

5
CHAPTER

Libretto



SCENE ONE

WINGS OF ZANGLER'S BROADWAY THEATER, NYC. The FOLLIES GIRLS are heading out onto the stage for the curtain call. Backstage, TESS, the dance director, is giving them last minute directions.

No. 1

Opening (Orchestra)

TESS. *(over the music)* Shoulders back! Heads high!

TESS calls to PATSY, a not-so-bright Follies Girl with a squeaky voice who is hanging out backstage.

Patsy! Where's Bobby?! He should have been here two hours ago!

PATSY. I know! I saw him yesterday, and he was all excited about the audition for Mr. Zangler.

TESS. Wait! There he is!

BOBBY CHILD, dressed as a banker, hurries on.

PATSY. Bobby!

BOBBY. Did I make it?! Is Zangler still here?

PATSY. Yeah, ya still got five minutes.

BOBBY. Great!

TESS. Bobby, what happened?!

BOBBY. They kept me late at the bank. This time Zangler's going to be dazzled.

At this point, BELA ZANGLER enters. He is a great impresario with a hat, glasses, and Hungarian accent. BOBBY sees him.

Mr. Zangler!

No. 2

Fanfare (Orchestra)

TESS and PATSY prevent BOBBY from bothering ZANGLER and they join ZANGLER as he sweeps "onstage" to make his curtain speech. ZANGLER raises his arms, and the "applause" dies down.

ZANGLER. Ladies and gentlemen. Vell vell vell. My name is Bela Zangler. (*applause*) Thank you for coming to Zangler Follies—our final performance of the season, and I hope you vill all be here in just eight veeeks for vonderful new show!

No. 3

Fanfare (Playoff)

(Orchestra)

Wild applause as ZANGLER, TESS, PATSY and the FOLLIES GIRLS leave the "stage." As soon as ZANGLER gets to the wings, BOBBY tries again.

ZANGLER. Tessie!

BOBBY. Mr. Zangler, could I see you a min—

ZANGLER. I must talk now to dance director about very important professional matter!

BOBBY. Right.

BOBBY moves away to talk to some of the other FOLLIES GIRLS as ZANGLER pulls TESS aside.

ZANGLER. (*business-like*) Tessie.

TESS. Yes, Mr. Zangler?

ZANGLER makes sure they're not overheard; then says with passion:

ZANGLER. Tessie, I love you.

TESS. (*exasperated*) Bela—!

ZANGLER. Vhat do you say ve have intimate supper?

TESS. I'm not hungry.

ZANGLER. Tessie, please! You make me crazy!

TESS walks away and crosses to PATSY and the other GIRLS.

Tessie!

By this time, the FOLLIES GIRLS are leaving the stage in a line, past ZANGLER.

MITZI. Vacation!

MARGIE. At last! Goodnight, Mr. Zangler.

SUSIE. Goodnight, Mr. Zangler.

BETSY. Goodnight, Mr. Zangler.

VERA. Goodnight, Mr. Zangler.

And at the end of the line is BOBBY.

BOBBY. Hello, Mr. Zangler.

ZANGLER. Not you again.

BOBBY. I'm here to audition.

ZANGLER. Mr. Child. Why are you wasting my time?!

BOBBY. *(indicating the theater around him)* Because this is my life! It's all I care about!

BOBBY's conviction makes even ZANGLER pause.

Now look, you're going to love this. I promise. Just – just – okay. Okay?

ZANGLER. ... Okay.

BOBBY looks at PATSY and TESS, who both give him a big nod of encouragement. BOBBY takes a breath, then launches into his audition, dancing as he sings:

No. 4

K-ra-zy For You

(Bobby)

BOBBY. Let me give you the lowdown:
I'm k-ra-zy for you.
When it comes to a showdown,
I'm k-ra-zy for you.
And so, though love may not inspire my lingo,
Still, it's making my heart go "Bango! Bingo!"
Let me give you the lowdown:
I'm k-ra-zy for you.

BOBBY finishes with a slam, literally nose-to-nose with ZANGLER.

BOBBY. Now what do you say to that?!

ZANGLER. Foot—

BOBBY. Huh?

ZANGLER. Foot ... You are standing on my foot!

BOBBY. Oh, sorry ...

ZANGLER. You are a moron!

BOBBY. Mr. Zangler! ... Look, I-I-I realize I'm an unknown, here in New York. But I have potential!

ZANGLER. Ya. You could be unknown all over America!

ZANGLER strides off. TESS and PATSY cross to BOBBY.

TESS. Hey, Bobby. Just forget about him.

PATSY. Cheer up! He's not worth it.

BOBBY. Who knew he had big feet!

IRENE, a well-dressed socialite, enters.

IRENE. Hello, Bobby.

BOBBY. *(without turning, recognizing the steely voice:)* Irene. Hi ...

IRENE. Say goodnight to the ladies, Bobby.

BOBBY. Now wait a second—!

PATSY. We'll see ya later.

TESS. We've gotta go anyway. 'Night, Bobby.

And PATSY and TESS are gone.

IRENE. Bobby, it is time you gave up all this dancing nonsense and settled down!

BOBBY. Nonsense—?!

IRENE. We have been engaged for five years. Now when are we getting married?!

BOBBY. We're not.

IRENE. Don't be ridiculous. I have the wedding all planned. The guest list is up to nine hundred.

BOBBY. Great. Big crowd. They won't even miss me.

IRENE. Now I want you to promise me: from the day we're married, you will work in the bank.

MOTHER enters, unseen by BOBBY and IRENE.

BOBBY. But I don't want to work in the bank! That's my mother's idea! If my mother was here right now, you know what I'd say to her? Huh?! I'd say: "MOTHER!!"

MOTHER. Yes, Bobby?

BOBBY turns to face MOTHER.

BOBBY. (*extra sweetly*) You look well. That coat is just—

MOTHER. I knew I'd find you here.

IRENE. Lottie, dear, I am talking to Bobby.

MOTHER. Well, so am I!

IRENE. Then get in line!

MOTHER. Bobby, in the ten years since you left Harvard, you have accomplished nothing.

IRENE. He got engaged to me.

MOTHER. (*to BOBBY*) You have accomplished less than nothing. Now the Board of Directors and I have decided to give you one last chance. This is a deed of property in ... (*handing him the document*) Deadrock, Nevada. I want you to go there immediately and get it signed.

BOBBY. Nevada?!

MOTHER. It will save the bank quite a sum in foreclosure costs.

BOBBY. But—

IRENE. He will go to Nevada over my dead body!

MOTHER. That sounds like an excellent route.

No. 5 **I Can't Be Bothered Now** (Bobby & Follies Girls)

MOTHER and IRENE talk to BOBBY simultaneously.

