

BIGGY/SMALLS/ZOE SIDE

BIGGY

Wait a minute, Smalls. How're we gonna get the painting back if we're not holding our guns?

SMALLS

Good call, Biggy! Oh man, that would have been a real big blunder.

ZOË

Oh no, gentleman. Props are only to be touched by actors during rehearsals. I'll be taking those!

Zoë grabs the guns.

SMALLS

Those aren't props, lady. Those are real guns. And we are **real** mobsters.

BIGGY

(voice cracking)
Yeah! Big, scary goons.

ZOË

RIGHT, of course. You two totally look the part. Big scary goons with *real* guns. I'll admit, these have some good weight to them for props guns, but the paint job is a dead giveaway.

Zoë raises one of the guns and fires, causing her jump. Then...slowly a rush comes over her body.

SMALLS

Hey! Be careful with that! It's vintage.

ZOË

So, you're the actual mob then... What family are you with, Gambino, Lucchese, Dolci?

BIGGY

We don't have to tell you shit, lady.

SMALLS

Snitches get stitches and all that.

BIGGY

Why is Italian everybody's first guess? There's more than one kind of mob.

SMALLS

ZOË

What family are you then? Irish Mob? Chechen Mafia? Columbian Drug Cartel? **Venezuelan** Drug Cartel? Amish Mafia? Yakuza?

SMALLS

We aren't in any of them okay, lady?! Quit grilling us!

BIGGY

Yeah... we tried them all. None of them let us stick around.

SMALLS

Don't tell her that!

BIGGY

Oops. I mean... None of them was tough enough for us two.

ZOË

Wait, *nobody* wanted you two? I mean you're not perfect, but with a bit of direction you could be real... say- what if we started our own mob?! I could cut it as a mob boss. Look!

(mimes stomping a fool)

ARE YOU WEARING A FUCKING WIRE, YOU LITTLE RAT FUCK?!

SMALLS

(not having it)

Alright, toots, we appreciate the offer but we've actually got a callback with a super important mob boss to make, so just give us our guns back or things are gonna get messy.

Zoë shoots Smalls in the foot. Smalls falls, wailing:

SMALLS (CONT'D)

AH! HOLY MOTHER OF--

ZOË

Listen, you mugs. I'm not some errand boy or stool pigeon. I am a stage manager, meaning I GET SHIT DONE. You wanna sit on your asses and hope some boss notices you? There's the door. You wanna actually make something of yourself? You follow me.

BIGGY

It's not that easy! You gotta work your way up the ranks first! We've