

Collins

Collins

DRAMA

Bugsy Malone Alan Parker

This fast-moving, unsentimental and undeniably funny play has been specially adapted from Alan Parker's popular film. It features an extensive cast of male and female characters (with 15 major parts), great costumes and memorable songs, and is enormously entertaining, irrespective of age!

The resource section includes background information on the characters, stills from the film and helpful advice on how the play can best be staged. Ideal as either a drama resource for the classroom, or as a school production, its terrific sense of fun will appeal to students of all abilities.

Bugsy Malone

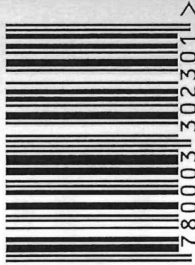
Alan Parker

Collins

FREEDOM TO TEACH

Find us at www.collins.co.uk
and follow our blog – articles and
information by teachers for teachers.
@FreedomToTeach

ISBN 978-0-00-330230-1



9 780003 302301 >



Bugsy Malone Alan Parker

CAST LIST

(In order of appearance)

MAIN CHARACTERS

BUGSY MALONE
BRONX CHARLIE
FLASH FRANKIE
BLOUSEY
DOODLE
KNUCKLES
FAT SAM
FIZZY
LOUIS
SNAKE EYES
TALLULAH
O'DREARY
CAPTAIN SMOLSKY
RITZY
DANDY DAN
LEROY

MINOR CHARACTERS

Laughing Boy } Hoods
Benny Lee }
Yonkers
Roxy Robinson
Undertakers (2)
Violinist
Barber
Girl Singers (3)
Pop Becker
Radio Announcer
Waitress
English Reporter
Foreign Reporters 1 and 2
Louella
Cellist
Butler
Tillie
Lorretta
Oscar de Velt
Marbini
Ventriologist
Dummy
Lena Marrelli
Sound Man
Seymour Scoop
Shady
Chinese Laundry Workers
Louella
Cellist
Waiter
Razamataz
Looney Bergonzi
Boxers
Cagey Joe
Pickett
Velma
Down and Outs
Priest
Cooks
Baseball Guards
Babyface
Policemen

ACT ONE

House lights on.

'BUGSY MALONE' played. Instrumental.

Black. Ominous piano music.

A red light flickers onto the dark stage. Roxy Robinson enters along the audience gangway. Scared.

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.

Roxy nervously runs right and left across the stage. Scared. O.S. we hear sound effects: screeching car tyres; slamming car doors; voices.

BRONX CHARLIE (O.S.) Shoulders, the alley-way quick. He's making for Perito's. Benny cover the back. Yonkers watch the sidewalk.

The Hoods enter stage left: Bronx Charlie, Laughing Boy, Benny Lee, and Yonkers. Roxy is trapped.

The Hoods slowly walk towards him. Roxy backs away, taking off his hat. Impending disaster. Over this we hear:

BUGSY (O.S.) 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.

BRONX CHARLIE Your name Robinson?

ROXY Uh huh (*Nods*)

BRONX CHARLIE Roxy Robinson?

ROXY Uh huh (*Nods*)

BRONX CHARLIE Also known as Roxy the Weasel?

ROXY Uh huh (*Nods*)

BRONX CHARLIE The same Roxy the Weasel who works for Fat Sam?

ROXY Uh huh (*Nods*)

Roxy is splurged and the Hoods walk off. A jump and a click of the heels. Accompanying music.

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

Two Undertakers walk on and carry off the stiffened body of Roxy, under their arms like a tailor's dummy. A Violinist playing a funeral melody walks behind them.

Light up on Barber cutting Flash Frankie's hair. Radio sound effects of a horse-race. Enter Bugsy stage right.

BUGSY (to audience) 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. . . .

The Hoods from previous scene again enter, dramatically. Flash Frankie is splurged, as is the Barber. The Undertakers move in, pick up the stiffened, splurged bodies and exit. They stop at Bugsy who reverently places a hot towel over Frankie's petrified face. The Violinist has been playing throughout and exits with the Undertakers.

BUGSY 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 stiff! Oh, by the way, you're probably wondering who I am. My name's Malone, Bugsy Malone.

Light up on Three Girl Singers left of stage, who sing into an old-fashioned microphone, the 'BUGSY MALONE' song which we hear under the subsequent action:

Bugsy Malone

He's a sinner
Candy-coated
For all his friends
He always seems to be alone
But they love him
Bugsy Malone
A city slicker

He can charm you
With a smile and a style all his own
Everybody loves that man
Bugsy Malone

Hot-headed Bugsy makes his mind up
Don't mess with Bugsy or you'll wind up
Wishing you'd left well enough alone
He's a man, a mountain
He's a rolling stone
And will he leave you
Sad and lonely, crying?
I couldn't say, but it's known
That everybody wants that man
Bugsy Malone

During the song, Bugsy crosses right. Fizzy walks on, puts a chair on a raised box. A bookcase on wheels is pushed on, as is a counter, above which a sign reads:

**'BOOK EMPORIUM - A BOOK IS CHEAPER THAN A STEAK.
READ ONE, LEARN A LITTLE AND EAT BETTER.'**

Pop Becker leans behind the counter. **Fizzy** gives **Bugsy** a shoe-shine throughout the scene. **Bugsy** reads his newspaper.

Blousey enters stage right, carrying a large bag with a base-ball bat protruding from it. **Bugsy** looks up from his newspaper and eyes her up and down. **Blousey** hands **Pop Becker** a piece of paper. **Pop Becker** knocks on the book-case. A door opens and he vanishes inside. Under the next lines we hear the **Three Girls** humming the **'BUGSY MALONE'** song.