MOTHER. I will cut off your allowance
if you do not go to Nevada,
first thing tomorrow morning!
Now I don't want to hear
any nonsense about it ...

IRENE. Darling, don't even listen
to her. I've got the
wedding all planned.
You'll wear a morning
coat and I'll go strapless ...

*BOBBY tunes the argument out and goes into a dream world. Music
intro starts and their voices fade away.*

BOBBY. Bad news, go 'way!

Call 'round some day
In March or May—
I can't be bothered now.

My bonds and shares
May fall downstairs—
Who cares, who cares?
I'm dancing and I can't be bothered now!

BOBBY looks back at MOTHER and IRENE and we momentarily hear them again.

MOTHER. If you do not listen to me,
young man, you will
find yourself without an allowance—

IRENE. I have gone out of my way
to give your
feelings every possible consideration—

BOBBY turns back around and completely tunes them out. They fade out of the scene as BOBBY sings with new determination.

BOBBY. I'm up among the stars;
On earthly things I frown.
I'm throwing off the bars
That held me down.

I'll pay the piper
When times are riper.
Just now, I shan't—
Because you see I'm dancing and I can't—
Be bothered now.

The FOLLIES GIRLS enter and join the song.

TESS & PATSY. Music is the magic that makes ev'rything sunshiny;

MITZI & MARGIE. Dancing makes my troubles all seem tiny.

TESS, PATSY, MITZI & MARGIE.

When I'm dancing I don't care if this old world stops turning,
Or if my bank is burning,

ALL FOLLIES GIRLS.

Or even if Roumania
Wants to fight Albania.

BOBBY. I'm not upset
And I refuse to fret.

ALL FOLLIES GIRLS.

He's not upset;

BOBBY. Oh, no!

ALL FOLLIES GIRLS.

And he'll refuse to fret.

Bad news, go 'way!
Call 'round some day

In March or May—
He's dancing and he can't be bothered now!

BOBBY. (*shouted*) I can't be bothered now!

Dance break.

GIRLS A.

He'll pay the piper
When times are riper.
Just now, he shan't ...

GIRLS B.

He'll pay the piper
When times are riper.
When times are riper,
He'll pay the piper
Just now, he shan't,
Just now, he shan't ...

BOBBY.

Because you see I'm dancing ...

FOLLIES GIRLS.
(*chanted*)

Because you see he's dancing ...
Bad news go away, call 'round some day
In March or May, who cares about about his shares
That fall down stairs
Who cares, who cares, who cares, who cares?
He can't be bothered,
Won't be bothered,
Shan't be bothered,
Can't be bothered now!
Not now, not now!

He can't be bothered now!
Goodbye!

The FOLLIES GIRLS exit on the applause. BOBBY, MOTHER and IRENE are back in the places they were in before the song started and are now back in the scene.

IRENE. So which is it, Bobby? Me or Deadrock?

BOBBY looks at MOTHER, then back at IRENE. He snatches the deed of property from MOTHER and runs down the street.

BOBBY. TAXI!!

Music starts.

No. 6

Scene Change: After Bothered

SCENE TWO

MAIN STREET, DEADROCK, NEVADA. A sleepy little Western town in the middle of nowhere, Nevada. There are two buildings. Stage right is the LANK HAWKINS HOTEL AND RESTAURANT and stage left is the GAIETY THEATER/U.S. POST OFFICE, which used to be a grand theater and is now turned into a post office. Center stage, we see a long road stretching into the desert in the distance. The COWBOYS and maybe a few COWGIRLS are sitting around doing nothing, as usual.

No. 7

Bidin' My Time

(People of Deadrock)

PEOPLE OF DEADROCK.

I'm bidin' my time,
'Cause that's the kinda guy I'm.
While other folks grow dizzy
I keep busy—
Bidin' my time.

Next year, next year,
Somethin's bound to happen
(Bound to happen)
This year, this year
I'll just keep on nappin'—

And bidin' my time,
'Cause that's the kinda guy I'm.
No regrettin'
When I'm settin'—
Bidin' my time.

POLLY enters carrying a mail pouch.

POLLY. Hey! Mail call! Come and get it!

SAM. Heck, Polly, I never get any mail.

POLLY. Oh, Sam, you got a letter just last month.

PETE. No kiddin'! What'd it say?
SAM. I don't know. I didn't have the energy to read it.
POLLY. Hey! Look at this! There's a letter here from New York City!
MOOSE. Can I have the stamp, Polly? For my collection?
POLLY. Hey, Moose. I didn't know you had a stamp collection.

*POLLY hands the envelope to MOOSE,
having already taken the letter out.*

MOOSE. Oh, boy. Number two!

POLLY. (*reading the letter*) It's from that stinkin' bank again. This time they want to take our theater! (*scanning the letter:*) They're sendin' some banker out here to put the knife in. Name of ... Bobby Child. Bobby Child! If I ever meet up with that skunk, I'll ... Oh, I don't know what I'll do! But it's gonna be ugly!!

POLLY exits angrily into the hotel.

MOOSE. I never seen her that mad before.

MINGO. Talk about an excitin' day.

No. 8

Bobby Staggers In

(Orchestra)

*BOBBY staggers into view from the desert, carrying his suitcase.
He's pouring with sweat, dizzy from the sun. He sits down
on his suitcase, resting.*

SAM. I guess the train arrived.

*POLLY emerges from the hotel, fleeing from LANK HAWKINS,
an intense, usually manic fellow.*

POLLY. I can't let you have the theater, Lank.

LANK. I don't want you to "let me have it." I want to buy it. Look. I own the hotel. And being a man of vision, I would like to expand the hotel in the direction of your theater, which, if you'll recall, was turned into a post office twenty years ago.

POLLY. How I'd love to see a show in that theater again. I remember my mother ...

LANK. Will you stop blathering on?

- POLLY.** Don't you talk to me that way, Lank Hawkins!
- LANK.** If you don't sell it to me, the bank is going to take it anyway! (*LANK calms himself down*) It could be our theater. Polly, you know how I feel about you! I have asked you to marry me fifteen times.
- POLLY.** So ask somebody else.
- LANK** Polly!!!
POLLY exits into the theater. LANK exits into the hotel, grumbling.
BOBBY has been watching POLLY's every movement.
- BOBBY.** "Polly." "Polly!" That's a wonderful name!!

No. 9 **Things Are Looking Up (Underscore)**
 (Orchestra)

SCENE THREE

STAGE OF THE GAIETY THEATER. The lights come up on the beautiful Victorian stage, covered in dust. The stage is filled with old props, flats and a trunk of costumes. BOBBY walks in and looks around in amazement.

