

EVERY LAST BUGGIN' GANG
ON THE WHOLE BUGGIN' STREET!

DIESEL, ACTION

ON THE WHOLE!

ALL

EVER - !
MOTHER - !
LOVIN' - !
STREET!

(BLACKOUT)

END OF SCENE ONE

2A - Jet Song Chase (Orchestra)

SCENE TWO

Start

(A yard.

On a small ladder, a good-looking sandy-haired boy is painting a vertical sign that will say: DOC'S. Below, RIFF is haranguing)

RIFF

Riga tiga tum tum. Why not?... You can't say you won't, Tony boy, without saying why not?

TONY

(Grins)

Why not?

RIFF

Because it's me askin', Riff. Womb to tomb!

TONY

Sperm to worm!

(Surveying the sign)

You sure this looks like sky-writing?

1

RIFF

It's brilliant.

TONY

27 years the boss has had that drugstore. I want to surprise him with a new sign.

RIFF

(Shaking the ladder)

Tony, this is important!

TONY

Very important: Acemen, Rocket men.

RIFF

What's with you? Four and one-half years I live with a buddy and his family. Four and one-half years, I think I know a man's character. Buddy boy, I am a victim of disappointment in you.

TONY

End your suffering, little man. Why don't you pack up your gear and clear out?

RIFF

'Cause your ma's hot for me.

(TONY grabs his arm and twists it)

No! 'Cause I hate living with my buggin' uncle uncle UNCLE!

(TONY releases him and climbs back up)

TONY

Now go play nice with the Jets.

RIFF

The Jets are the greatest!

TONY

Were.

RIFF

Are. You found something better?

TONY

No. But —

RIFF

But what?

TONY

You won't dig it.

RIFF

Try me.

TONY

O.K. Every single damn night for the last month, I wake up and I'm reaching out.

RIFF

For what?

TONY

I don't know, it's right outside the door, around the corner. But it's comin'!

RIFF

What is? Tell me!

TONY

I don't know! It's — like the kick I used to get from being a Jet.

RIFF

(Quietly)

...Or from being buddies.

TONY

We're still buddies.

RIFF

The kick comes from people, buddy boy.

TONY

Yeah, but not from being a Jet.

RIFF

No? Without a gang you're an orphan. With a gang you walk in twos, threes, fours. And when your gang is the best, when you're a Jet, buddy boy, you're out in the sun and home free home!

TONY

Riff, I've had it.

(Pause)

RIFF

Tony, the trouble is large: the Sharks bite hard!
We got to stop them now and we need you!

(Pause. Quietly)

I never asked the time of day from a clock, but I'm asking you:
Come to the dance tonight...

(TONY turns away)

... I already told the gang you'd be there.

TONY

(After a beat, turns to him with a grin)

What time?

RIFF

Ten?

TONY

Ten it is.

RIFF

Womb to tomb!

TONY

Sperm to worm! And I'll live to regret this.

RIFF

Who knows? Maybe what you're waitin' for'll be twitching at the dance!

(HE runs off)

END

4