

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

Tomorrow
Tomorrow as they say
Another working day
And another chore
Tomorrow
An awful price to pay
I gave up yesterday
But they still want more
They are bound to compare me
To Fred Astaire when I'm done

*Anyone who feels the rhythm
Moving through 'em
Knows it's gonna do 'em good
To let the music burst out
When you feel assured
Let the people know it
Let your laughter loose
Until your scream
Becomes a love-shout

Tomorrow
Tomorrow's far away
Tomorrow as they say
Is reserved for dreams

Tomorrow
Tomorrow's looking grey
A playground always locked
Trains no winning team
I won't take no for an answer
I was born to be a dancer now

**Repeat*

At the end of Fizzy's song, the curtain (if there is one) falls. If not lights to black.

Curtains open. A lady in Viking helmet and breastplate comes from behind the join in the curtains and steps into a single spbt. She clears her throat and starts to sing in a tortuous operatic voice.

SINGER Velia, oh Velia the witch of the wood . . .

OSCAR DE VELT (from the audience). Next!

SINGER But I have other songs.

OSCAR DE VELT Yeah honey, but do you have other

voices . . . ? Next. Come on, please, shake it up you guys, we've got a show to put on here.

Singer leaves in tears.

A magician in white tie, tails, topper and cape walks on centre stage.

MARBINI Good evening, I am the Great Marbini, Illusionist to Kings. I have been privileged to have obtained second billing at theatres in Missouri, Polar Bluff and Norfolk Nebraska, and I will now perform for you a trick seen before only by the crowned heads of Europe. From this hat, I will produce not *one* rabbit (*roll on drums*) not *two* rabbits (*drums*) but *three* rabbits.

OSCAR DE VELT Next! Next! Next! (As **Marbini** walks off)
Don't give up your day job.

Light up on side of stage. A line of performers, all sorts and sizes, many exotically attired. Bugsy and Blousey are among them.

BLOUSEY I wish they'd hurry up. I get nervous waiting.

BUGSY Quit worrying, will you?

BLOUSEY I didn't count on this many people.

BUGSY Oh this bunch are all conjurors and magicians by the look of it. You've got no competition, believe me.

BLOUSEY How do I look?

BUGSY You look great.

BLOUSEY I look a wreck.

A Ventriloquist comes on, complete with Dummy.

DUMMY (badly) Hello everybody.

VENTRILOQUIST Well how are you, Clarence?

DUMMY Don't ask. I suppose you're wondering why I'm here.

OSCAR DE VELT You bet. Next!

The Ventriloquist begins to leave. The Dummy has taken it worse than its owner. It jabbers away as they leave the stage.

DUMMY What does he mean 'next'? Doesn't he like us? Does he know who we are? I'll punch the sucker on the nose . . .