

-start-

RIFF

Cut the frabbajabba. Which one of the Sharks did it?

A-RAB

Bernardo. 'Cause I hear him say: thees ees for stink-bombin' my old man's store.

(Makes the same gesture BERNARDO made when he pierced his ear)

BABY JOHN

Ouch!

ACTION

You shoulda done worse. Them PRs're the reason my old man's gone bust.

RIFF

Who says?

ACTION.

My old man says.

BABY JOHN

My old man says his old man woulda gone bust anyway.

ACTION

Your old man says what?

BABY JOHN

My old man says them Puerto Ricans is ruinin' free ennaprise.

ACTION

And what're we doin' about it?

(Pushing through the gang comes a scrawny teenage girl, dressed in an outfit that is a pathetic attempt to imitate that of the JETS. Perhaps we have glimpsed her in the fracas before the police came in. Her name:)

ANYBODYS

Gassin', crabbin' -

ACTION

You still around?

ANYBODYS

Lissen, I was a smash in that fight. Oh, Riff, Riff, I was murder!

RIFF

Come on, Anybodys —

ANYBODYS

Riff, how about me gettin' in the gang now?

A-RAB

How about the gang gettin' in — ahhh, who'd wanta!

ANYBODYS

You cheap beast!

(Lunges for A-RAB but RIFF pulls her off and pushes her out)

RIFF

The road, little lady, the road.

(In a moment of bravado, just before she goes, ANYBODYS spits — but cautiously)

Round out!

(This is RIFF'S beckoning of the gang, and THEY surround him)

We fought hard for this territory and it's ours. But with those cops servin' as cover, the PRs can move in right under our noses and take it away. UNLESS we speed fast and clean 'em up in one all-out fight!

ACTION

(Eagerly)

A rumble!

(A jabbing gesture)

Chung! Chung!

RIFF

Cool, Action boy. The Sharks want a place, too, and they are tough. They might ask for bottles or knives or zip guns.

BABY JOHN

Zip guns... Gee!

RIFF

I'm not finalizing and saying they will: I'm only saying they might and we gotta be prepared. Now what's your mood?

ACTION

I say go, go!!

BIG DEAL

But if they say knives or guns —

BABY JOHN

I say let's forget the whole thing.

SNOWBOY

What do you say, Riff?

RIFF

I say this turf is small, but it's all we got. I wanna hold it like we always held it: with skin! But if they say switchblades, I'll get a switchblade. I say I want the Jets to be Number One, to sail, to hold the sky!

DIESEL

Then rev us off:

(A punching gesture)

Voom-va-voom!

ACTION

Chung chung!

A-RAB

(Gesture)

Cracko jacko!

SNOWBOY

(Gesture)

Riga diga dum!

BABY JOHN

(The wildest gesture of all)

Pam pam!!

RIFF

O.K., buddy boys, we rumble!

(General glee)

Now protocolity calls for a war council to decide on weapons.
I'll make the challenge to Bernardo.

BIG DEAL

You gotta take a lieutenant.

ACTION

That's me!

RIFF

That's Tony.

ACTION

Who needs Tony?

(MUSIC starts)

STOP

2 — *Jet Song*

(Riff, Jets

RIFF

Against the Sharks we need every man we got.

ACTION

Tony don't belong any more.

RIFF

Cut it, Action boy. I and Tony started the Jets.

ACTION

Well, he acts like he don't wanna belong.

BABY JOHN

Who wouldn't wanna belong to the Jets!

ACTION

Tony ain't been with us for over a month.