

INSPIRED PURPOSE



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(A beat begins as the house lights dim. CHICAGO PEOPLE enter, getting ready for a night out.)

MUSIC 1a - Footloose

KENZIE: BEEN WORKING SO HARD. I'M PUNCHING MY CARD
EIGHT HOURS, FOR WHAT? OH, TELL ME WHAT I GOT

AUDREY: BEEN WORKING SO HARD. I'M PUNCHING MY CARD EIGHT HOURS, FOR WHAT?

OTHERS: FOR WHAT? FOR WHAT? FOR WHAT? FOR WHAT? FOR WHAT?

JACEY: BEEN WORKING WAY TOO HARD. I'M PUNCHING THAT SAME CARD.
EIGHT HOURS BUSTIN' MY BUTT. OH, TELL ME WHAT I GOT?

KIDS: I GOT THIS FEELING THAT TIME'S JUST HOLDING ME DOWN

KENZIE/AUDREY/JACEY: I HATE THIS FEELING TIME IS HOLDING ME DOWN!

KIDS: I'LL HIT THE CEILING OR ELSE I'LL TEAR UP THIS TOWN.
TONIGHT I GOTTA CUT LOOSE, FOOTLOOSE,
KICK OFF YOUR SUNDAY SHOES.
PLEASE, LOUISE, PULL ME OFFA MY KNEES.
JACK, GET BACK, COME ON BEFORE WE CRACK.
LOSE YOUR BLUES, EVERYBODY CUT FOOTLOOSE.

(REN, a charismatic teen, breaks from the pack; he is surrounded by FRIENDS patting his back, shaking his hand, etc; they are in a dance club, shouting to be heard)

ROSS: Ren! Ren, hey Ren, I heard you're moving away.

PATRICK: Ren's leaving Chicago? *(To REN)* You're leaving Chicago?

REN: *(Playful)* That's right! I'm leavin' you clowns for the wide open spaces.

MARCUS: What he means is he's moving to some little hick town nobody's every heard of.

ROSS: Why would you do that?

REN: *(Defensive, good-humored)* Hey! People have heard of it!

MARCUS: Oh, yeah? What's the name of it?

REN: You can find it on any map.

PATRICK: What's the name of it?

REN: Folks are flocking there from all over.

MARCUS/PATRICK/ROSS: WHAT'S THE NAME OF IT?

REN: Bomont.

ALL: *(Turning, shouting)* Bomont? Where's Bomont?

KENZIE/AUDREY/JACEY: *(To REN)* YOU'RE PLAYIN' SO COOL, OBEYIN' EVERY RULE.
DIG WAY DOWN IN YOUR HEART. YOU'RE BURNIN' YEARNIN' FOR SOME...

ALL: SOMEBODY TO TELL YOU THAT LIFE AIN'T PASSIN' YOU BY

KENZIE/AUDREY/JACEY: LIFE AIN'T PASSIN' ME BY

ALL: I'M TRYIN' TO TELL YOU, IT WILL IF YOU DON'T EVEN TRY.
YOU CAN FLY! YOU CAN FLY! YOU CAN FLY!

KENZIE/AUDREY/JACEY: IF YOU'D ONLY CUT LOOSE

ALL: CUT FOOTLOOSE! (WHOA!)
CUT FOOTLOOSE! (AAWWW)
CUT FOOTLOOSE!

(The rhythmic pulse continues under as the lights shift. REN moves to his Mom, ETHEL MCCORMICK, packing. She is in her late 30's, still attractive but nervously troubled. Their relationship is playful, but respectful.)

REN: Mom! Where're you gonna put that? The back seat of the car is full! I can't close the trunk....

ETHEL: Ren, don't start! I don't want to move any more than you do.

REN: Then let's not go.

ETHEL: Look! I, too, wish your father hadn't left. I, too, wish that things could be the way they were...

REN: Okay, okay.....

ETHEL: And we both wish I could be one of those strong single mothers who suddenly becomes self-sufficient! But I'm not. *(Tongue in cheek)* Please feel free to disagree.

REN: We've got a ten-hour drive ahead of us. I'm sure I'll think of something.

(As REN and ETHEL 'leave Chicago,' the lights restore on stage.)

ALL: FIRST WE'VE GOT TO TURN YOU AROUND
SECOND THEN PUT YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND.
THIRD NOW TAKE A HOLD OF YOUR SOUL!
AAWWW....
LIFE KEEPS HOLDING ME DOWN! AHH....
EV'RYBODY CUT, EV'RYBODY CUT,
EV'RYBODY CUT, EV'RYBODY CUT,
EV'RYBODY CUT, EV'RYBODY CUT,
AH-AH-AH-AH...
AH-AH-AH-AH...

