

**FAT SAM** Am I going mad? Are my ears playing tricks on me? Come back tomorrow, Fizzy.

**FIZZY** But today is tomorrow, Mr Sam.

**FAT SAM** Fizzy, will you get out of here?

*Fat Sam lunges at Fizzy and in the process trips over Fizzy's bucket. Once again, the gang pick him up and brush him down.*

**LOUIS** You O.K. Boss?

**SNAKE EYES** Take it easy Boss, you'll break something.

**FAT SAM** Break something? Sure I'll break something, Snake Eyes. I'll break your dumb neck! Dancers, dancers. I'm surrounded by namby pamby dancers, singers, piano players, banjo players, tin whistle players, at a time when I need brains. You hear me? *Brains!* Brains and muscles.

**GANG** You got us Boss.

*Knuckles takes the soda syphon in order to top up Fat Sam's orange juice. Fat Sam holds out the glass. Knuckles squeezes and misses. The soda spray splashes everywhere but in the glass. Mostly, it goes on Fat Sam who is drenched and naturally furious.*

**FAT SAM** You! You manure face . . . you . . . you . . . great hunk of lard! Your trouble is you've got muscle where you ought to have brains. I tell you, my pet canary's got more brains than you! You dumb salami!

*He pulls Knuckle's hat over his head. Snatching the soda syphon, he squirts it into Knuckle's face. Ritzy, Angelo, Louis, and Snake Eyes giggle. Their faces change as Fat Sam stalks them round the room.*

**FAT SAM** So what's funny?

*He squirts the syphon at all of them.*

**GANG** Nothing Boss. Aaaaaaaah!

*Light out on Fat Sam's office. Light up on Bugsy and Blousey who are left and front of stage. Bugsy is still trying to befriend her. She is still uninterested in him.*

**BUGSY** Can I give you a lift?

**BLOUSEY** You got a car?

**BUGSY** Er, no.

**BLOUSEY** Then how you gonna give me a lift, Buster? Put me in an elevator?

**BUGSY** It's a nice night, we could walk. Which way you going?

**BLOUSEY** Which way you going?

**BUGSY** This way. *(Points left)*

**BLOUSEY** Then I'm going this way. *(Moves off right)*

**BUGSY** Let me carry your bag at least. Have you eaten?

**BLOUSEY** Ever since I was a child.

**BUGSY** Then how come you're so skinny smartie?

**BLOUSEY** I watch my weight.

**BUGSY** Yeah, I do that when I'm broke too. You hungry?

**BLOUSEY** No.

**BUGSY** You're not hungry?

**BLOUSEY** No, starving.

*A table with a red check tablecloth has been brought on centre stage. A waiter holds the chair out for Blousey to sit down. The Violinist walks on and plays his violin. The action is continuous, as is the dialogue. Other tables with check cloths are brought on and people sit at them until a full restaurant is created. A surly waitress comes up, chewing gum. She is very bored as she waits.*

**BUGSY** Are you going back to the speakeasy tomorrow?

**BLOUSEY** Er no, I'm gonna try my luck at the Bijoux Theatre.

**BUGSY** The Lena Marelli Show?

**BLOUSEY** She's walked out. They're looking for a replacement.

**BUGSY** Oh, she walks out every week and every week they have auditions and every week she walks back again. . . . But don't let me put you off.

**BLOUSEY** You won't. What do you do?

**BUGSY** Oh, this and that.

**BLOUSEY** Oh, crooked huh . . . .

**BUGSY** No, not quite. I find fighters, boxers. In fact I was a fighter myself once, pretty good too.