

BLIND TIGER

by Christy Fredrickson

Copyright © MMXV by Christy Fredrickson, All rights reserved.
ISBN: 978-1-64479-277-3

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line with no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: *Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers LLC.*

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

BLIND TIGER

A One Act Drama

by **Christy Fredrickson**

SYNOPSIS: During Prohibition, mob boss Frankie Falco runs a speakeasy where tragedy strikes—Sara Stevens’s husband dies from tainted booze. Fueled by grief, Sara vows revenge. When Frankie is murdered, nearly everyone’s a suspect. Detective Malloy faces a moral dilemma: arrest the killer or give them a medal. "Blind Tiger" is a gripping tale of justice, loss, and the gray line between right and wrong.

DURATION: 30 minutes.

TIME: 1920s.

SETTING: A speakeasy during the Prohibition era.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5-6 females, 5 males, 5 either, 0-10+ extras)

SARA STEVENS (f)	Widow, bad booze killed her husband. <i>(45 lines)</i>
MAE (f).....	Frankie’s girlfriend. (Will perform dance.) <i>(45 lines)</i>
BLANCHE (f).....	Tough manager of Frankie’s speakeasy. <i>(34 lines)</i>
LILA (f)	Flapper, dancer (Will perform dance.) <i>(16 lines)</i>
RUBY (f)	Flapper, dancer (will perform dance.) <i>(13 lines)</i>
BILLIE (f).....	Singer. (Will perform a song.) <i>(Non-Speaking, Singing only.)</i>
FRANKIE FALCO (m)	Mob boss, tough, ruthless. <i>(37 lines)</i>
MALLOY (m).....	Detective, only honest cop in town. <i>(48 lines)</i>
TONY (m).....	Thug turned informant. <i>(43 lines)</i>

BUGSY (m)	Frankie's thug, likes Mae. <i>(18 lines)</i>
HARRY (m).....	Frankie's thug, not too bright. <i>(10 lines)</i>
JIMMY/JENNY (m/f).....	(this script written as JENNY) Kid who works at speakeasy, knows Sara. <i>(24 lines)</i>
SAM/STELLA (m/f).....	(this script written as STELLA) Bartender. <i>(14 lines)</i>
BOOTLEGGER #1 (m/f).....	Farmer who makes moonshine. <i>(7 lines)</i>
BOOTLEGGER #2 (m/f).....	Farmer who makes moonshine. <i>(6 lines)</i>
SULLIVAN (m/f)	Cop who works for Frankie. <i>(4 lines)</i>

EXTRAS:

SPEAKEASY CUSTOMERS
DANCERS
COPS
THUGS

**ADDITIONAL PRODUCTION NOTES
CAN BE FOUND AT THE END OF THE SCRIPT.**

SCENE 1

AT START: *TONY, BUGSY and HARRY are sitting at table playing poker. BLANCHE and STELLA are behind bar, washing glasses. JENNY is sweeping, singing into the broom handle.*

LIGHT CUE: *Lights come up slowly.*

JENNY: *(Singing into broom.)* Oh, I got the bluuuues... I got the blues, oh do do do do, I got the blues...

BUGSY: *(Interrupts.)* Hey kid! I got the blues listening to you sing!
(Others laugh.)

JENNY: That's cause you ain't got no class!

BLANCHE: Geez Jenny, didn't anybody teach you to talk right? He ain't got ANY class!

JENNY: That's right, he ain't!

SOUND CUE: *Knocking*

HARRY: *(Jumps up.)* Who's here?

BLANCHE: Don't be so jumpy. It's probably the bootleggers. Go let them in.

HARRY: *(Begins to exit left.)* Right.

BLANCHE: Make sure they say the password!

HARRY: Right. *(Stops, turns back.)* What's the password?

BLANCHE: "Blind tiger", you sap, "blind tiger!"

HARRY: Right. *(Exits left.)*

TONY begins to gather up cards. HARRY, BOOTLEGGERS enter left carrying crates of booze. JENNY exits Right.

BLANCHE: Over here. *(Indicates place for them to set crates.)* Well, Mr. Hunter, what have you got for us this time?

BOOTLEGGERS #1: *(Offers her a bottle.)* Good stuff, Blanche. Pure moonshine whiskey.

