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Bugsy Malone

By Alan Parker

Someone once said if
it was raining brains...
Roxy Robinson
wouldn't even get wet.
Roxy spent his life making
two and two into five.
He could smell trouble
like others smelled gas.
But believe you me...
he shouldn't have taken that
alley by Parito's bakery.
Your name Robinson?
Roxy Robinson?
You work for Fat Sam?
Whatever game it was,
sure as eggs...
is eggs, Roxy the Weasel
had been scrambled.
I should be filling you in.
This guy's the hero of our story.
Name of Bugsy Malone.
A nice guy, a little too
popular with the broads.
Italian mother, Irish
father. Grown up confused.
Kinda mixed up. By the
way, my name's Sam.
Fat Sam, because of my physique.
I ain't no dumb-bell.
And this ain't no bookshop.
This is my place.
Fat Sam's Grand Slam.
Best joint in town.
- Hi, Jelly.
- Hi, Bugsy.
We interrupt this program
to bring you a news flash.
We have reports of an incident
on the Lower East side...
involving the man known
as Roxy the Weasel.
Believed to be a member
of the gang of mobster king...
Fat Sam Stacette.

Robinson was the victim of a...
sensational event.

We go over to our
reporter on the spot...

So tell me.

How'd you allow this to happen?

Roxy was one of my best!

What have you got to say...

you bunch of dummies?

Call yourselves hoodlums?

You're a disgrace to the
profession. You hear me?

And most of all, a
disgrace to me. Fat Sam.

And we all know
who's behind this.

Sure do, boss.

Don't need a hatful of brains...

- do you?

- Certainly not, boss.

So who is it, dummies?

Tell me! Who?

- Dandy...

- Dan.

Don't mention that
name in this office!

Take it easy, boss, sit down.

Come in.

I'm Blousey Brown. I'm a
singer, for the audition.

A singer. A singer!

I don't need a singer.

Come back tomorrow.

How about my audition?

You said okay last week.

Am I going mad? Are my
ears playing tricks on me?

Will you get out of here!

Dancers, dancers, surrounded
by namby-pamby dancers...

singers, piano players

and banjo players...

when I need brains.

Brains and muscles.

You've got us, boss.
You? You hunk of lard!
You got muscles where
you should have brains.
My canary's got more
brains than you! Dumb salami.
What's funny?
Don't worry, I've been trying
to see him for months.
- You have?
- Of course.
- What do you do?
- I'm the greatest tap dancer.
- You are?
- Of course I are. Cross my heart.
But all he says is
come back tomorrow.
How many times can
I come back tomorrow?
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 cheer...
like they say in the poem...
Fat Sam ain't humble...
but it's your home sweet home.
Plans are made here...
games are played here...
I could write a book.
Each night astounds you,
rumors are buzzin'...
stories by the dozen.
Look around you, cousin...
at the news we're making here.
Anybody who is anybody will
soon walk through the door...
at Fat Sam's Grand Slam...
speakeasy.
There's a politician

sitting by the kitchen...
said he caught his fingers
in the one he was wishin'.
Once you get here,
feel the cheer...
like they say in the poem...
Fat Sam ain't humble...
but it's your home sweet home.
Plans are made here,
games are played here...
I could write a book.
Each night astounds you...
rumors are buzzin'...
stories by the dozen.
Look around you, cousin,
at the news we're making here.
Anybody who is anybody will
soon walk through the door...
at Fat Sam's...
Grand Slam...
speakeasy.
There's a politician...
sitting by the kitchen,
said he caught his fingers...
in the one he was wishin'.
Once you get here,
feel the cheer...
Hey, Mac, special on the rocks.
Each night astounds you...
rumors are buzzin',
stories by the dozen...
look around you, cousin,
at the news we're making here.
Anybody who is anybody will
soon walk through the door...
at Fat Sam's Grand Slam...
speakeasy.
You know something?
You look like you put your
face on backwards this morning.
- You got too much mouth.
- I'll tell my dentist.
- Watch where you're going.
- Sorry. It's your fault.

