

ACT ONE – SCENE 4

Street in front of the Zangler Theater, New York.

Six weeks later, about 6 o'clock in the evening. NEW YORKERS are passing to and fro. Then MOTHER and BOBBY enter, along with three members of Mother's BOARD OF DIRECTORS. BOBBY is wearing a banker's suit and is carrying a stack of unruly documents. As they enter, BOBBY is reading from the top document.

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

MOTHER. *(Interrupting)* We need Addendum A.

BOBBY. Addendum A. *(Hands it to Mother.)*

MOTHER. Addendum B.

BOBBY. Addendum B. *(Hands it to Mother.)*

MOTHER. Addendum C.

BOBBY. Addendum C. *(Hands it to Mother.)*

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. I didn't ask what's in it. What's it thinking??

BOBBY. Well. There's this girl ...

MOTHER. Not again.

BOBBY. It's the same one.

MOTHER. Well, forget about her! ...

And remember, Bobby, whoever you marry requires my prior approval.

(A beat, then) Now come over here. *(Holds up a document.)*

I have a little surprise for you. We foreclosed on another property.

(Hands the document to Bobby.) Happy Birthday.

BOBBY. Gee, I don't know what to ... *(Scanning the document; not enthused.)*

A "Deed of Trust." Wow ...

MOTHER. It means you own the property.

BOBBY. Great. Thanks.

BOBBY starts to pocket the lease. MOTHER sighs with frustration.

MOTHER. Aren't you going to ask me what property?

BOBBY. Okay. What property?

MOTHER. *(Indicating the Zangler Theatre.)* This one.

*Long pause. BOBBY looks at the theater;
then at MOTHER; then back at the theater.*

BOBBY. You're kidding.

MOTHER. *(Pleased with herself)* The Zangler Theater.

BOBBY. ... I own the theater.

MOTHER. It's all yours.

*Pause. BOBBY is stunned. His heart is racing.
He touches the side of the building. It's like a dream.*

BOBBY. Oh, my God...

MOTHER. You always wanted to dance on stage.
Now you have a stage to dance on. It's your toy.

BOBBY. Mother, you're wonderful!

*BOBBY takes off his overcoat and hat, then climbs
up the rain spout to the roof of the building.*

MOTHER. Be careful, dear ... Hopefully, this will keep you here in New York.

BOBBY. *(Calling out to New York and everybody in it)* It's mine! *(Laughs like a mad scientist.)*
The whole theater! Every single uncomfortable seat!

MOTHER. I thought you'd like it.

BOBBY. Like it? This is— *(BOBBY suddenly stops cold; a thought strikes him.)*
Wait a second. What happened to Zangler?

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

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

MOTHER. I don't know her name!

BOBBY. *(Suddenly feeling awful)* Oh, my God ...

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

BOBBY. ... I'll be right there.

MOTHER exits into the theater through the stage door with her DIRECTORS.

BOBBY. *(Hesitatingly)* Polly ...

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(Bobby & Five Follies Girls)

*FIVE FOLLIES GIRLS come from nowhere and start singing.
BOBBY is having a hard time following his fantasies. The girls are his conscience.*

THE GIRLS. The man who lives for making money
Lives a life that's necessarily sunny;
Likewise the man who works for fame—
There's no chance that time won't erase his name.
The fact is, the only thing that really brings enjoyment
Is the work that is for girls like you meant.
For we love—you won't regret it—
It's the best work of all—no man can get it.