(The DANCERS spin off, revealing REVEREND SHAW MOORE - 40's. Vigorous, authoritative; he stands center stage listening to the sounds of a CHOIR warming up sweetly in the distance)

ACT ONE-SCENE 1B: in Church**MUSIC 1b - On Any Sunday****CHOIR:** AHHH...

ON ANY SUNDAY HERE WE'LL BE RAISING OUR VOICES IN HARMONY
 ONE DAY ONCE OUR TRIALS HAVE CEASED WE WILL BE RELEASED

SHAW: (*Heartfelt, conversational*) ON ANY SUNDAY, LORD I PRAY, TELL ME EXACTLY THE WORDS TO SAY.
 GIVE ME STRENGTH AND MAYBE THEN I CAN REACH MY FELLOW MEN.
 SO WE ALL MAY RISE AGAIN. THANK YOU, LORD, AMEN.

CHOIR: AH....

(*PARISHIONERS and KIDS enter church and take seats in the pews. REN and ETHEL enter; SHAW greets them.*)

SHAW: Welcome to Bomont! (*SHAW mounts to the pulpit*) Good morning!

PARISHIONERS: Good morning, Reverend!

SHAW: I took the long way to church this morning, down past the old creek. I heard birds chirping and our own choir warming up in the distance. I was reminded of a line from our great poet, Walt Whitman, who wrote, "I hear America singing." And I thought, "Aren't we the song to sing? Don't we lift our voices to tell the world who we are? And what we believe?" So I ask you this morning -- what song are you singing?

REN: (*Turning in his pew*) WE'VE ONLY BEEN HERE TWO DAYS AND ALREADY
 CHICAGO SEEMS A MILLION MILES AWAY.
 BUT WE WERE BARELY HANGING ON THERE, 'SPECIALLY WITH MY FATHER GONE.
 THERE'S NOT TOO MANY PLACES WE COULD STAY
 BUT MAYBE MOM CAN FIND A JOB THAT'S STEADY, AND MAYBE I CAN STAND IT FOR A YEAR
 AND MAYBE THINGS WON'T BE SO BAD AND MAYBE I WON'T MISS MY DAD
 AND MAYBE WE COULD START A NEW LIFE HERE.

PARISHIONERS: OOH, AH....START A NEW LIFE HERE! OOH! OOH! OOH! OOH!

SHAW: But if Walt Whitman were alive today, what song would he hear America singing? When I turn on television, all I hear is the music of easy sexuality and relaxed morals. I hear rock and roll and the endless chant of pornography. And I ask myself, "Why does our Lord allow this?" We know God has the power to turn all those records and books and videos into one big fiery cinder like...(Claps his hands before a sleeping boy)...that! (*The BOY startles awake*) But he doesn't. And why? Because God is testing us. He's watching to see whether we'll choose his path. And that is why, every day, we must ask ourselves: "Have I done the right thing?"

ETHEL/REN: HAVE I DONE THE RIGHT THING? PICKING UP MY LIFE, PACKING UP THE PAST.
 THAT'S ALWAYS FRIGHT'NING, HAVE I DONE THE RIGHT THING?

ADULT PARISHIONERS: THE RIGHT THING? THE RIGHT THING! WE STRIVE TO DO WHAT'S RIGHT!
 THE RIGHT THING! THE RIGHT THING! SIN IS A MATTER OF BLACK AND WHITE!

SHAW: This morning we welcome to our parish two new souls just arrived from Chicago. Ethel McCormack and her son...Ron, is it?

REN: (*Mumbles*) Ren.

SHAW: Huh? Speak up! Let the Lord hear your voice!

REN: *(Stands. Louder)* Ren.

CHUCK: *(Snidely mimicking)* "Ren!" *(Other KIDS snicker)*

REN: *(ignoring the jibe)* Ren McCormack.

SHAW: "Ren." Interesting name. Is that short for something?

REN: *(Cheeky)* Nope! *(Sits abruptly)*

KIDS: THERE'S RUMORS GOIN' ROUND ABOUT THE NEW KID
AND EVERYBODY'S TALKIN' TILL THEIR BLUE
CUZ YOU KNOW HOW A STRANGER IS - IF HE'S NOT DUMB, HE'S DANGEROUS
BUT EITHER WAY AT LEAST IT'S SOMETHING NEW.

SHAW: Now I invite you to join my wife Vi and our daughter Ariel in this morning's convocation.

(ARIEL and VI ascend to the altar and flank SHAW.)

SHAW/VI/ARIEL: GOD IS LOVE FOLLOW HIM AND NEVER ROAM
HE HAS MADE THE STARS ABOVE JUST TO LIGHT YOUR WAY BACK HOME.

