

LILY

GANG: We're da Raffia! (*music*) (*work for reaction*)
And we're from the heart of gangsterland.

SONG 3

ACE: Ya getting better! (*looks around*) Sure is a quiet place. I wonder where all da action is.

MOITILE: (*to audience*) Ya heard him! Where's all da action round here?

POILE: Dey ain't talking, Ace.

ACE: (*to audience*) Not talking, eh! Do you want for me to send my boys down there again?

BOYS: Oh, no Boss. Please, not again!

MOITILE: Aw, there ain't nuthin' out there to be scared of. I think they're all kinda cute! Especially that good lookin' one down there.

She waves to someone in audience.

ACE: Moitle! How many times have I gotta tell ya?

POILE: Then, let's get outa here go somewhere exciting.

CRUSHER: Yeah, we need a place wid da action a place wid gambling, goils, nightlife, organised crime.

ACE: Yeah, let's go.

He turns and the others follow.

FINGERS: So, where we going?

ACE: (*the sleepest local place that you can think of!*)

The Nightclub is now open with bright lights and if possible a flashing sign reading "Ritzys". 1920 type music as people drift in welcomed by Nick, now in his tuxedo. Lily enters. Nick goes to her rubbing his hands together.

NICK: Yeah, prohibition sure is good for business.

LILY: (*shocked*) Prohibition! You mean, you sell illegal alcohol here?

NICK: Well, we gotta use something to dilute the water.

LILY: Alcohol! That's terrible.

NICK: We make an awful lot of money.

LILY: terribly clever of you!

Nick see Fred talking to a group of girls.

NICK: Het, come and meet Nora's little girl.

Fred attempts to glide over to Lily, whilst giving her a smouldering look.

LILY: *(aside to Nick)* Is he all right?

NICK: He can't help it if his 'get up and go' got up and left!

Fred gallantly takes Lily's arm and kisses up to her shoulder. She watched intrigued. He puts his chin on her shoulder and smiles coyly.

LILY: M'mmm *(lost for words)* ... nice.

NICK: This is our resident dancer ... Valentino.

LILY: *(excited)* Valentino! You don't mean Rudolph?

FRED: No, I'm his cousin ... Fred, but I am a gigolo like Rudolph. You know, women can't resist me I bewitch them. Watch.

Fred waves to group of girls who wave back.

FRED: *(calls)* I'll bewitch *(be with)* ya in a minute, girls.

Girls giggle.

FRED: You see. I'm just a sex object.

LILY: *(surprised)* You're a sex object?

FRED: I must be. Every time I mention sex, they object!

Girls laugh again.

LILY: Well. I think you're sweet. Would you like to show me how to dance?

FRED: *(panics)* I'd love to but right now I've got to introduce the new singer.

LILY: That's a pity. I'd like to see you moving.