

LOCKSTOCK:

*For Urinetown is your town
If you're hopeless, down-and-out!*

ALL:

Out!

Out!

Out!

Out!

(LOCKSTOCK looks around and sees that LITTLE SALLY has escaped.)

LOCKSTOCK: *Where'd she go?! Damn it. (He turns to go, but before he leaves—)* Welcome back, everybody. And enjoy—
what's left of the show! Little Sally . . . Little Sally . . . what did
you mean by "metaphysical"?

ALL:

Hey!

Scene 2

THE POOR - READ ALL,
BUT LITTLE SALLY

The secret hideout. THE POOR have just about lost it.

START —

HOT BLADES HARRY: I say five more seconds and then we let her
have the rope. Five . . . Four . . . Three, two, one!

(LITTLE SALLY enters.)

LITTLE SALLY: Geez, that was a close one. Cops crawlin' all over
the place.

LITTLE BECKY TWO-SHOES: Little Sally! Where the hell have you
been?!

LITTLE SALLY: Spyin' near the tower, is all. Cladwell and Fipp and
Ms. Pennywise, they was all meetin' up there. Some kind of—I
don't know what you want to call it—a quorum of some kind.

HOT BLADES HARRY: That's it, she gets the rope.

LITTLE SALLY: The rope?

LITTLE BECKY TWO-SHOES: String her up!

LITTLE SALLY: Wait a minute! You can't just give her the rope!

HOT BLADES HARRY: Why not?!

LITTLE SALLY: Because killin' her would make us no better than them.

LITTLE BECKY TWO-SHOES: Haven't you heard, Little Sally? We are no better than them. In fact, we're worse.

LITTLE SALLY: Worse?!

(Vamp begins for "Snuff That Girl.")

HOT BLADES HARRY: Whaddaya think they talk about in those quorums they got up there—how good we are?! So listen up now! Any second those cops are gonna bust in here and bust us up like a bunch of overripe cantaloupes! So I say as long as our juice has gotta spill—all over this floor, here—her juice has gotta spill, too! Cladwell juice! Then we'll see who's better than who. *(He sings.)*

END

*Look at her there,
All bound up, gagged and tied,
With her head full of hair
And her heart full of pride.
Well, boys, I've had enough
Of each arrogant curl.
Bing! Bang! Boom! Let's get tough,
Playin' rough.
Snuff that girl.*

LITTLE SALLY: "Snuff that girl"? But killing people is wrong!

LITTLE BECKY TWO-SHOES: Then why does it feel so right? *(She sings.)*

*Look at us here
In a hole, on the lam,
With our hearts full of fear.
What a rip! What a sham!
You know cops will be here
Bustin' heads mighty quick.*