

DOC

*(Unhappily)*

Good-evening, Lt. Schrank. I and Tony was just closing up.

SCHRANK

*(Lifting a pack of cigarettes)*

Mind?

DOC

I have no mind. I am the village idiot.

SCHRANK

Start

*(Lighting it)*

I always make it a rule to smoke in the can. And what else is a room with half-breeds in it, eh, Riff?

*(BERNARDO'S move is checked by RIFF.)*

SCHRANK, pleasantly:)

Clear out, Spics. Sure; it's a free country and I ain't got the right. But it's a country with laws: and I can find the right. I got the badge, you got the skin. It's tough all over. Beat it!

*(A second. Then RIFF nods once to BERNARDO who nods to his GANG. Slowly, THEY file out. BERNARDO starts to whistle "My Country 'Tis of Thee" as he EXITS proudly. His GANG joins in, finishing a sardonic jazz lick OFFSTAGE.)*

SCHRANK, pleasantly)

From their angle, sure. Say, where's the rumble gonna be? Ah, look: I know regular Americans don't rub with the gold-teeth otherwise. The river? The Park?

*(Silence)*

I'm for you. I want this beat cleaned up and you can do it for me. I'll even lend a hand if it gets rough. Where you gonna rumble? The playground? Sweeney's lot?

*(Angered by the silence)*

Ya think I'm a lousy stool pigeon? I wanna help ya get rid of them! Come on! Where's it gonna be? ... Get smart, you stupid hoodlums! I oughta fine ya for litterin' the streets. You oughta be taken down the station house and have your skulls mashed to a pulp! You and the tin horn immigrant scum you come from! How's your old man's DT's, A-rab? How's the action on your mother's mattress, Action?

stop