

HOODS

Bad Guys' Song

We could have been anything that we wanted to be
But don't it make your heart glad
That we decided, a fact we take pride in
To become the best at being bad
We could have been anything that we wanted to be
With all the talent we had
No doubt about it, we fight and we tout it
We're the very best at being bad guys
We're rotten to the core
My congratulations, no-one likes you any more
Bad guys, we're the very worst
Each of us contemptible, we're criticised and cursed
We made the big time, malicious and mad
We're the very best at being bad
We could have been anything that we wanted to be
We took the easy way out
With little training we mastered complaining
Manners seemed unnecessary, we're so rude it's almost scary

We could have been anything that we wanted to be
With all the talent we had
With little practice, we made every black list
We're the very best at being bad
Hey, look at me, I'm dancing
We're the very best at being bad
We're the very best at being bad

Fat Sam comes down from his office.

FAT SAM What the heck is going on here, you dummies?
Can I believe my eyes? You bunch of peanut brains, you
hear me? Get up here, pronto. Snap it up. Get your legs
movin' in this direction!

The Gang go up into Fat Sam's office. Snake Eyes throws his dice on the table. Knuckles cracks his knuckles.

Quit throwin' the dice, Snake Eyes.

SNAKE EYES Sorry, Boss.

FAT SAM And quit crackin' the knuckles, Knuckles.

KNUCKLES Sorry, Boss.

FAT SAM I swear I'm surrounded by a bunch of nervous

wrecks. (*Twitch*) Right. Let's start at the beginning. We're being outsmarted by that lounge lizard, right?

GANG Right, Boss.

FAT SAM And we're gonna get right back on top. Right?

GANG Right back on top, Boss.

FAT SAM We're gonna kick that drugstore cowboy right into line.

GANG You bet, Boss.

FAT SAM (*humble*) Sure. We've been a little slow off the mark, but when it comes to the crunch, dumb bums we ain't.

GANG No – dumb bums we ain't.

Unconvincing. They look and sound remarkably like dumb bums to the audience.

FAT SAM Now, I'm gonna tell you knuckleheads where we're going wrong. Louis. Stand against the wall.

LOUIS Who me, Boss?

FAT SAM Are you Shake Down Louis?

LOUIS Sure I am, Boss.

FAT SAM The same Shake Down Louis who used to be Harvey Spleendecker before's I gave you the name Shake Down Louis?

LOUIS Yeah, that's me, Boss.

FAT SAM (*shouting*) Then stand against the wall, porridge brain. Ritzy, hand me a pie.

Ritzy hands him a mean-looking custard pie.

LOUIS A pie, Boss? What I do wrong? Talk to me boss. Tell me what I did wrong!

FAT SAM You didn't do nothin' Louis. Nothin'. (*He throws the pie, but Louis ducks. The pie splatters the wall.*) See what I mean? Missed. O.K. Louis you can sit down now. See, even a dumb mug like Louis is too quick for us. That's the root of our trouble. We're behind the times.

KNUCKLES I don't get it, Boss.

FAT SAM Knuckles, we're never gonna get on top with this kind of hardware. It's old-fashioned. Obsolete. Defunct. In short . . . we gotta get ourselves that gun.