BUGSY (to audience) 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 (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.

POP BECKER Honey, you can go in now.

Blousey steps through. Fizzy, who follows her, speaks to Bugsy before ducking through the door.

FIZZY If she's here about the audition, Bugsy, she's got a long wait. Every day they tell me to come back tomorrow.

BUGSY (to audience) Now, you might be wondering what kind of crazy place this is – with people disappearing into book-cases. Well, firstly, this neighbourhood ain't for dumb bums and secondly, this book store ain't no book store. This is Fat Sam's place – Fat Sam's Grand Slam – liveliest joint in town.

He pushes off the book shelves and the stage is lit fully for the first time. The 'BUGSY MALONE' song which has been playing continuously over the previous scene gives way to the loud and energetic 'FAT SAM'S GRAND SLAM' song. The stage is full and busy. The chorus dances.

Fat Sam's Grand Slam

Anybody who is anybody
Will soon walk through that door
At Fat Sam's Grand Slam speakeasy
Always able to find you a table
There's room for just one more
At Fat Sam's Grand Slam speakeasy

*Once you get here

Feel the good cheer

Like they say in the poem

Fat Sam's ain't humble

But it's your home-sweet-home

Plans are made here

Games are played here

I could write me a book

Each night astounds you
Rumours are a-buzzing
Stories by the dozen
Look around you cousin
At the news we're making here
Anybody who is anybody
Will soon walk through that door
At Fat Sam's Grand Slam speakeasy

See the politician
Sitting by the kitchen
Said he caught his fingers
In the well he was wishing in

*Repeat

The number ends and we see Bugsy and Blousey collide centre front of stage.

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.

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? Ritzzy? 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. Aaaaaaah!

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.

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. Bugsy and Blousey take refuge under the table.

BUGSY We can't go on meeting like this.

They shuffle for safety, across the stage, on their knees.

Lights down. Lights up on English Reporter in telephone box to the right of stage.

ENGLISH REPORTER Now get this, news desk . . . there's been a frightfully bad show here in America chaps and this time the Yanks have gone too far and what's more it's just not cricket. And, as I speak, there's a pitch battle going on here and . . .

FOREIGN REPORTERS 1 AND 2 (*Similar to the above but in appropriate foreign languages.*)

Lights down to black. Much commotion. Lights up again and the three intrepid reporters are frozen by their phones, covered in splurge and custard pie.

Lights up on Dandy Dan and Louella front of stage in their arm chairs. Dandy Dan in his silk dressing gown and cravat. Louella is elegantly dressed in satin. A Cellist plays next to them. Dandy Dan gets up and switches him/her off like a radio (by twitching the nose, perhaps).

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!

They throw their pies at close range. Doodle freezes and the Hoods carry off his stiff body. Lights down.

Lights up on the opposite side of stage, front, where Fizzy sweeps up. He whistles his song. The chorus girls, Tillie, Loreta, Doty and Bangles, chatter away as they come down the stairs from Sam's office. Each one kisses Fizzy and leaves left of stage.

TILLIE Night Fizzy.

FIZZY Night Miss Tillie. Night Miss Loreta.

Bangles gives him a huge hug and kiss, lifting him into the air, much to Fizzy's pleasure.

Night Miss Bangles...!

Fat Sam comes down the stairs, followed by the faithful Knuckles, who cracks his knuckles as always.

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.

FAT SAM I'll see you in the car... (*to Knuckles*) Don't do that Knuckles.

KNUCKLES Sorry Boss, it just slipped out.

TALLULAH Night Fizzy. (*Kiss*)

FIZZY Night Miss Tallulah.

Fizzy is alone in the speakeasy. He sings (and dances also, if possible) his song.

Tomorrow

Tomorrow

Tomorrow never comes

What kind of a fool

Do they take me for?

Tomorrow

A resting place for bums

A trap set in the slums

But I know the score

I won't take no for an answer

I was born to be a dancer now

Tomorrow
Tomorrow as they say
Another working day
And another chore
Tomorrow
An awful price to pay
I gave up yesterday
But they still want more
They are bound to compare me
To Fred Astaire when I'm done
*Anyone who feels the rhythm
Moving through 'em
Knows it's gonna do 'em good
To let the music burst out
When you feel assured
Let the people know it
Let your laughter loose
Until your scream
Becomes a love-shout

Tomorrow
Tomorrow's far away
Tomorrow as they say
Is reserved for dreams
Tomorrow
Tomorrow's looking grey
A playground always locked
Trains no winning team
I won't take no for an answer
I was born to be a dancer now

*Repeat

At the end of Fizzy's song, the curtain (if there is one) falls. If not lights to black.

Curtains open. A lady in Viking helmet and breastplate comes from behind the join in the curtains and steps into a single spbt. She clears her throat and starts to sing in a tortuous operatic voice.

SINGER Velia, oh Velia the witch of the wood . . .
OSCAR DE VOLT (from the audience) Next!

SINGER But I have other songs.

OSCAR DE VOLT Yeah honey, but do you have other

voices . . . ? Next. Come on, please, shake it up you guys, we've got a show to put on here.

Singer leaves in tears.

A magician in white tie, tails, topper and cape walks on centre stage.

MARBINI Good evening, I am the Great Marbini, Illusionist to Kings. I have been privileged to have obtained second billing at theatres in Missouri, Polar Bluff and Norfolk Nebraska, and I will now perform for you a trick seen before only by the crowned heads of Europe. From this hat, I will produce not one rabbit (roll on drums) not two rabbits (drums) but three rabbits.

