

# ACT ONE – SCENE 2

Street in front of the Zangler Theater, New York.

*Five minutes later. As the lights come up, BOBBY and some of the FOLLIES GIRLS are leaving the stage door in their street clothes. Also on the street is IRENE ROTH, dressed in fur, waiting for BOBBY.*

THOMAS: Hey, Bobby. Just forget about him.

PATSY: Better up! He's not worth it.

BOBBY. Well, now he had big feet.

IRENE. Hello,

BOBBY. *(Without turning, in the steely voice.)* Irene. Hi ...

IRENE. Say good-night to the ladies, Bobby.

BOBBY. Now we're second.

PATSY. Well, ya later.

TESS. I gotta go anyway. 'Night, Bobby.

THOMAS. Good-night, Bobby. Good night, c.)

*And the GIRLS are gone.*

IRENE. Bobby, it is time you gave up all this dancing nonsense and settled down!

BOBBY. Nonsense—!?!

IRENE. We have been engaged for five years. Now when are we getting married?!

BOBBY. We're not.

IRENE. Of course we are.

BOBBY. Oh no we're not!

IRENE. Don't be ridiculous. I have the wedding all planned.  
The guest list is up to nine hundred.

BOBBY. Great. Big crowd. You won't miss me.

*At this moment, ZANGLER exits from the stage door with  
TWO OF HIS LACKEYS. Simultaneously, a limousine starts to enter.*

ZANGLER. We start next week—

BOBBY. Mr. Zangler! I'm sorry about your foot—!

*ZANGLER turns to BOBBY—and almost gets run down by the limousine.*

ZANGLER. Moron!

*IRENE pulls BOBBY away, and ZANGLER exits down the street. The limousine pulls up, the CHAUFFEUR opens the back door, and BOBBY'S MOTHER gets out, followed by PERKINS, her assistant. BOBBY and IRENE don't see them.*

IRENE. Now I want you to promise me:  
from the day we're married, you will work in the bank.

BOBBY. But I don't want to work in the bank! That's my mother's idea! I mean, that's the trouble. Nobody in the theater takes me seriously! Well if my mother was here right now, you know what I'd say to her? Huh?! I'd say "Mother!!"

MOTHER. Yes, Bobby?

BOBBY. My God, you look well. The coat is just—

MOTHER. I knew I'd find you here.

IRENE. Lottie, dear, I am talking to Bobby.

MOTHER. Well, so am I!

IRENE. Then get in line!

MOTHER. Bobby, in the ten years since you left Harvard,  
you have accomplished nothing.

IRENE. He got engaged to me.

MOTHER. (To BOBBY) You have accomplished less than nothing.  
Now the Board of Directors and I have decided to give you one last chance.  
If you fail the bank this time, I will cut off your allowance.

IRENE. When he's married to me, he won't need an allowance.

MOTHER. No, he'll need a psychiatrist. ~~(To BOBBY) Now this is a deed of property.~~

PERKINS. We'd like it signed.

BOBBY. Do you have a pen?

MOTHER. ~~Now you, you idiot! By signing this, you're saying you agree to go to Nevada. I want you to go there immediately and sign it.~~

BOBBY. Nevada?!

PERKINS. It will save the bank quite a sum in foreclosure costs.

BOBBY. But who cares about money. I don't care about money.

MOTHER ~~grabs her heart.~~ PERKINS catches her.

BOBBY. I'm sorry, Mother, I'm sorry.

IRENE. I will go to Nevada over my dead body!

MOTHER. That sounds like an excellent route. Bobby, get in the car!