

gang of reporters hustling **O'Dreary**, a detective, of Irish lineage. **Seymour Scoop**, ace reporter, asks the questions, microphone in hand. The wire of the microphone is attached to a **Sound Man**, who has earphones. The cord is very short and **Seymour Scoop** very persistent, so that the **Soundman** gets dragged around the stage by his earphones.

SEYMOUR SCOOP Have you located the splurge gun yet, Lieutenant?

O'DREARY I'm afraid I can't answer that.

SEYMOUR SCOOP You're not at liberty to say?

O'DREARY No, I don't know the answer.

SEYMOUR SCOOP Have you located the source yet, Lieutenant?

O'DREARY Sure I had it on my hamburger for lunch.

SEYMOUR SCOOP No, the source of the guns.

O'DREARY Oh. Yeah, er I mean, no. I mean I'm not at liberty to say. You'll have to ask Captain Smolsky that question. . . .

O'Dreary's boss Captain Smolsky has entered.

SMOLSKY O.K. O'Dreary, break this crowd up. Let's go guys. Split. This is police business and police business we gotta do.

SEYMOUR SCOOP Er, Seymour Scoop, RTZ Radio, Captain Smolsky. Can you tell us if you have located the splurge guns yet?

SMOLSKY No comment.

SEYMOUR SCOOP Have you located the source?

SMOLSKY No comment.

SEYMOUR SCOOP Captain Smolsky, is it true the guns are being used by only one gang?

SMOLSKY No comment.

O'DREARY I fixed you a pastrami on rye sandwich, Chief.

SMOLSKY No comment. O.K. get out of here.

The Policemen push the Press Men off the stage. Smolsky returns to centre stage where O'Dreary has brought on the Violinist. The Violinist is a recent immigrant of Eastern European descent. His

accent is as thick as his moustache. Smolsky sits astride a bentwood chair and tips back his hat.

SMOLSKY Now, we know there were five guys here. What else did you see?

VIOLINIST Nuttink. I see nuttink.

SMOLSKY You must have seen sometink!

VIOLINIST Nuttink. Honestly Mr Cop. I see nuttink. I came on the boat just this year. I got papers. I O.K. I see nuttink. I just play music. I mind own business. I no need cement overcoat.

O'Dreary brushes away on the floor with his Precinct Finger-Print Kit. He blows baby powder over the clue.

O'DREARY Captain, I found something.

SMOLSKY What is it O'Dreary?

O'DREARY A brush, Captain?

SMOLSKY No, what have you found?

O'DREARY A gun, Captain?

SMOLSKY What kind of gun?

O'DREARY A big gun, Captain?

Smolsky bashes him with his hat.

SMOLSKY Knucklehead. I send you on a six month finger print course and all you can tell me is it's a big gun! You noodle brained Irish stew-pot. (*Smolsky bashes him with his hat all the way to the wings.*)

We hear the 'BUGSY MALONE' song. Bugsy comes on stage. One spot. He resumes his role as the narrator.

BUGSY As you've probably gathered, Smolsky and O'Dreary have about as much chance of solving this case as I have of being President of the United States. Apart from the subway home the only thing Smolsky ever caught was Asian Flu Meanwhile back in our story, Fat Sam is definitely getting a little nervous – I mean if you had a gang of dumb bums like this to rely on you'd be nervous.

Fat Sam's Gang enter from stage left. Lights up as they sing and dance their song. They are not the greatest dancers in the world.