

Cladwell



CLADWELL

Don't be the bun-ny! — Don't be the stew! Don't be the din-ner, you've got bet-ter things to do.

Tbn. Etc.

17

It ain't no joke, that's why it's fun-ny! — So take your cue: Don't be the bun-ny. —

21

Don't be the bun-ny! —

CONTINUE ON: CLADWELL: I do, I see them everywhere!

Vamp.

25

A lit-tle bun-ny at a toll booth, — He needs a meas-ly fif-ty cents

Tbn as before

mp *sim.*

31

Out lit - tle bun - ny did - n't plan a-head. Tutti Poor bun - ny sim - ply does - n't

35

have the bread. He begs for mer-cy, but gets jail in-stead. Has-son - pfer-fer's in the air as the

sfz

38

bun - ny gets the chair! Sec the mo - ral peo - ple! Clear as day, boss!

OTHERS

cresc.

+ Bs Cl

+ Bs Cl, HH

42

Cladwell

1

CLADWELL

Don't be the bun-ny! — Don't be the dopel Don't be the lo-ser, you're much bet-ter than that, Hope!

Tbn. *mp.* Etc.

45

McQUEEN + FIPP

You're born to pow'r! You're in the mo - ney! — Ad-vice to you, In re: the bun - ny —

49

CLADWELL

Don't be — the bun - ny! —

CLADWELL: Live long enough, Hope my dear
You'll see... many things!
HOPE: Even a daughter doubting her father?

Vamp

+ Tbn, B.D.

53

A lit - tle bun - ny in , a shoé - box. He thinks he's found a brand new

59

home. So snug and coz - y on your clo - set floor.

62

And then you o - pen up you clo - set door. Now what's that bun - ny in my clo - set for? With a

65

mal - let and some clippers, you find out; new bun - ny slip - ers! Get the mes - sage staff? Right be - hind you, boss!

CLADWELL OTHERS

69

+ Bs Cl, HH

Cladwell

2

161

CLADWELL: You've got weapons! Use them!
LOCKSTOCK: But, sir!

CLADWELL

What is U - rine - town? U - rine - town's a tool! An in - stru - ment of

168

Last X Claf

Euph

po - wer to en - force my i - ron rule! So send your troops to all the stoops and let them un - der - stand if

173

Tutti

Euph Solo

Hope is not re - turned it's U - rine - town for all the land! If Hope is not re - turned, it's U - rine - town for all the

180

Tutti

ALL

land, land, land, land, land!

Subito *cresc.* *f* *ff*

187

CLADWELL

Dance? Dance? Do they think I'll dance? Those peo-ple with my daugh-ter want to make me change my

mf

193

stancel Stance, dance, for - get it! Ne-ver, na-da, neine! I'll teach them not to take from me what's

rit. *(Tutti)* *sfz* *mf* *A tempo*

200

mine!

mp

207

Cladwell

~~It's leading you.
Follow your—
Oh, Bobby.~~

Scene 3

The offices of Urine Good Company. CLADWELL, FIPP, and UGC STAFF receive PENNY and BOBBY.

CLADWELL: You've caused a lot of excitement over the past few days, Mister Strong. Gotten a lot of people riled up.

BOBBY: This is just the beginning, Mister Cladwell. The people have only just begun to fight.

CLADWELL: Keeping my daughter confined against her will—is that how the people fight?

BOBBY: They fight by any means necessary.

MRS. MILLENNIUM: The streets are still ours, Mister Strong. Your people are just holed up in some underground sewer.

BOBBY: They'll be up.

(LOCKSTOCK and BARREL rush in, truncheons in hand.)

LOCKSTOCK: Sorry to interrupt, Mister Cladwell. There's a disturbance over at Public Amenity Number Thirty-two, Number Fifteen as well. Word's begun to spread.

BARREL: People have gathered at all the rest. They're waiting to see what young Bobby will do.

LOCKSTOCK: After he meets with you, of course.

CLADWELL: Of course. *(He considers BOBBY.)* Mister McQueen! *(MCQUEEN places a suitcase on CLADWELL's desk.)* Do you remember the Stink Years, Mister Strong? The first years when the water table started to drop and then just kept on dropping? No one thought they had much time then, and many of us did . . . questionable things, much like the things that are

happening right now. There was the looting, of course, and the hoarding. Riots broke out like there was no tomorrow, for there was no tomorrow, but there is always a tomorrow if you're tough enough to cling to it. Which is why I've asked you here tonight.

(MCQUEEN opens the suitcase, revealing piles and piles of cash.)

ALL: Oooooooooo.

CLADWELL: Some people see me as an . . . evil man.

ALL: Noo! / How awful! / Oh, Mister Cladwell! / Etc.

CLADWELL: But the truth is, I'm no more evil than you or Ms. Pennywise or any of those poor people you insist on trying to lead. I'm only a simple man trying to cling to tomorrow. Every day. By any means necessary.

(BOBBY fingers the cash.)

BOBBY: And what happens when the drought is over?

CLADWELL: Over? *(All except BOBBY chuckle.)* Well, we can always hope, I suppose. But until then our regimen of controlling consumption through the regulating mechanism of cash must continue.

BOBBY: Ah yes, the regulating mechanism of cash.

(CLADWELL puts his arm around BOBBY.)

CLADWELL: Bobby, I want you to have this cash. And I want you to tell the people that the powers that be grant full amnesty to those involved in this week's criminal activities as long as they're willing to return to the improved fee schedule as authorized by the Legislature. Don't let it happen again, and have a good time in Rio.

BOBBY: So many tomorrows.

CLADWELL: Yes.

BOBBY: But I'm afraid my conscience will cost you more than a pile of cash, Mister Cladwell.

PENNY: Bobby, it really is an awful lot of cash.

BOBBY: Free access is the only "cash" I'm interested in.