- BOBBY.** Wow. Look at this place!
POLLY turns around and notices him.
- POLLY.** Howdy.
- BOBBY.** Hi.
BOBBY is still staring in amazement.
- POLLY.** It's somethin', huh?
- BOBBY.** It's incredible!
- POLLY.** When I was a little thing, I'd watch all the big shows here.
- BOBBY.** What's it doing in Deadrock?
- POLLY.** This here was a pretty big town about fifty years ago. Then the mines ran out and most people just kinda got up and left.
- BOBBY.** You can't let the bank take this place!!

- POLLY.** How do you know about that?
- BOBBY.** Well, I-I-I couldn't help overhearing on the streets and ... Wait a second.
- POLLY.** What?!
- BOBBY.** All we have to do to save this place is just ... put on a show. Here in the theater. That'll raise all the money you need to pay off the mortgage!
- POLLY.** Just put on a show?
- BOBBY.** Right!
- POLLY.** In here?
- BOBBY.** Well, why not?! Don't you ever go to the movies? Mickey Rooney does it all the time! And I could bring dancers, from the Zangler's Follies! They're my friends! They're on vacation!
- POLLY.** Ya mean Bela Zangler?! My dad used to talk about him. Do you know him?
- BOBBY.** Are you kidding? We're like ... (*putting the index fingers of his hands together, then pulling them apart*) this.
- POLLY.** D'ya think he'd come out here and put on a show?!
- BOBBY.** We don't need him. I can do it.
- POLLY.** It sure is nice of you to help like this. I mean, we don't even know each other. (*offers hand*) I'm Polly Baker.
- BOBBY.** I'm Bobby Child.

A beat. Then SLAP! POLLY slaps BOBBY across the face, sending him reeling backward.

- BOBBY.** What did I do?!
- POLLY.** You're from the bank!! You're here to take our theater, ain't ya? This is a trick.
- BOBBY.** No it's not!
- POLLY.** You and your singin' and your dancin' and your ... Bela Zanglers!
- BOBBY.** I can save this theater!
- POLLY.** Just GO AWAY! And don't you ever let me catch you talkin' to me again.

POLLY hurries off.

- BOBBY.** Polly—! (*She's gone. BOBBY wanders across the stage. His dreams shattered.*) "You and your singing and your dancing and your ..."

*(Suddenly BOBBY looks up. He has an idea.) ... Bela Zangler.
(He looks around the theater.) Bela Zangler. (He laughs wickedly, then shouts with joy:) BELA Zangler!!! (Using ZANGLER's accent and striking a pose with a cane.)
"Vell, vell, vell. Girls! It is time ve pay visit to Deadrock, Nevada, ya?"*

SCENE FOUR

MAIN STREET, DEADROCK, NEVADA. Three days later. The FOLLIES GIRLS have arrived at Deadrock. They enter on the road from the desert. The PEOPLE OF DEADROCK are amazed at what they are seeing.

FOLLIES GIRLS. Ooh!

FOLLIES GIRLS. It's wonderful to breeze around;
They seem to have real trees around;
And of the open spaces there's no doubt—
No doubt! No doubt—
This is the life that Riley told about.

In town we used to fret away
Until we made our getaway
Out here, where there's no doubt that men are men—
Where men are men!
We don't care if we don't go East again!!!

*BOBBY, masquerading as ZANGLER, is the last one in the line.
He has ZANGLER's clothes, hat, glasses, and accent.*

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* Good morning, good morning, good morning. Zis is Deadrock, Nevada, ya?

PEOPLE OF DEADROCK. Ya!

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* Excellent. I am looking, please, for a Miss Polly Baker.

POLLY. I'm Polly Baker.

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* Permit me to introduce myself. My name is Bela Zangler.

POLLY. Get outa here! Are you really ... Bela Zangler? I mean, what are you doin' here?

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* I am saving theater! I am getting a call three days ago from very good friend of mine. Bobby Child. He is a wonderful boy. You should get to know him.

POLLY. He did say you were friends.

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* Are you kidding? We're like ... *(putting the index fingers of his hands together, then pulling them apart)* this.

POLLY. That's just what he said.

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* So ven do ve start? Ve have a show to put on, ya?

ALL. YA!!!

LANK. I don't believe one word of this.

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* Which vord is that?

LANK. Something smells fishy to me.

MINGO. I think it's Moose.

Everyone looks at MOOSE, who checks his underarms, then nods his head "yes."

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* Girls! To vork!

He points to the theater and the GIRLS head inside.

FOLLIES GIRLS. Yes, Mr. Zangler. Of course, Mr. Zangler. *(etc.)*

PATSY. *(to BOBBY as she passes him)* Bobby! You're doing a wonderful job! You're so life-like.

BOBBY rolls his eyes. He turns to the COWBOYS.

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* So. Who would like to audition? *(no response)* To be in show. *(no response)* To vork with girls.

COWBOYS. *(erupting immediately)* Yes sir! Okay! *(etc)*

The COWBOYS race into the theater.

POLLY. Mr. Zangler? If you can save this place, I ... well, I guess I'm gonna be mighty grateful.

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* Let's hope so, ya?

*BOBBY kisses the back of her hand. POLLY swoons a bit.
BOBBY smiles at her and then exits into the theater.
POLLY watches him as he walks away.*

No. 12

Someone To Watch Over Me

(Polly)

POLLY.

There's a saying old
Says that love is blind.
Still we're often told
"Seek and ye shall find."
So I'm going to seek a certain lad I've had in mind.

There's a somebody I'm longing to see:
I hope that he
Turns out to be
Someone who'll watch over me.

I'm a little lamb who's lost in the wood;
I know I could
Always be good
To one who'll watch over me.

Although he may not be the man some
Girls think of as handsome,
To my heart he'll carry the key.

Won't you tell him please to put on some speed,
Follow my lead?
Oh, how I need
Someone to watch over me.
Someone to watch over me.

No. 13

Rehearsal—Slap That Bass

SCENE FIVE

STAGE OF THE GAIETY THEATER. TESS is working with the COWBOYS, POLLY and the GIRLS are spiffing up the place. BOBBY (as Zangler) is watching from the side.

TESS.

Okay, fellas. Smile!

The COWBOYS try to put on big smiles; TESS calls out her instructions.

Now:

Hands out, hands together, hands on head.
Hands out, hands together, hands on hips.

+

No one fully gets it right, but MOOSE is by far the worst.

TESS. One more time.

LANK enters.

LANK. Well, well, well. The busy bee is hard at work.

POLLY. Lank, this here's a theater and a post office. You can buy a ticket or a stamp. Otherwise, go back to your hotel.

LANK. Polly, you are wasting your time! The show is doomed. Do you honestly think that anyone is going to pay good money to see a bunch of singing numbskulls?

