

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 ADOLFO 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

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

28

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

31

A woman in the crowd gasps with horror.

TOBIAS: *(Reassuringly)*

32

bout to see some-thing that rose from the dead. on the top of my

L.H. *f*

37 39 *mp*

T. *mp*

head! Scarce-ly a month a-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-wak-ened 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

poco rit. *a tempo*

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

cresc.

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

mf *cresc.*

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

54 *f*

T. *f*

R.H. hold!

L.H. *f*

Less than thir - ty days

56 *L'istesso tempo*

57 (to 60) (Drum) 60

old! 'Twas Pi - rel - li's

mf *mp*

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!

mp *sempre staccato*

(Gently applying the 1st Man's hand to the wet spot)

75

T. 'Tis u - nique. Rub a min - ute. Stim - u - lat - in', i'n' it?

(To others)

78

Soon you'll have to thin it once a week. Pen-ny buys a bot - tle - guar - an -

cresc. *f*

81 (TOBIAS)

teed. 'Ow a - bout a sam - ple? Have you ev - er smelled a clean - er (To 3rd Man)

1st WOMAN: Is - n't it a

2nd WOMAN:

1st MAN: Pen-ny buys a bot - tle, might as well... (To 2nd Woman)

2nd MAN: Wot - cher think?

3rd MAN:

83 (TOBIAS) (*To 1st Man*)

smell? That's e-nough, sir, am - ple. Gen - tly dab it. Gets to be a hab - it.

(1st WOMAN)

crime they let these ur - chins clog the pave-ments?

(2nd WOMAN)

Go a - head and try it, wot the hell?

(1st MAN)

(2nd MAN)

(3rd MAN)

Pen-ny buys a bot - tle, does it?

cresc. *mp subito* *sempre staccato*

86 (Points to a long-haired man)

T. Soon there'll be e-nough, sir, some-bod - y can grab it. See that chap with

89

hair like Shel - ley's? You can tell 'e's used Pi - rel - li's!

cresc.

92 TOBIAS:

(Loudly, to Mrs. Lovett)

TODD:

Par - don. me, ma'am, what's that aw - ful

1st MAN: 2nd MAN:

Let me have a bot - tle. Make that two.

94 TOBIAS: (To 3rd Woman)

MRS. LOVETT: Go a-head and feel, mum. Ab-so-lute-ly real, mum. (To a man in the crowd)

TODD: Are we stand - ing near an o - pen trench? Par-don me, sir, what's that aw - ful

1st WOMAN: 2nd WOMAN: Must be stand - ing near an o - pen

3rd WOMAN: Then a - gain I could get some for Har - ry. Noth-ing workson Har - ry, dear, 'bye -

2nd MAN: 1st MAN: 2nd MAN: I'm just pass - ing

3rd MAN: How a-bout a beer? You know a pub? There's one close

Pass it

96 (TOBIAS) (Handing Todd a bottle for inspection)

Buy Pi - rel - li's Mir - a - cle E - lix - ir. An - y - thing wot's slick, sir,

(MRS. LOVETT)

stench?

(TODD)

trench.

(2nd WOMAN)

bye.

(3rd WOMAN)

by.

(2nd MAN)

by.

(3rd MAN)

by.

f *sempre staccato*

99

T. soon sprouts curls. Try Pi - rel - li's! When they see how thick, sir,

102 (TOBIAS) 104 (To 4th Woman)

You can have your pick, sir, of the girls! Want to buy a bot - tle, mis - sus?

MRS. LOVETT:

TODD: *f* What is

1st & 2nd MAN:

3rd & 4th MAN:

cresc. *f*

105 (TOBIAS)

(MRS. LOVETT) *f* Pen - ny for a bot - tle. Have you ev - er smelled a clean - er

(TODD) What is this? (Handing the bottle back distastefully) Smells like -- phew!

this? Smells like piss.

1st MAN: 2nd MAN:

Prop - a - gates the hair, sir. He says it smells like

4th MAN: 3rd MAN: (To 2nd Man)

I'll take one. What was that?

107

(TOBIAS)

smell? How a-bout a sam - ple? How a-bout a sam - ple, mis - ter?

(MRS. LOVETT)

Would - n't touch it if I was you, dear.

(TODD)

Looks like piss. This is piss. Piss with

(2nd MAN)

piss. Wot - cher think?

2nd WOMAN & 5th MAN:

Says it smells like piss or some - thing.

109

(TOBIAS)

(Trying to calm the crowd)

Nev - er mind that mad-man, mis - ter.

(MRS. LOVETT)

What does that smell like to you, sir?

(TODD)

ink.

WOMEN:

Let me smell that bot - tle. I don't want no ink - piss! What is this?

MEN:

Let me smell that bot - tle. I don't want no ink - piss! What is this?

mp subito

cresc.

111 (TOBIAS) 112 (to 130)

(TOBIAS)
Nev-er mind the mad-man.

(MRS. LOVETT)
Give 'em back their mon-ey! Where is this Pi-rel - li?

(TODD)
Where is this Pi-rel - li?

