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Dramatic Publishing



BABES IN GANGLAND
or
The Godmother

by
Dutton Foster



The Dramatic Publishing Company

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(BABES IN GANGLAND or The Godmother)

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BABES IN GANGLAND

or

The Godmother

A Mobster Tale in One Act
For Five Men and Four Women*

CHARACTERS

VICTOR ANTULA . . a big shot from the Chicago underworld
JULIETTA DACATTINhis headstrong daughter
DISQUAL IFFIDEa hapless and hunted gangster
BONANO REPUBLICa gunman (Fred Relbureau)
FLORIDA XELERATORa driver of getaway cars
ORLANDO LAKES . . a man caught in the wrong profession
LOLA BOTTOMYa winning number
SAL MONELLA . . the Numero Uno Force in North Dakota
MRS. DEPOINT . . owner of The Heat Is On Cabin Camp

*Although the play is written for five men and four women (SAL is a woman), there are ways to do it with four men and five women, or even three men and six women—although that's stretching it a bit! DISQUAL can be played by a woman, in which case use the alternate ending provided, in which "he" reveals self to be "she." And conceivably VICTOR could also be played by an actress. A short girl with a husky voice would be very effective.

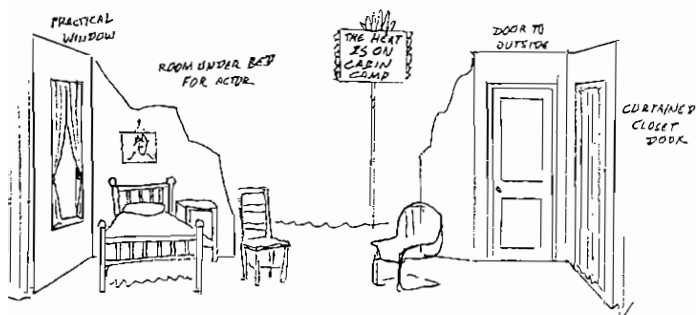
TIME: The early thirties.

PLACE: A sleazy motel room ten miles east of somewhere.

PRODUCTION NOTES

SET: Can be very simple (see drawing). It does require a bed stage right under which an actor can fit, a night stand or table left of bed, a window right of bed. The window can be a simple wooden frame, free-standing, with curtains or shade stapled on; or it can be a working double-hung window in a wall fragment. Stage left are two doors or doorways (can also be simple wooden frames); the upstage doorway leads outside the motel room; the downstage doorway to a closet. This doorway should be curtained. If the entrance door is nonexistent, knocking can be pantomimed with an offstage sound effect, possibly out of synch. Optional: Highway sign upstage: "The Heat Is On Cabin Camp." Two chairs of any sort, one R, one L. Glasses, bottles on night stand and floor. Luggage strewn around, violin case if available. Clothes thrown over furniture and floor. Pigsty. Note: Any kind of toy or prop guns can be used for this play.

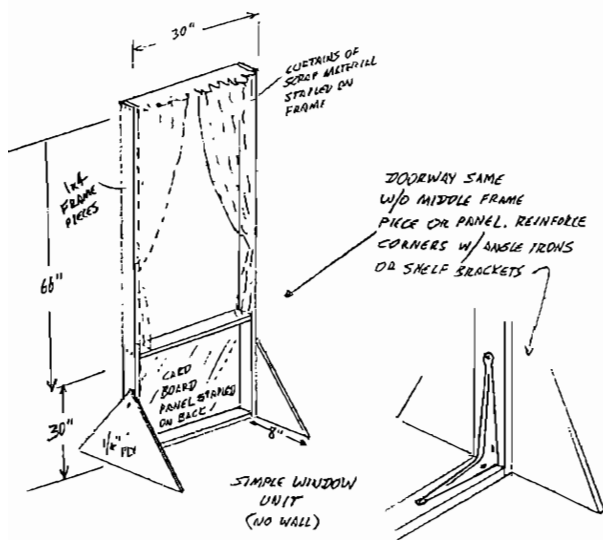
PRODUCTION NOTES



SET SUGGESTION FOR
"BABES IN GANGLAND"

(FOR SIMPLER SET (NO WALLS)
BUILD 2 DOORS - 1 WINDOW AS
SHOWN BELOW)

PRODUCTION NOTES



BABES IN GANGLAND

OR

THE GODMOTHER

AT RISE: *LOLA* is sitting on *RC* chair, face hidden by *Life* magazine. Her jiggling foot suggests impatience. *BONANO* is sitting on bed, peering intently out *R* window through telescope or binoculars. *FLORIDA* sits on floor *LC*, doing upper body workout using a chair for a weight. His gun is on floor beside him. He can be wearing a shoulder holster.