BLANCHE: Hmmm...*(Takes glass, pours a small drink, tosses it down, chokes, spits it out.)* Holy Moses! You call that whiskey? That ain't nothin' but coffin varnish!

BOOTLEGGER #1: What're ya talkin' about? That there's top quality moonshine!

BLANCHE: Top quality, eh? Maybe we should test it.

BOOTLEGGER #2: Test it? How do you test it?

BLANCHE: You set it on fire. If it burns blue, it's good hooch. If it burns yellow, it's bad.

HARRY: And red is dead!

BOOTLEGGER #2: What?

BLANCHE: If it burns red, it means there's more in there than just whiskey. Bad stuff... like lead. Red means lead and lead means dead. You better hope it don't burn red. Give me a match. (*She puts some whiskey in a spoon and lights a match to it.**) Look at that... red! (*Blows out flame.*) What're you tryin' to pull here? Top quality moonshine? Ha! (*Shoves bottle at BOOTLEGGER #1.*) Get outta here! And take this poison with you!

BOOTLEGGER #1: But we had a deal!

BLANCHE: Deal's off. What, you want to kill somebody? Get outta here. (*Turns away.*)

BOOTLEGGER #1: (*Grabs BLANCHE'S arm.*) I tell ya we had a deal. We delivered, now you pay up!

BLANCHE: (*In his face, menacing.*) Turn loose of me.

BUGSY: (*Steps near, grabs BOOTLEGGER #1 by the neck.*) Do like the lady says. (*BOOTLEGGER #1 lets go.*)

BOOTLEGGER #2: (*Stands, very upset.*) But we need that money! We put every penny we had in that moonshine. We had to borrow money just to get it here...

BLANCHE: Look, I can't sell this stuff, see? Just last week a guy went blind from drinkin' bad booze. The boss don't want no more customers goin' blind.

BOOTLEGGER #2: (*Imitating in falsetto voice.*) "The boss don't want no more customers goin' blind." (*Regular voice.*) Your boss is a lousy, low-down...

BOOTLEGGER #1: (*Shoves BOOTLEGGER #2.*) I'll make more. We'll deliver it on time. We'll even give you a better deal!

BLANCHE: Fine. Bring me some good stuff and we'll talk.

BOOTLEGGER #1: I just... we need the money now.

BLANCHE: No deal. No booze, no money.

BOOTLEGGER #2: Come on, Blanche...

BLANCHE: No! Go on home now. Go on.

BOOTLEGGER #2: You'll be sorry for this! You and your boss too!
You'll be sorry!

BOOTLEGGER #1: (*Picks up crate of bottles.*) Shut up! Come on.

BOOTLEGGER #1 and BOOTLEGGER #2 exit left.

SCENE 2

BUGSY: What's wrong with people, tryin' to push that poison?

BLANCHE: Ah, don't be so hard on 'em, they're just tryin' to make a living.

SULLIVAN: (*Enters left.*) Hello gents... and ladies.

BLANCHE: Sullivan! What're you doing here?

SULLIVAN: (*Sits or stands at bar. STELLA pours a drink.*) You're getting' raided again. Today.

BLANCHE: Again?! They were here two weeks ago! What's going on?

SULLIVAN: (*Tosses down drink.*) Search me. Frankie pays me to tell ya, so I'm tellin' ya.

BLANCHE: Bah! All right, boys, clean this place up. (*SULLIVAN exits left.*)

STELLA, JENNY, BUGSY, HARRY and TONY quickly break down bar, hide bottles and glasses, throw sheet or tarp over everything possible, move table and chairs offstage, put up sign that says "Madame Blanche, Dance Lessons". While they are working, RUBY and LILA enter Right.

RUBY: Hey, what's going on?

BLANCHE: Another police raid. Looks like you girls are gonna have a dance lesson today.

RUBY: (*Giggles.*) That's funny, Blanche. Dance lesson.

LILA: (*Flirty.*) Hi Tony.

TONY: Hey, Lila. Lookin' good.

LILA: (*Pats her hair.*) I know.

BLANCHE: Save it for the cops, Lila! You girls keep 'em distracted, you hear?

SOUND CUE: POUNDING ON A DOOR

MALLOY: (*Offstage.*) Police! Open up!

BLANCHE: They're here. Take your places. Buggy, dance with Ruby. (*LILA and TONY; RUBY and BUGSY get in dance positions. Loudly.*) ...and one, two, three... one, two, three...

