Change is Good (Re-in-what!?)

Infamous gangster of the Prohibition Era, Al Capone is reincarnated into a young, sexy blonde woman. He, now a she, addresses the audience in her burlesque dressing room.

A real son-of-a bitch. Would you believe I was once a man. How the hell did I get like this? How the hell did I change? Am I in disguise? Undercover? No, it's--the afterlife. I am who I am...Now I'm a girl. A pretty, squirmy little thing of a girl. Almost like the broad I fuckin' name called in the old days at the strip joint. She was a whore. That bitch got me the nickname Scarface. But now, it's gone. My ugly mug is gone too. What a beauty I am now. And this is a classy joint to work at--I mean, just look around. Swanky panky. *(She giggles)* Back in the day, no one could understand me. Where I was comin' from, I mean, where I came from. What I've been through. No one here knows how rough Brooklyn could be then. Even the teachers were rough. When Mrs. Glasgo bopped me in the head for not listening to her boring lesson, I hit her back. That's when I got expelled from school. So I quit altogether. "Baby, Alphonese, my Gabriel angel,

please graduate." But I didn't listen to mama. I was so good in arithmatic, though. I'm sure that helped me make a billion. Al, Big Al, some pretty little things would call me. Public Enemy of the People is what the feds labelled me. But I was a pussycat, even then. Now I'm a real pussycat. *(Softly)* Meowww...What the fuck am I doing with painted nails. Hair like golden silk. And this body, mama mia, *(admiring and feeling herself from breasts to buttocks)* ...No one better mess with me. No coppin' a feel. No foolin' around. But, managia, what a waste. I will kiss, though. Nothing's wrong with kissin', right? Closin' one's eyes, you don't know who the fuck you're tasting. Right? *(in a tough voice)*...I asked you, right? *(Short pause)*... Of course I'm right. Don't cross me. *(She laughs)*...I've got hair as long as my ass. Tight, short, leather thongs? What the fuck, this wedgy is killing me. I would be petrified if anyone I knew saw me like this. So sexy, so fine, so fuckin' beautiful. Like an angel with lips so full, so inviting, so freakin' squeezable. But I will be respected. Like I was respected when I was boss of the Outfit...They'll never, ever find out who I really am. Ever. Besides, they're all dead. *(She bursts out laughing gruffily)*. I

was once the toughest, meanest, most brutal of them all. No one messed with Capone. No one. I was an animal. A monster. A real wiseguy. Come here, my love. Bring your lips to Daddy, to Mommy. Let's play a game of chance. It's called romance. *(She giggles)* But no biting. No one gets hurt anymore, you hear? Let's drink up--I hear it's legal now. MJ too. I prefer whiskey. Pour yourself a nice shot. *(Holds shot glass in air to make a toast)*...To reincarnate life. To the Capo, the baddest boy of Chicago. Or may I say, to Miss Glasgo. For belting me in the face, knocking me to the floor and making me feel man enough to get up and smash the shit outta her. For without her, I'd still be on the ground. Or in the ground. *(She laughs to herself)* Oh, fuck her. To my mama--for bringing me up to be the best in anything and everything.

Salute!

She raises glass up high, takes a big gulp, and smashes glass toward audience. Immediate BLACKOUT as the glass supposedly hits a seat in the theatre, making a crashing sound. The sound dissolves into sound of machine gun fire with the melody of "My Funny Valentine" fading gradually...

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