

~~CUSTOS. (To BOBBY) It's only an hour's walk from the junction!~~

The COWBOYS shake their heads and lope away—as EVERETT emerges from the saloon, fleeing from Lank Hawkins. LANK is an intense, usually manic fellow, blessed with a vision that no one else quite shares.

EVERETT. No no no no no. I can't let you have the theater, Lank.

LANK. I don't want you to "let me have it." I want to buy it!

EVERETT. Oh I wish you could have seen Polly's mother on that stage, standing there behind the footlights ...

LANK. Would you stop blathering, you pig-headed fool!

POLLY instantly appears on the balcony.

POLLY. Lank Hawkins! Don't you dare talk to my father that way!

LANK. (To POLLY) Okay! Okay... (Throws POLLY a kiss, and she exits; to EVERETT) Look. I'll make it simple. I ... own ... the saloon.

EVERETT. I know that.

LANK. Good. Now being a man of vision, I would like to expand the saloon in the direction of your theater, which, if you'll recall, was turned into a post office twenty years ago.

EVERETT. How I'd love to see a show in that theater again ...

LANK. Everett, it's not going to happen! In two thousand years, there has been one resurrection, and it wasn't a theater!! (LANK calms himself) Think of it, Everett. This could be a big town again! Shops and cafes! Sidewalks! We could have another ... Cleveland on our hands!

EVERETT. But it's such a nice town as it is...

LANK. Would you look around, for God's sake! Come here! Look! (Taking EVERETT on a tour of the street.) We have a town full of singing cadavers! (Kicking BOBBY with his toe) We have bodies lying in the streets! (Pokes EVERETT in the chest) We are the armpit of the American West!

POLLY storms out of the front of the theater. The moment she appears, BOBBY'S head goes up. He's transfixed and can't take his eyes off her.

POLLY. You listen to me, Lank Hawkins! If you ever yell at my father again, I'm gonna skin you alive, you hear me!!

LANK. If he doesn't sell it to me, the bank POLLY. He is my father and it is time you is going to take it anyway. show him a little respect!

LANK and POLLY freeze. Again, BOBBY is in his own world. Staring at POLLY in a cloud of adoration, he sings.

~~No. 4 Things are Looking Up~~

~~See p. 86~~

(Bobby)

BOBBY. Things are looking up!
I've been looking the landscape over
And it's covered with four-leaf clover.
Oh, things are looking up
Since love looked up at me.