

GANGSTER #1

A petite four, Mr. Feldzeig?

FELDZIEG

Not now. (*GANGSTER #2 stops him*)

GANGSTER #2

Perhaps a nice profiterole.

FELDZIEG

Boys, I'm not hungry.

GANGSTER #1

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

GANGSTER #2

Yeah. Something that ain't food.

FELDZIEG

What?

GANGSTER #1

Allow me to elucidate. Although we stand here before you in the guise of innocent pastry chefs, we are also -

GANGSTER #2

and primarily -

GANGSTER #1

- employees of a certain individual.

FELDZIEG

A certain individual?

GANGSTER #2

A certain individual...

GANGSTER #1

...who happens to be largest single investor in Feldzieg's Follies. He has 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...

GANGSTER #1 & GANGSTER #2

...then there ain't no show.

KITTY

(to the Gangsters) Don't I know you?

GANGSTER #2

No, you do not.

KITTY

Have you ever spent any time in Toledo?

GANGSTER #1

Have you ever spent any time in a coma?

FELDZIEG

Kitty. Boys, 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.

GANGSTER #1

Alas, we ganache.

GANGSTER #2

We're on the lamb.

GANGSTER #1

(slapping him) Lamb's an entrée, you macaroon.

We'll leave the matter in your hands, Mr. Feldzieg. In the mean time, feel free to browse the desert carousel.

GANGSTER #2

Try the Toledo Surprise

GANGSTER #1 & GANGSTER #2

It's to die for. *(Gangsters exit.)*