What's that, a
hockey stick?
No, a baseball bat.
You're a baseball player?
No, a dancer. My mother
made me pack it.
- You a sports nut?
- It's for protection.
- You take it everywhere?
- No, I came about a job.
- You get it?
- They said come back tomorrow.
- What's your name?
- Brown.
Sounds like a loaf of bread.
Blousey Brown.
Blousey Brown?
A stale loaf of bread.
Very funny. Terrific.
Pleased to meet you.
I'm Bugsy Malone.
Don't call us.
We'll call you.
It's okay, everybody.
Just a little excitement.
Razzmatazz, music. I wanna see
everyone enjoying themselves.
Can't say Fat Sam's place ain't
the liveliest joint in town.
Knuckles, this means trouble.
- You know what to do?
- Sure, boss.
Step on it, Jackson.
What is this?
Irving.
Get me out of here.
- Located the gun yet?
- I can't answer that.
- Not at liberty to say?
- No. I don't know the answer.
Where do the guns come from?
I'm not at liberty to say.
Ask Captain Smolsky.
O'Dreary, break up the crowd.

- Have you found the gun?
- No comment.
- And the source of the guns?
- No comment.
Is it true that only
one gang uses the gun?
No comment.
Can I give you a lift?
- You got a car?
- No.
How you gonna give me
a lift? Stand me on a box?
- We could share a taxi.
- Forget it. I don't share fares.
I'm a lady.
Furthermore, I'm broke.
- Who said share fares?
- No?
No. I wouldn't dream of it.
- You wouldn't?
- I thought you'd pay.
Swell.
Let's walk.
It's a nice night.
You shouldn't walk at
night. It's dangerous.
We'll be okay. We
got your baseball bat.
Quit the "we" bit.
You mean, I'll be okay.
- Which way you going?
- Which way you going?
- This way.
- Then I'm going this way.
Let me take that.
No, it's all right.
Look, beat it, will you?
- What have you got in here?
- Just a few books.
Few books? You
should start a library.
You should shut your mouth.
- Have you eaten?
- Ever since I was a kid.

- How come you're so skinny?

- Because I watch my weight.

I do that when I'm broke,
too. How about eating now?

No.

- Why not?

- I'm not hungry.

- Not hungry?

- No.

I'm starving.

That's more like it.

- Goodnight, Fizzy.

- Goodnight.

- Goodnight, Fizzy.

- Goodnight.

Goodnight.

Goodnight.

Take it easy.

Don't do that, Knuckles.

It's how I got my name.

Knock it off or
change your name.

Tallulah, how long

we got to wait?

Coming. You don't want me
looking a mess, do you?

Snap it up, will you?

Put your flaps down,
or you'll take off.

You spend more time
prettifying yourself than anyone.

If I didn't look this good,
you wouldn't look at me.

I'll see you in the car.

What about my audition?

Tomorrow, Fizzy. I'm tired.

Lots of important business.

I have to go home.

I promise you, tomorrow.

Goodbye. Goodnight.

- You coming, Velma?

- Sure.

- Goodnight, Fizzy.

- Goodnight, Miss Tallulah.

Oh, my purse.
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...
tomorrow...
tomorrow, as they say...
another working day...
and another chore.
Tomorrow...
an awful...
place to be.
I gave up yesterday,
but they still want more.
They'll compare me...
to Fred Astaire...
when I'm done.
Yeah.
Anyone who feels the rhythm
moving through him...
knows it's gonna do him good
to let the music burst out...
when you feel it, show it,
let the people know it...
let your laughter loose till your scream
becomes a 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 teams.
Won't take no for an answer...
I was born to be a dancer...
now.
Anyone who feels the rhythm

moving through him...
knows it's gonna do him good...
to let the music...
burst out.
When you feel it, show it,
let the people know it...
let your laughter loose...
till your scream becomes
a love shout.
Going to the speakeasy tomorrow?
Depends. I'm trying my
luck at the Bijoux Theatre.
Lena Marelli's show?
She walked out. They're
changing everything.
How long have you
wanted to be a singer?
I don't want to be just a
singer, I wanna be a movie star...
in Hollywood.
What's so funny?
I don't know.
Time was when people were
happy being railway engineers...
or nurses.
Don't you want to be anybody?
No. I'm happy being me.
What do you do?
Oh, this and that.
- Crooked, huh?
- No, in-between.
What do you do for money?
- I find boxers.
- You do?
I used to fight myself.
You did? How good were you?
- I could've been a contender.
- You could?
Sure, but for a few things.
- Like what?
- Like a glass jaw.
Jelly legs, no stamina.
- And most of all...
- What?

I got scared.

Some contender.

- Want another drink?

- No, I had enough.

Come on.

- Thought you didn't have money?

- I haven't.

- Then how you...?