OSCAR DE VOLT Next! Next! Next! (As Marbini walks off) Don't give up your day job.

Light up on side of stage. A line of performers, all sorts and sizes, many exotically attired. Bugsy and Blousey are among them.

BLOUSEY I wish they'd hurry up. I get nervous waiting.

BUGSY Quit worrying, will you?

BLOUSEY I didn't count on this many people.

BUGSY Oh this bunch are all conjurers and magicians by the look of it. You've got no competition, believe me.

BLOUSEY How do I look?

BUGSY You look great.

BLOUSEY I look a wreck.

A Ventriloquist comes on, complete with Dummy.

DUMMY (badly) Hello everybody.

VENTRILQUIST Well how are you, Clarence?

DUMMY Don't ask. I suppose you're wondering why I'm here.

OSCAR DE VOLT You bet. Next!

The Ventriloquist begins to leave. The Dummy has taken it worse than its owner. It jabbars away as they leave the stage.

DUMMY What does he mean 'next'? Doesn't he like us? Does he know who we are? I'll punch the sucker on the nose . . .

The owner and the Dummy scuffle. The Dummy seems to win.

There follow a number of amusing acts in rapid succession. A harp player wheels on her harp but before she even gets to play we hear 'next'. There are high-kicking dancers who fall over etc. Each gets Oscar's thumbs-down 'next'. Finally it's Blousey's turn; she moves centre stage, (or almost).

BLOUSEY Blousey Brown. Singer.

OSCAR DE VOLT The light, honey.

BLOUSEY (*nervously*) Er, sorry Mr De Volt, I didn't catch that.

OSCAR DE VOLT The light, honey. Move into the light. So we can see you. This musical ain't set in a mine shaft.

Name?

BLOUSEY Blousey Brown. Singer.

As Blousey opens her mouth to sing, Lena Marrelli storms down the centre aisle.

LENA Oscar, Oscar . . . I'm back! I'll give you one more chance, else I'm out for good. You hear me, Oscar. Out! Out! Out!

Oscar has welcomed her and joined her as she walks on stage. Lena takes over the spotlight from Blousey, cattily dismissing her.

LENA O.K. honey. Beat it back to Iowa, this show has got its star back. Lena's come home. Hit it, Joel!

The Pianist begins. Lena belts out a horrid show business song.

Lena sings the first verse of her song and the spot follows her off as she carries on singing in the wings. Light on the line of auditions who are rather dejected. They disperse in different directions. Bussy joins Blousey who sits on the edge of the stage.

BUGSY Cheer up, there's a million other jobs.

BLOUSEY Sure, on the street corner with a hat to catch the dimes in.

She kicks at a stack of cardboard boxes full of costumes.

BUGSY It's only a matter of time. Look, cool it will you?

BLOUSEY I've been walking the streets of New York for six

months now and the only fancy steps I've done so far are avoiding the man who collects the rent.

BUGSY So it takes time to be a movie star! We could come back tomorrow.

BLOUSEY Come back tomorrow! Come back tomorrow. That's all I ever hear. I spent my whole life coming back tomorrow.

Blousey kicks the boxes of costumes once more. They topple into the orchestra.

BUGSY Knock it off will you Blousey! Cool down!

BLOUSEY I will not cool down! I will not!

Blousey has sat down on a box. She has her head in her hand. Sobbing. Bussy consoles her, a hand on her shoulder. He loans her his handkerchief.

BUGSY Don't worry, there's always Fat Sam's place.

BLOUSEY He won't see me.

BUGSY I'll talk to him.

BLOUSEY You know him?

BUGSY Know him? We're like that (*He crosses his fingers*)

BLOUSEY Real good friends?

BUGSY No, not exactly. It's just that when I talk to him I cross my fingers that he won't hit me.

Light up on Radio Announcer, left of stage. The red 'ON AIR' sign behind him. Urgently, as ever, he reads the news from the sheet of paper he holds in front of him.

RADIO ANNOUNCER We interrupt our commentary on tonight's exciting Red-Sox ball-game to bring you a further bulletin on developments in the latest outbreak of hoodlum gang warfare. Police now officially state that the new weapon, of devious foreign manufacture, known as 'The Splurge Gun', is being widely used by the mobster gangs. We interrupt our interruption to go straight over to our reporter, Seymour Scoop, who is on the spot at the latest splurging.

Curtain up. Light on centre stage. Upraised restaurant tables. We see

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.

HOODS

Bad Guys' Song

We could have been anything that we wanted to be
But don't it make your heart glad
That we decided, a fact we take pride in
To become the best at being bad
We could have been anything that we wanted to be
With all the talent we had
No doubt about it, we fight and we tout it
We're the very best at being bad guys
We're rotten to the core
My congratulations, no-one likes you any more
Bad guys, we're the very worst
Each of us contemptible, we're criticised and cursed
We made the big time, malicious and mad
We're the very best at being bad
We could have been anything that we wanted to be
We took the easy way out
With little training we mastered complaining
Manners seemed unnecessary, we're so rude it's almost
scary
We could have been anything that we wanted to be
With all the talent we had
With little practice, we made every black list
We're the very best at being bad
Hey, look at me, I'm dancing
We're the very best at being bad
We're the very best at being bad

Fat Sam comes down from his office.

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
hine.

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 Spleen-decker 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.

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, Ritzzy 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, Ritzzy 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 Ritzzy? 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 motah head. (*Into telephone*) Oh hello! Is that Dandy Dan's residence? Could I speak to himself please. This is Sam Staccato. 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.

