

Pirelli

No. 9A

PIRELLI'S ENTRANCE
(PIRELLI)

Moderato, con molto rubato

PIRELLI:

1 Pirelli poses splendidly for a moment. 2 *f*

I am A - dol - fo Pi -

rel - li, Da king of da bar - bers, Da bar - ber of kings, E buon gior - no, Good

day. I blow you a kiss. He does. And I,

Da so fa - mous Pi - rel - li, I wish - a to know - a who has - a da

14

mp dolce ten.

f

nerve - a to say — My e - lix - ir is piss! Who says this?

mp dolce ten.

f

TODD: I do. (*He holds up the bottle of Elixir*) I am Mr. Sweeney Todd and I have opened a bottle of Pirelli's Elixir, and I say to you it is nothing but an arrant fraud. (*Mrs. Lovett takes the bottle from Todd, sniffs it*)

MRS. LOVETT: He's right. Phew! Better to throw your money down the sewer. (*She tosses the bottle to the ground. The onlookers "ooh" and "aah" with shocked excitement*)

TOBIAS: (*Beating agitatedly on the drum, shouting*) Ladies and gentlemen, pay no attention to that madman. Who's to be the first for a magnificent shave?

TODD: (*Breaking in*) And furthermore... (*Glaring at Pirelli*) I have serviced no kings, yet I wager that I can shave a cheek and pull a tooth with ten times more dexterity than any street mountebank! (*He holds up his razors for the crowd to see*) You see these razors?

MRS. LOVETT: The finest in England.

TODD: (*To Pirelli*) I lay them against five pounds you are no match for me. You hear me, sir? Either accept my challenge or reveal yourself as a sham.

MRS. LOVETT: Bravo, bravo. (*The crowd laughs and cheers, obviously on Todd's side. Pirelli, as imposing as ever, holds up a hand for silence. Slowly he swaggers toward Todd, takes the razor case, opens it and examines the razors carefully*)

PIRELLI: (*He speaks with a fairly obvious put-on foreign accent, barely concealing an Irish underlay*) Zees are indeed fine razors. Instruments like zees once seen cannot be soon forgotten. (*Takes out a tooth-extractor*) And a fine extractor, too! You wager zees against five pounds, sir?

TODD: I do.

PIRELLI: (*Addressing the crowd*) You hear zis foolish man? Watch and see how he will regret his folly. Five pounds it is!

No. 10

THE CONTEST (Part I)
(PIRELLI)

TODD: (As the music starts, surveying the crowd)
Friends, neighbors, who's for a free shave?

FIRST MAN: (Heavily bearded, stepping forward eagerly)
Me, Mr. Todd, sir.

SECOND MAN: (Stepping forward eagerly, too) And me,
Mr. Todd, sir.

TODD: Over here. Bring me a chair.

PIRELLI: (To Tobias) Boy, bring ze basins, bring
ze towels!

TOBIAS: Yes, sir. . .

PIRELLI: Quick! (He kicks Tobias. The boy hurries
off into the caravan)

TODD: Will Beadle Bamford be the judge!

BEADLE: Glad, as always, to oblige my friends and
neighbors. (As another man comes on
with a wooden chair and Tobias emerges
from the caravan with basins, towels, etc.,
the Beadle instantly takes over. To man,
indicating where to set the chair) Put it
there. (The Bearded Man sits on Todd's
chair. The 2nd Man is ensconced on
Pirelli's chair. Pirelli shakes out a fancy
bib with a flourish and covers his man.
Todd takes a towel and tucks it around
his man's neck) Ready?

PIRELLI: Ready!

TODD: Ready!

BEADLE: The fastest, smoothest shave is the win-
ner. (He blows his whistle)

Agitato (♩ = 144)

-----Safety (under dialogue)-----

Pirelli strops his razor ~~aggressively~~ and starts whipping up lather furiously.

Todd also strops his razor, but with painstaking slowness.

L'istesso tempo (♩ = ♩.)