Couples begin to dance the waltz. MALLOY, SULLIVAN and EXTRA COPS enter left.

MALLOY: This is a raid! Hands up!

BLANCHE, TONY, LILA, RUBY and BUGSY raise hands. COPS begin to search set, LILA and RUBY keep getting in the way, flirting. COPS smile, enjoying it.

MALLOY: All right, Blanche, where is it?

BLANCHE: Hello, Sergeant Malloy. Where is what?

MALLOY: You know, Blanche. Where's the booze?

BLANCHE: Booze? Why Sergeant, I don't have any booze. It's illegal, you know.

MALLOY: (*Searching.*) You got tipped off again, didn't you?

BLANCHE: I don't know what you're talking about. I'm just giving a dance lesson here.

RUBY: (*Goes to POLICEMAN, gets flirty.*) Yeah, a dance lesson. Hey, you're cute. How about you dance with me, handsome? (*POLICEMAN smiles.*)

MALLOY: Blanche, I know this is a speakeasy! Now just save us both some time and show me the liquor!

BLANCHE: Why Sergeant Malloy, are you trying to get illegal booze? Maybe I'll have to call the cops on you! (*OTHERS laugh.*)

MALLOY: Very funny.

SULLIVAN: (*Looking half-heartedly, smiles at LILA.*) There's nothing here, sir.

MALLOY: Oh, it's here all right, they just had plenty of time to hide it. Blanche, you tell your boss... you tell Frankie Falco that I'm not gonna stop, you hear me? I'm gonna hound him till he's dead or in prison, and I don't care which it is. (*Begins to exit left, pauses, looks around.*) And another thing... one of these days I'm gonna find out who keeps tipping you off and I'm gonna put them in prison too. Come on, boys. (*MALLOY, SULLIVAN and COPS exit left.*)

BUGSY: Sheesh! Malloy's in a bad mood.

TONY: Yeah. He could make trouble for us one of these days.

BUGSY: Nah. Frankie controls the rest of the cops, he don't stand a chance.

BLANCHE: Geez, look at the time! Get that liquor out, people, set things up! We have customers coming!

SCENE 3

MUSIC CUE: Piano jazz.

While music plays, LILA, RUBY, STELLA, JENNY, TONY, BUGSY, HARRY, and BLANCHE set up Speakeasy: Uncover bar, bring out bottles, glasses, put up tables, chairs, etc.

CUSTOMERS enter left and right.

BLANCHE and STELLA pour drinks. RUBY and LILA are waitresses. Upstage, JENNY sweeps with a broom and watches CUSTOMERS. Much laughter, flirting, drinking. HARRY & BUGSY exit left. At end of song, FRANKIE and MAE enter right.

MUSIC CUE: 20's song – Not as loud.

FRANKIE: Another full house! Ain't that a pretty sight?

MAE: Yeah. Hey, Frankie, you gonna dance with me tonight?

FRANKIE: Ah, doll, don't start that again. Tell ya what, you dance and I'll watch, huh?

MAE: You'd rather watch me than dance with me?

FRANKIE: Sure I would! I can't see ya good when I'm dancin' with ya!
And I like to see ya, doll.

MAE: (*Smiles.*) You do?

FRANKIE: Go on, show 'em what Frankie Falco's girl can do.

MAE: Okay, Frankie. Hey! Ruby... Lila! Come on, girls, let's dance!

MAE, RUBY and LILA go to platform or center stage.

MUSIC CUE: "The Charleston".

MAE, RUBY, LILA and EXTRA DANCERS do choreographed dance. Mingle with crowd or wait tables when finished. CROWD applauds when finished, some begin slow dance.

MUSIC CUE: (Softly.) "Aint Misbehavin'".

SARA enters left, crosses to stage right, getting bumped, jostled by crowd. She is heading for FRANKIE but JENNY stops her stage center.

JENNY: Mrs. Stevens!

RUBY drops tray or other prop, this is signal for EVERYONE to freeze.

MUSIC CUE: MUSIC STOPS WHEN TRAY IS DROPPED

LIGHT CUE: SPOT ON SARA AND JENNY

SARA: Jenny! What are you doing here?

JENNY: I work here. But ma'am, this ain't your kind of place! What are you doing here?

