

Lockstock/Barrel

6 Cop Song

BARREL: I was hoping he might...
I don't know... Surprise us somehow...

LOCKSTOCK: Expect only...
The expected.

FASTER THAN LAST SUMMER. LOCKSTOCK (go up - up) It's a hard, cold, + Euph.

+ Drms, Bs. mf mp

tum-ble of a jour-ney, worth-y of a gur-ney, a bum-bie down, a slapped face, smacked with a mace,

cer-tain to de-base is our stum-ble down. It's a path that leads you on-ly one place, hor-ri-ble to re-trace, a

Euph solo

crum-ble down, a hard, cold, tum-ble of a tour-ney, jum-ble of a jour-ney to U-rine-town!

LOCKSTOCK, BARREL

Ju - lie Cas - si - dy went to a field be - hind a tree, saw there was no - one

> Clar (col vocal)

20

BARREL LOCKSTOCK, BARREL

who could see her pee. But me! And Ja - cob Ro - sen - bloom thought he was safe up

25

sfz

in his room. Did - n't know the jars he kept up there would ob - li - gate a trip to a U - rine

31

cresc.

LOCKSTOCK

town! PMS! There are

36

ff

mf

BARREL LOCKSTOCK

those who find our meth-ods vi-cious, o-ver-ly ma-li-cious, a bunch of brutes, but it's we who

Euph solo

40

BARREL LOCKSTOCK BARREL LOCKSTOCK

ga-ther for the peo-ple, ta-vern to the stee-ple law-ful fruits. Our task, bring a lit-tle or-der,

45

BARREL LOCKSTOCK BARREL

swin-dle out a hoar-der from what he loots. As the book says, cer-tain-ly a sea-son tramp-le out a trea-son with

50

ALL

hob - nail boots. Ro - ger Roo - se - velt kept a cup be - low his belt,

55

Lockstock (2) + Barrel

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.

(LITTLE SALLY 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.)* 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.

(Vamp begins for "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. *(He 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 AND BARREL:

*Julie Cassidy
Went to a field behind a tree,
Saw there was no one who could see*

LOCKSTOCK:

Her pee

BARREL:

But me!

LOCKSTOCK AND BARREL:

*And Jacob Rosenbloom
Thought he was safe up in his room,
Didn't know the jars he kept up there
Would obligate a trip to a urine tomb!
*(More COPS enter.)**

LOCKSTOCK:

There are those who think our methods vicious—

BARREL:

Overly malicious—