POLLY. Lay off it, Lank.

LANK. (*LANK grabs PETE from rehearsing*) Pete, perhaps you would tell us, sir, your views of the contemporary American stage.

PETE. ... Heck, I dunno.

LANK. "Heck, I don't know."

PETE. I s'pose you could say that ... Eugene O'Neill is just beginning to explore the symbolism of Greek tragedy. (*beat*) O' course, the realism of Anton Chekhov is still a pretty important influence.

POLLY starts to laugh and LANK storms out.

POLLY. (*calling after him*) 'Bye Lank!

MOOSE is not getting any better. Finally, BOBBY can't take it anymore.

BOBBY. (*as Zangler*) Would you stop already? (*to MOOSE*) You. Nijinsky. Come over here.

MOOSE. (*going to BOBBY*) The name is Moose.

BOBBY. (*as Zangler*) Okay, Moose. I got good news and bad news.

MOOSE. What's the bad news?

BOBBY. (*as Zangler*) You vill not be dancing in this number.

MOOSE. Oh. What's the good news?

BOBBY. (*as Zangler*) You vill not be dancing in this number.

MOOSE. (*down-hearted*) Okay.

EVERYONE moans for MOOSE.

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* Vait, vait, vait! Hold your horse, I got idea. Come here, big fella. Try this!

No. 14

Slap That Bass

(Bobby, Tess, Billy, Wyatt, Mitzi, Margie & Company)

BOBBY sings first, MOOSE catches on.

BOBBY. *(continues as Zangler)*
Zoom—Zoom, Zoom—Zoom,

MOOSE. Zoom—Zoom, Zoom—Zoom,

MOOSE & BOBBY. *(as Zangler)*
Zoom—Zoom, Zoom—Zoom,

BOBBY gets an idea and he and TESS work together to teach everyone a number.

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)*
The world is in a mess.
With politics and taxes
And people grinding axes,
There's no happiness.

TESS. Zoom—Zoom, Zoom—Zoom,
Rhythm, lead your ace!
The future doesn't fret me
If I can only get me
Someone to slap that bass.

BILLY & WYATT. Happiness is not a riddle
When I'm list'ning to that big bass fiddle.

MOOSE does the dance and gets it right! POLLY stands by, watching in amazement at what BOBBY is accomplishing.

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)*
Slap that bass

GIRLS. Oh!

TESS. Slap it till it's dizzy.

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)*
Slap that bass

BOYS. Yeah!

PATSY, MITZI & MARGIE.
Keep the rhythm busy.

TESS, PATSY, MITZI & MARGIE.
Zoom, Zoom, Zoom—
Misery you got to go.

BOYS. Slap that bass—

GIRLS. Use it like a tonic.

BOYS. Slap that bass—

GIRLS. Keep your philharmonic.

COMPANY. Zoom, Zoom, Zoom—
And the milk and honey will flow!

BILLY & WYATT. Dictators would be better off
If they zoom-zoomed now and then!

GIRLS. Zoom, zoom, zoom!

BILLY & WYATT. Today you can see that the happiest men

GIRLS. Oh!

COMPANY. All got rhythm.

TESS, PATSY, MITZI & MARGIE.
In which case, if you want to bubble—

TESS, PATSY, MITZI, MARGIE & BOBBY. (*as Zangler*)
Slap that bass; slap away your trouble.

COMPANY. Learn to zoom, zoom, zoom—
Slap that bass!

Each group adds on to the last.

GROUP 1 (BOYS). Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

GROUP 2 (GIRLS). Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom.

GROUP 3 (BOYS). Zoodeldy doodledy boom, boom, boom, boom.

GROUP 4 (GIRLS). Boomity bangity zing, zing, zoom, zoom, zoom.

COMPANY.

(quietly) Boomity bangity zing, zing, zoom, zoom, zoom
(a little louder) Boomity bangity zing, zing, zoom, zoom, zoom
(loudest) Boomity bangity zing, zing, zoom, zoom, zoom!

Dictators would be better off
If they zoom-zoomed now and then;
Today you can see that the happiest men
All got rhythm!

*POLLY can't contain herself any longer and joins the song.
BOBBY smiles at her and then moves to dance right next to her.*

All got rhythm!
In which case,
If you want to bubble
Slap that bass,
Slap away your trouble,

Learn to zoom, zoom, zoom—
Slap that bass!

The number ends and EVERYONE hoots with triumph.

BOBBY. (as Zangler) Okay, vonce more from the top.

The COMPANY groans.

That was a joke! Lunch, lunch, lunch!!

*The COMPANY disperses except for BOBBY and TESS.
BOBBY and TESS are quietly talking as IRENE enters, carrying a suitcase.
BOBBY doesn't see her.*

IRENE. Excuse me. I'm looking for someone named Bobby Child.

*BOBBY turns and sees her, panics and looks around to make sure
they are alone. TESS exits the stage.*

BOBBY. (in his own voice) Irene, hi ...

IRENE. What are you doing?

BOBBY. Well, I-I-I-I'm putting on a show. I'm Bela Zangler.

IRENE. Why would you dress up like some idiot in the middle of Nevada ...

POLLY hurries back in and crosses to BOBBY.

POLLY. Mr. Zangler? (to IRENE) Hi. Excuse me. (to BOBBY, with adoration) I just gotta tell ya, I mean, what you're doin' here, it's like a miracle.

She hugs him.

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* Thank you ...

POLLY. I'll be back in a minute.

POLLY hurries off.

IRENE. I should have known.

BOBBY. Irene.

IRENE. You're doing this for her!

BOBBY. Not exactly—

IRENE. Bobby! I saw that revolting look in your eyes.

BOBBY. Irene—

IRENE. And I'm sure she'd love to hear all about the REAL you.

BOBBY. Hey. Come on! You wouldn't do that!

LANK enters.

LANK. Excuse me. Mr. Zangler?

LANK grabs BOBBY by the shirt-front.

Listen, you! I want you out of here on the next train!

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* You don't like show?

LANK. No I don't like show. And I don't like you hanging around my woman all day!
(pulls out a piece of paper) Read that.

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* It's a vedding license.

LANK. Have I made my intentions clear enough for you?

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* I guess so, but ... I just don't want to marry you.

LANK. That isn't funny.

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* Fine. Now leave my theater.

LANK. You haven't seen the end of me.

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* If it's like the front, I don't want to see it.

LANK starts to leave.

IRENE. (to LANK) Excuse me. You don't by chance have a hotel in this town?

LANK. (*sensing a rich customer*) Well. As a matter of fact, I own that beautiful hotel right next door.

IRENE. Good. Can you give me a room and a bath?

LANK. Madam, I can give you a room, but you'll have to take your own bath.

