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## Poor Child

Reference number PT0667

BLACK

Poor child.

Poor child.

Beautiful and bruised.

Poor child.

Pure child.

Virginal and used.

Her hair, her smile, her eyes.

So tender

Her heart, her soul, her life, so broken.

How much more must she endure?

Poor child.

Poor child.

Sensitive and hard.

One more girl forever scarred. (*Queenie joins*)

Poor child.

Prisoner of shame. (*Kate joins*)

Poor child.

Pure child.

Searching for a name. (*Burrs joins*)

Her hair, her smile, her eyes, so tender.

Her heart, her soul, her life, so broken.

How much more must she endure?

Poor child.

Poor child.

Generous and tight.

One more girl lost in the night.

QUEENIE (*joins Black*)

Pause for a moment then throw him a glance.

Look askance at Burrs and smile.

Show him how it is, maybe then he'll get his. (*Kate joins*)

Just pause for a moment then offer a stare.

Let him watch you walk on air.

Share a very quiet rendezvous.

Gently pull him to you. (*Burrs joins*)

His face, his arms, his chest,  
try to be wary and wise.

His hands, his hips, his legs,  
try to get lost in his eyes.

Those heavenly eyes.

Pause for a moment then say your hello.

Watch as Burrs begins to blow.

Burrs getting angry, Burrs getting rougher.

Tonight I can make him suffer.

Show him how it is.

Maybe then he'll get his.

KATE

He's a dime-store fraud she's a second-hand broad!

And when the trap is set, I'll be there for my Burrs.

He thinks he's hers but he's in for some news.

Light the fuse and place the bet.

Well, (*Burrs joins*)

I wasn't born yesterday.

Hell,

I wasn't born yesterday!

In an hour or two things will start to unglue.

And Burrs will be waiting then happily I'll go and bring him to me.

Well, we'll see, won't we?

She better watch her step with Burrs, or she'll get hers.

BURRS

What does she think she's doing?

Doing?

What does she think I am?

Who does he think he's wooing?

Wooing?

Someone who gives a damn?

She's a sham!  
She may be pretty and bat her eyes.  
But soon he'll get wise.  
(spoken)  
Flirt!  
(sung)  
She's a flirt!  
And it's she who'll get hurt.  
Oh she's a phony she's a sham, a stony eyed lamb.  
And she better watch her step with Burrs, or she'll get hers.

BLACK (*alone*)  
Poor child!  
Poor child!  
Dangerous divine,  
she's a beautiful, virginal, sensitive, generous poor child!  
(*Kate joins*)  
Predictable bore. (*Burrs joins*)  
BURRS  
A dangerous whore! (*Queenie joins*)  
QUEENIE  
I'll settle the score.

BLACK  
And I'll make  
BURRS  
I'll take  
BLACK  
her  
KATE  
I'll take what's  
BURRS  
what's  
KATE, BLACK and BURRS  
mine!  
QUEENIE  
Black!