

obies

PIRELLI'S MIRACLE ELIXIR
(TOBIAS, CROWD, TODD, MRS. LOVETT)

The factory whistle blasts. Lights come up to reveal St. Dunstan's market place

(♩ = 132)

A hand-drawn caravan, painted like a Sicilian donkey cart, stands on the street. On its side is written in ornate script:

SIGNOR ADÓLFÓ PIRELLI
HAIRCUTTER-BARBER-
TOOTHPULLER TO HIS ROYAL
MAJESTY THE KING OF NAPLES
and under this: **BANISH BALDNESS**
WITH PIRELLI'S MIRACLE ELIXIR.
(The Beadle is strolling around, pompously patrolling his district. Todd and Mrs. Lovett enter. Todd is carrying his razor case. Mrs. Lovett has a shopping basket)

TODD: (Pointing at the caravan) That's him? Over there?

MRS. LOVETT: Yes, dear. He's always here Tuesdays.

TODD: (Reading the sign) Haircutter, barber, toothpuller to His Royal Majesty the King of Naples.

MRS. LOVETT: Eytalian. All the rage, he is.

TODD: Not for long.

MRS. LOVETT: Oh Mr. T., you really think you can do it?

TODD: By tomorrow they'll all be flocking after me like sheep to be shorn.

MRS. LOVETT: (Sees the Beadle) Oh no! Look. The Beadle--Beadle Bamford.

TODD: So much the better.

MRS. LOVETT: But what if he recognizes you? Hadn't we ought to--?

TODD: I will do what I have set out to do, woman.

MRS. LOVETT: Oops. Sorry, dear, I'm sure. (Tobias, Pirelli's adolescent, simple-minded assistant, appears through a curtain at the rear of the caravan, beating on a tin drum. A crowd of people comes running on, gathering around him)

L'istesso tempo

L'istesso tempo

TOBIAS: (last time)

La - dies and gen - tle - men!

mf

8 *He beats the drum enthusiastically.*

T. *May I have your at - ten - tion, per - lease?*

sempre mf

f

11 *Do you wake ev - 'ry morn - ing in*

mf

14 *shame and de - spair To dis - cov - er your pil - low is cov - ered with hair*

17 *Wot ought not to be there? Well,*

f *mf* *f*

21
T. La - dies and gen - tle - men, From now on you can wak - en at ease. You need

mf *L.H.* *f* *L.H.*

25
nev - er a - gain have a wor - ry or care, I will show you a mir - a - cle

p. *p.* *p.*

28 mar - vel - ous rare. 31 Gen - tle - men, you are a -

A woman in the crowd gasps with horror.

32 bout to see some-thing that rose from the dead. TOBIAS: (Reassuringly) . . . on the top of my

p. *L.H.*

37 T. *mp* head! Scarce-ly a month go, gen-tle-men, I was

40 sud-den-ly struck with a rare Or-i-en-tal dis-ease. Though the

42 fin-est phy-si-cians in Lon-don were called, I a-wa-kened one morn-ing a-mazed and ap-palled To dis-

44 cov-er with dread that my head was as bald as a nov-ic-e's knees.

46
T. I was dy - ing of shame till a gen - tle - man came,

48 *poco rit.* *a tempo*
An il - lus - tri - ous bar - ber, Pi - rel - li by name. He

50 *cresc.* *mf*
gave me a liq - uid as pre - cious as gold. I

52 *cresc.*
rubbed it in dai - ly like wot I was told. And be -

He beats the drum and doffs his cap dramatically,
repealing mountains of hair which cascade to his shoulders.

54

T.

hold!

R.H.

L.H.

f

less than thir - ty days

56

L'istesso tempo

57 (to 60)

(Drum)

60

mf

mp

START

'Twas Pi - rel - li's

61

Mir - a - cle E - lix - ir, That's wot did the trick, sir, True, sir, true.

sempre staccato

64

Was it quick, sir? Did it in a tick, sir, Just like an e - lix - ir

67
T. ought to do. How a - bout a bot - tle, mis - ter? On - ly costs a pen - ny, guar - an -

70 (TOBIAS) He proffers bottles of the elixir to the crowd.
teed. Go a - head and tug, sir, Go a - head, sir, hard - er (To 2nd Man)

1st MAN: Pen - ny buys a bot - tle, I don't know. (To 1st Man) Ah, let's

2nd MAN: You don't need...

MEN: Pen - ny for a bot - tle, is it?

72 TOBIAS: (Stopping the 1st Man, who's bald, and pouring a drop on his head)
Does Pi - rel - li's stim - u - late the growth, sir? You can have my oath, sir,

(1st MAN)
go!

mpo *sempre staccato*