There is a light up on Dan, extreme left of stage. He answers the phone from his armchair. He is resplendent in his silk dressing gown and cravat. Louella sits knitting. The Cellist stands behind with a lamp shade on his/her head. He/she plays softly.

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.

Lights out on both. Lights up on speakasy.

Fizzy is playing the piano. Not very well. Bugsy enters. He carries a bunch of flowers.

BUGSY Hi Fizzy.

FIZZY Hi Bugsy.

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 Bugsy. Why don't you have a drink while you're waiting?

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

GIRLS Hi Bugsy.

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 Bugsy 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 Bugsy.

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 Bugsy? I've always found you kind of special.

BUGSY Careful Tallulah, you're racing my motor.

She edges closer. Very seductive.

TALLULAH Come on Bugsy, 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 smearin' 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.

She pulls him to her and plants a smacker right on his forehead. Blousey enters, with Razamataz, who is looking at her music and Knuckles, who shouts up the stairs. Blousey scowls at Bugsy.

KNUCKLES Ready Boss. The broad's ready for her audition.

BUGSY Oh, hi Blousey, I was looking for you.

BLOUSEY Hush your mouth, jerk.

Fat Sam comes down the stairs.

FAT SAM O.K. honey, I'm all ears.

They sit astride chairs on the side of stage while Blousey sits centre stage and sings to the audience.

I'm Feeling Fine

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
Matter of fact, I'm forced to admit it
Caught in the act, and maybe we've hit it
Is this strange new feeling
Something that you're feeling too?

Fat Sam listens for a while and then abruptly brings the audition to an end by clapping his hands.

FAT SAM O.K. honey, that's enough. Very nice. Very nice. A little too contemporary for my taste, but all the same, very nice. You're hired.

He snaps his fingers and his entourage follow him off stage. Bugsy goes up to Blousey who is collecting her music.

BUGSY Great Blousey. That was really swell. I told you you'd make it. That was terrific, really terrific.

Blousey is not listening. She storms off.

Blousey! What's the matter with you? Look I can explain all that Tallulah smoochin'

Blousey exits as Fat Sam appears from his office.

FAT SAM Bugsy, how'd you like to earn yourself some green stuff?

BUGSY As long as you're not talking about cabbages. What's the catch?

FAT SAM No catch, this is a job drivin'. Straight forward drivin'.

BUGSY Knowing you Sam, it'll be ducking and driving. What's the pay?

FAT SAM Two hundred.

BUGSY Cents?

FAT SAM No, dollars.

BUGSY Dollars! Sounds like dangerous driving.

FAT SAM Nah, sure it might get a little hot, but you don't get two hundred dollars for drivin' a milk truck Bugsy.

BUGSY O.K., you got yourself a driver.

FAT SAM Good boy. Good boy. Knuckles! Get me a drink. Things are shapin' up real fine, and I'm getting real thirsty . . . blood thirsty!

Bugsy Malone has walked up to the dressing room door. He knocks. Bangles opens the door.

BUGSY Hi Bangles. Is Blousey there?

BANGLES She won't see you Bugsy. She's mad. She was holding a torch for you higher than the Statue of Liberty.

BUGSY Look, just tell her I'm sick, will you?

BANGLES You're sick?

BUGSY Yeah, sick of waiting here.

BANGLES I'll see what I can do. But don't count on it.

Bugsy straightens his tie and pats the flowers. Blousey appears at the door.

BLOUSEY Beat it wisie.

BUGSY Give me a break Blousey. I've bought you some flowers.

She takes them.

BLOUSEY I'll see Tallulah gets them.

BUGSY Quit being so smart, O.K.? They're for you.

BLOUSEY Look, I've got to go.

BUGSY I'll see you later.

BLOUSEY Yeah, like ten years later.

BUGSY I've got a job.

BLOUSEY You don't get paid for standing in breadlines buster.

BUGSY A legit job. We'll have enough money for two tickets to the coast and Hollywood . . . Who knows, they're always looking for new stars . . .

BLOUSEY (*she interrupts*) Oh sure. I'll believe it when I see it.

FIZZY Two minutes everybody.

BLOUSEY I really have to go. Bye.

BUGSY Look Blousey, trust me.

BLOUSEY (*unconvinced*) Sure.

Blousey closes the door. Bugsy walks to the front of the stage.

BUGSY (*to audience*) I know, I know, never trust anyone who says trust me. But I was on the level, honest I was. I wanted to buy her the tickets but first I had to earn the two hundred bucks, driving Sam and Looney. Looney Bergonzi. (*Shakes head*) Boy, when they said he was off his trolley, they weren't kidding.

As he speaks various cut-out trees are placed on stage. Bugsy crouches down behind a cut-out branch. Fat Sam walks on.

FAT SAM Quick Bugsy, here he comes. Is he alone?

BUGSY MALONE Yep. Looks like just Dan and the driver.

FAT SAM Good. Looney get ready. Looney. Looney.

Looney Bergonzi comes on. He is definitely well named. A crazed hood, carrying two enormous green-topped custard pies.

Keep out of sight. Keep your head down. Wait 'til I give you the O.K. Right?

Looney seems to be somewhere else. Fat Sam pats Looney's cheeks. Looney seems to come round. Dandy Dan walks on centre stage. Sam brushes himself down and walks centre stage to meet Dan.

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!

Looney leaps from behind a tree. His green pies seem to be at the ready, but there doesn't seem to be much intelligence flickering behind his crazy, staring eyes. Bugsy still crouches behind the cut-out bush.

