

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.*

Allegretto agitato (♩ = 112)
MRS. LOVETT:

(Sticks the knife into the counter)

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

f mp f mp

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

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

f mp f mp f mp

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

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

f mp

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

M.L. 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 hand) (Looks at her hand) (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.* 14 *Meno mosso, sempre rubato* *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 -

31 (Gives him ale)

M.L. 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

mf

39 **Tempo I^o**
(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

f mf f mf f mf f mf

41

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

f mf f mf f mf