(WOMEN)
Give us back our mon - ey! *ff* Yeah, where is this Pi -

(MEN)
What does that smell like to you, ma'am? *ff* Yeah, where is this Pi -

L.H.

130 (TOBIAS)
Let Pi - rel - li's ac - ti - vate your roots, sir.

(MRS. LOVETT)

(TODD)
Keep it off your boots, sir,

(WOMEN)
rel - li?

(MEN)
rel - li?

mf *sempre staccato* *cresc. poco a poco*

133 (TOBIAS)

Yes, get Pi - rel - li's! Use a bot - tle of it!

(MRS. LOVETT)

(TODD)

Eats right through!

CROWD:

Go and get Pi - rel - li!

136 (TOBIAS)

138

(to 140)

La - dies seem to love it!

(MRS. LOVETT)

Flies do, too!

(TODD)

(CROWD)

The crowd laughs uproariously.

140 CROWD:

Hand the blood - y mon - ey o - ver! Hand the blood - y mon - ey o - ver!

142 TOBIAS: (*Frenetically*)

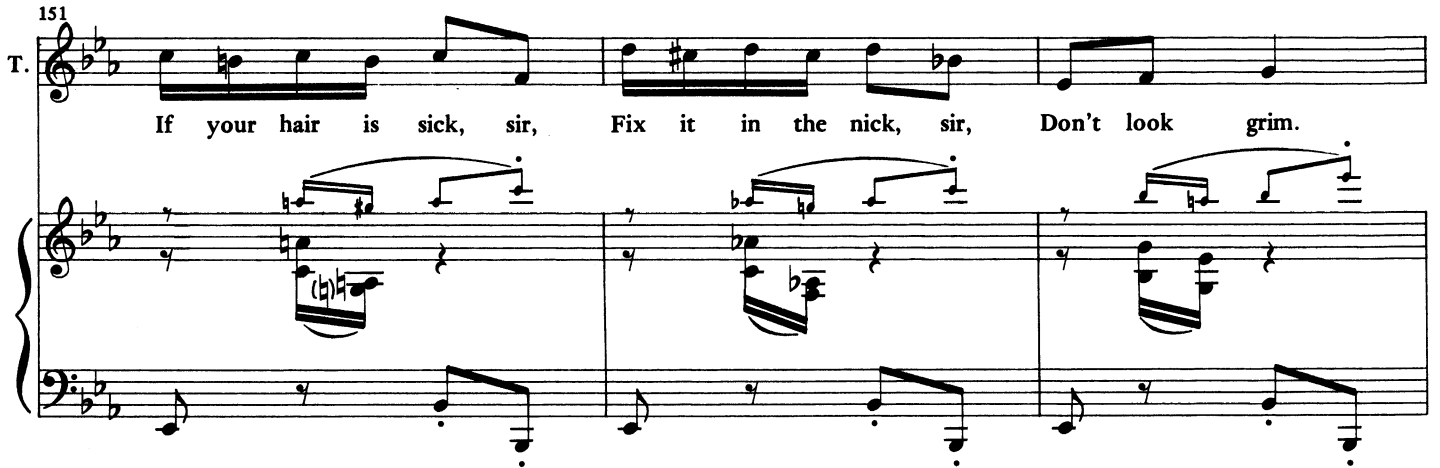
See Pi - rel - li's Mir - a - cle E - lix - ir grow a lit - tle wick, sir,

(leggiero)

