

SCENE 6 - The Tropicana Stage, Minutes Later / The Copa, A Few Days Later

SAM is passed out on the stage, without his toupee. TONY and LOLA hover over him, attempting to revive him.

TONY: Sam? Wake up, Sam.

LOLA: He's still not moving. Is he wounded?

TONY: Only his pride. He tripped over the footlights, fell into the harp and knocked himself out.

LOLA: Where's his hair?

TONY: It's still in the harp!

SAM: *(stirring)* Mother?

TONY: No, Sam. It's me. Tony.

SAM: Am I dead?

LOLA: No, Mr. Silver. You're alive. And we're all safe.

TONY: Sam, that's quite a bump on your head, how are ya feeling?

SAM: Never better. G'night.

TONY: No! Don't go to sleep. We're still in Havana. But we're goin' home.

SAM: Did we win?

LOLA: We sure did!

SAM: No thanks to me, I bet.

TONY: Sam! You were magnificent!

SAM: I was?

LOLA: He was?

SAM: What did I do?

LOLA: Well . . . you . . . you . . .

TONY: You fought off three of Rico's goons! Single-handed!

SAM: Get away!

TONY: And then you . . . you . . .

LOLA: You climbed up a sixty-foot rope, grabbed Tony and swung him to safety! You remember that, don't you?

SAM: Well, who could forget it?! Anything else?

TONY: Well, there was that awful moment when Rico came onto the stage . . .

SAM: Yeah . . .

TONY: And he opened his jacket . . .

SAM: Yeah . . .

TONY: And pulled out a gun.

SAM: Oh my God! A gun!

TONY: And then you grabbed it away from him, knocked him out, rescued Lola, and saved the day! That's what you did, Sam!

SAM: Well, no wonder I'm exhausted! Geez. And here I thought I was dead. I was sure I heard an angel playin' the harp.

LOLA: Mr. Silver, you're a hero!

SAM: I am? That's unbelievable!

TONY: You can say that again.