

[The scene fades and we see the barrel door to Fogg's Asylum. From inside we hear a weird and frightening sound, the cries and gibbering of the inmates. After a moment, rising above the bizarre cacophony, we hear JOHANNA's voice from inside a window, singing a snatch of "Green Finch and Linnet Bird." A few moments later, she breaks off singing and the inmates quieten too as ANTHONY, dejected, enters. As he starts across the stage, once again we hear JOHANNA 's voice, singing]

ANTHONY [Incredulous, overjoyed, stops in his tracks]: Johanna! [Calling excitedly up at a window] Johanna! Johanna!

[A male passer-by enters]

Oh sir, please tell me. What house is this?

PASSER-BY: That? That's Mr. Fogg's Private Asylum for the Mentally Deranged.

ANTHONY: A madhouse!

PASSER-BY: I'd keep away from there if I were you.

[He exits. Once again we hear JOHANNA 's voice]

ANTHONY: Johanna! Johanna!

[He starts beating wildly on the door]

Open! Open the door !

[The BEADLE, falsely amiable as ever, swaggers on, recognizes him]

BEADLE: Now, now, friend, what's all this hollering and shouting?

ANTHONY: Oh, sir, there has been a monstrous perversion of justice. A young woman, as sane as you or I, has been incarcerated there.

BEADLE: Is that a fact? Now what is this young person's name?

ANTHONY: Johanna.

BEADLE: Johanna. That wouldn't by any chance be judge Turpin's ward?

ANTHONY: He's the one. He's the devil incarnate who has done this to her.

BEADLE: You watch your tongue. That girl's as mad as the seven seas. I brought her here myself. So — hop it.

ANTHONY: You have no right to order me about.

BEADLE: No right, eh? You just hop it or I'm booking you for disturbing of the peace, assailing an officer —

ANTHONY: Is there no justice in this city? Are the officers of the law as vicious and corrupted as their masters? Johanna! Johanna!

[With a little shrug, the BEADLE blows a whistle. Two policemen hurry on. The BEADLE nods to ANTHONY. The policemen jump on him but just before they subdue him, he breaks loose and runs away. The policemen start after him]

BEADLE [Calling after them]: After him! Get him! Bash him on the head if need be! That's the sort of scalawag that gets this neighborhood into disrepute. [As the scene dims we hear first, in the darkness, the shrieks and moans of the asylum inmates. Then loud and raucous, banishing them, we hear the sound of Mrs. Lovett singing, as lights come up on her back parlor]

MRS. LOVETT [Sitting at the harmonium]:

I am a lass who alas loves a lad

Who alas has a lass

In Canterbury.

"Tis a row dow diddle dow day,

Tis a row dow diddle dow dee . . .

[The parlor has been prettied up with new wallpaper and a second-hand harmonium.

TODD is sitting on the love seat, cleaning his pipe. MRS. LOVETT is using the harmonium as a desk. She has a little cash book and is counting out shillings and pennies in piles] Nothing like a nice sit down, is there, dear, after a hard day's work? [Piling up coins] Four and thruppence . . . four and eleven pence . . . [Makes a note in the book and does some adding] That makes seven pounds nine shillings and four pence for this week. Not bad — and that don't include wot I had to pay out for my nice cheery wallpaper or the harmonium . . . [Patting it approvingly] And a real bargain it was, dear, it being only partly singed when the chapel burnt down. [Glancing at the unresponsive TODD] Mr. T., are you listening to me?

TODD: Of course.

MRS. LOVETT: Then what did I say, eh?

TODD [Back in his reflections]: There must be a way to the judge.

MRS. LOVETT: The bloody old judge! Always harping on the bloody old judge! [She massages his neck] We got a nice respectable business now, money coming in regular and — since we're careful to pick and choose — only strangers and such like wot won't be missed — who's going to catch on? [No response; she leans across and pecks him on the lips; sings]

Ooh, Mr. TODD —

I'm so happy —