

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.*

Bird sounds continue, then fade.

mp

ANTHONY:

1

5

feel you, Jo - han - na, I

mp

9

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

13

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

16

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

20

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.