

MIKE (Continued)

ALL THANKS TO SIS  
(NOW MARRIED AND FAT),  
I CAN DO THIS.

(Dance)

WHAT I CAN DO!  
I CAN DO THAT!

(Lights back up on LINE)

MIKE (Continued)

And then everybody started calling me "Twinkle-Toes."

(Music continues under:)

ZACH

Did that bother you?

MIKE

Naw, I figured let them say what they want.

ZACH

I don't buy that, Mike.

MIKE

(Shouting)

Well, sure it bothered me. I didn't want anybody calling me Twinkle-Toes just because I took a couple of dance lessons.

(Music fades out)

ZACH

Okay, Mike -- back in line.

(HE obeys)

ZACH (Continued)

Bobby, you're on.

BOBBY

START

(Stepping forward)

Well, actually, I don't

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INTRODUCTION "...AND..."  
(Orchestra Underscoring)

(MORE)

BOBBY (Continued)

know how I turned out as heavenly as I did. See, when I was five years old I was playing jacks -- and the car fell down on my head.

(The GROUP boos, groans, etc.)

GREG

Get the hook.

ZACH

Bobby, are you gonna do a routine?

BOBBY

No, no ... moving right along, moving along ... Let's see ... Do you wanna know about all the wonderful and exciting things that have happened to me in my life? Or do you want the truth?

ZACH

I'll take the truth.

BOBBY

Well, to begin with, I come from this quasi-middle-upper or upper-middle class, family-type-home. I could never figure out which but it was real boring. I mean, we had money -- but no taste. You know the kind of house -- Astroturf on the patio? Anyway my mother had a lot of card parties and was one of the foremost bridge cheaters in America. My father worked for this big corporation. They used to send him out into the field a lot -- to drink. Better that than to find him lying on his office floor ... But he was okay ... I was the strange one.

ZACH

How strange?

BOBBY

Real, real strange. I used to love to give garage recitals. BIZARRE recitals. This one time I was doing Frankenstein [cue for last measures of underscoring BAR 33] as a musicale and I spray-painted this kid silver -- all over. They had to rush him to the hospital. 'Cause he had that thing when your pores can't breathe ...

(Music starts under dialogue for next number)

(MORE)

BOBBY (Continued)

He lived 'cause luckily I didn't paint the soles of his feet and ...

(Lights dim on LINE leaving BOBBY in a dimmed spot continuing in pantomime his story)

7 "...AND..."  
(RICHIE, VAL, JUDY, BOBBY and COMPANY)

RICHIE

AND ...  
WHAT IF I'M NEXT?  
WHAT IF I'M NEXT?  
WHAT AM I GONNA DO?  
I HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE.  
I GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHING.

WHAT DOES HE WANT?  
WHAT DOES HE WANT?  
STORIES FROM THE PAST?  
I BETTER FIND ONE FAST!

(GROUP IN)  
MAGGIE, GREG, BEBE,  
RICHIE, VAL, PAUL

(Each in a Special "thought light")

WHAT SHOULD I SAY?  
WHAT CAN I TELL HIM?

(Light back up on LINE)

(Music continues under:)

BOBBY

As I got older I kept getting stranger and stranger. I used to go down to this busy intersection near my house at rush hour and direct traffic. I just wanted to see if anybody'd notice me. That's when I started breaking into people's houses -- Oh, I didn't steal anything -- I'd just re-arrange their furniture. ██████████

END

(Again lights on LINE dim except for specials on THOSE SINGING)