

**PIRELLI**

*(With Italianate bow)*

Good morning, Mr. Todd – and to you, Bellissima Signorina.

*(HE kisses MRS. LOVETT's hand)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

Well, 'ow do you do, Signor, I'm sure.

**PIRELLI**

A little business with Mr. Todd, Signora. Perhaps if you will give the permission?

**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.~~

**PIRELLI**

Mr. Todd.

**TODD**

Signor Pirelli.

**PIRELLI**

*(Reverting to Irish)*

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

*(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?