SARA: I came to talk to Frankie Falco. I want him to shut this place down.

JENNY: Shut it down? Frankie? No ma'am, I don't think that's a good idea...

SARA: He has to Jenny, this place killed my Henry!

JENNY: I... I know he died but... what do you mean this place killed him?

SARA: It was poisoned alcohol, Jenny, from this... this speakeasy!

JENNY: What are you talkin' about?

SARA: (*Upset, calms herself.*) Henry used to come in here after work. I didn't mind, it seemed harmless. But then one night when he got home there was something wrong. I knew it as soon as he came in. He wasn't drunk, he was sick... really sick. I called the doctor, but it was too late. (*Chokes up.*) My husband died, Jenny! Right there in my kitchen! The doctor said it was poisoning from bad alcohol! (*JENNY awkwardly pats her on the shoulder. SARA pulls herself together.*) So you see, I want Mr. Falco to close this place down. This is a murder place!

FRANKIE: Hey!

MUSIC CUE: MUSIC RESUMES, SOFTLY

EVERYONE begins to move again.

FRANKIE: (*Moves toward SARA.*) Hello there, dollface, you new around here?

SARA: Well, actually... (*JENNY elbows her.*)

JENNY: She loves the place, Frankie!

FRANKIE: 'Course she does, it's a great place! (*To JENNY.*) Kid, get us a drink. (*JENNY goes to bar, FRANKIE pulls out a chair.*) Sit down, dollface. How come I ain't seen you around? I would've remembered you.

SARA: I want to ask you something... (*Glances toward JENNY.*)

FRANKIE: I get it, you need a job, right? You want to work at the nicest joint in town, right?

SARA: A job? Well, uh...

FRANKIE: Can you dance? (*JENNY brings drinks, retreats.*)

SARA: Dance?

FRANKIE: Like the girls there. We need more dancers, (*Touches her hair.*) Especially pretty ones.

SARA: Mr. Falco... I...

FRANKIE: If you can dance, you got a job. (*Stands, caresses her cheek.*) You'll bring in a lot of business.

SARA: (*Stands.*) I can dance but...

FRANKIE: Come in tomorrow before we open and I'll fix you up. I think you'll do real good, dollface. Run along, now. *(Turns away, goes to bar.)*

HARRY and BUGSY enter right. SARA crosses left slowly, stops, looks back but does not exit. BUGSY and HARRY take hold of JENNY, who struggles, cross right to FRANKIE.

MUSIC CUE: MUSIC STOPS.

JENNY: What're you doin? Hey! I didn't do nothin'!

FRANKIE: What's this?

HARRY: We saw her talkin' to Malloy.

FRANKIE: Malloy!

JENNY: *(Desperate.)* I got lost! I was askin' directions! That's all it was, Frankie, I swear!

HARRY: It ain't the first time.

JENNY: You're full of it!

FRANKIE: *(Menacing.)* Malloy's the only cop in this town that ain't on my payroll. How come you pick him to talk to?

JENNY: I was lost! I didn't know him, I swear, Frankie!

FRANKIE: *(Looking at JENNY.)* Harry! Was she there when we planned the drop at the warehouse?

HARRY: She was there.

FRANKIE: Malloy busted that drop. *(Steps closer to JENNY.)* I lost three men. I think he was tipped off.

JENNY: No! It wasn't me! You gotta believe me, Frankie, I'd never rat you out!

FRANKIE: That's what they all say. *(Shoves JENNY down.)* You scrawny little rat. *(Pause, menacing.)* Rub her out.

JENNY: *(Screams.)* No! I didn't do anything!

BUGSY and HARRY take JENNY off Right, screaming and struggling.

FRANKIE: *(Looks after them.)* Stool pigeon. *(Shouts.)* I hate stool pigeons! *(Looks around. Everyone is watching, stunned.)* What is this, a funeral? Music!

SARA covers her mouth in horror, exits left.

SOUND CUE: MUSIC RESUMES

PEOPLE are stunned, begin to exit left, shaking heads, paying for drinks, saying goodnight, etc.

FRANKIE: Hey! Don't let a little stool pigeon ruin your fun! Come on! Drink up! Hey, the next one's on me!

People continue to leave.

MAE: *(Crosses to FRANKIE, takes his arm.)* Hey, it's okay, Frankie. It's better to know about that little rat.

