

FELDZIEG

Kitty I don't have time for this!

(Enter GANGSTERS.)

START

GANGSTER 1

A petit four, Mr. Feldzieg?

FELDZIEG

Not now.

GANGSTER 2

Perhaps a nice profiterole.

FELDZIEG

I'm not hungry.

GANGSTER 1

Then perhaps we could give you something else to chew on.

ALL GANGSTERS

Yeah. Something that ain't food.

FELDZIEG

What?

GANGSTER 1

Your confusion is to be expected. Although we stand here before you in the guise of innocent pastry chefs, we are also—

GANGSTER 2

And primarily employees of a certain individual who happens to be—

GANGSTER 1

—The largest single investor in Feldzieg's Follies. He sent us here—

GANGSTER 2

As pastry chefs...

GANGSTER 1

To express his concern about Ms. Van De Graaff's impending nuptials.

GANGSTER 2

Specifically...

GANGSTER 1

That if she gets married and leaves the show...

ALL GANGSTERS

... then there ain't no show.

FELDZIEG

You tell your boss this wedding is never going to happen. You have my word.

GANGSTER 2

Oh, we'll take your word, alright.

GANGSTER 1

But, to go back on that word – would be a recipe for disaster. Now we hope we have made ourselves perfectly éclair.

GANGSTER 2

One cannoli hope.

GANGSTER 1

You biscotti be kidding me.

GANGSTER 2

A trifle much?

GANGSTER 1

Don't tart with me.

FELDZIEG

Alright. You can drop the pastry chef routine. **END**

GANGSTER 1

Alas, we ganache.

GANGSTER 2

We're on the lamb.

GANGSTER 1

Lamb's an entrée, you macaroon. We'll leave the matter in your hands, Mr. Feldzieg. In the meantime, feel free to browse the dessert carousel.

GANGSTER 2

Try the Toledo Surprise.

ALL GANGSTERS

It's to die for.