Safety

PIRELLI: (last time)

mf

9

Now si - gno - ri - ni, si - gno - ri, we mix - a da lath - er, but first - a you

12

gath - er a - round, Si - gno - ri - ni, si - gno - ri, you look - ing a man who have

15

(Lathering his man) (To the customer,

had - a da glo - ry to shave - a da Pope! Mis - ter Swee - ney who - ev - er - I

18

as he accidentally lathers his nose)

beg - a your par - don - - ll prob - a - bly say it was on - ly a car - di - nal.

(Finishes lathering the man) (Exchanges his brush for a razor)

21 *mp* to 46

Nope! It was - a da Pope! To shave - a da

mf *f*

(Shaves his man, with flourishes)

46 *grazioso*

face, To pull - a da toot' Re - qui - re da grace And not - a da

mp

49

brute, For if - a you slip, you nick da skin, you clip - a da chin, you rip - a da

52 53 53a

lip a bit, and dat's - a da trut'! To shave - a da

lento *mp a tempo*

Todd strops his razor slowly and deliberately, disconcerting Pirelli and drawing the crowd's attention. PIRELLI: (Getting the crowd's attention back) *a tempo mp*

54 *mf espressivo*

face Or e-ven a part Wid-out it - a smart Re-qui-re da

57 *ten.* *Meno mosso* *(Gesturing to Tobias, who pulls down an elaborate anatomical chart of the head)*

heart. It take - a da art. I show you a chart I stud - y - a

60 *Again, Todd slowly strops his razor.* *Rubato* *PIRELLI: (Gaining confidence)*

start - ing in my you't! *mp* To cut - a da

62 *as he sees Todd so far behind)*

hair, To trim - a da beard, To make - a da bris - tle clean like a

L.H. *mf molto espressivo*

65
P. whis - tle, Dis is from ear - ly in - fan - cy da

67 *ten.* tal - ent give to me by God! *mf* It take - a da skill, It take - a da

71 brains, It take - a da will To take - a da pains, — It take - a da

Todd, with a few deft strokes, lathers and shaves his man, and signals the Beadle.

74 *f* pace, It take - a da grace --! BEADLE: The win - ner is Todd!

MRS. LOVETT: *(Feels the customer's cheek)*
Smooth as a baby's arse! *(The crowd "oobs" and "aabs")*

*TODD: *(Looks around)* And now, who's
for a tooth pulling - - free without
charge!

MAN WITH HEAD TIED UP IN RAG: Me, sir. Me, sir. *(Runs to the chair vacated by the shaved man)*

TODD: *(Looking around)* Who else?
(Silence from the crowd) No one?
(Turning to the Beadle) Then,
sir, since there is no means to test
the second skill, I claim the five
pounds.

MRS. LOVETT: To which he is entitled!! *(To crowd)* Right? *(The crowd applauds)*

PIRELLI: Wait! One moment. Wait! *(Turns to Tobias)* You, boy. Get on that chair.

TOBIAS: *(In terror)* Me, Signor? Oh, not a tooth,
sir, I beg of you! I ain't got a twinge - -
not the tiniest pain. I . . .

PIRELLI: *(Giving him a swinging blow on the cheek)*
You do now! *(Forces him into the chair
and turns to the crowd)* We see who is zee
victor now. Zis Mister Todd - - or the
great Pirelli!

BEADLE: Ready?

PIRELLI: Ready!

TODD: Ready!

*The Beadle blows his whistle. While Todd,
even more nonchalant than before, merely
stands by his patient, Pirelli forces open the
mouth of Tobias, brandishing his extractor.
He peers in, selects a tooth, thrusts the
extractor into the mouth and starts to tug
while singing with pretended ease.*

No. 10A

THE CONTEST (Part II)
(PIRELLI, TOBIAS)

Molto rubato
PIRELLI: *mf*

TOBIAS: To pull - a da toot' *mp* Without a da skill *p* Can dam-age da

Ow! Ooh!

(To the squirming Tobias) (To the crowd) *rit.* *accel. poco a poco*

root... *mf* Now hold-a da still! *p* An if a you slip you grip a bit, you *mp rit.* *accel. poco a poco*

Anhh -! Ah... Honh... Honh... Honh...

rit. *accel. poco a poco*

*An optional cut may be taken from here to the asterisk on page 110.