IRENE gives BOBBY a look and then exits with LANK, just as POLLY enters.

BOBBY. (*as Zangler*) Polly, I want to speak to you about Bobby Child.

POLLY. Oh, him.

BOBBY. (*as Zangler*) Polly, he is a wonderful boy. Handsome. Talented. Brave.

POLLY. I ain't even seen him for days.

BOBBY. (*as Zangler*) Polly, he has told me, he is ... crazy for you.

POLLY. Well, I can't help that. I'm already spoken for.

BOBBY. (*as Zangler*) You are?!

POLLY. Yeah. In my heart, anyways.

BOBBY. (*as Zangler*) It is that ... Lank person, ya?

No. 15

Embraceable You

(Polly, Bobby)

POLLY. It isn't Lank!

BOBBY. (*as Zangler*) Moose?

POLLY. You just don't understand anything, do ya?

Embrace me,
My sweet embraceable you.

BOBBY. (*as Zangler*) Uh oh.

POLLY. Embrace me,
You irreplaceable you.

BOBBY. (as Zangler) Polly, you are making big mistake here.

POLLY. Just one look at you—my heart grew tipsy in me.

POLLY strokes the side of his face. BOBBY stifles a scream as he makes sure his hat doesn't fall off.

BOBBY. (as Zangler) No no no no no no no!!

POLLY. You and you alone bring out the gypsy in me.

BOBBY. (as Zangler) That's because I am Hungarian.

POLLY. I love all
The many charms about you;

BOBBY. (as Zangler) I think ve gotta talk about this.

POLLY. Above all,
I want my arms about you.

BOBBY. (as Zangler) This is not vhat I vas planning.

POLLY. Don't be a naughty baby,
Come to Polly—Come to Polly—do!

POLLY & BOBBY. (as Zangler)
My sweet embraceable ...

BOBBY and POLLY look into each other's eyes and lean in as if they are about to kiss. As the music swells, BOBBY chickens out and runs offstage leaving POLLY alone.

BOBBY. (as Zangler) No!!

No. 16

Tonight's The Night (Part 1)

(Orchestra)

SCENE SIX

MAIN STREET, DEADROCK, NEVADA. It's the day of the show. The ENSEMBLE is milling about before they start to get ready for the show. SAM is perched on a roof, on the lookout for people coming from the train station.

PETE. Opening night! Gal-dern, this is fun! I ain't seen so much excitement around here since my horse foaled.

PATSY. Wow! It must be hard to fold a horse!

No. 17 Tonight's The Night (Part 2) (Ensemble)

ENSEMBLE. I've just got a feeling:
Tonight's the night!
Let's tear down the ceiling—
Tonight's the night!
Take the chain and ball off—
From now on I'm free;
This is where I fall off
The family tree.
There's no fun in being an angel child;
I hear the call of the wild.
If the worst should happen, it serves me right—
Tonight's the night!

POLLY hurries through the street. BOBBY (as himself) is pursuing her.

BOBBY. Polly, would you listen to me? It's about Zangler!

POLLY. That man is a do-er, Bobby. He has accomplished things.
He is just so full of energy and vision!

BOBBY. Polly, you are falling in love with the wrong man!!

(POLLY exits to the theater.)

Why am I so much better as Zangler?!

BOBBY exits into the hotel, passing TESS, who has entered from the hotel, pursued by LANK.

LANK. Tess, would you listen to me!

TESS. I'm not interested.

LANK. Three hundred dollars if you call off the show. Zangler will listen to you.

TESS. Keep your money, Lank.

LANK. All right, four hundred!

TESS. Invest in something. Start a ... casino.

LANK. Don't be stupid! Who would come to Nevada to gamble?!

TESS exits into the theater, passing IRENE, who has stormed on from the theater and now confronts LANK.

IRENE. Have you seen "Zangler?!" He's been avoiding me all day.

LANK. Madam, that is your problem.

IRENE. It's both our problems! If the show succeeds, you could lose Polly and I could lose Bobby.

LANK. Who's Bobby?

IRENE. Zangler!

LANK. "Bobby Zangler?"

IRENE. His name is "Child."

LANK. "Child Zangler?"

IRENE. No, you idiot! Zangler is Child!

LANK. Well, he certainly acts grown up.

SAM. Hold it everybody!! I spotted some people comin', straight from the station.

The ENSEMBLE bubbles with excitement to see the crowd.

IRENE. For goodness sake, you have to do something.

LANK. Would you stop nagging! I am not your husband!

IRENE. I did not come here to be insulted.

IRENE starts to exit to the hotel.

LANK. *(following IRENE)* Oh? Where do you usually go?!

POLLY. Where's Bela? He should be here for this! *(calling into the hotel)* Bela!!!

BOBBY hurries out of the hotel as ZANGLER.

BOBBY. *(as Zangler)* I was just upstairs, talking to Bobby. He is just so full of energy and vision. He is a do-er, Polly. He has accomplished things—!

SAM. Here they come!! They're roundin' the bend!!

A cheer from the ENSEMBLE. A beat, then for a moment, no one appears. Then from the desert, EUGENE and PATRICIA, a chirpy English couple stride into view.

EUGENE. Hallo.

PATRICIA. Good evening.

EUGENE. Is this Deadrock, Nevada?

WYATT. It sure is.

EUGENE. Jolly good.

PATSY. Where is everybody else?

PATRICIA. Everyone else?

POLLY. From the train!

PATRICIA. I didn't see anyone else on the train, did you, dear?

EUGENE. Oh, now wait. There was that rather older gentleman. We left the poor chap somewhere in the desert.

PATRICIA. Frankly, I'm not sure he'll make it.

PATRICIA and EUGENE laugh at this.

TESS. You mean there's just the two of you?

EUGENE. I'm afraid so. Is that a problem?

Stunned silence. Everybody just looks at each other.

POLLY. ... No. No, that's okay. I guess you want to buy your tickets now.

EUGENE. Tickets?

POLLY. To see the show!

POLLY points at the ENSEMBLE and they strike a pose.

ENSEMBLE Ta da!!!

PATRICIA. Oh, dear. I'm afraid we're not here to see a stage show.

EUGENE. You see, we're writing a sort of guide book to the American West.

PATRICIA. We hope to do a series of them.

EUGENE. (*extending a hand*) The name is Fodor. I'm Eugene. This is Patricia.

PATRICIA. We're here to review the "Lank Hawkins Hotel and Restaurant."

LANK immediately appears from the hotel.

LANK. Well, well, well! How do you do. Lank Hawkins. Proprietor of the said establishment.

PATRICIA. Oh, lucky us! Are we still in time for dinner, Mr. Hawkins?

LANK. Absolument. Bien Soor. (*he leads them into the hotel*) Entrez.

