

Bugsy Malone Audition Pieces

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BUGSY

BUGSY (O.S.) Someone once said, if it was raining brains, Roxy Robinson wouldn't even get wet. In all of New York they didn't come much dumber than Roxy the Weasel. To be frank, Roxy was a dope.

Dumb as Roxy was, he could smell trouble like other people could smell gas. But he should never have taken that blind alley by the side of Perito's Bakery.

Whatever game it was that everyone was playing, sure as eggs is eggs, Roxy Robinson had been well and truly scrambled.

Now, the guy in the chair here is Flash Frankie. The best lawyer in New York. Sure, he's a little shady, but he's the best... believe me, Flash Frankie's silver tongue can get a guy out of jail quicker than a truck load of dynamite...

Now, as you can see, something kind of fishy is going on here. To be perfectly honest, I'm beginning to wonder what's going on myself... I mean this play's only just started and already the stage is full of stiffs! Oh, by the way, you're probably wondering who I am. My name's Malone, Bugsy Malone.

With an Italian Mother and an Irish Father I'd naturally grown up a little confused. I didn't see much future as a spaghetti waiter at Mama Lugini's or pushing a pen at City Hall, so I'd drifted from this to that, you know, walking the line, trying hard not to fall either side... until, that is, the night I walked in here to Pop Becker's Book Store.

BUGSY / BLOUSEY 1

BUGSY (to Blousey) Hi, how you doing? I'm Bugsy Malone.

Blousey ignores him.

BUGSY You a dancer? A singer, right? Oh, a base-ball player.

He pulls her base-ball out of her bag.

BLOUSEY Zip the lip, wisey. I'm in no mood for conversation.

BUGSY You don't like me?

BLOUSEY Listen, wisey. I'm surprised you don't stoop with all that dandruff on your shoulders.

Bugsy self-consciously brushes his shoulders. Pop Becker has returned through the book-case door.

BUGSY Ouch, look where you're going will you.

Bugsy rubs his shin.

BLOUSEY I'm sorry, I'm truly sorry. Oh it's you, Dandruff.

BUGSY Don't worry, I've had a shampoo since we last spoke. That base-ball bat could be classified as a dangerous weapon you know.

BLOUSEY My mother made me pack it.

BUGSY You're a sports nut?

BLOUSEY It's for protection, in case I get robbed.

BUGSY You're a singer, right?

BLOUSEY That depends on your taste in music. I'm here about a job.

BUGSY Did you get the job?

BLOUSEY They said come back tomorrow.

BUGSY They always do. What's your name anyway?

BLOUSEY Brown.

BUGSY Sounds like a loaf of bread.

BLOUSEY Blousey Brown.

BUGSY Sounds like a stale loaf of bread.

BLOUSEY Keep your jokes behind your teeth, wisey.

BUGSY Pleased to meet you. I'm Bugsy Malone.

BUGSY / BLOUSEY 2

BUGSY Can I give you a lift?

BLOUSEY You got a car?

BUGSY Er, no.

BLOUSEY Then how you gonna give me a lift, Buster? Put me in an elevator?

BUGSY It's a nice night, we could walk. Which way you going?

BLOUSEY Which way you going?

BUGSY This way. *(Points left)*

BLOUSEY Then I'm going this way. *(Moves off right)*

BUGSY Let me carry your bag at least. Have you eaten?

BLOUSEY Ever since I was a child.

BUGSY Then how come you're so skinny smartie?

BLOUSEY I watch my weight.

BUGSY Yeah, I do that when I'm broke too. You hungry?

BLOUSEY No.

BUGSY You're not hungry?

BLOUSEY No, starving.

A table with a red check tablecloth has been brought on centre stage. A waiter holds the chair out for Blousey to sit down. The Violinist walks on and plays his violin. The action is continuous, as is the . dialogue. Other tables with check cloths are brought on and people sit at them until a full restaurant is created. A surly waitress comes up, chewing gum. She is very bored as she waits.

BUGSY Are you going back to the speakeasy tomorrow?

BLOUSEY Er no, I'm gonna try my luck at the Bijoux Theatre.

BUGSY The Lena Marelli Show?

BLOUSEY She's walked out. They're looking for a replacement.

BUGSY Oh she walks out every week and every week they have auditions and every week she walks back again... But don't let me put you off.

BLOUSEY You won't. What do you do?

BUGSY Oh, this and that.

