SONG #2. Supposing…

EMMA
Never really knew my parents. My dad died young, and I was raised by my grandma. Though actually Grandma used to work in the typing pool here back in the day. Liked being in the thick of it, so close to the capitol building…

(The music starts.)

SYBILLE
Actually, that’s sort of the reason I’m here.

EMMA
Oh?

SYBILLE
I’ll be frank with you…I have no special attachment to this paper. Or any paper. It’s just…there’s a situation I’ve been sitting on. Probably be content to keep sitting on it, but apparently I don’t have time to dither anymore.

EMMA
A…situation?

SYBILLE
No one can know where this came from, understood?

EMMA
Confidentiality is-

SYBILLE
Well…covering my bases…

SUPPOSING THERE’S
THIS LITTLE ALEHOUSE,

EMMA
Uh huh.

SYBILLE
SUPPOSING IT’S
A STONE’S THROW
FROM THE CAPITOL…
That’s right, THE CAPITOL…
SUPPOSING THAT
SYBILLE (cont’d)
The sweet old barkeep
is used to hosting
the very best.
The movers, shakers,
they get their drinks there
and sometimes dinner,
but just on thursdays…
Whatever, point is:
it’s the place to be,
hypothetically…

Uhh…
Where was I?

EMMA
So who goes to this hypothetical bar?

SYBILLE
Oh, right, the big accountant!

Supposing there’s
this big accountant,
supposing he
provides his service
to the bigwigs in the capitol
That’s right, the capitol…
supposing that
this big accountant
is on his cellphone
and talking loud.
He doesn’t notice
this old bartender
is right behind him,
and she can hear him…
he or she can hear him,
but not who’s on the other end…
I’m asking for a friend.

Uhh…
Where was I?

EMMA
What might your friend have overheard?
SYBILLE
OH, RIGHT, THE CONVERSATION!

SUPPOSING THAT
THIS CONVERSATION
THEY OVERHEARD, WELL...
SEEMED TO IMPLY THERE
ARE PAYOFFS IN...UH

EMMA
The capitol?

SYBILLE
That’s right, THE CAPITOL

SUPPOSING THAT
THIS HUMBLE BARKEEP...
SUPPOSING THAT,
ONCE THIS GUY’S GONE,
HE LEAVES THIS SPREADSHEET,
MEANT FOR THE GARBAGE,
OR, I’M ASSUMING...
OR SHE’S ASSUMING...
HE, SHE, OR IT’S ASSUMING...
SHIT...
SO GIVEN THAT,
ALL THINGS CONSIDERED,
THE CONVERSATION,
AND ALL THAT STUFF...
THE LITTLE SPREADSHEET,
IF IT WAS HANDY,
THE NUMBERS ON IT...
I’M NOT REALLY SURE WHAT TO DO,
BUT MIGHT THAT BE OF INTEREST TO YOU?

EMMA
I suppose so.

(Sybille produces the much-ballyhooed sheet of paper, then hesitates.)