- Relax.

I'll think of something.

Two more drinks.

Look, pal, the food counter's
closed. the bar's closed.

My eyes are closing.

The whole joints closed.

I didn't want one, anyway.

Hello.

Operator, could you test this
line? I believe we have a fault.

- What number, please?

- Columbus 19785.

- I'll call you right back.

- Thank you.

How much I owe you?

Eight banana boozle specials,
with double ice cream.

Three beef spitfires...

two cream donuts

and a salami special.

Four dollars and 80 cents.

Excuse me.

Hello.

Let me out!

What are you doing? Let me out!

We interrupt commentary
of tonight's ball game...

to bring you a bulletin
on gang warfare.

Police now officially state...

that the new weapon
of foreign manufacture...

known as the splurge gun
is being widely used...

by mobster gangs.

We now go back to...
our reporter, Seymour Scoop.
What's more, it's just not cricket.
There's a Mr. Bronx
Charlie to see you.
I'll be right in. Show them
into the conservatory.
Very good, sir.
Aren't you gonna play no more?
Later, my rose. Later.
Velia, oh Velia...
the witch of the wood...
would I not die for
you if I could.
Velia, oh Velia...
- Next!
- Very nice.
Lovely. Next.
Get off the stage!
Don't give up your day job.
I didn't figure
on this many people.
They all look like
jugglers and magicians.
Don't worry. You got no
competition. You'll walk it.
Hurry up.
Evening, ladies and gentlemen.
I'm proud to be here.
In fact, I'm lucky to be here.
Because as I was coming here...
- How do I look?
- Fine.
- I look terrible.
- Believe me, you look swell.
- Honest?
- Honest.
- Cross your heart?
- Cross my heart. Beautiful.
Next.
Once I built a railroad...
Not that old chestnut.
Get him off. Next.
Good evening.

Suppose you're
wondering why we're here.
You bet.
Next.
Not one rabbit...
not two rabbits...
but three rabbits.
Next, next.
Next.
Yeah, great. Okay.
Next one there, please.
Give me your things.
Come on, come on.
Blousey Brown, singer.
Oh, nice face.
Great face, could
do a lot with that.
Oscar.
Oscar.
Oscar.
I'm back. I'll give
you one more chance.
Lena, you've come back to me.
I'll give you one more chance.
Otherwise, I'm out for
good. Out, out, out!
I won't be humiliated.
I'm the star and I
should be treated like one.
Hit it, Joe.
Show business,
it's in my veins...
gotta keep singing
that old refrain...
I thrill to all those tunes
that make me wanna dance...
Cheer up. There's
a million other jobs.
Sure, standing on the
corner asking for dimes.
It's only a matter of time.
I've walked the streets for
months, and the only fancy steps...
I've been doing is avoiding

the rent collector.
Takes time to be a movie star.
We could come back tomorrow.
Come back tomorrow? I spend
my whole life doing that.
Knock it off. Cool down.
I will not cool down.
Don't be stupid.
Will you be quiet up there?
I'm rehearsing.
- I'm sorry.
- Don't worry.
There's always Fat Sam's place.
- He won't see me.
- I'll talk to him.
- You know him?
- Know him? We're like that.
You're good friends?
No, but when I see him I cross my
fingers that he won't hit me.
Come on, let's get out of here.
You're too good for this show.
- Why don't we try Fat Sam's?
- Yeah.
You gotta be kidding...
that show business is my business...
- Hi, boys.
- Hi, boss.
Relax, relax, will you?
I'd like to take the opportunity
to thank you for your work.
Everything's gone so well.
Thanks, boss.
Thanks, boss.
Fat Sam must've had quite a shock.
- Quite a shock.
- Thanks, boss.
- Thanks, boss.
- Thanks.
Thanks, boss.
Laughing boy.
Yonkers. Shoulders.
Bronx Charlie. Benny Lee.
Any moment now Fat Sam will be...

crawling on his knees to me.

On his knees.

- Where's my flower, boss?

- Yes...

soon all Fat Sam will have
is the suit he stands up in...
and a suitcase full of memories.

I don't have a flower, boss.

What did I do?

You googed, Doodle.

You dropped the gun.

And I don't allow mistakes.

'Cause they put us in the caboose.

- And Sing Sing ain't my style.

- No, boss.

Not that. Anything but that.

I didn't mean to drop it.

It slipped outta my hands.

Button your lip.

You're all washed up.