SHAW: *(To the Congregation)* Everybody!

(ALL sing their respective sections in counterpoint)

REN/ETHEL: WE'VE ONLY BEEN HERE TWO DAYS AND ALREADY CHICAGO SEEMS A MILLION MILES AWAY
BUT WE WERE BARELY HANGING ON THERE, 'SPECIALLY WITH MY/HIS FATHER GONE
THERE'S NOT TOO MANY PLACES WE COULD STAY
BUT MAYBE MOM/I CAN FIND A JOB THAT'S STEADY
AND MAYBE I/REN CAN STAND IT FOR A YEAR
AND MAYBE THINGS WON'T BE SO BAD AND MAYBE I/REN WON'T MISS MY/HIS DAD
AND MAYBE WE CAN START A NEW LIFE HERE.

SHAW/VI/ARIEL: GOD IS LOVE FOLLOW HIM AND NEVER ROAM
HE HAS MADE THE STARS ABOVE JUST TO LIGHT YOUR WAY BACK HOME.

ADULT PARISHIONERS: THE RIGHT THING! THE RIGHT THING! WE STRIVE TO DO WHAT'S RIGHT!!
THE RIGHT THING! THE RIGHT THING! SIN IS A MATTER OF BLACK AND WHITE!
THE RIGHT THING! THE RIGHT THING! WE DO THE RIGHT THING!
WE STRIVE TO DO THE RIGHT THING!

KIDS: THERE'S RUMORS GOIN' ROUND ABOUT THE NEW KID AND EVERYBODY'S TALKIN' TILL THEIR BLUE
BUT EITHER WAY, IT'S SOMETHING NEW, EITHER WAY AT LEAST IT'S SOMETHING NEW.

ALL: ON ANY GIVEN SUNDAY MORNING HERE WE'LL BE RAISING OUR VOICES IN HARMONY
GATHERING TO JOIN THE FEAST ASKING NAUGHT BUT LORD, AT LEAST
WE PRAY THAT ONE DAY ONCE OUR TRIALS HAVE CEASED WE WILL BE RELEASED!

SHAW: Go in peace!

ACT ONE-SCENE 2: The Churchyard

(As the service ends, PARISHIONERS gather in small groups around the church. One group includes SHAW, VI, REN, ETHEL, and her sister and brother-in-law, LULU and WES.)

SHAW: Well, Mrs. McCormack, your sister has certainly been excited about your moving in with them.

ETHEL: Lulu and Wes have been my rock.

LULU: Oh, it's been no trouble. Ethel just moved right into the guest room.

SHAW: And Ren, where'd your uncle put you?

WES: *(Eagerly jumping in)* You remember my old tool-shop over the garage?.

VI: Wes, that place is a greasy dump.

LULU: Well, no more.

WES: Picture this: powder-blue wallpaper, chocolate brown carpet.

VI: Oh, no!

REN: *(Aside to VI, gravely)* Oh, yes. *(VI chuckles, sympathetic, then turns to ETHEL)*

VI: When will Mr. McCormack be joining us?

REN: Mr. McCormack won't be joining us.

ETHEL: My husband and I are separated.

REN: He ran off to find himself.

ETHEL: Ren, please!

(ELEANOR and COACH DUNBAR join the group.)

ELEANOR: Vi, Vi, I've made some of my Toll House cookies. Lulu, you taste one and you'll burn every recipe in your kitchen. *(She hustles LULU offstage; as she goes:)*

VI: Won't you join us, Mrs. McCormack? Eleanor wants to show us what heaven tastes like.

ETHEL: Call me Ethel. Please.

VI: Only if you call me Vi. *(They exit.)*

REN: *(To ETHEL)* Save me a cookie, Ethel. *(ETHEL'S look back to REN says, "Please behave!")*

SHAW: So, Ren, all set for school tomorrow?

WES: We took care of that last week. Coach here helped get him registered.

COACH: Reverend, did you hear that new English teacher is planning to introduce some vulgar modern novel into our American Lit course?

SHAW: "Slaughterhouse Five." Yes, Coach, I've received several calls.

REN: "Slaughterhouse Five?" *(To WES and COACH)* Cool book, cover to cover! *(To SHAW)* That's one awesome story! *(He stops, abashed)* "Slaughterhouse Five," right? It's a classic.

COACH: Do you read much?

WES: Well, Coach, maybe in another town it's a classic.

REN: In any town, Uncle Wes.

COACH: "Tom Sawyer" is a classic.

(ARIEL and RUSTY rush on.)

ARIEL: Daddy, excuse me, Rusty and the girls are going out for burgers tonight. Can I?

SHAW: Tomorrow is a school day.

ARIEL: Aw, Daddy...?

