

Todd Lovett Pirelli Tobias

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 errant fraud, concocted from piss and ink. (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)

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 razor case 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! (Music starts)

TODD (Surveying the crowd): Friends, neighbors, who's for a free shave? Over here. Bring me a chair.

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

(He kicks TOBIAS. The boy hurries off into the caravan)

PIRELLI: Ready!

TODD: Ready!