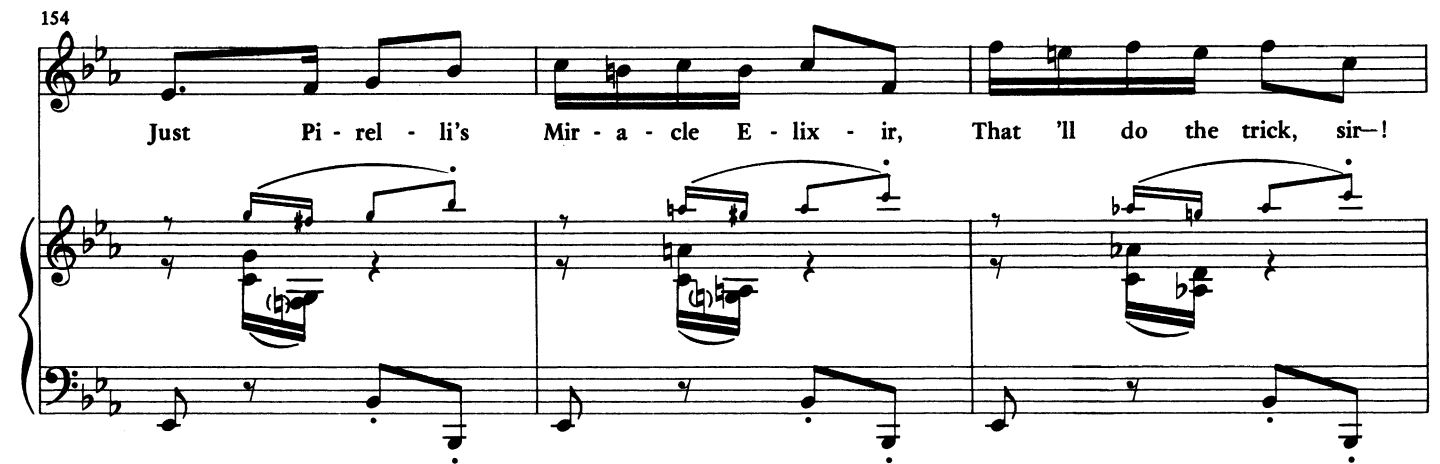
mp subito

then some fuzz. The Pi - rel - li's soon 'll make - it thick, sir,

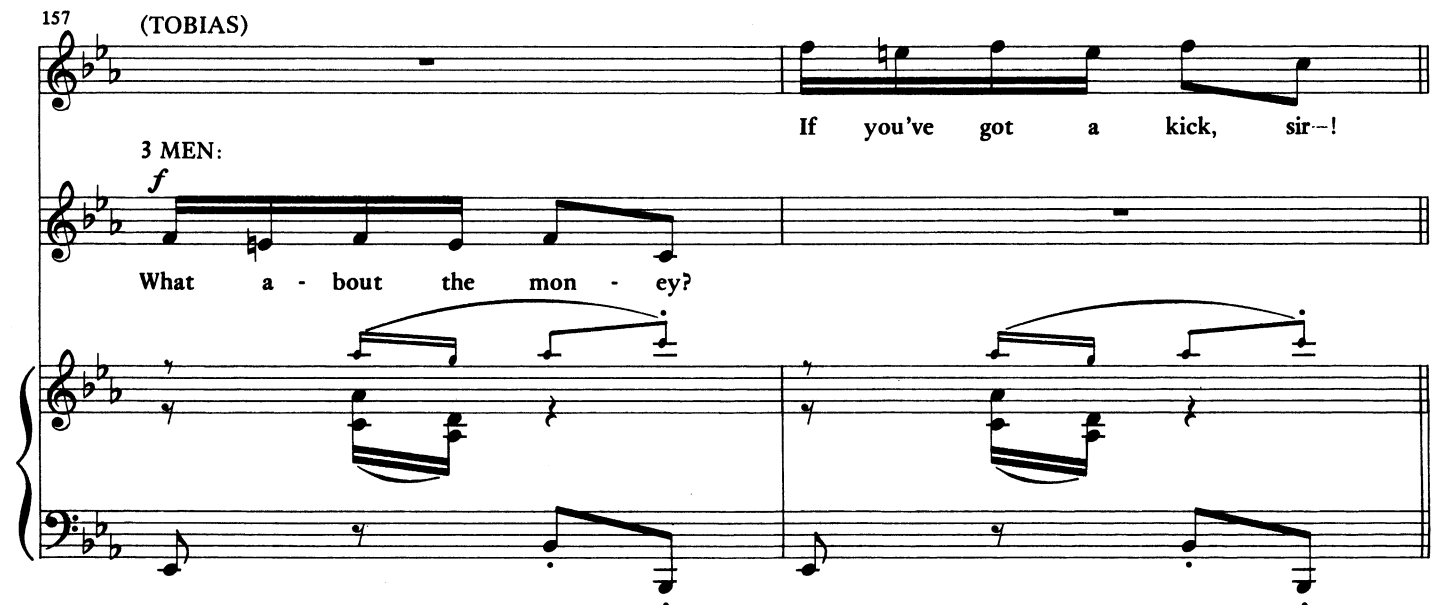
148 Like a good e - lix - ir al - ways does. 150 Trust Pi - rel - li's!

151
T. 

If your hair is sick, sir, Fix it in the nick, sir, Don't look grim.

154 

Just Pi - rel - li's Mir - a - cle E - lix - ir, That 'll do the trick, sir--!

157 (TOBIAS) 

If you've got a kick, sir--!

3 MEN: *f*
What a - bout the mon - ey?

159 TOBIAS:

CROWD:

S. *f* What a - bout the mon - ey? Where is this Pi - rel - li?

A. *f* What a - bout the mon - ey? Where is this Pi - rel - li?

T. *f* Yeah, where is this Pi - rel - li?

B. *f* Yeah, where is this Pi - rel - li?

cresc.
R.H.

161 (TOBIAS)

S. Tell it to the mix - er of the
Go and get Pi - rel - li! What a - bout our

A. Go and get Pi - rel - li! What a - bout our

T. Go and get Pi - rel - li! What a - bout our mon - ey?

B. Go and get Pi - rel - li! What a - bout our mon - ey?

cresc.

163 (TOBIAS)

Mir - a - cle E - lix - ir. If you've got a kick, sir. . .

S. mon - ey? What a - bout it? Where is this Pi - rel - li?

A. mon - ey? What a - bout it? Where is this Pi - rel - li?

T. Go and get Pi - rel - li! Where is this Pi - rel - li?

B. Go and get Pi - rel - li! Where is this Pi - rel - li?

cresc.

165

Pirelli bursts through the curtain flamboyantly. The crowd falls silent, stunned.

TOBIAS: (*Exhausted*)

Talk to him!

S.

A.

T.

B.

ff L.H.

R.H.

Segue