FRANKIE: *(Shrugs her off.)* Ah, what do you know?

MAE: *(Takes his arm again.)* Come on, honey. Let's go someplace and dance. It'll get your mind off things.

FRANKIE: Just leave me alone!

FRANKIE exits left. MAE, disgruntled, exits right.

SCENE 4

STELLA: *(Picks up broom, begins to sweep.)* Wow. What a night, huh? *(TONY does not answer.)* Tony, what's up?

TONY: It's Jenny. Frankie just rubbed out Jenny. That doesn't bother you?

STELLA: Sure it bothers me! But what can we do about it? *(TONY shakes his head.)* I'm leaving. I'll see you. *(Hands broom to TONY, exits right. TONY begins to sweep.)*

SOUND CUE: POUNDING ON A DOOR

MALLOY: *(From offstage.)* Open up! Police!

TONY: *(Exits left, returns immediately with MALLOY.)* It's okay. Everybody's gone.

MALLOY: *(Enters left.)* Tony. You wanted to see me?

TONY: Remember what you asked me a while back?

MALLOY: To be my informant?

TONY: Yeah. I'm ready. I'll do it.

MALLOY: What changed your mind?

TONY: Jenny. Frankie had her killed. He's killed lots of people but... she was just a kid!

MALLOY: You realize what he'll do if he finds out?

TONY: Yeah. He'd rub me out too. But who cares? Jenny didn't do nothing and he had her killed. *(Pause.)* Besides, maybe we can give Frankie some of his own medicine...

SOUND CUE: Knocking

MALLOY: Who could that be?

TONY: Get in back!

MALLOY exits right. SARA enters left.

SARA: Hello? Is anyone here?

TONY: Everybody's gone. What do you want?

SARA: I'm looking for Sergeant Malloy.

TONY: *(Tries to push SARA away.)* What are you, crazy? Get out of here! Scram!

SARA: I know he's here, I followed him! And I think it would be very interesting to tell the newspapers that a cop is sneaking into Frankie Falco's place in the middle of the night.

TONY: Ah, crimeny! Malloy!

MALLOY: *(Enters right.)* I'm Malloy. What do you want?

SARA: You may not remember me, sir, my name is Sara Stevens. I met you after my husband died.

MALLOY: I remember. Bad booze, wasn't it?

SARA: Yes. And I want to put Frankie Falco in jail.

MALLOY: A lot of people want that.

SARA: Yes, but I want to help you do it.

MALLOY: How come?

SARA: (*Walks around, thinking.*) Because Frankie and his people are killers. They killed my husband, they killed poor Jenny... and who knows who else! Someone has to stop them. (*Turns to face him.*) I want to do something, Sergeant.

MALLOY: No. It's too risky. What about your family?

SARA: I don't have a family. My... my husband was all I had. I can't just drop it! I have to do something!

MALLOY: Look, I know you want to help, but believe me, you don't want to get mixed up in this. Falco's not the only one who's dangerous.

SARA: (*Angry.*) I'm not going to take no for an answer!

MALLOY: (*Exasperated.*) Why?

SARA: I heard Falco say that you're the only cop that is not on his payroll. That means you're up against every cop and mobster in this city! You need me, Sergeant, whether you like it or not.

MALLOY: (*Shakes his head, to TONY.*) What do you think? (*TONY shrugs.*) You're a pretty gutsy lady. What makes you think you can do this?

SARA: Because God is on my side.

MALLOY: (*Laughs.*) Well, Falco's big, but he ain't that big. (*Walks around, thinking hard.*) A cop, a thug, a widow... and God. What a team. All right, but I'm warning you now. It won't be easy and it won't be fun.

SARA: I don't need fun. I need to stop Frankie Falco.

MALLOY: Tony, walk her home. I must be crazy. (*TONY and SARA exit left. MALLOY looks at ceiling, takes off his hat, talks to God.*) You better be on her side. 'Cause I'll go up against Frankie Falco but I ain't goin' up against you. (*Shakes his head, puts on his hat, exits left.*)

LIGHT CUE: LIGHTS OUT/LIGHTS UP

SCENE 5

LILA runs in, wearing TONY'S hat, giggling. TONY is chasing her. She runs around table, he grabs for her, she dodges him.

TONY: Come on, Lila, give me my hat. I got work to do!

