

HOT BLADES HARRY, LITTLE SALLY, LITTLE BECKY TWO-SHOES

*(The secret hideout. THE POOR have just about lost it.)***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 BECK 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?!

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 thos cops are gonna bust in here and bust us up like a bunch of overripe canteloupes! So I say as long as our juice has gotta spill - all over this floor, here - her juices has gotta spill, too! Cladwell juice! Then we'll see who's better than who.