

**ANTHONY**

ME!  
LOOK AT  
ME!  
LOOK AT ME...

**JOHANNA**

GREEN FINCH AND LINNET BIRD,  
NIGHTINGALE, BLACKBIRD,  
TEACH ME HOW TO SING.  
IF I CANNOT FLY  
LET ME SING...

*(As JOHANNA turns to go inside, their eyes meet and the song dies on their lips. A hushed moment. Then suddenly a clawlike hand darts out from a pile of trash. ANTHONY jumps and looks down to see the BEGGAR WOMAN, who has been sleeping in the garbage under a discarded shawl, thrusting her bowl at him. JOHANNA, frightened, slips back out of sight)*

START!

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

ALMS!... ALMS!...  
FOR A MISERABLE WOMAN...

*(ANTHONY hurriedly digs out a coin and drops it in her bowl; SHE peers at him)*

BEG YOUR PARDON, IT'S YOU, SIR  
THANK YER... THANK YER KINDLY...

*(ANTHONY turns back to discover JOHANNA gone and the window shut. The BEGGAR WOMAN starts off)*

**ANTHONY**

One moment, mother.  
*(SHE turns)*

Perhaps you know whose house this is?

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

That! That's the great Judge Turpin's house, that is.

**ANTHONY**

And the young lady who resides there?

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

Ah, her! That's Johanna, his pretty little ward.

*(Slyly confidential)*

But don't you go trespassing there, young man. Not if you value your hide.

*(SHE nods her head)*

Tamper there and it's a good whipping for you—or any other youth with mischief on his mind.

*(Leers at him)*

*Beggar Woman & Anthony!*

*Say these lyrics as if they are lines.*

STOP!