

WINIFRED

We like it.

MISS ANDREW

Then it doesn't take a lot to keep you happy. Look at the dust! There!
And there! Filth!

MRS. BRILL

Now, just a minute—

MISS ANDREW

Ah. You must be the children.

(examines the CHILDREN)

Pity. I don't suppose you know who I am?

MICHAEL

Yes, we do. You're the Holy Terror.

MISS ANDREW

Impudent boy!

(to JANE)

Why aren't you wearing stockings?

JANE

I don't like them.

MISS ANDREW

Tut! What manners! I can see there is not a minute to lose!

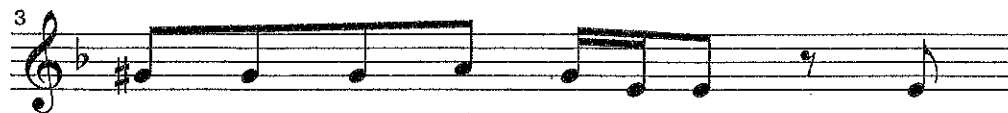
(#26 – BRIMSTONE AND TREACLE – PART 1.)

BRIMSTONE AND TREACLE (PART 1)

Start - Colla Voce
(MISS ANDREW:)

These child - ren have been spoiled I've ar -

rived here just in time By



chance I've brought the pun-ish - ment That



best be-fits the crime Brim-stone and tre-acle and



car - bo - lic soap— These are the tools of my



trade With spoon-fuls of su - gar you



don't have a hope— Of see - ing that

(MISS ANDREW removes a terrifying-looking bottle and large spoon out of her bag, fills the spoon from the bottle and pushes it into the mouth of JANE, who gags with disgust, and then turns to MICHAEL.)

(MISS ANDREW:) Open!

MICHAEL: Does it taste as bad as it smells?

MISS ANDREW: Worse! Open!

(MICHAEL obeys, swallowing in disgust.)

Poco più mosso 11



chan - ges are made

End