- Give a guy a break.

- Get him!

Now listen to what I
say, and listen good.

There's only room for one

Mr. Big in this town.

And that's me, Dandy Dan.

The time has come for
us to play our next card.

Believe me, Fat Sam

and his dumb bums...

ain't gonna stand in our way.

We could've been anything...

that we wanted to be.

But don't it make your heart glad...

that we take pride in it...

we became the best at being bad.

We could've been

anything we wanted to be...

with all the talent we had.

No doubt about it,

we whine and we pout it...

we're the very best at being...

bad guys.

We're rotten to the core...
congratulations,
no one likes you anymore...
bad guys...
we're the very worst.
Each of us contemptible...
we're criticized and cursed...
we've made the big-time...
malicious and mad...
we're the very best at being bad.
Look at me, I'm dancin'.
We could've been anything
we wanted to be...
we took the easy way out...
with a little training,
we've mastered complaining...
made us seem unnecessary...
we're so rude, it's scary...
We could've been anything
we wanted to be...
with all the talent we had...
with a little practice
we made every black list...
we're the very best...
at being bad...
we're the very best...
at being bad.
Where you shovin' me?
We're the very best at being bad.
What are you doing?
Get in here, you bunch
of peanut brains.
Get in here, you dummies.
We got business
to do. Move it!
Come on, get in here.
We got business to do.
We can't waste
all this time.
Right.
Let's get down to it.
Don't do that, Snake Eyes.
It's thinking time.
And don't do that, Knuckles.

Sure thing, boss.
Let's start at the beginning.
We're being outsmarted
by that lounge lizard.
And we're gonna get back on top.
Back on top.
We'll kick that drugstore cowboy...
- into line.
- You bet, boss.
We've been a little slow off
the mark, but dumb bums we ain't.
No, dumb bums we ain't.
Hand me a pie.
- Louie, over there in the corner.
- Me, boss?
Why me?
Louie, into the corner.
What did I do?
Nothing, Louie.
You see? Missed.
Okay, Lou. You can sit down.
Even a dumb bum like
Louie is too quick for us.
That's our trouble.
We're behind the times.
I don't get it.
We'll never get back on top
with this kind of hardware.
It's old-fashioned.
In short, we gotta
get that gun.
- Hello.
- Want some information?
- Start gabbin'...
- It's about the splurge gun.
It's at the Hung Fu
Shin laundry company.
Yeah. Okay. Thanks.
We've had a little break.
Who knows the Hung Fu
Shin laundry company?
My friend tells me that's
where they stash the guns.
Get moving!

Not you, Knuckles.
Stay here with me.
Sure, boss.
Hello. What?
I don't believe it.
The whole gang?
Everybody?
That leaves you and
me. We're on our own.
What we gonna do?
Don't do that! How many
times I got to tell you?
Do nothing. Act like
everything was normal.
- What does that mean?
- You can't speak Italian?
No, boss, I'm Jewish.
Then read the translation!
- Hey, Fizzy.
- Hey, Bugsy.
- Still practicing?
- Still practicing.
Suddenly everybody wants
to be in show business.
Hi. Tallulah. I've
come to see Fat Sam.
- Is he in?
- No, he's busy.
- Hi, Bugsy.
- Hi.
Have a drink while you wait.
Yeah, why not?
Go feed the ducks, will you?
Oh, Tallulah.
I said, beat it.
Long time no see.
- You know how it is.
- Yeah.
You used to come see me every night.
- I've been busy.
- Busy doing what?
This and that.
Fizzy, cut the ivory
and hit the shoe leather.

Yes, ma'am.

You're aces, Buggy.

I always found you special.

Careful, you're racing my mother.

Come on, give a girl a break.

Sure you've got the right fella?

- You're not like those other saps.

- No?

No.

You've got lovely brown eyes.

They'll be black eyes

if Fat Sam catches us.

- How about smearing my lipstick?

- Careful.

If you come any closer,

I'll have to call my lawyer.

So call him.

Blousey.

Blousey.

Blousey.

It's the broad about the audition.

He's busy. Come back tomorrow.

No, no, no.

Hey, honey. I'm all ears.

Be with you in a minute.

Carry on as normal.

Don't let 'em know we're beat.

- Business as usual.

- Right.

- Calm and collected.

- Right.

So they don't know we're

scared. I mean, concerned.

Sure, boss.