BLOUSEY Oh, crooked huh...

BUGSY No, not quite. I find fighters, boxers. In fact I was a fighter myself once, pretty good too.

BLOUSEY You were?

BUGSY Sure, I could have been a champion.

BLOUSEY You could?

BUGSY Sure, but for a couple of things.

BLOUSEY Like what?

BUGSY Like jelly legs, and a glass jaw.

BLOUSEY Some champion.

BUGSY I'd do well for a couple of rounds but I was about as tough as a ball of cotton wool. This jaw (*Points*) had more glass in it than Macy's window. One punch was enough to send me back to the dressing room – generally on a stretcher... They'd slap my face, get out the smelling salts and I'd come round kidding myself it was a lucky punch. How many times can it be a lucky punch? Then I wised up, before my face looked like a plate of mashed potatoes.... (*He pushes his ear and nose to resemble a punched-up boxer.*) I could have been a contender, Charlie. (*Marlon Brando voice*)

Blousey *laughs.* **Bugsy** *kisses his fingers and touches her nose.*

WAITRESS (*chewing*) Look Buddy, in case you're wondering, I ain't part of the furniture. (*Pronounced 'foyniture'*) Are you eatin' or are you meetin'?

BUGSY Er... no, we'll have two Banana Boozles with double ice cream with nuts and chocolate sauce, two cream Arizona doughnuts and a coke with two straws.

Suddenly, there is pandemonium once more as the Hoods rush in and splurge again. Buggy and Blousey take refuge under the table.

BUGSY We can't go on meeting like this.

BUGSY / BLOUSEY 3

BUGSY Mustard with onions, Ketchup without.

BLOUSEY Ketchup without. Do you really have 200 dollars?

BUGSY Nope.

BLOUSEY Oh yeah, you lied.

BUGSY No, I've got 198 dollars and ten cents – I just bought two hot dogs.

BLOUSEY You didn't do anything crooked, did you?

BUGSY Of course not. I got it for driving and for helping Mr Sam out of a little predicament. Oh, I nearly forgot.

He hands a parcel to her. A big shoe-box tied with a ribbon.

BLOUSEY What's this, a fingerbowl?

BUGSY No, a present wise!

BLOUSEY For me?

BUGSY *(he looks around him)* Well I didn't buy it for the audience...

BLOUSEY Oh Buggy, it's wonderful. Fantastic. What is it?

She looks through the wrong end of an old photo viewer.

BUGSY A viewer, dummy. *(He turns it round the correct way)* Look, you turn the handle. All the Hollywood stars.

BLOUSEY Oh, if only I could get to Hollywood.

BUGSY You can.

BLOUSEY Oh sure, I've heard that one, wise guy... in the front row of the Roxy on East 38th Street.

BUGSY No, really get to Hollywood.

She beckons back with her thumb.

You want me to leave?

BLOUSEY No, push me, dummy, and keep talking...

BUGSY I've got 198 dollars and 10 cents left, right? What does that buy?

BLOUSEY Er... *(Counting on her fingers)* 440 hot dogs.

BUGSY No, two tickets, stupid.

BLOUSEY Two tickets?

BUGSY On the Super Chief.

BLOUSEY Super Chief?

BUGSY The train, dummy! To Hollywood. Think about it.

There is silence. Buggy moves away and starts to clean his fingers with a napkin.

BLOUSEY (*swinging and singing to herself*)

I'm feeling fine.

Filled with emotions

Stronger than wine

They give me the notion

That this strange new feeling

Is something that you're feeling too...

too... too...

Two tickets?

BUGSY (*over his shoulder*) Yeah, two tickets.

BLOUSEY (*singing quietly*) Matter of fact, I'm forced to admit it, I'm caught in the act, and maybe we've hit it, If this strange new feeling is something that you're feeling too... oo... oo...

BUGSY So what's the answer?

BLOUSEY Did you honestly think it'd be anything but yes? Oh Buggy... (*She embraces him*) Hollywood!

BUGSY Knock it off will you?

BLOUSEY You're putting me on!

BUGSY It's the honest truth I tell you. (*Kisses his finger, touches her on the nose.*) It's just that if I don't get this sedan back soon Fat Sam will have my face looking like a plateful of yesterday's fetucinni.

BUGSY / BLOUSEY 4

A phone rings. Lights up on the telephone booth, side of stage. Blousey is there. She has her suitcase with her. Tallulah answers the phone in the speakeasy.