LANK looks back at BOBBY, smiles, and exits into the hotel. For a moment, there is dead silence.

BILLY. I can't believe it. After all that rehearsin'.

PATSY. Maybe some people are coming by car?

BOBBY. (*as Zangler*) I believe I owe you all a very big apology, ya? I put on show, raise your hopes, and do not sell for you a single ticket. (*to POLLY*) I am truly sorry.

BOBBY is heartbroken and heads for the hotel. TESS nudges POLLY to say something.

POLLY. Now wait a second! So what if you didn't sell any tickets? That doesn't mean we're a failure.

BOBBY. (*as Zangler*) In the theater business, it's a pretty good indication.

POLLY. Well, not out here it ain't. I mean, look at all you've given us. Just look around! Before you came along, we were nothin' but a bunch of ... lazy drifters. We didn't do anything! Then you showed up and ...

TESS. Something magical happened.

POLLY. Yes! We've been workin' together, and carin' about things and feelin' alive!

No. 18**I Got Rhythm**

(Polly, Tess, Patsy, Susie, Vera, Betsy, Billy, Wyatt, Pete, Bobby & Ensemble)

- POLLY.** Days can be sunny,
With never a sigh;
Don't need what money
Can buy.
- TESS.** Birds in the tree sing
Their dayful of song.
Why shouldn't we sing
Along?
- POLLY.** I'm chipper all the day,
Happy with my lot.
How do I get that way?
Look at what I've got:
- I got rythm,
I got music,
I got my man—
Who could ask for anything more?
- TESS.** I got daisies
In green pastures,
I got my man—
Who could ask for anything more?
- PATSY & TESS.** Old Man Trouble,
I don't mind him—
You won't find him
'Round my door.
- PATSY, TESS & POLLY.**
- I got starlight,
I got sweet dreams,
I got my man—
Who could ask for anything more—
Who could ask for anything more?
- SUSIE.** I got rhythm,
- BETSY.** I got music,
- VERA.** I got my man—
- GIRLS.** Who could ask for anything more?

BILLY. I got daisies

WYATT. In green pastures,

PETE. I got my gal—

BOYS. Who could ask for anything more?

POLLY & TESS. Old Man Trouble, **ENSEMBLE.** Ooh—
I don't mind him—
You won't find him, Ooh—
Hangin' 'round my front
Or back door.

BOBBY. (*as Zangler*)
I got starlight,
I got sweet dreams,

POLLY. I got my man—
Who could ask for anything more?

ALL. Who could ask for anything more?

Dance break. The COMPANY, led by POLLY, creates a percussion jam session.

ALL. Old Man Trouble,
I don't mind him—
You won't find him
'Round my door.

ENSEMBLE. I got rhythm, **POLLY.** Ah—
I got music,
I got my man/gal—
Who could ask for anything more?

I got daisies Ah—
In green pastures,
I got my man/gal—
Who could ask for anything more?

Dance break.

Who could ask for anything more?!

Actors playing percussion join in and play until end.

Who could ask for anything more?!

+

BOBBY *immediately runs offstage to the hotel. The rest of the*
COMPANY *all congratulate themselves on a job well done.*

POLLY. Good job everyone! Company meetin' in twenty minutes over at the theater.

The COMPANY begins to exit. EUGENE and PATRICIA cross over to LANK.

EUGENE. We have a bit of laundry for you. Will that be all right?

LANK. Laundry? No problem. Enchanté.

PATRICIA. And we'd like a wake-up call, please, at five a.m.

LANK. Five a.m.?!

EUGENE. We just love seeing the dawn breaking out here in the West.

LANK. Right.

PATRICIA. Jolly good job everyone!

EUGENE. Jolly good!

The FODORS exit to the hotel and LANK, grumbling, follows them.
BOBBY rushes onstage and crosses straight to POLLY.

BOBBY. *(he takes a breath – and almost kneels)* Polly, I've really thought about this, and ... well it could be my last chance and ... Polly, I want you to marry me.

POLLY. Bobby, the fact is, I'm in love with Bela.

BOBBY. Polly ... you're not going to believe this ... *(takes a deep breath)* I'm Bela Zangler.

POLLY. Huh?

BOBBY. I'm Zangler. Me. I'm him. You see, when you got so mad at me, that first day, I-I-I realized there was only one way I could help, so I called up Tess, and-and-and she brought the hat and glasses and ... that's who you fell in love with.

Pause.

POLLY. How can ya stand there and just lie like this?

BOBBY. Wait right here.

BOBBY runs back into the hotel as LANK enters, followed by IRENE.

IRENE. In case you're wondering, the coffee was cold, the food was inedible, and the cutlery was filthy.

LANK. Madam, if you don't like it here, I can show you the wide open spaces!

IRENE. I have no desire to look inside your head!

No. 19

Zangler Staggers In

(Orchestra)

LANK exits to the theater followed by IRENE. At this moment, ZANGLER staggers in down the road from the desert, parched.

ZANGLER. Vater ... vater ...

POLLY. (to Zangler) Hi Bela.

POLLY starts to cross to ZANGLER. TESS notices ZANGLER and cuts her off.

TESS. Bela! (crosses to him) What are you doing here? You could ruin everything!

ZANGLER. Tessie! I have come three thousand miles just to be with you!

BOBBY enters from the hotel, dressed as ZANGLER.

BOBBY. (as Zangler) Polly! Look! It's ... !

BOBBY runs straight into ZANGLER and the two of them bump heads. They bounce off each other and end up facing each other—standing as mirror images. Silence. The audience now sees the two ZANGLERS. They both do a series of movements at the same time as if they are looking in a mirror. They rub the bump on their heads, tilt their heads, lean in, wave a hand, and then shake a leg, both unsure if they are truly looking into a mirror or if the bump on their head is causing them to see things. They both shake their heads to clear out the cobwebs. BOBBY stops before ZANGLER does and they finally understand what is happening. Silence.

BOBBY. Hi, Bela.

He turns to look at POLLY and pulls off his hat and glasses.

Hi ... Well, I guess you believe me now, huh?

POLLY. (to BOBBY) You made a fool outta me.

ZANGLER. Who did?

TESS. Zangler.

BOBBY. No, he didn't.

POLLY. Of course you did.

BOBBY. I did not!

TESS. He really didn't.

ZANGLER. Maybe I did.

BOBBY & POLLY. Would you stay out of this?

BOBBY. Polly—!

POLLY. I have never been so humiliated in my whole life.

She exits to the theater and TESS chases after her.

TESS. Polly!

ZANGLER. Tessie!

ZANGLER chases after them, followed by BOBBY.

BOBBY. Polly!

Before BOBBY can make it offstage, IRENE enters from the theater and stops him.

