BUGSY MALONE

Bugsy - Hi, I’m Bugsy Malone. With an Italian mother and an Irish father I naturally grew up a little confused. So, I drifted from this to that, until the night I walked into Fat Sam’s!

Enter Blousey. She sits down and starts to apply her lipstick.

Bugsy: Hi, How are you doing? I’m Bugsy Malone.

Blousey ignores him

Bugsy: You’re a dancer? A singer, right? (spotting the baseball bat sticking out of her bag) Ahh, a baseball player!

Blousey: Zip the lip Wisey, I’m in no mood for conversation.

Bugsy snatches the mirror off her.

Bugsy: You dont like me?

Blousey snatches mirror back

Blousey: Listen Wise Guy. I’m surprised you don’t stoop with all that dandruff on your shoulders.

Bugsy: Charming! (exit Bugsy)

Enter Tallulah, bumping into Blousey as she packs her bag away)
Tallulah: Hey! Look where you’re going, will ya?

Blousey: Oh, I’m sorry.

Tallulah: (looking Blousey up and down) You a singer?

Blousey: Well, I guess that depends on your taste in music. I’m here about an audition.

Tallulah: Did you get it?

Blousey: They said to come back tomorrow.

Tallulah: They always do. I’m Tallulah. (goes to shake hands)

Blousey: I’m Brown.

Tallulah: Sounds like a loaf of bread!

Blousey: Blousey Brown

Tallulah: Sounds like a stale loaf of bread!

Blousey: Keep your teeth behind your teeth.

(they both start laughing)

GUNFIRE!!
*Fat Sam:* It’s OK, it’s alright everybody! Nothing to worry about! Come back tomorrow for razzmatazz, music - free drinks on the house! Nobody can’t say Fat Sam’s ain’t the liveliest joint in town!

**SONG _ FAT SAM’S GRAND SLAM**

*Fat Sam:* So - we all know who’s monkeying around, don’t we?

*Tallulah:* Sure do, Boss.

*Bugsy:* Er, sure Boss....

*Fat Sam:* So, who is it, you dummies?

*Bugsy:* Er, Dandy Dan Boss?

*Fat Sam:* Don’t you dare mention his name in this joint!

*Blousey:* Er, Mr Sam, sir? About my audition.....

*Tallulah* (interrupting) Hey, Fat Sam. It’s good to see ya - why don’t you let me take your mind off things, huh?

**SONG - MY NAME IS TALLULAH**

*Fat Sam:* Am I going mad? Are my ears playing tricks on me? I said.... COME BACK TOMORROW!
Tallulah: Are you OK Boss? You gotta take it easy. You'll break something.....or someone!

Fat Sam: Break something? Sure I will - I'm surrounded by namby-pamby dancers, piano players at a time when I need brains, you here me? Brains and muscles! (he collapses into a chair, exhausted)

Bugsy: Come on Boss, let's get you a drink.

Exit Bugsy and Fat Sam

Blousey: Looks like I'm the only one who ain't falling apart round here.

Tallulah: Sure.

SONG - I'M FEELING FINE

Tallulah: Hey, that was pretty good. Did you get your audition yet?

Blousey: (downhearted) No, not yet.

Enter Bugsy

Bugsy: Oh, don't take it personal. Fat Sam's got a lot on his mind right now. What with Dandy Dan's gang and all.

Blousey: Why? What d'ya mean?

Tallulah: Well, whenever ANYBODY comes to audition, he just says, 'come back tomorrow"

Blousey: Tomorrow?

Bugsy & Tallulah: TOMORROW!

SONG - TOMORROW