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...
this strange new feeling...
is something you're feeling...
Okay, honey. That's enough.
A little contemporary for
me, but very nice. You're hired.
That was great. That
really was. Terrific.
Blousey.
Come back, will you?
What's the use?
I've got to go.
Blousey.
Where is she? Blousey.
Show's going swell.
Just the way I want it to be.
Same number of
drinks, same everything.
They mustn't know
they've got us on the run.
Here, I wanna show you something.
I've sent for someone to
help us out of our predicament.
No ten-cent dummy. A specialist.
A doctor?
Not a doctor, a hoodlum.
I thought we were hoodlums.
Not a dumb bum. This
guy is the real McCoy.
Not Looney Bergonzi!
The Looney Bergonzi?
The very same, mad
as a hatter, Bergonzi.
Best man in Chicago.
Here's what we do.
We meet Dandy Dan.
Looney hides in the back seat.
- You drive.
- Right.
- But I don't drive.
- You what?
You don't drive?
Then we get ourselves a driver.
- Hi, Bugsy.

- Is Blousey there?
- She won't see you.
- Tell her I'm sick.
- You're sick?
- Sick of waiting.
Beat it.
Give a guy a break.
I brought you some flowers.
I'll see Tallulah gets them.
Quit being smart. They're for you.
Five minutes, girls.
- I have to go.
- I was thinking of getting a job.
You don't get paid for
standing in bread lines.
A legit job. We could save
enough money to go to Hollywood.
Believe it when I see it.
- Bugsy, you drive?
- Sure, why?
- Like to earn some green stuff?
- Long as it ain't cabbages.
Step inside. I got
a proposition for you.
Flowers? For me?
How nice.
Put these in water.
Hello?
Who shall I say is
calling? One moment.
- Hello.
- Dandy Dan, is that you?
- This is Dandy Dan speaking.
- I wanna arrange a meeting.
- Sure. Where?
- Outta town.
Agreed. Just you and a driver.
- When?
- Monday. 11 A.M..
Right, I'll be there.
Got him, the knuckle.
Got him, the salami.
Let's go and enjoy the show.
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 exotic places...
I don't remember names...
but I remember faces.
Lonely, you don't
have to be lonely...
come see Tallulah, we can
chase your troubles away.
If you're lonely...
you don't have to be lonely.
When they talk to 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 travel on.
I never say goodbye
because the words upset me.
You may forgive my going...
but you won't forget me.
Lonely...
you don't have to be lonely...
come 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.
They're coming.
Looney, keep your head down.
What can I do for you?
How about some straight talk?
Suits me.
- You've been taking liberties.
- I've been taking what's mine.
- Trouble is, it belongs to me.
- Too bad.
I'm sure we can talk
it over. I'm a businessman.
Yeah, a dime-a-dozen gangster.
Button your lip.
Don't talk dirty to me.
I don't like your
mouth. Have some respect.
You'd slit your own
throat for two bits.
Keep your wisecracks.
Keep talking.
I have my position to think of.
Right now it's not worth a nickel.
You're a dirty rat, Dan.
You've been watching
too many movies.
Okay, Looney, let him have it.
Charlie, Yonkers,
it's a double-cross.
Okay, freeze.
Looney.
What's the matter with you?
Hey, you guys.
Over here!
Over here!
Come back, dummies!
They're getting away.
Come back here.
Come on, step on it.
Come on, let's go.
We're going to lose them.
Drive faster.

Dan, you're a rat!
You're a dirty rat!
Come on, they're gonna get us.
Hold tight, Mr. Stacetto.
Come on, Malone.
You're a dirty
double-crossing rat!
Look out.
Don't stop!
There's a bridge!
Put the brakes on!
We lost them.
Go and cluck somewhere else.
Here. Get yourself a new suit.
Get rid of the sack you're wearing.
Thank you, Mr. Stacetto.
Here's my tailor's card.
You ain't got to
pay for six months.
Thank you very much.
Think nothing
of it. Let's go.
What do you think?
Don't I look cute?
I don't know.
Come on, Dotty,
what do you think?
I think the color's wrong.
What are you talking about?
Purple's my color.
Don't I always wear purple?
It matches your nose.
Maybe it's the length.
It's the latest length. Look!
Maybe the frills stick out
too much. Like your ears.
Frills are in. Look at
this photo of Lena Marelli.
Lena Marelli is
not Bangles Dobell.
You think it'd
look better on you?
It'd look better on a horse.
Jealous. Can I help it if my

