

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 Zangers!

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.