

## No. 8

JOHANNA (Part I)  
(ANTHONY)

*Johanna reappears at the window. Anthony holds the cage up as a present, beckoning her down. She hesitates, smiles, nods, disappears into the house. He waits. Shyly, almost furtively, she slips out of the door and stands there. He moves toward her, holding out the cage. Slowly her hand goes out toward him.*

1 *Tranquillo* (♩ = 66) *Safety* 3 *Their fingers touch.* ANTHONY: *mp*

*Bird sounds continue, then fade.*

5 feel you, Jo - han - na, I

*mp*

9 feel you. I was half con-vinced I'd wak - en,

13

A. *Sat - is - fied e - nough to dream. you. Hap - pi - ly, I was mis - tak -*

16 *mf*

*- en, Jo - han - na! I'll steal*

20 *dim.* *mp*

*you, Jo - han - na, I'll steal you. . .*

JUDGE: *(Shouting)* Johanna! Johanna!

JOHANNA: Oh dear! *(Forgetting the birdcage, she scurries to the house)*

JUDGE: *(Glaring at Anthony)* 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?

*They are so absorbed with each other that they fail to notice the approach of Judge Turpin and the Beadle.*

ANTHONY: But, sir. I swear there was nothing in my heart...

*-Safety-*

*(last time)*

25 *dim.*

... but the most respectful sentiments of -- JUDGE: *(To Beadle)* Dispose of him. *He strides toward the house.*

27

*p*

JOHANNA: Oh dear! I knew! BEADLE: *(Fondling his truncheon, to Anthony)* You heard his worship.

31

ANTHONY: But friend, I have no fight with you.

*The Beadle opens the cage door, takes the bird out, wrings its neck and then tosses it away.*

35

BEADLE: Get the gist of it, friend? Next time it'll be *your* neck. *He starts after the Judge and Johanna.*

38

## No. 8A

# JOHANNA (Part II)

(ANTHONY)

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, petting her cheek)* Dear child. *(gazing at her lustfully)* How sweet you look in that light muslin gown. *Johanna runs into the house, the Judge after her. The Beadle follows. Anthony is left alone, the empty cage in his hands.*

1 *Maestoso* (♩ = 66) *Safety* 3 ANTHONY: *f*  
I'll

5 steal you, Jo - han - na, I'll

9 *Con poco moto*  
*mf*  
steal you. Do they think that walls can hide — you?

13

A.

E - ven now I'm at your win - dow. I am in the dark be - side

16

you, Bur - ied sweet - ly in your yel - low hair. . .

*cresc.* *f*

19

A tempo

I

*ff* *V*

23

feel you, Jo - han - na, And

*dim.*

27 *mp* *He smashes the cage.*

A. *one day I'll steal you.*

31 *mf*

*Till I'm with you then, I'm with you there, Sweet-ly bur-ied in your*

*mf poco cresc.*

34 *cresc. poco a poco*

*yel-low hair.*

*f*

37 *He throws the cage away, picks up his duffel bag, and runs off. The lights fade.*

*ff* *R.H.* *L.H.* *fff* *R.H.*

*vall* *vall*

Segue