

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 quickly 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.

21 *(Finishes lathering the man)* *(Exchanges his brush for a razor)* *mp* to 46

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

mf *f*

46 *(Shaves his man, with flourishes)* *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

ten. *mp*

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

start - ing in my yout'! *mp* To cut - a da

60a 61

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
tal - ent give to me by God! 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
pace, It take - a da grace -- The win - ner is Todd!

BEADLE:

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

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. . .

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

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!

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

BEADLE: Ready?

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.

PIRELLI: Ready!

TODD: Ready!

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

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

1 PIRELLI: *mf*

TOBIAS: To pull - a da toot' *mp* Wid-out - a da skill *p* Can dam-age da

Ow! Ooh!

4 *(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.

7 *a tempo*

P. hit da pit of it or chip - a - da tip an' have - a to fill! To pull - a da

T. Honh... Honh... Honh... Ohhh... Anh!

f *a tempo*

10 *cresc.*

toot' Wid-out - a da grace, You leave - a da space All o - ver da

p (*With mounting alarm*) *mp*

Uh... Uh... Uh...

a tempo
R.H.

13 *mf* (*Glaring archly at Todd*)

place. You try to e - rase Wid-out - a da trace... Some-time is da

Uh... Uh... Uh...

mf *f*

*Pirelli withdraws the
extractor and wrestles
Tobias into a new position.*

16

P. *rit.* *a tempo*
case you e-ven-a kill. To hold-a da clamp Wid-out-a da

T. *ff* *rit.* *a tempo* *sempre mp*
Anh-eeee! Unh... Unh...

mp
a tempo

19 *molto espressivo* *Pirelli clamps his hand
over Tobias' mouth.* (To Tobias)

cramp, Wid all dat sa - li - va, It could-a drive - a you cra - zy (don' mut-ter or
(Muffled)

Unh... Unh... Unh... Unh... Unh... Unh... Mmph! Mmph! Mmph!

R.H.

22 *accel.* (To the crowd, forcing a smile) *a tempo*
mf accel. Back - a you go to the gut-ter), I Hold - a da clamp like a but-ter - a - cup! I take - a da
a tempo

Mmmm ph!

sfz accel. *p* *a tempo*

25 *rit. espressivo*

P. pains, I learn - a da art, I use - a - da brains, I give - a da

T. *p (Extractor in mouth)* No... No... No... *rit.*

28 *a tempo*

heart, I have - a da grace, I win - a da race!

T. No... No... (Screech) Aaahhhh! *ff*

a tempo mp *ff*

a tempo *R.H. f*

*The Beadle blows his whistle,
the crowd roars its approval.*

31 **PIRELLI: (Drooping)**

I give - a da up.