FLORIDA (loud). I wish I was back in Chicago! (Pause.)

LOLA (bored and sulky). Were back in Chicago.

FLORIDA. Whaddaya mean, we're back in Chicago?

Dat's a laugh.

BONANO (peering through telescope). Hey, there's a cow.

(Brief pause.) Hey, there's another cow.

LOLA. Hey, that makes two cows. (Turns to *FLORIDA*.)

It's were back in Chicago, not was back in Chicago.

Ain't you got no class?

FLORIDA. I got kicked out of it. (*BONANO* laughs.)

What's so excruciating, New Boy? Get your eyeball back on dat spyglass.

LOLA. Why has Victor dragged us out here to the middle of nowheresville? He wouldn't tell me a thing.

BONANO. Maybe the boss wanted a break from the sizzlin' pavements of gangland. The screech of tires, a tinkle of breaking windows, the rat-a-tat-tat of tommy guns. Maybe the boss wanted to take the road less travelled. To wander lonely as a clod.

LOLA. *Cloud.*

BONANO. Huh?

LOLA. Wander lonely as a *cloud*.

BONANO (*looking through telescope*). Nah, not a one.

FLORIDA. Dis is no vacation, chump. Da boss is furious. And Disqual is terrified. (*Shouts in direction of bed.*) How ya doin' under dere, Disqual?

(*DISQUAL's head and arms appear from under bed.*)

DISQUAL (*whining*). When's the boss gonna show up? When do I get to make my getaway?

LOLA. Getaway? Allow me to enjoy a quiet laugh. Farther than this you cannot get away. You're in _____. (*Supply local town.*)

DISQUAL. Take it easy, Lola. I gotta get back over dat _____ River (*Name of river forming state border if possible.*) before I end up *under* it—in a pair of cement overshoes. I'm not supposed to be in this state at all.

LOLA. Says who?

DISQUAL. Says Sal Monella, the Czar of _____. (*Neighboring state looked down on by people in your state.*)

BONANO. Ha, ha, ha. Czar of _____. What a laugh. Where the heck is that town, anyways? _____. (*DISQUAL bites BONANO's ankle, which is handy, causing BONANO to yell and possibly collide with telescope. He hops around in pain.*)

FLORIDA. Relax, new boy. Ya don't know nothin'. Sal Monella bumped off five of Disqual's boys. And put him under da death warrant if he ever sets his size thirteens in dis state again. *(To BONANO.)* Da boss tink dis Monella is a definite hazard to our health.

DISQUAL *(beginning to weep and blowing nose on bedspread)*. Five of my best hit men, and where are they now? Ambushed in that _____. *(Local tunnel or other such place.)* dumped off that _____ Bridge. *(Local bridge.)* Gone, all gone...to that Greater Gangland in the Sky. And I'm next. *(Knock at door L.)*

FLORIDA *(hastily putting down his chair and getting up)*. Someone's comin'. Everyone look natural. *(Grabs gun and puts it under bedspread on pillow.)* Lola, make yourself scarce. It might be da boss. *(Indicates closet DL and scoots LOLA toward it. More knocking.)* Coming, coming.

LOLA *(peeking out from curtain which covers closet doorway)*. Why don'cha come in here with me, you pectoral picnic, you? We could...hang up a few clothes together. *(Disappears. DISQUAL retreats under bed again. BONANO peers out window through scope.)*

(FLORIDA opens door, revealing MRS. DEPOINT, a middle-aged matron with an enthusiastic smile and an armful of towels, plus a pillow.)

FLORIDA. Oh, hi, uh—

MRS. DEPOINT. Mrs. Depoint. And you're the Doe brothers, Mr. John Doe and *(Indicates BONANO.)* Mr. James Doe.

FLORIDA. I am? *(Recalls registering.)* Oh, yeah. Right. John Doe, heh, heh, heh.

MRS. DEPOINT. I know all the guests' names. I want The Heat Is On to be just like home and family, home and family. And I have clean towels off the line for you nice boys. (*Starts to closet. FLORIDA reacts a bit slowly.*)

FLORIDA. Hey, I'll take da towels, ma'am. (*He's too late; MRS. DEPOINT flings open the curtain, revealing LOLA, and screams lustily.*)

LOLA. How ya doin', honey?

