ANTHONY and BEADLE

(The BEADLE, falsely amiable as ever, swaggers on, recognizes him)

Start

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's 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 what-can-you-do? 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) Finish