BLOUSEY Hello. Is Buggy there, please?

TALLULAH Sure, I'll get him for you, honey. Buggy, it's for you. It's Blousey.

BUGSY Excuse me a minute, Sam.

FAT SAM Sure thing, Bugsy. Take it in my office. Use the phone all you want. Treat this place as your own. Phone home. Phone Europe. Phone wherever you want. (*Nervous laugh*) After all, if Dandy Dan takes over this place he'll be paying the phone bill. Ha ha. (*His laugh fools no one*)

Bugsy counts the money as he trots up the stairs to Sam's room to take the call. Lights down on Sam, up on Buggy.

BUGSY Hello Blousey.

BLOUSEY Buggy, is that you? What are you doing there? We said eight-thirty and you're an hour late.

BUGSY Something came up.

BLOUSEY Like what?

BUGSY Like business.

BLOUSEY Oh yeah, with Tallulah?

BUGSY Not with Tallulah, wisie.

BLOUSEY Did you get the tickets?

BUGSY Er, no. Not yet. I told you, something's come up.

BLOUSEY You promised me, Buggy. You promised me.

BUGSY I know, but this is business, Blousey, and it can't wait. Hollywood can.

BLOUSEY An hour I've been waiting here, Buggy, and when first you didn't show I gave you the benefit of the doubt and then I got nervous and called every pool hall dive in the phone book. They hadn't seen you but, boy, did they all know you!

Tallulah has brought Buggy's drink from downstairs. As she puts it down on the desk she gives Buggy a gentle peck on the side of the cheek.

BUGSY Get off, Tallulah.

BLOUSEY You rat. You two timin' bog Irish meatball wop!

FAT SAM 1

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*)

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.

FAT SAM Am I going mad? Are my ears playing tricks on me? Come back tomorrow, Fizzy.

FIZZY But today is tomorrow, Mr Sam.

FAT SAM Fizzy, will you get out of here?

Fat Sam *lunges at Fizzy and in the process trips over Fizzy's bucket. Once again, the gang pick him up and brush him down.*

LOUIS You O.K. Boss?

SNAKE EYES Take it easy Boss, you'll break something.

FAT SAM Break something? Sure I'll break something, Snake Eyes. I'll break your dumb neck! Dancers, dancers. I'm surrounded by namby pamby dancers, singers, piano players, banjo players, tin whistle players, at a time when I need brains. You hear me? Brains! Brains and muscles.

GANG You got us Boss.

Knuckles takes the soda syphon in order to top up **Fat Sam's** orange juice. **Fat Sam** holds out the glass. **Knuckles** squeezes and misses. The soda spray splashes everywhere but in the glass. Mostly, it goes on **Fat Sam** who is drenched and naturally furious.

FAT SAM You! You manure face... you... you... great hunk of lard! Your trouble is you've got muscle where you ought to have brains. I tell you, my pet canary's got more brains than you! You dumb salami!

He pulls **Knuckle's** hat over his head. Snatching the soda syphon, he squirts it into **Knuckle's** face. **Ritzy, Angelo, Louis, and Snake Eyes** giggle. Their faces change as **Fat Sam** stalks them round the room.

FAT SAM So what's funny?

He squirts the syphon at all of them.

GANG Nothing Boss. Aaaaaaaah!

Light out on **Fat Sam's** office. Light up on **Bugsy and Blousey** who are left and front of stage. **Bugsy** is still trying to befriend her. She is still uninterested in him.

FAT SAM 2

FAT SAM What the heck is going on here, you dummies? Can I believe my eyes? You bunch of peanut brains, you hear me? Get up here, pronto. Snap it up. Get your legs movin' in this direction!

The **Gang** go up into **Fat Sam's** office. **Snake Eyes** throws his dice on the table. **Knuckles** cracks his knuckles.

Quit throwin' the dice, Snake Eyes.

SNAKE EYES Sorry, Boss.

FAT SAM And quit crackin' the knuckles, Knuckles.

KNUCKLES Sorry, Boss.

FAT SAM I swear I'm surrounded by a bunch of nervous wrecks. (*Twitch*)

Right. Let's start at the beginning. We're being outsmarted by that lounge lizard, right?

GANG Right, Boss.

FAT SAM And we're gonna get right back on top. Right?

GANG Right back on top, Boss.