DANDY DAN Yonkers! Charlie! Quick, it's a double-cross!

Dan's Gang appear from behind the other cut-out trees. They have their splurge guns at the ready. They approach Looney and splurge him considerably before he can react. He collapses. Rigid. Bugsy takes the initiative. He grabs the petrified Sam.

BUGSY Come on Mr Stacetto, let's get out of here!

The lights go out. The spots sweep the stage. There is much shouting and activity as everyone runs back and forth across the stage. Confusion. Bugsy guides Sam off the stage and they do a complete circle of the auditorium. When they arrive back on stage, Dan and his gang are gone.

FAT SAM (*out of breath*) You did great, Bugsy. Great. Here's your two hundred dollars, and a hundred extra for your quick thinking.

BUGSY Gee, thanks Mr Stacetto.

FAT SAM Treat yourself to a new suit. Get rid of that laundry sack you're wearing. Here's the name of my tailor. *(He hands him a card)*

BUGSY Thanks Mr Stacetto.

FAT SAM Think nothing of it. My pleasure. Right now, let's get out of here.

They exit. Light up on Blousey to one side of the stage.

BLOUSEY *(slower than normal)*

Hot headed Buggy makes his mind up
Don't mess with Buggy, or you'll wind up
Wishing you'd let well enough alone.
He's a man, a mountain, a rolling stone.
And will he leave you sad and lonely
Crying – I couldn't stay – But it's known
That everybody loves that man – Buggy Malone.

*Lights down.
Black.*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

The stage is set as the girls' dressing room. There are racks of clothes etc. Tillie, Loretta etc. and the rest of the chorus join in as Tallulah does her number.

My Name is Tallulah

My name is Tallulah
My first rule of thumb
I don't say where I'm going
Or where I'm coming from
I try to leave a little reputation behind me
So if you really need to
You'll know how to find me

My name is Tallulah
I live till I die
I'll take what you give me
And I won't ask why
I've made a lot of friends
In some exotic places
I don't remember names
But I remember faces

*Lonely, you don't have to be lonely
Come and see Tallulah
We can chase your troubles away
If you're lonely
You don't have to be lonely
When they talk about Tallulah
You know what they say
No-one south of heaven's gonna treat you finer
Tallulah had her training
In North Carolina

My name is Tallulah
And soon I'll be gone
An open invitation
Is the road I'll travel on
I'll never say goodbye
Because the words upset me

You may forgive my going
But you won't forget me

*Repeat

At the end of the number we hear a phone ring. Tallulah answers it.

TALLULAH Yeah sure, I'll get her. Blousey! It's for you.

Blousey goes to the phone.

(*sarcastically*) Give him my love.

The lights come up on Bugsy in the phone booth at the side of the stage.

BLOUSEY Hello.

BUGSY Hey Blousey, it's Bugsy.

BLOUSEY Where are you?

BUGSY Oh around. Listen. I can't talk to you now, but I've just made two hundred bucks.

BLOUSEY You mean you printed it yourself?

BUGSY No I earned it, swear to God. (*Crosses himself*)

BLOUSEY Doing what?

BUGSY Oh this and that.

BLOUSEY Who for?

BUGSY Fat Sam.

BLOUSEY Fat Sam gave you 200 dollars?

BUGSY And the loan of his sedan for the afternoon.

BLOUSEY I don't believe you. You're putting me on.

BUGSY Look, if you get yourself outside the Grand Slam in ten minutes, look for the snazzy sedan with the good lookin' driver and you'll find he has a very close resemblance to yours truly . . . O.K. . . ?

BLOUSEY O.K. But you'd better not be putting me on, Buster.

BUGSY Cross my heart it's on the level. So long.

The light goes down on Bugsy and Blousey puts on her hat and coat and exits during the next scene.

BANGLES Date Blousey?

BLOUSEY Sort of.

BANGLES I'm giving up guys, they're nothin' but trouble, believe me. From now on I'm lookin' for husbands. And I ain't getting too attached. I'm gonna change 'em regular like a library book. Hey! Don't you think I look cute? What do you think of the dress Tillie?

TILLIE I don't know, it's . . .

BANGLES Come on Dotty, what do you think?

DOTTY Er, well, I don't know Bangles, maybe the colour's wrong.

BANGLES What are you talking about? Purple's my colour. I always wear purple.

LORETTA (*sarcastically*) Yeah, it matches the veins in your legs.

DOTTY Maybe it's the length.

BANGLES It's the latest length. I read it in a magazine.

VELMA Maybe it's the frills, they stick out too much.

LORETTA They match her ears.

BANGLES (*angry*) Do you think it'll look any better on you?

LORETTA It'll look better on a horse.

BANGLES You're just jealous. Can I help it if my looks are ahead of my time?

ALL They're what?

BANGLES (*sexily*) Full of personality . . . character . . . kinda earthy . . .

TALLULAH Yeah, like a bucket of mud.

The girls all laugh as Bangles storms out. Lights down. Musical reprise of 'I'M FEELING FINE'. Lights up on side of stage where Blousey is sitting on a swing. Bugsy enters with two hot dogs.

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 Bugsy, 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. Bugsy 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 Bugsy . . . (*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.

They walk off arm in arm. Lights down. We hear dramatic sleuthing type music. Smolsky and O'Dreary come on. They are examining the ground with large magnifying glasses. They separate across the stage in different directions.

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.

They run off, stage right. Fat Sam and Knuckles come on. Knuckles carries a strange contraption that looks like a mad combination of machine gun and butcher's mincer. Sam carries a cardboard cut-out of Dandy Dan. He sits it up on one side of the stage as Knuckles prepares the 'gun' on the other.