LILA: Not till you teach me to play poker.

TONY: You can't just teach someone to play poker in five minutes! Especially a dame!

LILA: *(Takes off hat and throws it at him.)* Fine then. Take your stupid hat.

TONY: Ah, come on, Lila, don't be sore. We had a good time last night, didn't we?

LILA: Sure did. But that's the last time I'm going out with you!

TONY: Ah, horsefeathers! Alright, alright. Sit down here and I'll teach you a little bit.

LILA: *(Smiles.)* Yippee!

TONY begins to deal. RUBY enters.

LILA: Ruby, Tony's going to teach me to play poker!

RUBY: Great! Deal me in. *(Sits at table.)*

TONY: You know how?

RUBY: Well, I know the difference between a flush and a straight.

TONY: You're better than Harry, then.

RUBY: *(Laughs.)* Yeah. Here's Harry. *(Stands, takes TONY'S hat and LILA'S cards. Speaks slowly.)* Duh... hey! I got two two's! I win! *(TONY and LILA laugh. RUBY changes the angle of her hat.)* And here's Frankie. *(Imitates FRANKIE, clicks her fingers.)* Hey! Tony! Bugsy! *(Points at LILA.)* That dame don't know how to play poker. Rub her out!

TONY and LILA look sad.

LILA: That's not funny, Ruby. Poor Jenny, she shouldn't have been a stool pigeon.

TONY: I don't think she was. She was too scared of Frankie.

RUBY: Yeah. I'm scared of Frankie.

LILA: (*Takes TONY'S hat from RUBY.*) Then you shouldn't be making fun of him! (*RUBY tries to get the hat back, TONY and LILA toss it back and forth.*)

BLANCHE and STELLA enter right.

BLANCHE: Hey, I have a job for you. Frankie hired a new girl. They'll here in a few minutes and you have to teach her the dances.

LILA: (*Upset.*) New girl? Here? In our joint?

RUBY: Come on Blanche, you're funnin' us, right?

BLANCHE: No I'm not. Frankie says more girls will bring in more business.

LILA: (*Angry.*) Well ain't that a dirty deal!

RUBY: We work our tails off for tips and he goes and gets more girls.

LILA: Mae's not going to like it.

RUBY: Huh. I hope the new girl knocks Mae on her can. She's gettin' too uppity.

LILA: Yeah. Maybe we'll see a good cat fight. Meow!

MAE: (*Enters right, goes to bar. STELLA pours her a drink.*) Where's a cat fight?

RUBY: Frankie hired a new dancer.

MAE: WHAT?

LILA: You didn't know?

MAE: (*Angry.*) No, I didn't know. What's he thinking anyway? We don't need new girls!

STELLA: That ain't what Frankie said.

MAE: (*Throws drink in STELLA'S face. STELLA throws down rag and starts for MAE. BLANCHE stops STELLA, they exit right.*) I don't care what Frankie says. We ain't getting no new dancers!

FRANKIE, SARA enter left.

FRANKIE: Girls, I got ya a new dancer.

MAE is furious.

SARA: Hello.

RUBY and LILA: Hi

MAE: (To SARA.) Geez, Frankie, why didn't you just hire your grandma? What are you thinking? Get rid of her!

FRANKIE: (Angry and menacing, advances on MAE.) You're forgettin' something, doll. You ain't in charge around here. I am. Get it? Now you be nice, or you can find a new joint. Get it?

MAE: (Furious, exits right, pushing SARA.)

FRANKIE: All right. You girls carry on. And you... (Smooths SARA'S hair, caresses her cheek.) I'll see you at dinner. (SARA nods, FRANKIE and BUGSY exit left.)

RUBY: Come on then, we'll start teaching you the dances.

LILA: Hey! You know anything about fighting?

RUBY, LILA and SARA exit left. HARRY and MAE enter right. HARRY is carrying crate of bottles. Sets them on bar.

HARRY: Just drop it, Mae!

MAE: Drop it! Why should I drop it?! He shouldn't have hired her!

HARRY: Well he did, so you better get used to it.

MAE: I'll never get used to it. (Throws tantrum, kicking chairs, etc. Finally sits at table.)

HARRY shakes his head, exits right, BUGSY enters left.

*Thank you for reading this free excerpt from **BLIND TIGER** by Christy Fredrickson. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:*

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com