looks are ahead of their time?
What?
Full of character.
Kind of earthy.
Like a bucket of mud.
You creep. Get lost!
How about you? Do you
think I look terrible?
Do I look cute or terrible?
Honestly?
Bangles Dobell, you look terrible.
What are you looking at?
Nothing.
Blousey.
Blousey.
Blousey.
It's for you. It's Bugsy.
Give him my love.
Thanks.
Hello.
Blousey, it's Bugsy.
Where are you?
Around. I can't talk,
but I just made 200 bucks.
You printed it yourself?
No, I earned it.
Doing what?
Oh, this and that.
Hang on a minute.
I can't hear you.
There's a train going by.
Who gave you the money?
Fat Sam.
He gave you 200 dollars?
And the loan of his
sedan for the afternoon.
He loaned you his sedan?
I don't believe it.
You're putting me on.
I believe you.
He's a sinner...
candy-coated...
he always seems to be alone...
but they love him,

Bugsy Malone.
A city slicker...
he can charm you with a smile...
a style all his own...
everybody loves that man...
Bugsy Malone.
Hard-headed Bugsy...
makes his mind up...
don't mess with Bugsy,
or you'll wind up...
wishing you'd left him alone.
He's a man, a mountain,
he's a rolling stone...
and when he leaves you...
sad and lonely...
cry, I couldn't say.
But it's known...
that everybody
wants that man...
Bugsy Malone.
Mustard with onions or ketchup?
Mustard with onions.
Oh, and this, too.
- What's this?
- A present.
- Open it up.
- You got to be kidding.
I don't kid around.
It's beautiful.
Nice, huh?
What is it?
What is it? A viewer.
Look through here.
Pictures of Hollywood stars.
Bugsy...
it's fantastic. It really is.
If only I could get to Hollywood.
You can.
Sure.
I know, in the front row...
of the Roxy Theatre...
on East 38th Street.
No, really get to Hollywood.
Keep talking.

Leaves 198 dollars for...

Surprise me.

- Two tickets.

- Two tickets?

How many tickets you need?

Two tickets to the ball game?

To Hollywood, dummy.

This can't be true.

Are we really going?

Knock it off.

You're putting me on.

It's the honest truth.

I'm picking them up tomorrow.

Now I better get

Fat Sam's car back.

Or I'm not going anywhere.

Is anyone in there?

Hello?

Are you hurt?

Help! Somebody

help me, please!

Somebody, please!

Somebody help!

Help me, please!

They take your money?

Yeah. Nearly 200 dollars.

Thanks anyway for helping me.

It was nothing.

- You must be a boxer, right?

- No.

- You're not?

- No.

Best punching I ever saw.

- Ever been coached?

- No.

- Ever thought of taking it up?

- No.

Why not? You could be a champion.

- Never had the chance.

- I know who could help you.

- You know Cagey Joe?

- No.

- You must know Slugger's Gym?

- No.

- You don't know much, do you?

- Nope.

What's your name?

Smith, Leroy Smith.

I'm Bugsy Malone. Put it there.

You got yourself a manager.

- Know the first thing I'm gonna do?

- No.

Treat you to one heck of a meal.

- Thought they took all your dough.

- Who needs money?

Look at this, O'Dreary.

You cracked it this time, Captain.

Get the plaster.

We'll take a mold.

Come on, get the plaster.

Careful. Up a bit.

Left a bit.

Come on, hurry up.

Hold it straight. Be careful.

You idiots!

Hello. What?

They got the still.

The whole lot's gone.

Not the sarsaparilla racket,
too. Get round here now.

- I can't, boss.

- Why not?

I'm all tied up.

I don't care if you're
busy. Get here right away.

Careful, you idiots.

O'Dreary.

Don't worry...

we'll break you out
at headquarters.

- Hi, Bugsy. How you been?

- Swell, Cagey Joe.

I'd like you to meet the
next heavyweight champion.

Leroy, meet Cagey Joe.

Cagey Joe, this is Leroy Smith.

- Ever been in the ring before?

- No.