IRENE. Bobby!

BOBBY. Irene!

IRENE. Are you ready to go now?

BOBBY. Irene, please, I don't have time.

IRENE. Well, make some time! I am your fiancée.

BOBBY. No, you're not.

IRENE. Bobby—!

BOBBY. Irene, I'm sorry. It's really over. I'm in love with Polly.

BOBBY exits toward the theater.

IRENE. Bobby!!

She turns and sees LANK enter from the theater.

Mr. Hawkins!!!

LANK. Something else you'd like to complain about?

IRENE. You are, without a doubt, the rudest, most uncouth, roughest man I have ever met. (*beat*) Marry me!!!

No. 20

Rhythm (Playoff)
(Orchestra)

SCENE SEVEN

STAGE OF THE GAIETY THEATER. Ten minutes later. The COMPANY is there. TESS is in front of the group.

TESS. We have to decide about the show. It's now or never.

BOBBY rushes in. Everyone looks at him.

Now I think Polly should be in charge of the meeting.

General agreement.

POLLY. I'd rather not.

BOBBY. But it's your theater.

General agreement.

POLLY. Kindly tell Mr. Child that he ain't involved in this without his hat and glasses.

BOBBY. Will somebody tell Miss Baker, please, that she happened to fall in love with that hat and glasses.

POLLY. I did not!!

BOBBY. Yes you did.

PATSY. Well, this is off to a good start.

POLLY. I ain't havin' this meeting with him here!

BOBBY. Well, you have to, because I'm not leaving. Look. The question is simple. We have two weeks left. Now, do we try the show again or don't we? I say we do. Tess?

TESS. Well. You all did so much work ...

PETE. To tell you the truth, I don't think I got the energy for it.

MITZI. It was kinda depressing, with only two people showing up.

MARGIE. And they didn't even come for the show.

POLLY. Well. I guess that, under the circumstances, we have no choice but to give it up.

BOBBY. We can try again! Polly, just look around! It's a theater. We can still bring it back to life!

Audience chatter. PATRICIA and EUGENE move to the front of the crowd.

EUGENE. Excuse me. May we say something?

PATRICIA. Eugene and I can see that you're all rather down in the dumps about this show of yours. But in our part of the world, we have a few sayings about this sort of thing.

EUGENE. Stiff upper lip.

PATRICIA. Carry on!

EUGENE & PATRICIA. Chin up!!

BOBBY. Stiff upper lip?

POLLY. Carry on?

EUGENE & PATRICIA. Chin up!!

No. 21

Stiff Upper Lip

(Patricia, Eugene, Bobby, Polly, Ensemble)

PATRICIA. Stiff upper lip!

EUGENE. Stout fella!

PATRICIA. Carry on,

EUGENE. Old fluff!

PATRICIA. Chin up!

PATRICIA & EUGENE.
Keep muddling through!

POLLY. Stiff upper lip?

BOBBY. Stout fellow!

EUGENE. When the going's rough—

PATRICIA. Pip-pip to Old Man Trouble

And a toodle-oo, too!

PATRICIA & EUGENE.

Carry on through thick and thin
If you feel you're in the right.
Let the fighting spirit win!

BOBBY, EUGENE, & PATRICIA.

Fight, fight, fight, fight, fight!

*BOBBY encourages everyone to sing and gets them all revved up again.
POLLY stands by, watching what BOBBY is accomplishing.*

ALL.

(except Polly) Stiff upper lip! Stout fella!
When you're in a stew—
Sober or blotto,
This is our motto:
Keep muddling through!

PART 1.

Carry on through thick
and thin
If you feel you're in the right.
Let the fighting spirit win!

PART 2.

Chin up!

Keep muddling through!
Chin up!

*POLLY understands now that it was BOBBY she was falling in love with
all along and she begins to sing along.*

ALL.

Fight, fight, fight, fight, fight!
Stiff upper lip! Stout fella!
When you're in a stew—
Sober or blotto,
This is our motto:
Keep right on muddling through!
Chin up!

BOBBY. So how do we vote? All in favor of trying the show again, say aye!

BOBBY, POLLY, TESS raise their hands.

BOBBY, POLLY, & TESS. Aye!

LANK. All in favor of forgettin' about it?

EVERYONE ELSE. Aye!

BOBBY. Wait a second. What happened to stiff upper lip?

*EVERYONE shrugs, grumbles and exits,
leaving BOBBY and POLLY alone onstage.*

BOBBY. Sorry.

POLLY. It ain't your fault ... entirely.

BOBBY. Well. So-long.

POLLY. Where are ya goin'?

BOBBY. Back to New York.

POLLY. You're leaving?

No. 22 They Can't Take That Away From Me

(Bobby, Polly)

BOBBY. Well, there's nothing to keep me here now, is there?

Pause.

POLLY. ... I guess not.

BOBBY. I guess not.

Pause. BOBBY extends his hand and they shake.

BOBBY. Thanks.

POLLY. What for?

BOBBY. The way you wear your hat,
 The way you sip your tea,
 The mem'ry of all that—
 No. No! They can't take that away from me.

 The way your smile just beams,
 The way you sing off key,
 The way you haunt my dreams—
 No, no! They can't take that away from me.

BOBBY & POLLY. We may never never meet again
 On the bumpy road to love.
 Still, I'll always, always keep
 The mem'ry of—

BOBBY turns and leaves.

POLLY. The way you hold your knife,
 The way we danced till three,

The way you've changed my life—
No, no! They can't take that away from me.
No! They can't take that away from me!

No. 23

Scene Change: New Promenade

(Orchestra)

SCENE EIGHT

*NYC. WINGS OF THE ZANGLER Theater. Six weeks later.
BOBBY is dressed as a banker carrying a stack of papers.
His MOTHER is next to him.*

BOBBY. “Event of Default is hereby defined as a breach of any affirmative or negative covenants contained in Article 5 hereof —”

MOTHER. We need Addendum A.

BOBBY. Addendum A.

He hands it to her.

MOTHER. We need Addendum B.

BOBBY. Addendum B.

He hands it to her.

MOTHER. We need Addendum C.

BOBBY. Addendum C.

He hands it to her.

MOTHER. Now where's the Appendix?

BOBBY. (*pointing to his stomach, trying to lighten things up*) I think it's about here.

MOTHER. Bobby, you have been back here for six weeks and you haven't learned anything.

BOBBY. I know.

MOTHER. Where's your head?

BOBBY. Deadrock.

MOTHER. Well, forget about her. (*holds up a document*) Happy Birthday!

BOBBY. A "Deed of Trust." Wow ...

MOTHER. It means you own the property.

BOBBY. What property?

