

MRS. LOVETT

#14

Let's hope he can do it quietly. But just to be on the safe side, I'll provide a little musical send-off.

#24b - Parlour Songs (Part III)

(SHE goes to the harmonium, sits down on the stool and starts playing and singing a loud verse of "Polly Plunkett")

SWEET POLLY PLUNKETT LAY IN THE GRASS.
TURNED HER EYES HEAVEN-WARD SIGHING.

(In the bakehouse, TOBIAS stands by the grinding machine eating a pie. HE feels something on his tongue, puts a finger in his mouth and pulls the something out, holding it up for inspection)

*TOBIAS

TOBIAS

An 'air! Black as a rook. Now that ain't Mrs. Lovett's 'air ... Oh, well, some old black cow probably.

(HE continues to eat. HE bites on something else, takes it out of his mouth, looks at it)

Coo, bit of fingernail! Clumsy. Ugh!

(HE drops the pie. Bored, HE starts around the room, inspecting. HE peers at an unidentifiable hole in the wall - the chute. HE is baffled by it. As HE does so, we hear a strange, shambling, shuffling sound as if a heavy object is falling inside the wall. TOBIAS spins around just as the bloody body of the BEADLE comes trundling out of the mouth of the chute. TOBIAS screams)

No! Oh no!

(HE dashes to the door, tries the handle; it is locked. HE starts beating on it)

Mrs. Lovett! Mrs. Lovett! Let me out! Let me out!

(Wildly, HE tries to break down the door. It is too solid for him. Whimpering, HE stands paralyzed. Then HE sees the open trap door leading to the cellar steps. HE runs and disappears down them. In the parlor, MRS. LOVETT continues to sing and play. After a suitable period, SHE stops)

MRS. LOVETT

End

TIS A ROW DOW DIDDLE DOW DAY.
'TIS A ROW DOW DIDDLE DOWDEE.
SWEET POLLY PLUNKETT LAY IN THE GRASS,
FLEW DOWN THE CITY ROAD,
CRYING:

(As SHE gets up from the harmonium, TODD hurries in)