ENSEMBLE OPTION — FOGG

(And as THEY sing the name, THEY transform themselves into the inmates of Fogg's Asylum, which is now revealed: a huge stone wall and a heavy iron door. Behind the wall, the ragged inmates are crawling, lolling, capering, giggling, shrieking. In the center of them sits JOHANNA, her long yellow hair tumbling about her)

INMATES

(Intoning, chattering, screaming)

SWEEEEEEEEEEEEEENEEEEEEEEEEEEEY

SWEENEYSWEENEYSWEENEYSWEENEY ...

(These moans and humming noises continue under the following, Occasionally interrupted by little mad birdlike outbursts of song. MR. FOGG enters with ANTHONY in his wigmaker's disguise. HE carries a huge pair of scissors. Behind them, is the asylum wall)

#25a – Fogg's Passacaglia

START

FOGG

Just this way, sir.

ANTHONY

You do me honor. Mr. Fogg.

FOGG

I agree it would be to our mutual interest to come to some arrangement in regard to my poor children's hair.

ANTHONY

Your — children?

FOGG

We are one happy family here, sir, and all my patients are my children, to be corrected when they're naughty, and rewarded with a sweetie when they're good. But to our business.

(As THEY enter the inside of the asylum, lights come up behind the scrim wall revealing the shadows of the inmates. MR. FOGG, as in a shadow play, grabs one female by the hair, pulling her head up for ANTHONY's inspection)

Here is a charming yellow, a little dull in tone perhaps, but you can soon restore its natural gleam.

(HE drops the head, moves to a man and grabs his head up by the hair)

Now, here! A fine texture for a man and, as you must know, sir, there is always a discount on the hair of a male.

(ANTHONY has been looking around and has spotted JOHANNA)

ANTHONY

This one here has hair the shade I seek.

FOGG

Poor child. She needs so much correction. She sings all day and night and leaves the other inmates sleepless.

(HE goes to JOHANNA and tugs her, indignantly struggling, across the floor toward ANTHONY, by the hair)

Come, child. Smile for the gentleman and you shall have a sweetie.

(HE brandishes the scissors)

Now, where shall I cut?

JOHANNA

(Sees ANTHONY)

Anthony!

ANTHONY

Johanna!

FOGG

What is this? What is this?

ANTHONY

(Drawing his pistol)

Unhand her!

FOGG

Why you—!

(Clutching the scissors, HE moves resolutely toward ANTHONY. ANTHONY backs away a few steps, but FOGG keeps coming)

ANTHONY

Stop, Mr. Fogg, or I'll fire.

FOGG

Fire, and I will stop.

ANTHONY

I cannot shoot. FINISH

(Losing his nerve, ANTHONY drops the gun which JOHANNA catches in mid-air. FOGG moves toward ANTHONY, raising the scissors. JOHANNA, holding the gun with both hands, shoots FOGG, who falls. SHE drops the gun and together SHE and ANTHONY run out. Compelled by the energy released by FOGG's death, the LUNATICS tear down the wall and rush out of the asylum, spilling with euphoric excitement onto the street)