

So You Wanna Be a Boxer

So you wanna be a boxer
In the golden ring
Can you punch like a south-bound freight train?
Tell me just one thing
Can you move in a whirl
Like a humming-bird's wing
If you need to? (That's fast)
Can you bob, can you weave
Can you fake and deceive
When you need to?
Well you might as well quit
If you haven't got it
So you wanna be a boxer
Can you pass the test?
I can tell if you've got it in you
I've trained the best
When you work and you sweat and you bet
That you train to a buzz-saw
Then you near lose your mind when you find that
Your boy has a glass jaw
So you might as well quit
If you haven't got it
Put him in the ring Joe
Look at what you found
We can use the fun Joe
Pushing him around
We'll show him the ropes
And destroy his hopes
Put him in the ring Joe
Give the guy a chance
Let him feel the sting Joe
We can make him dance
We'll pulp him to bits
Then he'll call it quits
For sure Joe
So you want to be a boxer
Want to be the champ
There's a golden boy inside you
Not a punched-out tramp
If you listen and you learn
There's an honour you can earn and defend here
When you do see the crown
You're a king, not a clown

A contender
But you might as well quit
If you haven't got it
Put him in the ring Joe
Something new to punch
Let me have a swing Joe
Then we'll go to lunch
We'll make it quite swift
Then he'll get the drift
Put him in the ring Joe
Chicken a la carte
Let me have a wing Joe
Tearing him apart
That chicken will crow
Oh, let me have him Joe

During the song Leroy has his jacket and shirt removed and gloves put on his hands. The other Boxers form the ring on three sides. A bell sounds at the end of the song and Leroy and his (large) opponent encircle one another, gloves held high. Leroy only throws one massive punch, but it is enough to floor his larger, burly opponent.

ALL Cheers.

CAGEY JOE He's got it.

ALL He's got it. He's got it. He's got it.

Leroy is centre stage front, taking the congratulatory back slaps. He stares at his lethal fists. He can't quite believe it either.

LEROY I've got it!

Lights down. Lights up on Fat Sam's office.

Sam is sitting at his desk. Worried. Tallulah sits on the edge of the desk painting her nails. The phone rings. Sam grabs it.

FAT SAM Hello . . . what? . . . They got to the still . . . Not the sarsaparilla racket?

A black boy tied up from head to toe is propped up in the telephone booth as he speaks. His name is Pickett.

PICKETT It's gone, Boss. They got to the still. They had axes and chopped away at the barrels – it's all gone – drained away. Every last drop.

FAT SAM Oh no. Pickett, get round here right away.

PICKETT I can't, Boss. I'm all tied up.

FAT SAM I don't care how busy you are, get round here right away.

The lights dim on the unfortunate Pickett.

The phone rings again.

FAT SAM No, not the grocery racket? No. O.K. O.K. No, I'm sure you did all you could. Go home and get washed up.

He puts the phone down very slowly. He strokes the edge of his cocktail glass.

FAT SAM That's the whole empire gone, Tallulah. You hear me? Everything. And they'll be coming here next. There's only one thing for it. You'll have to get him to help me.

TALLULAH (*ultra cool*) Who? The Lone Ranger?

FAT SAM No, you dumb Dora. Bugsy Malone. Call him.

Tallulah picks up the phone and dials.

I'm in trouble, real trouble, and all I got for company is a female comedian.

TALLULAH No answer.

FAT SAM I want you to go ask him for help. Personally.
(*Pronounced 'Poysonally'*)

TALLULAH Poysonally?

FAT SAM (*adamantly*) Poysanally.

TALLULAH Poysanally. So long lover boy.

Tallulah blows him a kiss, and walks down the steps as the lights dim on Sam's office.

Lights up on centre. Bugsy is pacing up and down waiting for Blousey. His suitcase at the ready.

TALLULAH Hi, Bugsy.

Bugsy turns quickly.

BUGSY Blousey! Oh, it's you, Tallulah.

As he does so he trips over his suitcase.

TALLULAH I like my men at my feet.

BUGSY What are you doing here, Tallulah?

TALLULAH Put your flaps down, tiger, else you'll take off. I've got a message for you.

BUGSY So what's wrong with Western Union?

TALLULAH Don't flatter yourself, tiger, it's Sam who wants to see you. Not me. Come on, let's go before your suspender belt strangles you.

BUGSY I'm, waiting for someone.

TALLULAH You are?

BUGSY For Blousey, we're going to Hollywood.

TALLULAH Well, you know what they say. Don't pack anything you can't put on the train home. Sam's in trouble, Bugsy . . . and I'm sure he'll see you're O.K.

She rubs her fingers together indicating money. Bugsy, who is broke, needs no more incentive.

BUGSY I'll be right there.

They exit right of stage. Lights up reveal a couple of speakeasy tables and a small bar with bottles on it. A barman Joe clears the glasses as Sam stalks nervously down the stairs from his office. Fizzy washes the floor with a mop. He whistles, as usual.

FAT SAM Quit whistling, Fizzy, it makes me edgy.

FIZZY Sure, Boss.

FAT SAM (*to barman*) Joe.

JOE Yes, boss.

FAT SAM Fix me a double on the rocks.

JOE Sure thing, Boss.

As he pours the drink he notices the drooping flower in Sam's lapel. He can't hold back a sly snigger.

FAT SAM So what's funny, mister? You find me amusing?

JOE Nothing, Boss . . . N . . . n . . . no I wasn't smiling at you, honest I wasn't.