FAT SAM We're gonna kick that drugstore cowboy right into line.

GANG You bet, Boss.

FAT SAM (*humble*) Sure. We've been a little slow off the mark, but when it comes to the crunch, dumb bums we ain't.

GANG No – dumb bums we ain't.

Unconvincing. They look and sound remarkably like dumb bums to the audience.

FAT SAM Now, I'm gonna tell you knuckleheads where we're going wrong. Louis. Stand against the wall.

LOUIS Who me, Boss?

FAT SAM Are you Shake Down Louis?

LOUIS Sure I am, Boss.

FAT SAM The same Shake Down Louis who used to be Harvey Spleendecker before's I gave you the name Shake Down Louis?

LOUIS Yeah, that's me, Boss.

FAT SAM (*shouting*) Then stand against the wall, porridge brain. Ritzy, hand me a pie.

Ritzy hands him a mean-looking custard pie.

LOUIS A pie, Boss? What I do wrong? Talk to me boss. Tell me what I did wrong!

FAT SAM You didn't do nothin' Louis. Nothin'. (*He throws the pie, but Louis ducks. The pie splatters the wall.*) See what I mean? Missed. O.K. Louis you can sit down now. See, even a dumb mug like Louis is too quick for us. That's the root of our trouble. We're behind the times.

KNUCKLES I don't get it, Boss.

FAT SAM Knuckles, we're never gonna get on top with this kind of hardware. It's old-fashioned. Obsolete. Defunct. In short... we gotta get ourselves that gun.

FAT SAM 3

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.

FAT SAM You find my suit comical perhaps?

JOE Oh no, Boss. It was just your flower.

FAT SAM Oh yeah... It's kind of... droopy ain't it.

JOE (*laughing nervously*) Yeah, a little, Boss.

FAT SAM In fact, very droopy.

JOE Yeah Boss, very droopy.

FAT SAM Here, hold it a minute will you? It needs a little water.

Sam passes the flower to Joe who holds it while Sam picks up a jug of water. He viciously empties the contents in Joe's face. He grabs him by the shirt and pulls him towards him.

Now don't let me see you laughing at me again, you hear me, else I'll ram that smile right down your throat. I'm Fat Sam. Don't forget that. Number one man! Top dog! Mr Big! Always have been. Always will be.

DANDY DAN

LOUELLA Oh honey, don't switch that off, I was enjoying that.

DANDY DAN I have to concentrate, Princess. I have a little business to attend to.

A Butler has entered.

BUTLER I've shown Mr Bronx Charlie and Company into the conservatory, Sir.

LOUELLA But ain't you gonna play no more, honey?

DANDY DAN Later my rose, later.

He deftly kisses her hand and walks up the stairs to the platform on left. Bronx Charlie and the Hoods jump up from their casual slumped positions, standing to attention, and yanking off their hats. Doodle is on the end of the line.

DANDY DAN Hi boys. O.K., relax. Well, guys, I'd like to take this opportunity of thanking you for your work so far. Everything's gone swell, just swell.

BRONX CHARLIE Thanks Boss.

DANDY DAN Fat Sam must have had quite a shock.

Dandy Dan has taken five red roses and hands them out. He misses out Doodle.

Bronx Charlie, Laughing Boy, Shoulders, Yonkers, Benny Lee, any moment now, Fat Sam will be crawling on his knees to me.

The Butler walks on with a tray of custard pies. Doodle looks at his empty hand. There seems to be some mistake.

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!

TALLULAH

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.

TALLULAH / FIZZY / BUGSY

BUGSY Hi Fizzy.

FIZZY Hi Buggy.

BUGSY How we doin'? Still practising?

FIZZY Still practising.

BUGSY Have you seen Blousey? I thought she was here for her audition.

FIZZY Oh, she was here, but she went to get some air. She got tired of waiting. She left her bag so I guess she's coming back.

BUGSY Thanks Fizzy.

Tallulah has entered and leans on the rail at the edge of the stairs to **Sam's** office.

TALLULAH Suddenly everyone wants to be in show business.

BUGSY Oh, hi Tallulah.

Tallulah is joined by **Loretta, Dotty and Tillie**.

TALLULAH He's busy Buggy. Why don't you have a drink while you're waiting?

BUGSY Why not? I'll have a special on the rocks.

GIRLS Hi Buggy.

BUGSY Hi Loretta... Dotty... Tillie.

