

SOPHRO. Some people are given the gift to serve others.  
 We're all brothers...  
 Well, you know what I mean.

DELLA [*spoken, aside*] That remains to be seen.

SOPHRO. Well, Madame Sophronie aspires to the highest in service,  
 It's my purpose,  
 So please, don't be nervous.

Come on in to Madame Sophro'  
 Let your inner fantasies go.  
 Name your pleasure, Mademoiselle:  
 I can make you anyone else.  
 Want a head of curlicues?  
 Want a fancy 'doo?  
 Tease it, twirl it,  
 Twist it, curl it,  
 Bring it for a rendezvous:  
 I can make a new you.

I realize nobody's gettin' no younger:  
 We all hunger to be pretty and lean—  
 (You know what I mean,)  
 So, honey, I rake in the money for making  
 The ladies feel breath-taking.

Come on in to Madame Sophro'  
 What's your preference, betcha I know!  
 Movie stars or sweet southern belles,  
 We all envy somebody else.  
 Even if you don't have a clue,  
 Just some revenue,  
 If you've got it, you have bought it!  
 With imagination and glue  
 We can make a new you.

GIRL 1 Come on in to Madame Sophronie,  
 You can trust her, she's not a phony.  
 You know her services are in great demand,  
 She only wants to lend a helping hand.

GIRL 2 Come on in to Madame Sophro',  
 You can trust her, I oughta know.  
 She really wants to serve in any way that she can,  
 She just wants to lend a helping hand.

GIRL 3 Come on in to Madame Sophronie's store,  
 She'll serve whoever walks through the door.  
 Her talents are in demand,  
 Just let her lend a helping hand.

SOPHRO. You don't need a genius IQ,

& GIRLS        Just some revenue!  
                  Feed your passion  
                  For high fashion.

SOPHRO.        You'll be stunning.

GIRLS            Come on, the meter's running.

SOPHRO.        This could be your greatest debut.  
& GIRLS

*[big jungle drum dance break]*

SOPHRO        If you're feeling hunchbacked-ive

GIRLS            She'll make you attractive.

SOPHRO        Just imagination and glue  
                  And I will make a new you!

*[song ends]*

DELLA            Well, Madame, I can see you enjoy your work, but, actually, I'm not here to buy a  
                  new me: I want to sell the old one.

SOPHRO.        *[out of breath]* I beg your pardon?

DELLA            You make wigs here, don't you?

SOPHRO.        Yes, yes of course.

DELLA            Will you buy my hair?

SOPHRO.        I see, I see. It is truly fine. I've not seen any better. *[she feels Della's hair]* Twenty  
                  dollars... but... are you sure dear?

DELLA            Give it to me quick.

*Sophrone sings as the girls go to work on Della's hair. Della is laid back on a chair, out of view, and when she sits up her hair has been backed to within a few inches.*

SOPHRO.        Leave it up to Madame Sophro'  
                  Just sit back, dear, here we go.  
                  It's a treasure, Mademoiselle,  
                  That will be a pleasure to sell.  
                  Close your eyes dear, take it from me,  
                  You don't want to see,  
                  To fill your purse it  
                  Will be worth it.  
                  And I *may* make some dough-re-mi...  
                  *[spoken]*  
                  Say! Pr'aps I'll make a new me!