

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!!