KNUCKLES You sure this is going to work, Boss? *(Cracks his knuckles)*

FAT SAM Of course it is. Knuckles, don't crack your knuckles, it makes me nervous.

KNUCKLES Sorry, Boss.

FAT SAM Of course it'll work. It looks like a splurge gun, doesn't it?

Knuckles shakes his head.

FAT SAM *(threatening)* Doesn't it?

KNUCKLES Er . . . sure Boss, kind of . . . *(He frowns)*

FAT SAM Anything Dandy Dan can do, Fat Sam can do better. Am I right or am I right?

KNUCKLES *(pondering the alternative)* You're right, Boss.

FAT SAM Right. Now, are you ready, Knuckles?

KNUCKLES Sure thing, Boss.

FAT SAM O.K. Get set . . .

KNUCKLES I'm set, Boss.

FAT SAM . . . and FIRE!

The gun explodes in a fountain of creamy splurge and clouds of smoke. Knuckles is covered in splurge and staggers around as Fat Sam goes to examine the cut-out of Dandy Dan.

Missed! Back to the drawing board, Knuckles.

Meanwhile Knuckles has staggered across the stage in a semi-stiff state and finally collapsed just out of sight behind the side of the stage.

Knuckles . . . speak to me, Knuckles . . . Knuckles!

He runs back and punches the cut-out of Dan.

It's all your fault, I'll get you for this, you greasy lounge lizard . . . Knuckles. *(Crying almost)* Poor Knuckles . . . *(He rushes off left)*

Bugsy enters right, whistling 'I'M FEELING FINE'.

BUGSY *(to audience, as he sweeps and tidies up)* As you can see from the mess here, things are looking kind of untidy in Fat Sam's life . . . and as for Knuckles . . . well, whatever game it was he was playing, he'd sure cashed his chips in, and as for Captain Smolsky . . . well, he started out with the intention of chasing O'Dreary back to County Cork except he forgot that he'd had quick drying plaster poured all over him and very soon he was stiffer than some of those dudes he'd occasionally dragged out of the East River . . . *There is a moan from the back of the stage. . . . anyway . . .*

Further moaning sound. Bugsy walks to the back of the stage. There are a number of garbage cans and boxes of assorted rubbish. Bugsy approaches carefully. More moans.

Hello, is anybody there? Hello . . .

Moan.

. . . are you hurt?

Suddenly he is jumped on by the man he is trying to help and four other down-and-outs who appear from behind the garbage cans. They start to beat him up. Suddenly Leroy enters from stage right. He rushes to Bugsy's rescue, punching out the unfortunate down-and-outs in all directions. His punching power is awesome. His work done, he picks up Bugsy from the garbage cans.

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 wanna be 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.

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*) Poysonally.

TALLULAH Poysonally. 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.

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.

As he walks across the wet floor he falls flat on his back.

FIZZY (*after the event*) Careful, Boss. The floor's wet.

FAT SAM (*running after him*) You stupid broom-pushing no-good hooper. I'll break that mop over your head . . . !
You . . . ! You . . . !

Bugsy enters. Fat Sam abruptly changes his aggressive mood, and opens his arms to Bugsy.

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 speakasy*)

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 manicare my gloves.

She struts offstage, left.

FAT SAM Bugsy, 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, Bugsy, 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 Bugsy. 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.

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 Bugsy there, please?

TALLULAH Sure, I'll get him for you, honey. Bugsy, 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 Bugsy.

BUGSY Hello Blousey.

BLOUSEY Bugsy, 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, Bugsy. 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, Bugsy, 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 Bugsy's drink from downstairs. As she puts it down on the desk she gives Bugsy a gentle peck on the side of the cheek.

BUGSY Get off, Tallulah.

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

She slams the phone down. All lights go out except on her. She cries and walks forward with her suitcase, front of stage. She sits on her case and sings.

Ordinary Fool

Only a fool like fools before me
I always think with my heart
Only a fool, that same old story
Seems I was born for the part

*It's a lesson that I've learned
And a page I should have turned
I shouldn't cry but I do
Like an ordinary fool
When her ordinary dreams
Fall through

How many times have I mistaken
Good looks and laughs
For bad news
How many times have I mistaken
Love songs and laughs
For the blues
When a road I've walked before
Ends alone at my front door
I shouldn't cry but I do
Like an ordinary fool
When her ordinary dreams
Fall through

*Repeat twice

At the end of the song Blousey picks up her bag and leaves stage left. Lights down. Bugsy enters from the audience. He calls Leroy's name into the dark stage

BUGSY Leroy. Hey, Leroy, wake up. Come on. Leroy!

Leroy enters in his pyjamas. He has obviously been woken from a deep sleep. He carries a window, which he props up and peers out of, behind a curtain.

LEROY Who is it? What do you want?

BUGSY It's me, Leroy, Bugsy. Get dressed and come with me. We got a job.

LEROY You got me a crack at the title already?

BUGSY No, this is a different kind of job.

Leroy ducks backs into his window.

LEROY I'm tired, Bugsy. Come back in the morning.

Leroy leaves the stage. Bugsy perseveres.

BUGSY It'll be too late in the morning.

No reply.

You'll be working for Fat Sam Stacetto. You'll be hitting Dandy Dan where it hurts . . . (Last chance) er . . . and there's two hundred dollars in it for you.

Leroy appears immediately on this last line. He is fully dressed, plus hat.

LEROY I'll do it!

Leroy jumps down and joins Bugsy. They exit right.

