

# Lockstock / Little Sally

## ACT I

### Scene 1

*Early morning. The poorest, filthiest urinal in town. Above the entrance to the urinal hangs a sign that reads Public Amenity #9. THE POOR lie sprawled across the stage, sleeping quietly. Music for "Urinetown" plays softly in the background. OFFICER LOCKSTOCK enters from the house, inspecting the theater for orderliness. Satisfied, he takes his place onstage and addresses the audience directly.*

START

**LOCKSTOCK:** Well, hello there. And welcome—to *Urinetown!*  
*(Pause.)* Not the place, of course. The musical. *Urinetown* "the place" is . . . well, it's a place you'll hear people referring to a lot throughout the show.

*(PENELOPE PENNYWISE and BOBBY STRONG enter. They carry with them a small table upon which rests a ledger.)*

**PENNY:** You hear the news? They carted Old So-and-So off to *Urinetown* the other day.

**BOBBY:** Is that so? What he do?

**PENNY:** Oh, such-and-such, I hear.

**BOBBY:** Well, what do you know? Old So-and-So.

*(Bobby and Penny set up their workstation, placing the table beside the entrance to the amenity as THE POOR begin to rise.)*

**LOCKSTOCK:** It's kind of a mythical place, you understand. A bad place. A place you won't see until Act Two. And then . . . ? Well, let's just say it's filled with symbolism and things like that.

*(THE POOR sing the "Urinetown" theme on an "ooh" ever so softly as they prepare for another day. LITTLE SALLY enters, counting her pennies.)*

LOCKSTOCK: But *Urinetown* “the musical,” well, here we are. Welcome. It takes place in a town like any town . . . that you might find in a musical. This here’s the first setting for the show. As the sign says, it’s a “public amenity,” meaning public toilet. These people have been waiting for hours to get in; it’s the only amenity they can afford to get into.

(LITTLE SALLY *approaches* LOCKSTOCK.)

LITTLE SALLY: Say, Officer Lockstock, is this where you tell the audience about the water shortage?

LOCKSTOCK: What’s that, Little Sally?

LITTLE SALLY: You know, the water shortage. The hard times. The drought. A shortage so awful that private toilets eventually became unthinkable. A premise so absurd that—

LOCKSTOCK: Whoa there, Little Sally. Not all at once. They’ll hear more about the water shortage in the next scene.

LITTLE SALLY: Oh. I guess you don’t want to overload them with too much exposition, huh?

LOCKSTOCK: Everything in its time, Little Sally. You’re too young to understand it now, but nothing can kill a show like too much exposition.

LITTLE SALLY: How about bad subject matter?

LOCKSTOCK: Well—

LITTLE SALLY: Or a bad title, even? That could kill a show pretty good.

LOCKSTOCK: Well, Little Sally, suffice it to say that in *Urinetown* (the musical) everyone has to use public bathrooms in order to take care of their private business. That’s the central conceit of the showww! (*He sings.*)

*Better hope your pennies*

*Add up to the fee—*

*We can’t have you peeing*

*For free.*

*If you do, we’ll catch you.*

STOP

# Little Sally

(2)

HOPE: Gosh, Daddy, they certainly do seem to adore you. So why do I feel so conflicted?

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.

## 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.)* 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

# ~~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.