MOTHER. This one. The Zangler Theater. You always wanted to dance onstage. Now you have a stage to dance on. It's your toy.

BOBBY. What happened to Zangler?

MOTHER. He couldn't meet the payments. Apparently he's wasting all his money on that silly theater in Nevada helping them put on a show. I understand he's doing it for some woman.

BOBBY. (*to himself*) He's doing it for Tess.

MOTHER. Shall we look around? (*no response*) Bobby?

BOBBY. (*longingly*) Polly ...

No. 24 Nice Work If You Can Get It

(Bobby, Follies Girls)

The FOLLIES GIRLS appear. BOBBY is in another one of his fantasies.

FOLLIES GIRLS. The man who lives for only making money
Lives a life that isn't necessarily sunny;
Likewise the man who works for fame—
There's no guarantee that time won't erase his name.
The fact is
The only work that really brings enjoyment
Is the kind that is for girl and boy meant.
Fall in love—you won't regret it.
That's the best work of all—if you can get it.

Holding hands at midnight
'Neath a starry sky ...

BOBBY. Oh, that's nice work if you can get it,

FOLLIES GIRLS. And you can get it—if you try.

Just imagine someone
Waiting at the cottage door,
(Waiting at the cottage door,)
Where two hearts become one ...

FOLLIES GIRLS & BOBBY.

Who could ask for anything more?

FOLLIES GIRLS. Loving one who loves you,
And then taking that vow ...

FOLLIES GIRLS & BOBBY.

Nice work if you can get it,

FOLLIES GIRLS. And if you get it—

BOBBY. Won't you tell me how?

FOLLIES GIRLS. And you can get it—if you try.
And you can get it—if you try.
And you can get it—if you try.

BOBBY realizes that even this theater can't replace POLLY. He rips the deed in half and rushes offstage with a new determination.

No. 25

Scene Change: After Nice Work

(Orchestra)

SCENE NINE

MAIN STREET, DEADROCK, NEVADA. Three days later. It is brighter and more prosperous than six weeks ago. There are café tables outside of the hotel with a new sign that says "Chez Lank." IRENE is sitting at one of the tables. LANK is cleaning the tables. The COWBOYS and the FOLLIES GIRLS are all hanging out on the street. POLLY rushes out from the theater, followed by ZANGLER.

ZANGLER. Miss Baker!

POLLY. I ain't goin' on!

ZANGLER. But you are the star of the show!

MOOSE. Polly. What happened?

POLLY. I want to go to New York and find Bobby.

MOOSE. You miss him that much?

POLLY. I do. (to SAM) Hey Sam, I need a ride to the station.

SAM. Sure ... but ain't you supposed to be onstage in a few minutes?

POLLY. I don't have time to argue. The train is at eight-o-five! We will just make it!

SAM. Okay.

*POLLY and SAM exit up the road toward the desert.
TESS enters from the theater with MITZI.*

TESS. Where is she?

MOOSE. She left for New York.

TESS. But we have a full house. Mitzi! Go inside. Get ready to do Polly's number.

MITZI. Yes ma'am!

ZANGLER. How can she do this to me? I spend all my own money! I lose my theater in New York.

BOBBY rushes down the street into Deadrock, having just missed POLLY.

MOOSE. Hi, Bobby.

EVERYONE. Hi, Bobby.

A beat, then—

BOBBY!!!

BOBBY. Where's Polly? I've got to talk to her. *(notices the changes)*
Holy cow! What happened around here?

ZANGLER. The Zangler Follies.

BOBBY. You paid off the mortgage.

TESS. We've have full houses for two weeks.

BOBBY. It worked. I accomplished something!!

MOTHER appears from the desert.

MOTHER. Bobby, show me this woman so I can go home!

BOBBY. I'll be right back.

*BOBBY rushes into the theater. TESS yells after him,
but he doesn't hear her.*

TESS. Bobby, she isn't here. She went ... !

IRENE *sees* MOTHER.

IRENE. Lottie?!

MOTHER. Irene, what are you doing here?!

IRENE. I live here. With my husband.

IRENE *blows* LANK *a kiss. He blows one back.*

MOTHER. This is so typical. You had every chance in the world to get Bobby—

IRENE. But you were against it.

MOTHER. It would have been better than some cowgirl!!!

POLLY *storms back onstage from the desert followed by* SAM.

POLLY. How could you run out of gas?

SAM. I'm sorry. I didn't plan it that way.

POLLY *storms off into the hotel. A beat, then:*

EVERYONE. POLLY!!!

EVERYONE *begins to rush toward the hotel.*

TESS. Wait a second! I have an idea!

EVERYONE *gets into a huddle so* TESS *can tell them the plan.*
Buzz buzz buzz.

GO!

MOOSE *runs into the hotel. EVERYONE scatters in different directions, hiding, leaving the stage empty. BOBBY enters from the theater and sees the street is empty. He crosses to the center of the stage.*

BOBBY. Hello? Where is everybody?

No. 26

Finale

(All)

TESS *appears near the front of the theater. BOBBY turns to face her.*
The ENSEMBLE slowly appears one by one, always keeping
BOBBY's focus away from the hotel door.

TESS. Drop that long face! Come on, have your fling!

ADD WYATT, BILLY, SAM & PETE.

Why keep nursing the blues?

ADD PATSY, ZANGLER, MITZI, MARGIE, BETSY, VERA & SUSIE.

If you want this old world on a string,

ALL. Put on your dancing shoes—
Stop wasting time!
Put on your dancing shoes—
Watch your spirits climb!

By this time, MOOSE has brought POLLY out from the hotel. He points to BOBBY who is facing the other way. POLLY slowly crosses to BOBBY, taps him on the shoulder. He turns, sees her.

POLLY. You wanna dance, Bobby?

BOBBY. ... Who could ask for anything more?

ALL. Who could ask for anything more?!!!!

No. 27

Bows/I Got Rhythm

(All)

POLLY & TESS. Old Man Trouble,
I don't mind him—
You won't find him
Hanging 'round my front
Or back door!

ENSEMBLE. Ooh—

Ooh—

BOBBY. I got starlight,
I got sweet dreams,

POLLY. I got my man
Who could ask for anything more?

ALL. Who could ask for anything more?!

Dance break. The COMPANY re-creates the percussion jam session.

Old Man Trouble,
I don't mind him—
You won't find him
'Round my door!

ENSEMBLE.

I got rhythm,
I got music,
I got my man/gal—
Who could ask for anything more?

POLLY. Ah—

I got daisies
In green pastures,
I got my man/gal—
Who could ask for anything more?

Ah—

Who could ask for anything more?!

Actors playing precussion join in and play until end.

Who could ask for anything more?!

CURTAIN

No. 28

Exit Music

(Orchestra)