TALLULAH O.K. girls, go feed the ducks.

GIRLS Oh Tallulah!

TALLULAH I said beat it.

They leave the way they came. Tallulah and Buggy sit down at a table. A Waiter brings on two bright green 'specials' on a tray. He leaves. Fizzy is still tinkering with the piano.

TALLULAH Long time no see Buggy.

BUGSY Well you know how it is.

TALLULAH You used to come and see me every night.

BUGSY I've been busy.

TALLULAH Doing what?

BUGSY Oh this and that.

Tallulah is irritated by Fizzy playing in the background.

TALLULAH Fizzy! Will you quit the ivories and hit the shoe leather?

FIZZY Yes Ma'am.

Fizzy exits.

TALLULAH You're aces, you know that Buggy? I've always found you kind of special.

BUGSY Careful Tallulah, you're racing my motor.

She edges closer. Very seductive.

TALLULAH Come on Buggy, give a girl a break.

BUGSY You sure you got the right guy?

TALLULAH Oh, you're not like all those other saps.

BUGSY No?

TALLULAH You've got lovely brown eyes.

BUGSY They'll be lovely black eyes if Fat Sam catches us.

TALLULAH Come on sugar, how about smearing my lipstick?

She pouts her lips.

BUGSY Tallulah, I'm warning, you... if you come any closer I'll call my lawyer.

TALLULAH So call him.

TALLULAH / BUGSY

TALLULAH Hi, Buggy.

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 Buggy... 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.

SMOLSKY / O'DREARY 1

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 / O'DREARY 2

SMOLSKY Ahaa... ! I think I've found something. Come and take a look at this, O'Dreary.

O'Dreary obediently runs to where his boss is crouched.

O'DREARY You've cracked it this time, Captain Smolsky.

SMOLSKY I have? (*Surprised*) What do you see? Tell me, what do you see, O'Dreary?

O'DREARY (*carefully looking down*) Your foot, Captain?

Smolsky takes off his hat and hits O'Dreary with it.

SMOLSKY Not my foot, knucklehead. Under my foot. Tyre marks!

O'DREARY Oh, it's a tyre mark all right, Captain.

SMOLSKY Too right it's a tyre mark, you Irish potato head. Get some plaster. We'll take a mould.

O'Dreary *runs off. Smolsky looks around for more clues.*

There ought to be more marks. There sure as eggs is eggs was more than one sedan around here. Hey, what's this?

He kneels down and O'Dreary promptly trips over him as he enters, pouring the white liquid over his boss.

Aaaaaah!

O'DREARY Gee Captain. I'm sorry sir, I didn't see you there, honestly I didn't...

SMOLSKY You dumb potato face Irish jerk!

He chases him around the stage.

O'DREARY Couldn't help it, Captain... Gee, I'm sorry, Captain Smolsky. It was an accident, honestly.

SMOLSKY If I catch you, O'Dreary, I'm gonna punch that stupid Irish nose right back to Tipperary.

FAT SAM / KNUCKLES

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?

KNUCKLES No, boss.

FAT SAM (*incredulous*) You call yourself a hoodlum and you don't even speak Italian... ?

KNUCKLES No boss, I'm Jewish.

FAT SAM We play it cool. We relax. Like everything's normal.

There is a knock on the door (Blousey). Sam nearly jumps out of his skin as he leaps behind his desk for protection. Knuckles joins him. Sam and Knuckles would win no awards for bravery. There is another knock.

Go see who it is, Knuckles. Act normal.

Knuckles *gets up and gingerly opens the door. It's Blousey.*

KNUCKLES It's the broad about the audition, Boss. He's busy lady. Come back tomorrow.

He closes the door. Fat Sam leaps up and opens the door. He calls out to Blousey.

FAT SAM No, wait honey! Wait. *(He turns to Knuckles)* We act like normal, right? So acting normal means acting normal. *(Out of door)* We'll be right there, honey. Make yourself comfortable. We'll be a couple of minutes. Go powder your nose or somethin'. *(Closes door)* See, just like normal. That way they won't know we're scared to death... er, I don't mean scared I mean, er... concerned. We buy ourselves a little time. Thinking time, right Knuckles? Come over here, I'm gonna send for someone to help us out of our little predicament. No ten cent dummy, you hear. A specialist.

He takes a photo from his drawer.

KNUCKLES *(puzzled)* A doctor, Boss?

