the counter)

2 Wait! What's yer rush? What's yer hur - ry? You gave me such a

(Wipes her hands on her apron) (Pushes Todd onto a stool)

3 fright, I thought you was a ghost! Half - a min - ute, can't - cher? Sit! Sit ye down! Sit! All I meant is that I

(Todd (Mrs. Lovett flicks grunts) dust from a pie)

5 have - n't seen a cus - tom - er for weeks. Did you come here for a pie, sir? Do for - give me if me

M.L.

7 *(Plucks something off a pie)* *(Drops it on the floor)* *(Stomps on it)*

head's a lit-tle vague. Ugh! What is that? But you'd think we had the plague from the way that peo-ple

9 *(Flicks at something on the counter)* *(Spots it moving)* *(Smacks it with her band)* *(Looks at her band)* *(Wipes it on her apron)*

keep a - void-ing...No, you don't! Heav-en knows I try, sir! Yich! But there's no-one comes in

11 *(Blows dust off the pie as she brings it to him)* *(Todd nods and grunts)*

e-ven to in-hale. Tsk! Right you are, sir, would you like a drop of ale? Mind you, I can hard-ly

13 *poco rit.* *Meno mosso, sempre rubato* *14 sempre f*

blame them. These are prob-a-bly the worst pies in Lon-don.

*L.H. mf poco rit.* *mp espressivo* *mf*

17  
M.L.

I know why no - bod - y cares to take them. I should know, I

20

make them, But good? No, The worst pies in Lon - don.

24

E - ven that's po - lite. The worst pies in Lon - don.

27

(Todd bites into the pie)

If you doubt it, take a bite: Is that just dis - gust - ing? You have to con -

M.L. 31 *(Gives him ale)*

cede it. It's noth-ing but crust-ing. Here, drink this, you'll need it. The

36 *sempre f*

worst pies in Lon-don. And no won-der, with the price of

39 *Tempo 1<sup>o</sup>* *(Slams a lump of dough on the counter and begins pounding it)*

Meat what it is *(grunt)* when you get it. *(grunt)* Nev-er *(grunt)* thought I'd live to see the day men-'d think it was a

41

Treat find-ing poor *(grunt)* an-i-mals *(grunt)* wot are dy-ing in the street. Mrs... Moo-ney has a

End