

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 (down - up) It's a hard, cold, + Euph.

1

tum-ble of a jour-ney, worth-y of a gur-ney, a bum-ble 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

10

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! Toms! There are

ff *mf*

36

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 / 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

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, tight. 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—