

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 vonderful 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?

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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.