Light up on the speakeasy. The Girls sit at the tables, talking quietly. There is an air of uneasy expectancy. Fizzy sweeps and whistles his tune 'TOMORROW'. Blousey enters left with her suitcase. Fat Sam comes down the stairs of his office. He claps his hands.

FAT SAM Come on you guys, this place is like a morgue. Let's have a little optimism here. We're not on Poverty Row yet. How about some music?

The piano plays 'TOMORROW' and the girls join in, gently humming the melody.

Oh, hi Blousey, I thought you was on your way to the coast.

BLOUSEY It fell through.

FAT SAM Oh, shame. Tough.

BLOUSEY Mr Stacetto, do you think I could have my job back?

FAT SAM Sure honey, go right in. The more the merrier. (He moves off)

The girls spot Blousey.

BANGLES Hi Blousey. D'you miss your train?

TILLIE Hi Blousey, what happened? Your guy let you down?

Velma and Tallulah have come down the stairs.

VELMA Hi Blousey, how you been?

Blousey says nothing. She brushes past them and exits up the stairs.

Did you ever see a broad carry a torch so high?

TALLULAH Yeah, the Statue of Liberty.

Lights down.

Spotlight on Bugsy and Leroy, side of the stage, behind a couple of barrels. They look out to one side of the audience. A sign above them says 'DOCK 17'.

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.

LERROY 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?

LERROY Go home?

BUGSY There must be a way in.

LERROY 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.

LERROY (looking around him) No armies around here, Bugsy.

We hear the beginnings of the 'DOWN AND OUTS' song, very softly accompanied by the shuffling of their feet in unison.

DOWN AND OUTS Down. Down. Down and out. Down.

Down. Down and out.

BUGSY What's that?

LERROY What? (He looks in the barrel)

BUGSY Listen.

The 'DOWN AND OUTS' chorus gets louder. Bugsy and Leroy walk to centre stage as the lights go up on the main stage which now is filled with lines of the wretched Down and Outs who shuffle around the stage. They have bowls and spoons in their hands. There is also a Priest and some kindly lady Cooks who ladle out 'soup'. A large sign above them says: 'THE LORD WILL PROVIDE'. Leroy and Bugsy mingle among these unfortunates, trying to persuade them to join their cause.

Down and Out

You don't have to sit around

Complaining 'bout the way your life has wound up

Think of all the time you waste

And time's a precious thing to let roll by

Sure you've hit the bottom

But remember you'll be building from the ground up

Every day's another step

That takes you even closer to the sky

So give it a try

You don't have to sit around

Depressed about the way that luck deceived you

Fortune sailed away

You missed the boat

And found that you'd been left behind

Fight and fight some more

Until you know the world is ready to receive you

Lady Luck is fickle

But a lady is allowed to change her mind

You don't have to sit around

Complaining about the way your life has wound up

So be a man

You know you can't be certain

that you'll lose until you try

You don't have to sit 'bout

Complaining about the way your life has wound up

So be a man

You know you can't be certain

that you'll lose until you try

So give it a try

At the end of the song Bugsy shouts to the Down and Outs.

BUGSY Are you with me?

DOWN AND OUTS Yeah!

BUGSY Then let's go . . . !

They all rush and crowd to stage right. They crouch for cover as best they can. Lights come up on stage left and Baseball Guards armed with baseball bats bring on crates. 'Splurge Imports Inc.' is stencilled on each one. They form a wall between them and the Down and Outs. The Baseball Guards lounge around.

BUGSY Right, there they are. All ready for the taking. Get Babyface.

LERROY Get Babyface.

The message is repeated by everyone as it is passed down the line.

Babyface is closest to the audience, and is the last to get the message. He has no one to pass it on to.

BABYFACE Get Babyface. (to audience) Er, is there anyone called Babyface out there? What am I talking about? I am Babyface.

BUGSY Give this to Babyface.

He passes along a baseball bat and each Down and Out repeats the message as it goes down the line.

BABYFACE No thanks. (Passes it back)

BUGSY Babyface – get out there . . .

BABYFACE O.K. O.K. I've got to have courage. Courage.

I'm the star of this play right now. (*His face lights up*) Just think. The star of (*As appropriate*) School. O.K. Courage.

He straightens his cap and tip-toes up to the Guards. At the last minute he rushes and bashes a Guard over the head.

Geronimo!!

The other Guards immediately charge after him. He leaps from the stage and exits from the auditorium chased by all the Baseball Guards. Immediately they've left, Bugsy and the rest of the Guards charge across the stage and begin to open the crates.

Smolsky and O'Dreary, with six Policemen appear from down the steps and take up a position opposite them, stage right.

Smolsky carries a megaphone.

SMOLSKY O.K. we know you're in there.

The Down and Outs, Leroy and Bugsy freeze.

I'll give you ten seconds to give yourselves up. Come up without your irons and with your hands up in the air.

LEROY What we gonna do, Bugsy?

BUGSY I don't know, Leroy.

SMOLSKY Right. This is your last warning. I'm gonna start counting now. One. Two. Three. Four. Five . . . er . . . Five . . . er . . .

O'DREARY Six, Captain Smolsky. The next number is six.

Smolsky bashes O'Dreary with his hat.

SMOLSKY I know! I know! Six . . . seven . . . eight . . .

Meanwhile a Down and Out has climbed onto Leroy's shoulders and examines the top of the stairs up stage.

LEROY Bugsy, look, there's a trap door here – another way out.

BUGSY O.K. Quick. Let's go.

They exit.

