

*But TESS and PATSY stop BOBBY from bothering ZANGLER just yet.  
A trumpet fanfare, the STAGE MANAGER takes Zangler's cigar, and  
ZANGLER sweeps onstage to make his curtain speech.  
ZANGLER raises his arms, and the "applause" dies down.*

ZANGLER. Ladies and gentlemen. Vell vell vell. My name is Bela Zangler.  
(Applause) Thank you for coming to Zangler Follies—our final  
performance of the season, and I hope you vill all be here in  
just eight weeks for vonderful new show!

*Wild applause as ZANGLER leaves the stage and the COMPANY bows begin.  
As soon as ZANGLER gets to the wings, BOBBY tries again.*

ZANGLER. Tessie!

BOBBY. Mr. Zangler, could I see you a min—

ZANGLER. I must talk now to dance director about  
very important professional matter!

BOBBY. Right.

*BOBBY moves away, and ZANGLER pulls TESS aside.*

ZANGLER. (Business-like) Tessie.

TESS. Yes, Mr. Zangler?

ZANGLER. Tessie, I love you.

TESS. Bela!—

ZANGLER. Vhat do you say ve have intimate supper?

TESS. I'm not hungry.

ZANGLER. Tessie, please! You make me crazy!

TESS. And how is Mrs. Zangler?

ZANGLER. I am sorry to say, she is in excellent health.

*TESS walks away.*

ZANGLER. Tessie!

*By this time the FOLLIES GIRLS are leaving  
the stage in a line, past ZANGLER.*

MITZI. Vacation!

FOLLIES GIRLS. (as each of them passes) Goodnight, Mr. Zangler.

*And at the end of the line is BOBBY.*

BOBBY. Hi, Mr. Zangler.

ZANGLER. Not you again.

BOBBY. I'm here to audition.

ZANGLER. Not now!

*ZANGLER starts to leave. By now, BOBBY and ZANGLER are alone onstage.*

BOBBY. Mr. Zangler! You don't understand.  
When I go to your office, they throw me out!

*Music fades out and pauses.*

ZANGLER. Good. I give them a raise.

BOBBY. Would you wait a second!

ZANGLER. Mr. Child. Why are you wasting my time?!

BOBBY. *(Indicating the theater around him)* Because this is my life! It's all I care about!

*(BOBBY'S convictions make even ZANGLER pause)* Now look, you're going to love this. I promise. Just—just—okay. Okay?

ZANGLER. ... Okay.

BOBBY. Should you hold this? Thanks. *(Hands ZANGLER his hat)* Here goes.

*BOBBY takes a breath—then launches into song in addition, dancing as he sings.*

BOBBY. ... me give you the lowdown:

*Orchestra accompaniment begins again under vocal.*

I'm k-r-a-z-y for you.

When I go to a show

I'm k-r-a-z-y for you.

And so, though you don't inspire my lingo,

Still, it's making me go "Bango! Bango!"

Let me give you the lowdown:

I'm k-r-a-z-y for you.

*Music pauses.*

Hold on, I'm finishing!

ZANGLER. *(Annoyed)* I'm holding, I'm holding.

*BOBBY does an elaborate tap routine, saying through it, "I'm k-r-a-z-y for you." ZANGLER pointedly looks at his watch. BOBBY finishes the routine with a slam, literally nose-to-nose with ZANGLER.*

*Orchestra short chord at finish of Bobby's song. Music then pauses again.*

BOBBY. ... what do you say to that?!

ZANGLER. ...

BOBBY. Huh?

ZANGLER. Foot ... are standing on me.

BOBBY. Oh, sorry...

ZANGLER. You are a moron.

*ZANGLER exits.*

BOBBY. Mr. Zangler! ... Let me tell you I'm an unknown, here in New York. A real star!

ZANGLER. Ya. You're an unknown in America!

*ZANGLER strides off, and BOBBY runs after him. As they exit, music picks up again for scene change and the set changes. Scene change music fades out and the set enters.*