SHAW: Ask your mother.

RUSTY: *(Always speaking a mile-a-minute)* We already did, Reverend Moore, and she said it was okay with her if it was okay with you, so is it okay with you?

SHAW: *(Reacts to RUSTY's barrage)* Ten o'clock.

ARIEL: Ten o'clock.

RUSTY: Great sermon, Reverend.

SHAW: Thank you, Rusty.

RUSTY: And, oh! What you said about Walt Whitman and rock 'n roll and "listen to the music in your soul," and all that, I mean, I was like, "Who knew?"

SHAW: High praise, indeed. *(Turning to COACH and WES)* Gentlemen. *(They exit)*

ARIEL: I, on the other hand, thought my daddy was never going to shut up. *(She starts to peel off her Sunday best; she's under-dressed with sexier clothes.)*

RUSTY: Well, then, why don't you just talk to him?

ARIEL: Why? He never listens to me. And, anyway, I... *(She sees REN watching her and stops talking; beat)* Welcome to Bomont. *(Pause)*

REN: *(Like a drawling cowboy)* Howdy. *(His attempt at humor is met with blank stares; embarrassed, REN starts to go, but is stopped by URLEEN and WENDY JO as they enter)*

URLEEN: Ooooo! You are cute! Wendy Jo, isn't he cute?

WENDY JO: Uh-huh.

URLEEN: I bet he knows he's cute, doncha think, Wendy Jo?

WENDY JO: Uh-huh

(REN leaves)

URLEEN & WENDY JO: *(Calling after him, teasing)* Ouch! Oh, baby....! You got that sweet stuff....! *(Etc)*

RUSTY: *(Stopping them)* Hey! Put your tongues back in your mouths, and let's get outta here.

(The GIRLS start off in one direction, ARIEL in the other.)

ARIEL: See ya!

URLEEN: And where're you going?

ARIEL: Where do you think?

WENDY JO & URLEEN: *(They know)* Oooh.

ARIEL: And if the question ever comes up, I was with you guys all evening, right?

WENDY JO: Are you asking us to lie for you?

ARIEL: Yeah. *(The GIRLS look to each other, shrug.)*

RUSTY, URLEEN & WENDY JO: Okay. *(All exit, GIRLS one way, ARIEL the other.)*

MUSIC 2 - The Girl Gets Around

(The twang of electric guitars brings on CHUCK CRANKSTON and his buddies, TRAVIS and LYLE. ARIEL enters.)

ACT ONE-SCENE 3: Behind a Gas Station

CHUCK: Hey, good-lookin'. *(He and ARIEL kiss.)* Miss me?

ARIEL: You wish

(TRAVIS and LYLE, thuggish and grass-stained, approach)

TRAVIS: Hey, there, Ariel.

LYLE: How's it goin'?

ARIEL: *(Regards them)* Hey, Travis. Lyle. *(Gasps, turns to CHUCK.)* Oh dear. Did I interrupt your weekly poetry club meeting?

CHUCK: Very funny. *(He caresses her.)* So. Who was that new guy in church?

ARIEL: Who....? Oh, him. He's our new classmate. *(Playful)* A Chicago transplant with all the charm and sophistication that comes from living in a bustling metropolis.

CHUCK: Should I be jealous?

ARIEL: *(Teasing)* I'm counting on it. *(They grab each other and kiss.)*

LYLE: Hey, Cranston. Jus' what're you doin' with the preacher's daughter?

CHUCK: *(Singing)* ANYTHING THAT I WANT

TRAVIS: Oh, yeah? What does she get out of it?

CHUCK: EVERYTHING THAT SHE NEEDS *(ARIEL is suddenly proper.)*

ARIEL: Like you'd know.

CHUCK: WELL, SHE'D LIKE YOU TO THINK SHE WAS BORN YESTERDAY
 WITH HER INNOCENT LOOKS AND HER LITTLE TOWN WAYS
 WHEN SHE'S SMILIN' AT ME SHE'S GOT ANGELS IN HER EYES
 BUT I'VE SEEN HOW SHE MOVES AND THIS GIRL REALLY COOKS
 SHE TAUGHT ME SOME TRICKS THAT YOU CAN'T LEARN IN BOOKS
 AND I'M STARTIN' TO THINK SHE'S THE DEVIL IN DISGUISE.

CHUCK/TRAVIS/LYLE: THE GIRL GETS AROUND SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE LIKES

TRAVIS & LYLE: HUNH!

CHUCK:

TRAVIS/LYLE:

I GOT WHAT SHE NEEDS

NEEDS

JUST WAIT'LL TONIGHT!

JUST WAIT!

