

MS#9c Pirelli

No. 12A

PIRELLI'S DEATH (PIRELLI)

(♩ = 100)

PIRELLI: (*Nastily, quasi parlando*)

1

*mp*

You t'ink - a you smart? You fool-ish - a boy. To-mor-row you

4

(*sung*) *ten.*

start In my - a em - ploy. You un - ner - a -

Todd knocks the razor out of his hand and, in a protracted struggle, starts to strangle him.

TOBIAS: (*Downstairs, unaware of this*) Oh, gawd, he's got an appointment with his tailor!

Start

End

6

stan'? You like - a my plan?

*f* (Let die away naturally)

L.H.