

EDSEL THORPE

70 BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS

AND THIN
AND LED US ALL TO
VICTORY.
HAS DONE IT ONCE
AGAIN AND LED US ALL
TO VICTORY

SWEEP AROUND
A WIDESTEP, CUT A
LITTLE SWATH
AND LEAD THE PEOPLE
ON.
HE LOVES TO DANCE THE
LITTLE SIDESTEP
AND LEAD THE PEOPLE
ON.

(End of song—the GOVERNOR exits.)

ALL.

OOO, HE LOVES TO DANCE THE LITTLE SIDESTEP
NOW WE SEE HIM, NOW WE DON'T
HE'S COME AND GONE

MELVIN. Three cheers and a gold star to our Governor who has agreed to do his duty by calling on local officials to "Kill their own snakes." . . . so once again, the Watchdog News bites as well as barks. Arf, Arf . . . *(Chanting.)*
"WE'RE A GONNA CLOSE MISS MONA."

(The GROUP begins to march in a snakelike line around the stage wrapping themselves in Texas flags.)

ALL.

We're a gonna close Miss
Mona
We're a gonna close Miss
Mona
We're a gonna close Miss
Mona

ALL.

SHAME, SHAME, SHAME
YOU'RE RUINING OUR
GOOD NAME
SHAME, SHAME, SHAME
YOU'RE RUINING OUR
GOOD NAME

EDSEL. Have you gone crazy Melvin? What do you get out of jumpin' on a bunch of poor, social misfits, tryin' to scratch out a livin' sellin' cheap nookie in Gilbert?

MELVIN. The law is the law!

EDSEL. Melvin, within two blocks of this capitol building you can get anything done to you for money that you can get in Tangiers! Tongue baths, naked massages, midget fags, somebody ticklin' your ass with a feather.

MELVIN. If you know that for a fact, Mr. Newspaper Editor, it's your duty to expose it.

EDSEL. Melvin, I don't give a damn if folks occasionally want their asses tickled with feathers. I'd kinda like to think that's what heaven is all about.

END

START