

## RS#6 Toby & Mrs. Lovett

*Give this to Judge Turpin. It's urgent.  
(As he disappears, lights come up on the eating garden. It is early evening. The garden is deserted. MRS. LOVETT is sitting on the steps knitting a half-finished muffler. The bells of St. Dunstan's sound. After a beat, TOBIAS emerges from the shop with a "Sold Out" sign, puts it on the shop door, and goes to MRS. LOVETT)*

Start

TOBIAS

I put the sold-out sign up, ma'am.

MRS. LOVETT

That's my boy.

*(Holding up the knitting)*

Look, dear! A lovely muffler and guess who it's for.

TOBIAS

Coo, ma'am. For me?

MRS. LOVETT

Wouldn't you like to know!

TOBIAS

Oh, you're so good to me, ma'am. Sometimes, when I think what it was like with Signor Pirelli—it seems like the Good Lord sent you for me.

MRS. LOVETT

It's just my warm heart, dear. Room enough there for all God's creatures.

TOBIAS

*(Coming closer, hovering, very earnest)*

You know, ma'am, there's nothing I wouldn't do for you.

If there was a monster or an ogre or anything bad like that wot was after you, I'd rip it apart with my bare fists, I would.

MRS. LOVETT

What a sweet child it is.

TOBIAS

Or even if it was just a man . . .

MRS. LOVETT

*(Somewhat uneasy)*

A man, dear?

TOBIAS

*(Exaggeratedly conspiratorial)*

A man wot was bad and wot might be luring you all unbeknownst into his evil deeds, like.

MRS. LOVETT

*(Even more wary)*

What is this? What are you talking about?

TOBIAS

*(Sings)*

Nothing's gonna harm you,  
Not while I'm around.

End

MRS. LOVETT

Of course not, dear, and why should it?

TOBIAS

Nothing's gonna harm you,  
No, sir,  
Not while I'm around.