

SCENE SIX - Cladwell, Bobby

CLADWELL

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.

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

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

And what happens when the drought is over?

CLADWELL

Over? 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

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

CLADWELL

I thought we had an understanding, Bobby.

BOBBY

Then understand this: If there truly is a way to that bright, new day, we'll find it together. All of us, not just the wealthy few. And that means free access.

CLADWELL

Free access is impossible.

BOBBY

Then that's what I'll tell the people.

CLADWELL

We'll not return to the Stink Years, Mister Strong. I'll not allow it.

I've spent a lifetime building this company, paying off the police, bribing the political elite, and snuffing out popular resistance as if it were a naughty baby bunny in the palm of my hand. My right hand. I've centralized all power to a pinpoint spot - right here! Between these two ears! And I'm not going to allow some dreamy-eyed boy who can't remember the Stink Years to ruin all that! Seize him!