

CLADWELL

Nonsense. Did I send you to the Most Expensive University in the World to teach you how to feel conflicted, or to learn how to manipulate great masses of people?

HOPE

To learn how to manipulate great masses of people, Daddy.

CLADWELL

Which is exactly what we'll do. Now get faxing!

HOPE

And copying!

CLADWELL

And -- welcome home.

SIDE 4

Little Sally
Lockstock

Barrel

ACT I

START

Scene 3

(Night. A street corner. LITTLE SALLY counts her pennies. OFFICER LOCKSTOCK enters.)

LITTLE SALLY

...Five hundred and thirty-seven, five hundred and thirty-eight, just a few more...

LOCKSTOCK

Well, hello there, Little Sally. Awfully late for a little girl to be out and about. Especially on a night like tonight.

LITTLE SALLY

Oh. Just tryin' to scrape together a few coins before the late-night rush is all. Got one to spare?

LOCKSTOCK

Sure, Little Sally. I'm in a good mood tonight.

(HE tosses her a coin.)

LITTLE SALLY

Gee, thanks.

(SHE squirrels the coin away.)

LITTLE SALLY

Say, Officer Lockstock, I was thinkin'. We don't spend much time on hydraulics, do we?

LOCKSTOCK

Hydraulics, Little Sally?

LITTLE SALLY

You know, hydraulics. Hydration. Irrigation. Or just plain old laundry. Seems to me that with all the talk of water shortage and drought and whatnot, we might spend some time on those things, too. After all, a dry spell would affect hydraulics, too, you know.

LOCKSTOCK

Why, sure it would, Little Sally. But...How shall I put it? Sometimes - in a musical - it's better to focus on one big thing rather than a lot of little things. The audience tends to be much happier that way. And it's easier to write.

(SHE thinks this over.)

LITTLE SALLY

One big thing, huh?

LOCKSTOCK

That's right, Little Sally.

LITTLE SALLY

Oh.

(Pause.)

Then why not hydraulics?

(LOCKSTOCK chuckles.)

LOCKSTOCK

Run along, then, Little Sally. Wouldn't want you to miss last call. Ms. Pennywise won't hold the gate forever, you know.

LITTLE SALLY

Oh, yeah, right. Thanks for the coin! Bye!

(SHE hurries off. BARREL enters, carrying a shovel and a mop.)

BARREL

What a night.

LOCKSTOCK

Everything cleaned up all right, Mister Barrel?

BARREL

Sure, same as always. Did you hear him scream, though, Mister Lockstock?

LOCKSTOCK

Old Man Strong?

BARREL

All the way down to Urinetown.

LOCKSTOCK

Oh yes, I heard him, Mister Barrel. But then, they all seem to scream in the end, now, don't they? As their long journey into "exile" comes to a close and the spires of Urinetown peek above the horizon? They do scream then, Mister Barrel. They most certainly do.

(THEY laugh.)

BARREL

I suppose I thought he might be different, somehow.

LOCKSTOCK

Different?

BARREL

Old Man Strong. Always seemed a bit tougher than the rest. I was hoping he might...I don't know...surprise us, somehow.

(Begin vamp for "Cop Song.")

#6 Cop Song

LOCKSTOCK

If there's one thing I've learned in my years enforcing the laws of this city, it's that the journey down to Urinetown offers no surprises. Not even from the very toughest amongst us. On that journey expect only the expected. ~~LOCKSTOCK~~

(LOCKSTOCK sings.)

~~IT'S A HARD, COLD TUMBLE OF A JOURNEY,
WORTHY OF A GURNEY, A BUMBLE DOWN,
A SLAPPED FACE, SMACKED WITH A MACE,
CERTAIN TO DEBASE, IS OUR STUMBLE DOWN.
IT'S A PATH THAT LEADS YOU ONLY ONE PLACE,
HORRIBLE TO RETRACE, A CRUMBLE DOWN.
A HARD, COLD TUMBLE OF A TOURNEY,
JUMBLE OF A JOURNEY TO URINETOWN.~~

LOCKSTOCK & BARREL

~~JULIE CASSIDY
WENT TO A FIELD BEHIND A TREE,
SAW THERE WAS NO ONE WHO COULD SEE~~

LOCKSTOCK

~~HER PEE~~

ALL

~~IT'S A PATH THAT LEADS YOU ONLY ONE PLACE,
HORRIBLE TO RETRACE, CRUMBLE DOWN,
A HARD, COLD TUMBLE OF A TOURNEY,
JUMBLE OF A JOURNEY TO URINETOWN!~~

LOCKSTOCK

Off you go, then, boys. And happy hunting.

(The COPS scramble off. LOCKSTOCK and BARREL linger.)

BARREL

Hm...yes. So, have you made plans for your journey yet?

LOCKSTOCK

To Urinetown?!

BARREL

To Rio, of course.

LOCKSTOCK

Oh. Yes. Rio. Well, I had to squeeze Cladwell a bit tighter than usual for our monthly payoffs, extortion fees, money bribes, and such. But-

(HOPE enters.)

BARREL

Caution, Mister Lockstock. It would seem we're no longer alone.

LOCKSTOCK

Well, I'll be.

BARREL

If I'm not mistaken, that there's his daughter.

LOCKSTOCK

So it is. And all grown up, too.

(To HOPE)

Ms. Cladwell! A little late for you to be out, don't you think?

HOPE

Oh, hello Officers.

LOCKSTOCK

If I didn't know better, I'd say you were on a late-night-behind-the-bushes-to-relieve yourself-for-free kind of walk.

END