MRS. DEPOINT. Oh, I beg your pardon. I just do that when I'm startled.

FLORIDA. This, uh, is my sister, Mrs. Depoint, uh—

LOLA. Jane Doe. Pleased to meetcha. Very nice closet you have here.

MRS. DEPOINT. Oh, thank you. Thank you. I like to think so, myself.

LOLA (*running hand along closet trim*). I study motel closets as a hobby. Yours is very nice. Nice rod.

MRS. DEPOINT. Oh, well—thank you. I know J. Edgar would be glad to hear that, may he rest in peace.

BONANO, DISQUAL, FLORIDA, LOLA. J. Edgar? Hoover?

MRS. DEPOINT. J. Edgar Depoint, my late husband, bless his soul. (*General relief.*)

LOLA. What happened?

MRS. DEPOINT. His dear mother's monument tumbled on him, just as he was placing flowers on her grave. It was twelve feet tall—he had spared no expense. Now he lies beside her. (*Moving R.*) You can see the cemetery just past those cows.

BONANO. I see it, yeah. Nice monument.

MRS. DEPOINT. Are you watching birds today, Mr. Doe? Oh, so many of our guests just love to watch birds. Have you seen a yellow-bellied flycatcher?

DISQUAL (*emerging again*). Who you calling yellow?

MRS. DEPOINT (*screams again*). Oh, I didn't see you down there, Mr.—Mr.—

DISQUAL. Doe. Uh, Joe Doe.

FLORIDA. My cousin Joe. He's a little frightened of open spaces.

MRS. DEPOINT. I see. Well, what a nice family reunion. I'll just leave the extra pillow and be off. (*Turns down bedspread to reveal gun. Screams.*)

FLORIDA. Thought we might do some hunting, heh, heh, heh. Bag us a buck or two, eh boys? But no does—get it, no does, heh, heh, heh.

MRS. DEPOINT (*doesn't get it*). No Doze? Of course. (*Tucks pillow under gun, pats gun, smiles at everyone, crosses L to door.*) I want you to enjoy your stay with us. And if it gets chilly tonight, remember—At The Heat Is On, the heat is always on.

(*Opens door L and screams because VICTOR ANTULA is standing there glowering. After a moment, VICTOR enters to C, followed by JULIETTA, who mimics his moves exactly.*)

FLORIDA (*aside to DISQUAL*). It's da boss. (*Aloud.*) And, uh, dis, Mrs. Depoint, is—uh—my godfather and his daughter, Mr. and Miss—

MRS. DEPOINT (*at door*). Mr. Doe. Miss Doe. What a big, happy family. This is so exciting. If only J Edgar could be here. (*Exits L*)

BONANO. That's J. Edgar Depoint she's talkin' about, boss.

VICTOR (*begins slowly pulling off his gloves; likewise JULIETTA*). You—shut up.

FLORIDA. Good evening, Mr. Antula. Do you enjoy da trip so far?

VICTOR. Also you—shut up. (*FLORIDA withers. VICTOR addresses DISQUAL.*) And you—get up.

DISQUAL (*crawls out from under bed and over to VICTOR, kissing his ring fervently and mumbling*). Mumble, mumble, mumble, etc.

VICTOR. Hey—speak up.

DISQUAL. I'm really glad you're here, Mr. Antula. I sure hope I can take off now and get out of this state before anything else happens—

VICTOR. All right—shut up. Maybe you're right. Maybe you need a vacation—a real long vacation...

DISQUAL (*drops VICTOR's hand, backs away*). No—no—(*Looks around desperately, then dives back under bed; BONANO holds spread up for him.*)

VICTOR. That guy needs counseling real bad...Hey, Lola, what's up?

LOLA. Not much, Victor, you big cutie you. (*JULIETTA listens with resentment.*) Just waitin' for you to give us some tricks to pull on the hicks in the sticks.

VICTOR. Ah, Lola, you make me chuckle. You bring a little class into the tall grass. So I tell you our plan. It's a vacation—meaning we are all goin' to vacate this cabin except for you. You will lie in wait for a certain poisonality named Orlando Lakes, who is no doubt beating around the bushes at this very moment. You will find out what makes this hick tick.

BONANO (*rushing over enthusiastically to VICTOR*). So we can drop a brick and make him sick? I get the pic.

VICTOR. I told you—shut up. (*To LOLA.*) Lola, I'm countin' on you.