FAT SAM Not a doctor, you bilberry. A hoodlum.

KNUCKLES I thought we was hoodlums, Boss.

FAT SAM Not a dumb bum, Knuckles. This guy's the real McCoy.

KNUCKLES Looney Bergonzi?

FAT SAM The very same. Off his trolley, mad-as-a-hatter Bergonzi, the best man in Chicago. Right. Here's what we do. *(He snatches back the photo)* We arrange a meeting with Dandy Dan. *(He picks up the telephone and dials as he speaks)* Bergonzi will be in the back of the car – next to me. Knuckles you drive.

KNUCKLES Right. *(Pause)* But I don't drive, Boss.

FAT SAM You don't drive? You motzah head. *(Into telephone)* Oh hello! Is that Dandy Dan's residence? Could I speak to himself please. This is Sam Stacetto. Don't worry what it's about fellah, he'll know me. *(He puts his hand over the receiver as he talks to Knuckles)* You don't drive? Then we gotta get ourselves a driver.

FAT SAM / DANDY DAN 1

DANDY DAN Hello. Hi Sam. What can I do for you?

FAT SAM I want to meet you Dan, to do a little talking.

DANDY DAN Where?

FAT SAM East Chester Park. Fiveways. At Lexburg and Denver. You hearing me?

DANDY DAN Yeah, I'm hearing you, Sam. But you come alone. No hoods, mind.

FAT SAM No hoods, Dan. You have my word. (*He puts hand over receiver*) What's he talking about? Don't bring your hoods -he's wiped out all my hoods. (*Back to phone*) Just you and me and our drivers.

DANDY DAN Agreed.

They both put down the phones together.

Got him, the knucklehead.

FAT SAM Got him, the salami.

FAT SAM / DANDY DAN 2

DANDY DAN What can I do for you, Sam?

FAT SAM How about a small dose of straight talk, Dan?

DANDY DAN Suits me.

FAT SAM You've been taking liberties Dan.

DANDY DAN I've been taking what's mine.

FAT SAM Trouble is, it belongs to me.

DANDY DAN Too bad. Possession is nine tenths of the law, Sam.

FAT SAM Now hang on, Dan! I'm sure we can talk things over sensibly. We've been in this game a long time, you's and me. After all, I'm a businessman!

DANDY DAN You're a dime a dozen gangster, Sam.

FAT SAM Now you button your lip, mister. I don't like your mouth. I have to have some respect.

DANDY DAN You'd slit your own throat for two bits plus tax.

FAT SAM You keep your wise cracks behind your teeth, mister.

DANDY DAN Keep talking.

FAT SAM I have my position to think of.

DANDY DAN Right now, your position ain't worth a plug nickel.

FAT SAM You dirty rat, Dan. (*James Cagney-ish*)

DANDY DAN (*smiling*) You've been watching too many movies Sam.

FAT SAM O.K. Looney, let him have it!

LEROY / BUGSY / CAGEY JOE

LEROY They take your money, mister?

BUGSY (*tapping his pockets*) Yeah, 200 dollars less 90 cents. It was sure nice of you to help me like that.

LEROY Oh, it was nothing.

BUGSY You must be a boxer, right?

LEROY Nope!

BUGSY You're not? But that's the best punching I've ever seen.

LEROY Oh, it was nothing.

BUGSY You ever been coached?

LEROY Nope.

BUGSY You ever thought of taking it up, I mean professionally?

LEROY Nope.

BUGSY Why not? You could be a champion.

LEROY Never thought about it.

BUGSY You haven't?

LEROY Never had the chance.

BUGSY I know someone who could help you. You know Cagey Joe?

LEROY Nope.

BUGSY You know Sluggers' Gym?

LEROY Nope.

BUGSY You don't know much, do you?

LEROY (*big warm smile*) Nope.

BUGSY Put it there, Leroy, you've got yourself a manager.

*As they exit right, the lights go up and the stage is filled with **Boxers** who are busy skipping, punching bags, sparring, exercising.*

Bugsy and Leroy enter from down the stairs.

BUGSY Hi, Cagey Joe!

CAGEY JOE Hi, Bugsy. How you been, man?

BUGSY Swell, Cagey Joe, real swell. And you?

CAGEY JOE For me, yeah. But this bunch of punch bags, the pits.

BUGSY Cagey Joe, I want you to meet the next heavyweight champion. Leroy, meet Cagey Joe. Cagey Joe, meet Leroy Smith.

