

ACT ONE – SCENE 6

Stage of the Gaiety Theater, Deadrock, Nevada.

The scene begins in total darkness. Out of the void, we hear BOBBY'S voice.

~~BOBBY'S VOICE. Polly? ... Polly? ... Ow! (Bumps into something) Polly, where are you!?~~

Suddenly, the lights come up. POLLY is at the side of the stage, having just turned the lights on, and we see the theater for the first time. It's a masterpiece of Victoriana, covered with dust and a woeful state of disrepair. On the stage are a few old props and flats and a trunk of costumes. BOBBY looks around, dumbfounded.

BOBBY. Oh, my God, look at this place!

POLLY. (Proudly) It's somethin', huh?

BOBBY. It's incredible!

POLLY. When I was a little thing, I'd watch all the big shows. The lights, the music ...

BOBBY. I've never seen anything like it. 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. (Finding parts of costumes in the trunk) Look at this stuff!
Oh, my God! You can't let the bank take this place!

POLLY. How do you know about it?

BOBBY. Well, I-I-I-I couldn't help overhearing on the street, and ...

*Pause. BOBBY suddenly has a revelation.
He looks around the theater, then says quietly—*

Wait a second. I've got an idea!

POLLY. About what?

BOBBY. (Pulling on a costume jacket and grabbing a fedora) I know what to do!

POLLY. What the hell are you talkin' about?!

BOBBY. It's simple! All we have to do is 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. Right!

POLLY. Is everybody this stupid back East, or are you just special?

BOBBY. Well, why not?! Don't you ever go to the movies? Mickey Rooney does it all the time! ... Look. The guys in the bar can sing, I heard them! And-and-and I could bring dancers, from Zangler's Follies! They're my friends! They'd come in a second! They're on vacation!

POLLY. (*Suddenly excited*) ... Ya mean Bela Zangler?

BOBBY. Yeah.

POLLY. Dad's talked about him! Do you know him!?

BOBBY. Do I know him. Are you kidding me? 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?! I mean, if ya asked him!?

BOBBY. (*Nodding his head yes*) ... No. (*POLLY turns away, disappointed*) But we don't need him! I can do it, I promise! (*No answer*) Polly, please. Let me try it. I could accomplish something. And this theater, just imagine, giving it a whole new life!

POLLY. ... I guess we can try it.

BOBBY shouts with joy.

~~BOBBY. I'll call the girls first thing in the morning! Hey! Watch this!~~

BOBBY does a tap flourish---the same one he did for Zangler---and ends up with a slam literally nose-to-nose with POLLY.

~~POLLY. (*In pain*) ... You're standin' on my foot.~~

~~BOBBY. I'm sorry! Darn!~~

~~POLLY. That's okay. It sure is nice of you to help like this.~~

~~I mean we hardly know each other. (*Extending her hand*) I'm Polly Baker.~~

~~BOBBY. I'm Bobby Child.~~

A beat, then POLLY suddenly goes pale.

~~POLLY. What?~~