

**BOBBY**

What's it like, this Urinetown that I've heard so much about?

**LOCKSTOCK**

Perhaps better to "show" you.

*(BOBBY bumps into the rooftop edging. HE feels around.)*

**BOBBY**

What's this? Where are we?

**LOCKSTOCK**

Yes, my boy, stand on the very threshold to a new world.

*(LOCKSTOCK grabs BOBBY.)*

The door is in front of you. Step through and Urinetown awaits.

**BOBBY**

Door? More like...a railing. And pigeons. A rooftop? I guess I still don't understand.

**LOCKSTOCK**

Never fear, the time of understanding is at hand!

*(LOCKSTOCK rips off BOBBY'S blindfold.)*

Welcome, then! To the very gates of Urinetown itself!

**BOBBY**

Look, there's Public Amenity Number 47! And the legislature! My boyhood home! Why, we're just standing on top of the UGC headquarters building. And...and this is our town!

**LOCKSTOCK**

Yes. Yes, it is.

**BOBBY**

How could it be that we're in our town and in Urinetown at the same time...unless... unless...dear God, no! You couldn't have!

**LOCKSTOCK**

Over you go, then.

**BOBBY**

Wait a minute, you're just going to throw me off this roof and that's supposed to be Urinetown?! Death is Urinetown?!

**LOCKSTOCK**

That's one interpretation.