WE'LL BOTH MAKE OUR MOVES

MAKE OUR MOVES

CHUCK/TRAVIS/LYLE: YEAH, WE'LL COVER SOME GROUND

CHUCK: THE GIRL GETS AROUND, AROUND, AROUND, AROUND, AROUND, AROUND
 OH YEAH, THIS GIRL GETS AROUND

TRAVIS: Ariel, I swear. You're the most rebellious girl I've ever met.

ARIEL: Got a problem with that?

TRAVIS: Nuh-huh. I just wish you had a sister!

LYLE: Chuck is one lucky dude!

ARIEL: *(To TRAVIS and LYLE)* YEAH, HE LIKES TO PRETEND HE'S A MAN AMONG MEN
 BUT WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS, HE CAN'T COUNT TO TEN.
(To CHUCK) DON'T WORRY, BABY, YOU'RE SECRET'S SAFE WITH ME.

TRAVIS/LYLE: Busted!

ARIEL: AND HE BORES ME TO TEARS WITH HIS BEERS AND HIS BIKES
BUT I KEEP HIM AROUND CUZ WHEN TEMPTATION STRIKES
HE'S GOT A MOTOR, AND WE'LL GO ON A SPREE!

CHUCK/TRAVIS/LYLE: THE GIRL GETS AROUND

CHUCK: SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE LIKES

TRAVIS/LYLE: HUNH! SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE LIKES!

CHUCK/ARIEL: GOT WHAT YOU NEED

TRAVIS & LYLE: YEAH YEAH Y EAH YEAH

CHUCK: JUST WAIT'LL TONIGHT

ARIEL: MAYBE TONIGHT

TRAVIS/LYLE: WAIT'LL TONIGHT

CHUCK/ARIEL/TRAVIS/LYLE: WE'LL BOTH MAKE OUR MOVES YEAH,
WE'LL COVER SOME GROUND THE GIRL GETS AROUND
AROUND AROUND AROUND AROUND AROUND
THE GIRL GETS AROUND
AROUND AROUND AROUND AROUND AROUND
OH MAN, THIS GIRL GETS AROUND! *(ARIEL jumps into CHUCK's arms as SHAW enters)*

SHAW: Ariel? *(ALL freeze. CHUCK puts ARIEL down.)*

CHUCK: Evening, Reverend.

SHAW: *(To ARIEL)* I went to The Burger Blast. Your friends suggested I might find you here.

CHUCK: We were just on our way. *(Pause. SHAW nods, unconvinced, then offers a sweater to ARIEL.)*

SHAW: Your mother thought you might be cold.

(A chilly pause. ARIEL takes the sweater. SHAW exits. TRAVIS and LYLE call after him.)

TRAVIS/LYLE: Evening, Reverend.

(ARIEL's good mood evaporates; as she exits, the BOYS tease her, singing.)

MUSIC 2a - After "Girl"

CHUCK, TRAVIS & LYLE: THE GIRL GETS AROUND AND SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE LIKES
I GOT WHAT SHE NEEDS JUST WAIT'LL TONIGHT
THE GIRL GETS AROUND, AROUND, AROUD, AROUND
OH MAN, THIS GIRL GETS AROUND!

ACT ONE-SCENE 4: A High School Hallway

(STUDENTS cross on their way to class. REN crosses to ARIEL, who enters with RUSTY.)

REN: Hey! Ariel? Right?

ARIEL: Yeah. So?

REN: I'm Ren. Ren McCormack? We met after church? Is this a small world or what? I'm your new classmate.

ARIEL: *(Mimicking him)* "Howdy!"

RUSTY: Girl, leave that poor boy alone!

(They leave, joining WENDY JO and URLEEN on their way. REN, in embarrassment, turns and bumps into WILLARD HEWITT, a hayseed in a hat.)

WILLARD: Hey, mister, you bumped me!

REN: Sorry.

WILLARD: Don't you ever look where you're goin'?

REN: I said I was sorry.

WILLARD: Hey! You're that new guy from Chicago, ain'tcha?

REN: Perhaps.

WILLARD: Wise guy huh? Listen, fella, around here, you push somebody...they push back. Next thing you know, you got... *(Gets confused, forges ahead)*...two people pushing. Get it?

REN: Got it. Lemme ask you something. They sell men's clothes where you got that hat?

WILLARD: *(Suspiciously)* What is that, some kind of stupid joke?

REN: No. That's a really good joke.

WILLARD: That's it, man. I'm gonna kill you! *(He raises his dukes to REN, who throws himself at WILLARD's fists.)*

REN: Oh, please! Kill me!

WILLARD: *(pulls away, startled)* Huh?

REN: Kill me! KILL ME! That's the most exciting thing I've heard since I hit town! *(sticks out his hand)* Ren McCormack. And you are?

