

AUDITION PIECES

Bugsy Malone & Blousey Brown

extract 1

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

Its a nice night, we could walk. Which way you going?

BLOUSEY

Which way you going?

BUGSY

This way.

(BUGSY points left.)

BLOUSEY

Then Im going this way.

(BLOUSEY 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 youre so skinny, Smartie?

BLOUSEY

I watch my weight.

BUGSY

Yeah, I do that when Im broke too. You hungry?

BLOUSEY

No.

BUGSY

Youre not hungry?

BLOUSEY

No, starving.

(As they walk, the scene transitions to a sidewalk café. A WAITER holds the chair out for BLOUSEY to sit down. The action is continuous, as is the dialogue. A surly WAITRESS comes up, chewing gum.)

BUGSY

Are you going back to the speakeasy tomorrow?

BLOUSEY

Er no, Im gonna try my luck at the Bijoux Theatre.

BUGSY

The Lena Marelli Show?

BLOUSEY

She s walked out. Theyre 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 dont let me put you off.

BLOUSEY

You wont. What do you do?

Extract 2

BUGSY

Ouch, look where youre going will you. (*BUGSY rubs his shin.*)

BLOUSEY

Im sorry, Im truly sorry. Oh its you, Dandruff.

BUGSY

Dont worry, I ve had a shampoo since we last spoke. That baseball bat could be classified as a dangerous weapon you know.

BLOUSEY

My mother made me pack it.

BUGSY

Youre a sports nut?

BLOUSEY

Its for protection, in case I get robbed.

BUGSY

Youre a singer, right?

BLOUSEY

That depends on your taste in music. Im 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. Im Buggy Malone.

Extract 3

BUGSY

Someone once said, if it was raining brains, Roxy Robinson wouldn t even get wet. In all of New York they didnt come much dumber than Roxy the Weasel. To be frank, Roxy was a dope.

(Lights up on ROXY. Offstage we hear sound effects: screeching car tires, slamming car doors, and voices.)

BRONX CHARLIE

(offstage)

Shoulders, the alleyway quick. He s making for Perito s. Benny, cover the back. Yonkers, watch the sidewalk.

(The HOODS enter: 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

(offstage)

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 Peritos Bakery.

Script: Dandy Dan & his Gang

Extract1

DANDY DAN

OK, gang. This is the caper that s gonna take the lid off City Hall. This is the big one.

HOODS

The big one.

DANDY DAN

The shakedown.

HOODS

The shakedown.

DANDY DAN

This is the payoff.

HOODS

The payoff.

DANDY DAN

Its got to be good. Got to be neat. Got to be quick.

HOODS

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

DANDY DAN

Quit repeating everything I say!

HOODS

Quit repeating everything I say... Sorry, Boss.

DANDY DAN

You shouldn t have any trouble. Just Sam and a few dancehall girls.

(The HOODS laugh.)

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

YONKERS

Three cheers for Dandy Dan. Hip hip

HOODS

Hooray!

YONKERS

Hip hip

HOODS

Hooray!

YONKERS

Hip hip

HOODS

Hooray!

DANDY DAN

Too kind, guys. Too kind. Now for Fat Sams Grand Slam.

Extract 2

DANDY DAN

(to the SPLURGE ATTENDANTS)

Thanks boys... thanks a lot.

LOUELLA

Yuck, what a mess.

DANDY DAN

Just a days 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 nothinabout it, my rose. Without his gang he s like a tortoise without its shell. Soon he ll be throwinin the towel.

(DANDY DAN and LOUELLA bite into their apples as they walk offstage.)

Fat Sam/The Gang/Tallulah/Fizzy/Tallulahs Girls

Extract 1

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!

(FAT SAM slowly puts the receiver down.)

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.

(There is a knock on the door. FAT SAM nearly jumps out of his skin as he leaps behind his desk for protection. KNUCKLES joins him. FAT 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 BUGSY.)

BUGSY

Uh, Sam, I was wondering... if you're not too busy... if you could give a friend of mine an audition for the club...

KNUCKLES

He's busy, lady. Come back tomorrow.

(KNUCKLES closes the door. FAT SAM leaps up and opens the door. He calls out to BUGSY.)

FAT SAM

No, wait! Wait.

(FAT SAM turns to KNUCKLES.)

We act like normal, right? So acting normal means acting normal.

(calling out the door)

Tell your friend we'll be right there.

Extract 2

FAT SAM

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?

(FAT SAM murmurs to himself)

Go tell Tallulah we wanna see the new number. We gotta find us someone with some brains, some smarts, a real cerebral type.

KNUCKLES

OK, Boss...

(writing a list)

New number... find brains... Uh, Boss... how do you spell brains?

(KNUCKLES cracks his knuckles as FAT SAM moves to throttle him. They freeze.)

(Lights cross fade to inside the Grand Slam.)

BUGSY

It's all set up, Blousey. Sam'll be down in a minute.

BLOUSEY

I'd better freshen up. I'll be right back.

(TALLULAH has entered.)

TALLULAH

Suddenly everyone wants to be in show business.

BUGSY

Oh, hi, Tallulah.

(TALLULAH is joined by LORETTA, DOTTY, TILLIE and BANGLES.)

GIRLS

Hi, Bugsy.

BUGSY

Hi, Loretta... Dotty... Tillie... Bangles.

KNUCKLES

(entering)

Tallulah, girls, the Boss wants to see your brains. I mean the new number. Pronto.

TALLULAH

OK, girls, get dressed. We gotta number to do.

Extract 3

FIZZY

Er - Mr. Sam, about my audition.

FAT SAM

Later, Fizzy, I'm busy right now. Keep practicing... I'll see you tomorrow... I promise you, tomorrow.

FIZZY

But yesterday you said tomorrow, Boss.

(TALLULAH has appeared dressed to the nines, momentarily letting FAT SAM off the hook.)

FAT SAM

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

I'll see you in the car...

(KNUCKLES cracks his knuckles.)

Don't do that, Knuckles.

KNUCKLES

Sorry, Boss, it just slipped out.

(FAT SAM storms off, frustrated. KNUCKLES follows.)

TALLULAH

Night, Fizzy.

FIZZY

Night, Tallulah.

SIDE 4

FAT SAM

So tell me how you allowed this to happen? Roxy was one of my best. What have you got to say for yourselves, you bunch of dummies? You're a disgrace to your profession. Do you hear me? And most of all you're a disgrace to me. Fat Sam.

(He pats himself proudly. The gang are very dumb)

And we all know who's behind all this, don't we?

GANG

Sure, Boss.

FAT SAM

You don't need a hat full 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 blows up at the mention of Dan's name and falls off his chair in excitement. Fizzy pokes his head around the door)

FIZZY

Er Boss, um, 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?

(Fizzy's interruption causes Fat Sam further frustration. 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)

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.

FAT SAM

You! 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 salamis! Now listen, here's what we do....

(The gang huddles around Fat Sam as the lights fade)