

*As they shake hands, suddenly we hear loud screams from the occupants of the speakeasy. The **Hoods** from before burst in. There is full-scale panic. Tables are turned over; people run backwards and forwards across stage. Many people are splurged. The **Hoods** make their exit. One of the **Hoods**, an unfortunate called **Doodle**, drops one of the precious splurge guns. He runs out. **Bronx Charlie** sends him back for it.*

BRONX CHARLIE The gun, Doodle! You dummy! Get the gun. You can't leave the gun!

***Doodle** retrieves the gun, holding it the wrong way round so that he's pointing it at himself. He backs off, bumping into tables until **Bronx Charlie** and **Yonkers** return and physically yank him off the stage. The customers of the speakeasy pick themselves up and chat amongst themselves. **Fat Sam** appears from under a table. Nervously he tries to reassure his customers.*

FAT SAM O.K. everybody, it's O.K., nothing to worry about now. Back to your tables. Razamataz! Music! I wanna see everybody enjoying themselves. Free drinks on the house. It's just a little excitement, that's all. No one can say Fat Sam's ain't the liveliest joint in town. (*Laughs nervously to himself*)

*The band plays on, a little muted. **Fat Sam** straightens a few up-turned chairs. He walks over to where **Knuckles** sits, propped up, holding his splurged arm. The other members of the gang are around him. **Fat Sam** touches the splurge. He examines the gooey mess on the end of his fingers.*

FAT SAM Knuckles, dis means trouble.

Lights down to black. A paperboy runs through the audience waving newspapers and shouting excitedly.

PAPERBOY Read all about it. New weapon for mobsters. Read all about it. New gang warfare flares. Read it in *The Record*. Read all about it.

*On stage left a light on the **Radio Announcer**. He reads the news bulletin with great urgency. The old fashioned microphone is as before. A large red 'ON AIR' sign now hangs behind.*

RADIO ANNOUNCER We interrupt this programme of music to bring you an important news flash. . . . Reports

are coming in of a gangland incident on the Lower East Side involving a certain Robert Robinson, known to the police as 'Roxy the Weasel', believed to be a member of the gang of alleged Mobster King, Fat Sam Stacetto. Robinson was the victim of a sensational event and we go over to our reporter on the spot for a . . .

*Light down on **Radio Announcer**. Light up on **Fat Sam's** room, on a raised platform right of stage. **Fat Sam** is ranting and raving. His trusted henchmen sit and listen intently.*

FAT SAM So tell me how you allow this to happen? Roxy was one of my best. What have you got to say for yourselves, you bunch of dummies? Knuckles? Ritzy? Angelo? Snake Eyes? Call yourselves hoodlums. You're a disgrace to your profession. Do you hear me? A disgrace. And most of all you're a disgrace to me. Fat Sam.

He pats himself proudly. He goes to the drinks cabinet and gets out a glass and a decanter of orange juice. The gang are very dumb.

FAT SAM And we all know who's behind all this, don't we?

GANG Sure, Boss.

FAT SAM You don't need a hatful of brains to know that, do you?

GANG Certainly not, Boss.

They all shake their heads.

FAT SAM We all know who's monkeying us around, don't we?

GANG Sure do, Boss.

FAT SAM So who is it, you dummies?

They look at one another, unsure whether they should answer.

GANG Dandy Dan, Boss.

FAT SAM Don't dare mention his name in this office.

***Fat Sam** has fallen off his chair in excitement. **Fizzy** pokes his head around the door.*

FIZZY Er Boss, er, how about my audition? You said come back tomorrow.