

Fogge

**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)*