- So you wanna be a fighter?
- No.
Sure he does. He's a natural.
Look at those fists.
Did you ever see such fists?
Hit it, Leroy.
You see? A born champion.
What's your name again?
Smith. Leroy Smith.
With your help...
he could be champion in no time.
So you wanna be a boxer...
in the golden ring.
Can you punch like a train?
Tell me just one thing...
can you move like a
hummingbird's wing?
Oh, that's fast!
Can you bob, can you weave?
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 got it,
I've trained the best.
When you work and sweat
like a buzz saw...
and you near lose your mind...
when you find out your
boy has a glass jaw.
So you might as well quit...
if you haven't got it.
Put him in the ring,
look at what you've found...
we can use the fun...
pushing him around.
We'll show him the ropes...
and destroy his hopes...
put him in the ring...
let him feel the sting...
we can make him dance...
we'll pound him to bits...
then he'll call it quits.
Come on, Leroy.

So you wanna be a boxer,
wanna be the champ...
there's a golden boy inside
you, not a punchy tramp...
if you listen and you learn,
there's an honor you can earn...
when you see the crown,
you're a king, not a clown.
But you might as well quit...
if you haven't got it.
Put him in the ring,
something new to punch...
let me have a swing...
then we'll go to lunch...
then he'll get the drift.
Put him in the ring,
chicken la carte...
let me have a wing,
tearing him apart.
The chicken will crow...
let me have him, Joe.
He's got it.
You sure this is going to work?
Sure. Looks like a splurge gun.
Doesn't it?
- Sort of.
- Nonsense.
Anything Dandy Dan can
do, I can do better.
Are you ready?
Ready.
Don't do that!
Sorry, boss.
All right, take aim.
Ready.
Get set.
Fire.
Missed!
Back to the drawing board.
Knuckles!
Knuckles, speak to me.
Knuckles.
It's all your fault, hear me?
Hello?

Not the grocery racket, too?
Yeah.
That's the whole empire
gone. Hear me? Everything.
They'll be coming here next.
There's only one thing for it.
You have to get him to help me.
Who? The Lone Ranger?
No, Bugsy Malone. Call him.
I'm in trouble, and all I got for
company is a female comedienne.
I'm in trouble, bad trouble.
Is he there?
No. There's no answer.
Then get him to me poysanally.
Personally?
- Poysanally.
- Poysanally.
So long, lover boy.
I like men at my feet.
What you doing here?
I brought you a message.
What's wrong with Western Union?
Thought you'd like the company.
I'll buy you a drink.
Where?
How about Fat Sam's?
Won't he be there?
He sure will.
Maybe I'll stay home.
Don't flatter yourself...
it's him that wants to see you.
Come on.
Before your suspenders strangle you.
Quit whistling, it makes me edgy.
Yes, boss.
- Pour me a double on the rocks.
- Sure, boss.
What's funny? You find me amusing?
I wasn't smiling at you.
Honest, I wasn't.
You find my suit funny?
No, boss.
It was your flower.

Yeah, it is kinda droopy.
Yeah, a little.
In fact, it's very droopy.
Very droopy, boss.
Hold it a minute.
It needs some water.
Don't ever laugh at me again...
or I'll ram that
smile down your throat.
I'm Fat Sam, don't forget
that. Number one man, Mr. Big.
Always have been,
always will be. Now get out.
Careful, the floor is wet.
Hi, honey.
Here he is.
Hey, Bugsy.
How you doing, Sam?
Glad to see you.
Pull up a chair.
Fix him a drink.
A special on the rocks.
What can I do for you?
Bugsy...
I'm in a jam.
Dandy Dan's gonna take
over my organization.
You still got this.
If Dan gets his way,
I won't have a dime.
Can you leave us alone?
This is men's talk.
That's all right,
I'm unshockable.
Go fix your make-up.
I've already fixed it.
Then go make yourself
look more beautiful.
You know that's impossible.
Anything's possible.
I'll go and manicure my gloves.
Bugsy, believe me...
my gang's gone. My
business is in ruins.

My friends don't wanna know me.
I'm a wreck.
In short, I need your help.
Why me?
'Cause you've got
brains, not pretzels.
No, it's not my line.
Do we have a deal?
Hello?
Bugsy, it's for you.
I think it's Blousey.
You got a deal.
Hold on, he won't be a second.
See you, Bugsy.
Hello, Blousey.
What are you doing there?
Just business.
With Tallulah?
No, with Fat Sam.
Did you get the tickets?
No, you see...
You promised me.
I know.
But Hollywood can wait, can't it?
You had no intention of
taking me to Hollywood!
I do! But there's something
I've got to do first.
You promised me.
Trust me. I can't
talk now. I'll call you.
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...
What can you see?
How many times have I mistaken...
love songs and laughs
for the blues.
When a road I've walked before...
ends alone at my door...
I shouldn't cry, but I do...
when my ordinary dreams
fall through.
- Splurge guns!
- Where?
In the crates. Look
what it says on the truck.
I can't.
Can't you read?
Sure. But I'm short-
sighted. What's it say?