WILLARD: *(Wary)* Willard. Willard Hewitt.

REN: Willard, what do you do around here for a good time.

WILLARD: Uhh... sometimes we go cow tippin'.

REN: Yeah... Besides that. Do you have any clubs?

WILLARD: Nope.

REN: What about movies?

WILLARD: Nope.

REN: What about malls?

WILLARD: Nope.

REN: What about...

WILLARD: Nope. Nope. And nope. *(Pause)* We do have the Bowl-A-Rama down by the interstate.

MUSIC 3 - I Can't Stand Still

REN: Wow. I really admire you. I could never do what you guys do around here.

WILLARD: Yeah? What do we do?

REN: Nothing!

I NEVER WALK WHEN I CAN RUN, I DON'T BELIEVE I EVER COULD.
PEOPLE TRY TO SLOW ME DOWN, SAYIN', "BOY YOU REALLY SHOULD
KICK BACK AND CHILL." BUT I CAN'T STAND STILL!

WILLARD: I can see that. *(WILLARD tries to get away. REN won't let him leave.)*

REN: I CALLED THE DOCTOR, HE SAID, "SON, I CANNOT OFFER YOU A PILL."
SO I NEVER FOUND RELIEF AND NOW I'VE GOT TO MOVE UNTIL
I'VE HAD MY FILL. I CAN'T STAND STILL!

WILLARD: Around here we walk. *(Other STUDENTS filter in to observe this scene)*

REN: BACK WHERE I COME FROM, LIFE'S NEVER HUMDRUM
I WISH I COULD TAKE YOU THERE.
OH, WE HAD THE WORLD AT OUR FEET, LIFE WAS SWEET
AIN'T NO DOUBT, GRAB A SEAT, CHECK IT OUT! *(He does a few dance moves)*

WILLARD: You're gonna last about five minutes in this town.

REN: OH, I THOUGHT IT WOULD NEVER END, BUT I LOST IT SOMEHOW, WOULD YOU LOOK AT ME NOW
I'M TRYIN' HARD TO TONE IT DOWN, GOTTA WATCH MY P'S AND Q'S
MAYBE LOOK BEFORE I LEAP, AND THEN I THINK, "HEY, WHAT'S THE USE?"
AIN'T DONE IT YET AND I CAN'T FORGET HOW IT FEELS WHEN YOU DANCE 'TIL YOU DROP
SO DON'T EVEN START TO SUGGEST THAT I STOP I NEVER WILL
I CAN'T STAND *(A la James Brown)* NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO

WILLARD: No, no, no, no...!

REN: Then somebody kill me cuz--
I CAN'T STAND STILL!
NO! NO! NO.....NO!

(As the number ends, PRINCIPAL CLARK enters.)

PRINCIPAL: Young man! Young man! What do you think you're doing?

REN: I was just telling Willard about Chicago. *(PRINCIPAL is stone-faced.)* Yeah, Chicago...y'know?...that toddlin' town?

PRINCIPAL: That's not what it looked like.

REN: What? Oh, that? I was just showing him some steps. Stuff we used to do at the clubs.

WILLARD: *(Frantically)* Don't....don't....!

REN: What? "Don't" what? You mean this? *(REN dances a few deliberately goofy steps.)*

PRINCIPAL: Mr. McCormack!

WILLARD: *(Under his breath)* Oh no.

PRINCIPAL: There's no dancing allowed here!

REN: What?

WILLARD: Listen to the man.

REN: Oh. Sure. Oops. School property. Not supposed to have any fun.

PRINCIPAL: That sort of remark may pass for wit in Chicago, but here we speak simply. Let me make this as clear as I can; there is absolutely no dancing of any kind allowed at any time anywhere within the town limits of Bomont. *(REN starts to speak)* Ever.

(REN laughs. No one else does.)

REN: No, seriously. *(To the KIDS)* He's kidding, right? *(No one reacts)* Okay. I got it. The joke's on the new kid. Ha-ha.

PRINCIPAL: *(To WILLARD)* Mr. Hewitt! Would you inform your friend?

WILLARD: It's against the law.

REN: Dancing? Get out!

WILLARD: Shut up. *(To PRINCIPAL)* Mr. Clark, sir, Ren is very sorry. He was ignorant of our local law, and I will inform him of his ignorance.

PRINCIPAL: And I will see both of you in my office after school. *(The bell rings. No one moves.)* I'm sure we all have places to be.

(STUDENTS disperse and PRINCIPAL exits. RUSTY grabs WILLARD.)

RUSTY: Omigosh, Willard! The way you spoke to Principal Clark! Wow...that's like, the longest sentence you've ever made!