SMOLSKY I'm warning you guys. Don't think I'm bluffing. We'll be coming in and you'll get what's coming to you. Nine . . . Ten . . . O.K. O'Dreary, this is it. Ten . . . (*Nervously*) We're going in.

O'DREARY When ever you say, Captain.

SMOLSKY Ten!

O'DREARY Ten!

SMOLSKY Ready? Now!

They all charge across the stage and find Bugsy and his Down and Outs have fled.

They're not here, O'Dreary. Where did they go? Where did they go?

O'DREARY Somewhere else, Captain.

Smolsky bashes O'Dreary once more with his hat. They all charge back across the stage and exit right.

The lights come up at the top of the left staircase where Dandy Dan reviews his gang. They are all carrying splurge guns, and look very confident. Dan is dapper as ever.

DANDY DAN O.K. gang. This is the caper that's gonna take the lid off City Hall. This is the big one.

GANG The big one.

DANDY DAN The shakedown.

GANG The shakedown.

DANDY DAN This is the pay-off.

GANG The pay-off.

DANDY DAN It's got to be good. Got to be neat. Got to be quick.

GANG Got to be quick. Got to be neat. Got to be . . .

DANDY DAN Quit repeating everything I say. You shouldn't have any trouble. Just Sam and a few dance-hall girls.

The Gang laugh.

Remember when you get inside that speakeasy, keep those fingers pumping because it'll be history you'll be writing.

YONKERS Three cheers for Dandy Dan. Hip hip, hooray.

DANDY DAN Too kind, guys. Too kind. Now for Fat Sam's Grand Slam.

They exit left at the top of their platform.

The lights go up and the stage is filled with Down and Outs, Dancers, Bugsy, Leroy, Tallulah, Blousey and Fat Sam. Everyone is moving and busily preparing for the showdown with Dandy Dan and his Gang. The Down and Outs change into more respectable clothes.

BUGSY Right, Leroy, Babyface, you guys make sure you're hidden. Blousey, are you gonna get out of the way, else I'll have to take someone else to Hollywood.

BLOUSEY Sure, wise.

He gives her two tickets.

BUGSY Two tickets to Hollywood.

BLOUSEY Oh, Bugsy!

She throws her arms around him. Suddenly Babyface charges down the stairs.

BABYFACE They're here, Bugsy! They're here!

BUGSY O.K. Everyone act like normal. Girls, off you go. Let's hear you. Music. Razamataz, hit the ivories!

The 'Customers' settle down and enjoy the show. The Girls sing and dance.

Fat Sam's Grand Slam

Anybody who is anybody
Will soon walk through that door
At Fat Sam's Grand Slam speakeasy
Always able to find you a table
There's room for just one more
At Fat Sam's Grand Slam speakeasy

*Once you get here
Feel the good cheer
Like they say in the poem

Fat Sam's ain't humble
But it's your home-sweet-home
Plans are made here
Games are played here
I could write me a book
Each night astounds you
Rumours are a-buzzing
Stories by the dozen
Look around you cousin
At the news we're making here
Anybody who is anybody
Will soon walk through that door
At Fat Sam's Grand Slam speakeasy

See the politician
Sitting by the kitchen
Said he caught his fingers
In the well he was wishing in

*Repeat

Part of the way through the song Dandy Dan's Gang burst through the door at the top of Fat Sam's office.

DANDY DAN O.K. Everybody freeze!

The Girls scream. Everyone runs for cover.

FAT SAM Bugsy. Guys. Let 'em have it!

Chaos breaks out. Splurge. Custard pies. Flour bombs. The entire company is involved. Above this pandemonium we hear the piano notes of the finale number, one voice to begin with, then all.

ALL

You Give a Little Love

We could have been anything that we wanted to be
And it's not too late to change
I'd be delighted to give it some thought
Maybe you'll agree that we really ought two
three four

*We could have been anything that we wanted to be
Yes, that decision was ours
It's been decided we're weaker divided

Let friendship double-up our powers

We could have been anything that we wanted to be

And I'm not saying we should

But if we try it we'd learn to abide it

We could be the best at being good guys

Flowers of the earth

Who can even guess how much

A real friend is worth?

Good guys shake an open hand

Maybe we'll be trusting

If we try to understand

No doubt about it

It must be worth while

Good friends do tend to make you smile

**Repeat*

***You give a little love*

And it all comes back to you

You know you're gonna be remembered

For the things that you say and do

***Repeat for as long as possible, on stage and off.*

END

THE CHARACTERS

The following extracts are all taken from the book of the film and fill in some interesting details about the characters.

BUGSY MALONE

Bugsy wasn't the smartest guy in town but he had an air about him that was difficult to describe. A sort of inner dignity that didn't rely on crisp white cuffs and a diamond stick pin. He was no hood. He'd been around them, sure. He'd had his scrapes. And he generally came out on top. But he got a funny kind of pleasure just from being in the middle of things. Always there, but never involved. He'd been quite a useful boxer in his day, too. Except for one slight handicap. He had a jaw that had more glass in it than Macy's front window. But he still kept in trim. Made a few bucks — from 'this and that', he liked to say. In the main they were honest bucks — looking for promising fighters and steering them in the direction of Cagney Joe at Sluggers Gym.

He'd spent his life on the Lower East Side and it was a lot harder keeping on the straight and narrow than going crooked. With an Irish father and an Italian mother he had naturally grown up somewhat confused. He couldn't see his future as a spaghetti waiter in a restaurant or as a clerk at City hall, filling in endless forms. So he'd drifted from this to that. Never very crooked, not always completely honest. But generally to do with boxing, his great love.

