

(ANTHONY)

I WAS HALF CONVINCED I'D WAKEN,
 SATISFIED ENOUGH TO DREAM YOU.
 HAPPILY I WAS MISTAKEN,
 JOHANNA!
 I'LL STEAL YOU,
 JOHANNA,
 I'LL STEAL YOU ...

JUDGE/Johanna
 Anthony/Beadle

#4

(THEY stand so absorbed with each other that THEY do not notice the approach of JUDGE TURPIN, followed by the BEADLE)

JUDGE

* ← start

(Shouting)

Johanna! Johanna!

JOHANNA

Oh, dear!

(Forgetting the bird cage, JOHANNA scurries toward the house. ANTHONY turns to find the JUDGE glaring at him)

JUDGE

If I see your face again on this or any other neighbor street, you'll rue the day you were born. Is that plain enough speaking for you?

ANTHONY

But, sir, I swear to you there was nothing in my heart but the most respectful sentiments of —

JUDGE*(To BEADLE)*

Dispose of him!

*(HE strides toward the house)***JOHANNA**

Oh dear! I knew!

BEADLE*(Fondling the truncheon, to ANTHONY)*

You heard His Worship.

ANTHONY

But, friend, I have no fight with you.

(The BEADLE takes the cage from him, opens its door, takes out the bird, wrings its neck and then tosses it away)

BEADLE

Get the gist of it, friend? Next time, it'll be your neck!

(HE starts after the JUDGE and JOHANNA)

JUDGE

Johanna, if I were to think you encouraged that young rogue...

JOHANNA

Oh father, I hope always to be obedient to your commands.

JUDGE

(Relenting, patting her cheek)

Dear child.

(Gazing at her lustfully)

How sweet you look in that light muslin gown.

(SHE runs into the house, the JUDGE after her. The BEADLE follows. ANTHONY is left alone, the empty cage in his hand)

#8a – Johanna (Part II)

ANTHONY

I'LL STEAL YOU,
JOHANNA,
I'LL STEAL YOU!
DO THEY THINK THAT WALLS CAN HIDE YOU?
EVEN NOW I'M AT YOUR WINDOW.
I AM IN THE DARK BESIDE YOU,
SWEETLY BURIED IN YOUR YELLOW HAIR.

I FEEL YOU,
JOHANNA,
AND ONE DAY
I'LL STEAL YOU.
TILL I'M WITH YOU THEN,
I'M WITH YOU THERE,
SWEETLY BURIED IN YOUR YELLOW HAIR ...

(HE smashes the cage, throws it away and exits. Light fades on him and comes up to reveal St. Dunstan's Marketplace. A hand-drawn caravan, painted like a Sicilian donkey cart, stands on the street. On its side is written in ornate script: SIGNOR ADOLPHO PIRELLI HAIRCUTTER-BARBER-TOOTHPULLER TO HIS ROYAL MAJESTY THE KING OF NAPLES and under this: BANISH BALDNESS WITH PIRELLI'S MIRACLE ELIXIR