WILLARD: Pwshhtaww

(WILLARD, flustered and embarrassed, exits. ARIEL walks past REN, playfully chucks him under the chin and mimics the PRINCIPAL)

ARIEL: Chin up....Mister McCormack. *(She chuckles, exits. URLEEN, WENDY JO and RUSTY surround REN.)*

URLEEN: It's such a turn-on, watching a guy fly in the face of authority. Isn't it, Wendy Jo?

WENDY JO: Uh-huh.

REN: Was he serious?

WENDY JO: Serious as a heart attack.

REN: Dancing is against the law?

RUSTY: Has been for five and a half years. Ever since the accident.

REN: What accident?

RUSTY, WENDY JO & URLEEN: *(Surprised he doesn't know)* The Potawney Bridge Accident! *(REN shrugs)*

WENDY JO: You've never heard of the Potawney Bridge Accident?

REN: If I had, would I be doing this? *(He shrugs again, more exaggerated than last time.)*

RUSTY: Well! Ladies, should I take this one?

WENDY JO: Please.

URLEEN: Be my guest.

RUSTY: There were these four kids we all grew up with. And they were driving back from a big dance over in Baylor County. Now, maybe it was the rain that night, maybe they were being a little wild, but somehow they lost control of the car. It skidded across the bridge, crashed through the railing, and fell thirty-five feet into the Potawney River.

REN: Yikes. Did anybody survive? *(RUSTY shakes her head "no.")* Oh, that's awful.

RUSTY: Yeah. And when the sheriff's office published the autopsy report there was alcohol and marijuana in their blood. Well, everybody in town went nuts.

URLEEN: And that's when Reverend Moore got so righteous. He started blaming anything and everything....liquor, drugs, rock and roll...

REN: And dancing?

URLEEN: You got it.

RUSTY: He convinced the Town Council that it was all a sin and... *(Snaps her fingers)* ...just like that, they passed this law.

REN: Wait. Reverend Moore has that kind of power?

RUSTY: Reverend Moore?

URLEEN: He is the power.

WENDY JO: He's the law.

REN: Man. How can you stand to live like this?

URLEEN: Practice. Years of practice.

RUSTY: It's not like Chicago. It must be so cool to live in a city where you can walk down the street and get mugged by people you don't even know.

REN: Yeah, I miss that. I thought living in a small town was going to be perfect, like one big happy family.

RUSTY: Let me tell you about that famiy.

(She checks behind herself to make sure nobody's listening.)

MUSIC 4 - Somebody's Eyes

RUSTY: There's tongues wagging every time you make a move.

URLEEN: There's fingers pointing every time you turn around.

WENDY JO: There's heads shaking the minute you cross the line.

RUSTY: And there's eyes everywhere.

CAREFUL WHAT YOU DO SOMEONE'S ON TO YOU CAREFUL WHAT YOU DO

URLEEN: CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY CUZ YOU'RE ON DISPLAY EVERY NIGHT AND EVERY DAY

RUSTY: SOMEBODY'S HIDING IN THE GREAT UNKNOWN

RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN: UH-HUH

RUSTY: AND EV'RY TIME YOU THINK THAT YOU'RE ALONE

URLEEN/WENDY JO: HAH!

RUSTY: SOMEBODY'S EYES ARE WATCHING

URLEEN: SOMEBODY'S EYES ARE SEEING YOU COME AND GO

WENDY JO: SOMEBODY'S OUT THERE, WAITING FOR THE SHOW

RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN: YOU'VE GOT NO DISGUISE FROM SOMEBODY'S EYES

REN: Thanks for the advice. But it's not going to get to me.

URLEEN: Gets to everybody.

REN: You don't know me.

RUSTY: You don't know Bomont.

(As the number continues, TOWNSPEOPLE fill the stage and frame the following vignettes)

ALL: SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY'S EYES, WHOA, OH
SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY'S EYES, WHOA, OH

(A COP steps out of the crowd, writing a ticket for REN.)

COP: You're gonna have to learn that in Bomont, a stop sign means stop.

REN: I thought I did.

COP: And that radio music of yours was blasting pretty loud.

REN: Oh. So you pulled me over because my music's too loud.

COP: Hey! Watch that attitude, boy.

(CHUCK, LYLE and TRAVIS enter.)

CHUCK: Book 'im, Jim!

COP: This a friend of yours, Chuck?

CHUCK: The city kid? I wouldn't let him pet my dog.

(CHUCK, LYLE and TRAVIS howl with laughter and exit. REN watches them go.)

REN: *(To COP, sarcastically cheery)* They seem nice.

(Stone-faced, the COP slaps a ticket in REN's hand.)

