

No. 12A

PIRELLI'S DEATH  
(PIRELLI)

(♩ = 100)

1 **PIRELLI:** (*Nastily, quasi parlando*)

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

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!

stan'? You like - a my plan?'

L.H. *f* (*Let die away naturally*)