It says:

Imports Incorporated.
Dock 17, East River.
- Must be where the guns are.
- Right.
Look out!
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.
Blousey, miss your train?
What have I done?
Bugsy let you down?
The broad needs her head testing.
You better believe it.
Oh, yeah.
Can I have my job back?
Sure, the more
the merrier. Go right in.
Hi, Blousey.
Hi, Blousey.
Ever see a broad
carry a torch so high?

Yeah, the Statue of Liberty.
This must be the place.
Two guards on the door.
Two on the roof.
Two on the pier.
- What we gonna do?
- Go home?
There must be a way in.
Don't be stupid. We'll never get...
past them.
You're right. Let's go.
What we gonna do, Leroy?
We need more men.
We need an army.
No armies around here.
Yeah, I know.
Hang on a minute.
Don't complain about the way
your life has wound up...
think of all the time you waste,
and time's a precious thing...
sure you've hit the bottom,
but remember you're building up...
every day's another step that
takes you closer to the sky...
so give it a try.
Don't be depressed about
the way luck deceived you...
fortune sailed away,
you missed the boat...
and found you'd been left behind.
What's the matter with you?
Fight and fight some more,
till the world receives you...
Lady Luck is fickle, but
a lady can change her mind.
Come on, guys, who's with me?
No!
What's the matter with you?
All right, here's somebody.
Me too.
What about the rest of you?
And you?
Why not?

Come on.
Don't sit around complaining...
about how your life's wound up...
be a man, you can't be certain
you'll lose till you try.
Don't sit around complaining
about how your life's wound up...
you can't be certain you'll lose...
till you try.
So give it a try.

- Is everybody with me?
- Yeah!

Come on.
There they are.
This is what we'll do.
Get Baby Face.
Get Baby Face.
Get Baby Face.
I'm Baby Face. What am I saying?
I gotta have courage.
Give this to Baby Face.
Big courage.
Give it to Baby Face.
Thanks. Just what I need.
Okay, you know what to do.
I'm scared.
Will you get out there!
Yeah, right, get out there.
I'm a big movie star now.
Geronimo!
Get that guy.

Dummies.
Come back here.
Come on, open the boxes.
My name is Tallulah,
my first rule of thumb...
Stop fooling around.
Sorry, Bugsy.
I don't have to tell you
how important this is.
This is gonna take
the lid off City Hall.
- This is the big one.
- The big one.

The shake-down.
The shake-down.
The pay-off.
The pay off.
It's got to be good.
It's got to be good,
it's got to be neat...
Quit repeating everything!
You shouldn't have any trouble.
Just Fat Sam and
a few dance hall girls.
Good luck and off we go.
Three cheers for Dandy Dan.
- Hip, hip!
- Hooray!
- Hip, hip!
- Hooray!
- Hip, hip!
- Hooray!
Too kind, guys.
Jelly, Jelly, open up!
They're here!
Just act normal.
Get to work.
Girls, off you go.
Razzmatazz, let's
hear some music.
Okay, this is our moment.
Keep a cool head and
keep those fingers pumping.
Remember, you'll be writing history.
Fat Sam ain't humble...
but it's your home sweet home...
plans are made here...
Okay, everybody, freeze.
Let them have it.
Amazing scenes...
have been reported
on the lower East side.
It's been a frightful bad show.
So, this is show business?
We could've been
anything we wanted...
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...
We could've been
anything we wanted...
that decision is ours...
it's been decided,
we're weaker divided...
let friendship
double our powers.
We could've been
anything we wanted...
and I'm not saying we should...
but if we tried it...
we could be the best...
at being good guys.
Flowers of the earth...
who can 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 worthwhile...
friends tend to make you smile.
We could've been anything...
that we wanted to be.
That decision is ours.
It's been decided...
we're weaker divided...
let friendship
double our powers.
You give a little love
and it all comes back to you.
You know you'll be remembered
for the things you say and do.
You give a little love
and it all comes back to you.
You'll be remembered for
the things you say and do.
You give a little love

and it all comes back to you.
You'll be remembered
for the things you say and do.
You give a little love...
and it all comes back to you.