CAGEY JOE (*circling Leroy and nervously removing his hat*) Ever been in the ring before, boy?

LEROY Nope.

CAGEY JOE So you wannabe a fighter, huh?

LEROY Er, nope.

BUGSY Sure he does. Look at those mits. Did you ever see such shillelaghs?
Hit it Leroy.

Leroy punches Bugsy's out-stretched hand, very hard. Bugsy winces. Cagey is impressed.

CAGEY JOE What's your name again, kid?

LEROY Leroy Smith.

BUGSY With you showing him the ropes, Cagey Joe, he could be champion in no time.

CAGEY JOE O.K. I'll give him a try. But I'll tell you now, he'll be no good unless he's got 'it'.

LEROY 'It'? What's 'it'?

He stares at his hands as if 'it' is some kind of disease.

BUGSY 'It' is the difference between being a no-hoper slugger and being a champion.

CAGEY JOE It's what makes a fighter special. If you haven't got 'it', you just haven't got it.

FAT SAM / BUGSY / TALLULAH

FAT SAM Oh, hi Bugsy. Glad you could make it. How you been?

BUGSY Fine Mr Stacetto. And you?

FAT SAM Oh, a little difficulty at the moment Bugsy. Please call me Sam. Why don't you pull up a chair and sit down? Tallulah honey, fix him a drink will you?

TALLULAH What's your pleasure, Bugsy?

BUGSY Special on the rocks, Tallulah, please.

FAT SAM (*lowering his voice*) Bugsy, I need your help. I'm in a jam. Dandy Dan's breathing down my neck, and any day now he'll be taking over my entire organisation.

BUGSY But you've still got all this. (*Gestures around speakeasy*)

FAT SAM Not if Dandy Dan gets his way. I won't have a dime for a shoe-shine.

BUGSY Nothing?

FAT SAM Not a red cent.

Tallulah has brought Bugsy's drink and sits herself down. Sam doesn't want her there.

TALLULAH There we go, one special on the rocks.

FAT SAM Er... Tallulah, go fix your make up.

TALLULAH I've already fixed it.

FAT SAM Then go make yourself more beautiful than you already are.

TALLULAH But you know that's impossible.

FAT SAM (*firmly*) Tallulah... !

TALLULAH O.K. O.K. I'll go manicure my gloves.

She struts offstage, left.

FAT SAM Buggy, I need help. My gang's gone. My friends don't want to know me. My business ain't worth a hill of beans. I'm a wreck. In short, Buggy, I need you.

BUGSY Me Sam? Why me?

FAT SAM 'Cause you're no mug. You've got brains – up here. (*Touches temple*) Not pretzels.

BUGSY No. Rough stuff ain't my line.

FAT SAM Help me and I'll give you two hundred bucks to go with the two hundred I already gave you.

BUGSY Impossible.

FAT SAM I thought you were smart?

BUGSY Impossible, because I already lost the first two hundred.

FAT SAM You lost two hundred bucks. On a horse?

BUGSY No, I was mugged.

FAT SAM (*taking out his wallet and counting out the money*) Tut, tut. Too many dishonest people around these days Buggy. A hoodlum ain't safe walking the streets. Here. Two hundred green ones. Plus... the two hundred that you lost.

BUGSY Four hundred dollars!

FAT SAM Do we have a deal? Well?

BUGSY (*fanning out the money*) We have a deal.

BUGSY / LEROY

BUGSY Ssh. There's a truck pulling up. Splurge guns.

LEROY (*looking around*) Where?

BUGSY On the crates, stupid. Look what it says on the side of the truck.

LEROY I can't.

BUGSY Can't you read?

LEROY (*lying*) Er... no, just a little shortsighted. What does it say?

BUGSY It says: 'Splurge Imports Inc. Dock 17, East River.' This must be the place where they keep the guns.

LEROY Well, let's go.

Bugsy *restrains him.*

BUGSY Hold your horses. There must be a dozen guards there.

LEROY There are?

BUGSY Two on the roof. Two on the side. Two on the front... It's no good just the two of us. What we gonna do, Leroy?

LEROY Go home?

BUGSY There must be a way in.

LEROY Don't be stupid, Bugsy. We'll never slug our way through that lot.

BUGSY I guess you're right. We'd need an army to get through.

LEROY (*looking around him*) No armies around here, Bugsy.