

**MRS. LOVETT**

Oh yes, indeed, I'll just pop on down to my pies.

*(Surveying TOBIAS)*

Oh lawks, look at it now! Don't look like it's had a kind word since half past never!

*(Smiling at him)*

What would you say, son, to a nice juicy meat pie, eh? Your teeth is strong, I hope?

**TOBIAS**

Oh yes, ma'am.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Taking his hand)*

Then come with me, love.

*(THEY start down the stairs to the shop)*

**PIRELLI**

Mr. Todd.

**TODD**

Signor Pirelli.

**PIRELLI**

*Irish Accent*

*(Reverting to Irish)*

Ow, call me Danny, Daniel O'Higgins' the name when it's not perffessional.

*(Looks around the shop)*

Not much, but I imagine you'll pretty it up a bit.

*(Holds out his hand)*

I'd like me five quid back, if'n ya don't mind.

**TODD**

Why?

*(In the shop, MRS. LOVETT pats a stool for TOBIAS to sit down and hands him a piece of pie. HE starts to eat greedily)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

That's my boy. Tuck in.

**PIRELLI**

It'll hold me over till your customers start coming. Then it's half your profits you'll hand over to me every week on a Friday, share and share alike. All right... Mr. Benjamin Barker?

*STOP!*