

THE POOR AND LITTLE SALLY

Scene 4

The secret hideout. THE POOR guard HOPE, still bound to the chair and gagged. All wait anxiously for BOBBY to return.

START

LITTLE BECKY TWO-SHOES: What's taking them so long?

SOUPY SUE: They should have reached an agreement by now.

Cladwell's not one to dillydally.

TINY TOM: All night the sirens and the screams. Maybe they're celebrating.

JOSEPHINE: Bobby won't let us down. He's a good boy, my Bobby Strong. If anyone can find the way to freedom, he can.

HOT BLADES HARRY: Otherwise we kill the girl. Right? That is the plan, isn't it?

JOSEPHINE: Let's not get ahead of ourselves now, shall we?

(LITTLE SALLY enters.)

JOSEPHINE: Little Sally? What's going on up there?

LITTLE SALLY: It's . . . it's . . .

JOSEPHINE: Yes?

LITTLE SALLY: I saw Bobby.

JOSEPHINE: Yes?

LITTLE SALLY: I . . . I don't think the meeting went very well.

JOSEPHINE: Why do you say that?

LITTLE SALLY: Well, they threw him off a building.

(Pause.)

JOSEPHINE: What are you saying, Little Sally? Who threw who off a building?

LITTLE SALLY: Bobby. The policemen. They threw him off a building.

JOSEPHINE: The police threw Bobby off a building?

SOUPY SUE: They couldn't have done such a thing; we have Cladwell's daughter.

LITTLE SALLY: Well, they did.

TINY TOM: Is . . . is he all right?

LITTLE SALLY: Um . . .

JOSEPHINE: Well, is he?!

(LITTLE SALLY *breaks down.*)

LITTLE SALLY: Oh, Bobby. The policemen came soon enough,
but not before I heard his last words.

ROBBY THE STOCKFISH: His last words?

LITTLE SALLY: That's right. (*She points to HOPE.*) It was about her.
(*Vamp for "Tell Her I Love Her" begins. Pause.*)

SOUPY SUE: Well, what were they?!

LITTLE SALLY: They were . . . (*She sings.*)

END

*Tell her I love her,
Tell her I'll always be with her,
And I will see her in a better place,
Where hope is always new.*

*Ours was a short time.
Ours was a love that never bloomed.
Yet in that love there lives a brand-new hope
That's calling out to you.*

*Its call is soft and gentle, tame and fine.
It's docile and benign—
(The ghost of BOBBY suddenly appears in the distance and sings.)*

BOBBY:
*A pickle in the brine.
What did I say? That isn't what I meant.
I've lost my sense of scent.
I fear my life is spent.*

BOBBY AND LITTLE SALLY:
No one is innocent.

LITTLE SALLY: No one.
(*The ghost of BOBBY disappears.*)