

O'Riley

O'RILEY: This is Officer O'Riley speaking! I repeat, this is Officer O'Riley. This is the police!

ALL: Police!

All run off in alarm except Ma Baker and her girls.

O'RILEY: Ma Baker, this is Officer O'Riley!

Ma Baker and her girls have hidden behind the Still or any barrels or hay that may be on the stage.

PETAL: *(bob ups)* Oh, really?

O'RILEY: No, O'Riley! come out of there, Ma, I want to talk to you.

Blossom peeps out.

BLOSSOM: What's all the fuss?

O'RILEY: Come on out! I got you surrounded.

Blossom comes out.

BLOSSOM: It's Officer O'Riley, Ma.

Ma Baker comes into view carrying a shotgun.

MA BAKER: Sure it is! Who else but an Irishman would be able to surround three of us all by his self? *(shouts to O'Riley)* Ain't ya got nuthin' better to do than terrorise a poor ole widder woman and her two innocent gals?

PETAL: *(appearing)* What you at, O'Riley? We ain't done nothing!

O'RILEY: You girls sure make it hard to have a simple conversation.

He starts to walk from the back of the hall.

BLOSSOM: Well, we'se poor defenceless women and we've gotta protect ourselves.

O'Riley is now on stage and still holding his gun.

MA BAKER: What ya waving that weapon around fer? Put it away afore ya frighten my gals!

O'RILEY: Sorry, Ma, but I've got to be talking to you about your whisky still. You see now, I've got to be closing it down.

MA BAKER: What! Ya cain't do that! It's our livelihood.

O'RILEY: But, Ma, it's not legal. It's against the law.

MA BAKER: *(melodramatically)* Ya ain't aimin' to close me down? Why *(sob)* me and my poor young uns will starve if ya puts me out business. Ain't that right, gals?

GIRLS: Sure, Ma.

She digs them in the ribs.

MA BAKER: Then, show him how upset y'are!

The girls and Ma start bawling.

O'RILEY: Look, now, don't do that. This has got nothing to do with me. It's because of the Purity League.

BLOSSOM: Oh, them! They're jesa joke! It's jes political!

MA BAKER: Well, I hates political jokes! They has a nasty habit o'gittin' elected!

PETAL: *(to audience)* Ain't that the truth!

O'RILEY: Look, I'm a reasonable man. I have my orders to close down your still *(spell it out)* but, if it wasn't here, I couldn't, could I?

PETAL: But it is here.

O'RILEY: *(patiently)* But if it wasn't here if you get my drift.
He winks at Ma Baker, who misinterprets and coyly nudges him.

MA BAKER: Why ya ole rascal.

O'RILEY: No, Ma, you've got it wrong. If your still was not here.

PETAL: What in tarnation is he talkin' about?

BLOSSOM: *(excitedly)* I know! I gotta I.Q. He means if it were somewhere else.

O'RILEY: *(relieved)* Clever girl!

MA BAKER: *(still puzzled)* You mean, you wants us to put it by the creek?

O'RILEY: *(shouts in frustration)* Don't tell me!

MA BAKER: *(shouts)* Well why not?

O'RILEY: *(calms down)* Because if you tell me, I will know where it is.
And then I'll have to be closing it down.

GIRLS: *(light dawns)* Oh!

MA BAKER: You sure is smart.

O'RILEY: Now you know what's what, I'll be leaving you ladies. Remember,
if I know where your still is, I will have to
Girls finish the sentence with him nodding in unison.

ALL: be closing it down!

O'RILEY: Right!

He exits and Ma calls after him.

MA BAKER: Thank, O'Riley, ya won't see it, I promise ya. Come on, gals,
we've gotta git movin'.

*They start to gather up the evidence. Petal takes part of the still
offstage ... Her voice is heard.*

PETAL: Hey Ma! There's a man here with a funny face!

MA BAKER: Well, tell him ya already got one!

*As Ma and Blossom laugh raucously Petal backs onto stage
followed by Ace, Crusher and Fingers to the gangster Music.*

ACE: Ya goin' somewhere, Ma?

GIRLS: Oh, no! *(knees knocking)* It's the Raffia!

ACE: *(to audience)* Just testing!

CRUSHER: Yeah, and if ya move, we'll blast ya!

He is carrying the barrel tube only which he points at audience.

BLOSSOM: What sort of a gun ya got there?

CRUSHER: It's one o' dem sawn-off shot guns.

ACE: Dummy! Ya threw da wrong end away!

CRUSHER: *(dejected)* Aw!