

*Light goes down on office. A light goes up left of stage. A shady looking character looks furtively over his shoulders. (Suitable dramatic music.) He is dressed in Chinese laundry clothes. He tip-toes to the phone box at the side of the stage.*

**SHADY** Hello Sam.

*Light up just on Fat Sam.*

**FAT SAM** Yeah, start gabbin'.

**SHADY** I located the guns.

**FAT SAM** Spill, Shady. Spill.

**SHADY** You know the Hung Fu Shin laundry?

**FAT SAM** On East 14th Street?

**SHADY** That's it. 2nd Floor. Behind the laundry.

**FAT SAM** Thanks, Shady. I'll see you're O.K. Good boy. Dis is good news. I'll be sending my boys.

*Lights down on Fat Sam. Shady walks centre stage where he meets Dandy Dan who pays out crisp dollar bills from his crocodile skin wallet.*

**DANDY DAN** Good work, Shady. You earned your money.

**SHADY** Thanks, Dandy Dan.

**DANDY DAN** Sam's boys are in for quite a party. Now get out of here.

*Shoulders has walked on out of Shady's sight. He holds a pie at head height behind Shady. Shady turns and walks straight into it. Stiffens. Collapses. Dandy Dan retrieves his money and returns it to his wallet.*

Shoulders, if there's one thing I can't abide, it's a two-timing canary.

*Lights go down. There is a loud noise from the rear of the auditorium as Louis, Ritzy and Snake Eyes burst in. Each carries a pie. Lights have gone up on stage revealing a number of Chinese Laundry Workers who scrub away with washboards in tin baths. Behind them are four large laundry baskets. They talk in Chinese (Well, sort of Chinese.)*

*A sign says 'HUNG FU SHIN LAUNDRY'. the Gang climb onto the stage. The Chinese Laundry Workers panic, running in all*

*directions and jabbering away in Chinese. The Gang faces the audience, edging backwards towards the baskets. Suddenly, the basket lids are thrown open and out spring members of Dan's Gang.*

**DAN'S GANG** Freeze!

*The unfortunate Louis, Ritzy and Snake Eyes are well and truly splurged.*

*Dandy Dan walks on with Louella. The Undertakers remove the stiffened bodies of Sam's Gang. The Violinist, as always, accompanies them, physically and musically, with suitable melancholic music.*

**LOUELLA** Yuk, what a mess.

**DANDY DAN** Just a day's work, my rose, just a day's work – like running a railway or shoeing a horse.

**LOUELLA** Sam ain't gonna like this, honey.

**DANDY DAN** He ain't gonna do nothin' about it, my rose. Without his gang he's like a tortoise without its shell. Soon he'll be throwin' in the towel.

*Dandy Dan and Louella bite into their apples as they walk off stage.*

*Light up on Sam's office. Knuckles sits on the edge of the desk as Sam takes the phone call. Bad news.*

**FAT SAM** . . . What . . . ! I don't believe it! . . . The whole gang? Everybody? Louis, Snake Eyes and Ritzy? I don't believe it. I just don't believe it!

*He slowly puts the receiver down.*

**FAT SAM** The whole gang's gone, Knuckles, splurged. That leaves just you and me. Just you and me, Knuckles! We're on our own.

**KNUCKLES** What we gonna do, Boss?

*Knuckles cracks his knuckles nervously.*

**FAT SAM** Don't do that, Knuckles. How many more times have I got to tell you! We do nothing. We act like nothing's happened. Carry on as normal. 'Tutto casa sono buono.'

**KNUCKLES** What's that mean, Boss?

**FAT SAM** You don't speak Italian?