

BLOUSEY You were?

BUGSY Sure, I could have been a champion.

BLOUSEY You could?

BUGSY Sure, but for a couple of things.

BLOUSEY Like what?

BUGSY Like jelly legs, and a glass jaw.

BLOUSEY Some champion.

BUGSY I'd do well for a couple of rounds but I was about as tough as a ball of cotton wool. This jaw (*Points*) had more glass in it than Macy's window. One punch was enough to send me back to the dressing room – generally on a stretcher. . . . They'd slap my face, get out the smelling salts and I'd come round kidding myself it was a lucky punch. How many times can it be a lucky punch? Then I wised up, before my face looked like a plate of mashed potatoes. . . . (*He pushes his ear and nose to resemble a punched-up boxer.*) I could have been a contender, Charlie. (*Marlon Brando voice*)

Blousey laughs. Bugsy kisses his fingers and touches her nose.

WAITRESS (*chewing*) Look Buddy, in case you're wondering, I ain't part of the furniture. (*Pronounced 'foyniture'*) Are you eatin' or are you meetin'?

BUGSY Er . . . no, we'll have two Banana Boozles with double ice cream with nuts and chocolate sauce, two cream Arizona doughnuts and a coke with two straws.

Suddenly, there is pandemonium once more as the Hoods rush in and splurge again. Bugsy and Blousey take refuge under the table.

BUGSY We can't go on meeting like this.

They shuffle for safety, across the stage, on their knees.

Lights down. Lights up on English Reporter in telephone box to the right of stage.

ENGLISH REPORTER Now get this, news desk . . . there's been a frightfully bad show here in America chaps and this time the Yanks have gone too far and what's more it's just not cricket. And, as I speak, there's a pitch battle going on here and . . .

FOREIGN REPORTERS 1 AND 2 (*Similar to the above but in appropriate foreign languages.*)

Lights down to black. Much commotion. Lights up again and the three intrepid reporters are frozen by their phones, covered in splurge and custard pie.

Lights up on Dandy Dan and Louella front of stage in their arm chairs. Dandy Dan in his silk dressing gown and cravat. Louella is elegantly dressed in satin. A Cellist plays next to them. Dandy Dan gets up and switches him/her off like a radio (by twitching the nose, perhaps).

LOUELLA Oh honey, don't switch that off, I was enjoying that.

DANDY DAN I have to concentrate, Princess. I have a little business to attend to.

A Butler has entered.

BUTLER I've shown Mr Bronx Charlie and Company into the conservatory, Sir.

LOUELLA But ain't you gonna play no more, honey?

DANDY DAN Later my rose, later.

He deftly kisses her hand and walks up the stairs to the platform on left. Bronx Charlie and the Hoods jump up from their casual slumped positions, standing to attention, and yanking off their hats. Doodle is on the end of the line.

DANDY DAN Hi boys. O.K., relax. Well, guys, I'd like to take this opportunity of thanking you for your work so far. Everything's gone swell, just swell.

BRONX CHARLIE Thanks Boss.

DANDY DAN Fat Sam must have had quite a shock.

Dandy Dan has taken five red roses and hands them out. He misses out Doodle.

Bronx Charlie, Laughing Boy, Shoulders, Yonkers, Benny Lee, any moment now, Fat Sam will be crawling on his knees to me.

The Butler walks on with a tray of custard pies. Doodle looks at his empty hand. There seems to be some mistake.

DOODLE Er . . . I don't have a flower Boss.

Dandy Dan ignores him, takes a pie and hands the others to the other gang members.

DANDY DAN Soon all Fat Sam will have is the clothes he stands up in and a suitcase full of memories.

DOODLE Er . . . what about my flower Boss? I . . . don't . . . have . . . a flower . . .

Dandy Dan and the **Hoods** surround him.

DANDY DAN You goofed, Doodle. You dropped the gun. And I don't allow mistakes in this outfit, 'cause mistakes could put us all in the caboose and Sing Sing ain't my style.

DOODLE No Boss, please no. I didn't mean to drop the gun, honest I didn't. It just kind of slipped out of my hands. Any guy can make a mistake.

DANDY DAN Button your lip, Doodle . . . you're all washed up.

DOODLE Boss, give me a break. Boss!

They throw their pies at close range. Doodle freezes and the Hoods carry off his stiff body. Lights down.

Lights up on the opposite side of stage, front, where Fizzy sweeps up. He whistles his song. The chorus girls, Tillie, Loretta, Dotty and Bangles, chatter away as they come down the stairs from Sam's office. Each one kisses Fizzy and leaves left of stage.

TILLIE Night Fizzy.

FIZZY Night Miss Tillie. Night Miss Loretta.

Bangles gives him a huge hug and kiss, lifting him into the air, much to **Fizzy's** pleasure.

Night Miss Bangles . . .

Fat Sam comes down the stairs, followed by the faithful **Knuckles**, who cracks his knuckles as always.

FAT SAM Stop crackin' your knuckles, Knuckles.

KNUCKLES But it's how I got my name Boss.

FAT SAM Well knock it off, or change your name. (Calls up)

Tallulah, are you ready? How much longer do you want us to wait?

TALLULAH (O.S.) Coming honey. You don't want me looking a mess, do you?

Fat Sam paces up and down nervously. **Knuckles** paces obediently after him.

FIZZY Er, Mr Sam, about my audition.

FAT SAM Later Fizzy, I'm busy right now. Keep practising. . . I'll see you tomorrow. . . I promise you, tomorrow.

FIZZY But yesterday you said tomorrow Boss.

Tallulah has appeared, momentarily letting **Sam** off the hook.

FAT SAM (up to **Tallulah**) Tallulah! You spend more time prettying yourself up than there's time in the day.

TALLULAH Listen, honey, if I didn't look this good, you wouldn't give me the time of day.

Fat Sam storms off, frustrated **Knuckles** follows.

FAT SAM I'll see you in the car . . . (to **Knuckles**) Don't do that Knuckles.

KNUCKLES Sorry Boss, it just slipped out.

TALLULAH Night Fizzy. (Kiss)

FIZZY Night Miss Tallulah.

Fizzy is alone in the speakeasy. He sings (and dances also, if possible) his song.

Tomorrow

Tomorrow
Tomorrow never comes
What kind of a fool
Do they take me for?
Tomorrow
A resting place for bums
A trap set in the slums
But I know the score
I won't take no for an answer
I was born to be a dancer now