URLEEN: CAREFUL HOW YOU SPEAK, TURN THE OTHER CHEEK, BE CAREFUL HOW YOU SPEAK

WENDY JO: THINK A NAUGHTY THOUGHT AND IF YOU GET CAUGHT
WELL, THEN, BOY, YOU'VE BOUGHT A LOT OF TROUBLE

RUSTY: SOMEWHERE THERE'S SOMEONE WITH A PERFECT VIEW

RUSTY/URLEEN/WENDY JO: YOO-HOO!

RUSTY: AND THEY'RE JUST DYIN' FOR A LITTLE PEEK-A-BOO

URLEEN/WENDY JO: BOO!

RUSTY/URLEEN/WENDY JO: SOMEBODY'S EYES ARE WATCHING
SOMEBODY'S EYES WILL NEVER CLOSE, NEVER SLEEP
SOMEBODY'S AFTER THE SECRETS THAT YOU KEEP
WHO'S GOT ALIBIS FROM SOMEBODY'S EYES?

(The Principal's Office. COACH DUNBAR drags REN in before the PRINCIPAL. With him are TRAVIS and LYLE in wrestler's outfits.)

COACH: Principal Clark, this boy turned my wrestling practice into a brawl!

LYLE: Yeah!!

TRAVIS: Yeah!

REN: *(To TRAVIS)* Oh, I suppose my nose just slammed into your fist!

LYLE/TRAVIS/REN: That's bull...! You started it....! It was you....! Hey...!

COACH: Hey! That's enough! *(To REN)* My boys know the difference between a wrestling match and a street fight.

REN: *(Snide)* Oh, really, Coach? A wrestling match is usually one-on-one.

PRINCIPAL: That is enough out of you! This is the third time in as many weeks that you've been dragged into my office. I'm suspending you from the wrestling team. Indefinitely.

ALL: SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY'S EYES WHOA-OH
SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY'S EYES WHOA-OH

(The Warnicker Home. REN is standing before WES, LULU, and ETHEL.)

WES: Do you know how hard it was for me to get you that job at Dillingham's Hardware Store? It's not even a month and you get fired!

LULU: Every day it's more bad news with you. Every day.

ETHEL: Lulu, don't exaggerate.

WES: Ethel, now hush! You're not helping things.

ETHEL: Ren? What did happen?

REN: Nothing I should be fired for! Willard came by the store, and he wanted change of a dollar, so I popped open the register. And when Mr. Dillingham came out and saw my hand in the drawer, he went crazy. He accused me of stealing.

LULU: That's because everything you do makes people suspicious.

WES: Are you on drugs?

REN: No! But why don't you frisk me? I'm sure you've already poked through everything in my room.

ETHEL: Ren, apologize to your uncle.

WES: Look, young man, I know I'm not your father...

REN: You can say that again!

(WES slaps REN. LULU gasps.)

ETHEL: Wes!

WES: Don't say anything, Ethel.

ETHEL: I can't not say anything. I don't know how to do that, Wes.

LULU: Pumpkin, hush, please!

ETHEL: Wes, I realize that we are guests in your home....

WES: Ethel! *(That stops her)* Right now, just don't say anything!

(ETHEL bites her lip, the ADULTS disperse.)

URLEEN: *(To REN)* NEVER LAUGH TOO LOUD, NEVER LEAVE A CROWD

WENDY JO: NEVER DRESS RISQUE, OR YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY

RUSTY: IF YOU'VE EVER HAD ANYTHING TO HIDE THINK TWICE BEFORE YOU STEP OUTSIDE

URLEEN & WENDY JO: STEP OUTSIDE

RUSTY, URLEEN & WENDY JO: SOMEBODY'S EYES ARE WATCHING
SOMEBODY'S EYES ARE FOLLOWING EV'RY MOVE
SOMEBODY'S WAITING TO SHOW THEY DON'T APPROVE

URLEEN: NOTHING SATISFIES

URLEEN/RUSTY: SOMEBODY'S EYES

WENDY JO: AIN'T NO ALIBIS

WENDY JO/URLEEN: IN SOMEBODY'S EYES

RUSTY: YOU'VE GOT NO DISGUISE

RUSTY/URLEEN/WENDY JO: FROM SOMEBODY'S EYES

TOWNSPEOPLE: SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY'S EYES WHOA-OH
SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY'S EYES WHOA-OH

(EVERYONE exits, leaving only...)

RUSTY/URLEEN/WENDY JO: WHOA-OH

(The Moore home appears. ARIEL runs on with CHUCK. He is all over her, as she pushes him away, laughing)

ARIEL: Chuck! Stop! I don't want to be late!

CHUCK: What's a few more minutes?

RUSTY/URLEEN/WENDY JO: WHOA-OH

ARIEL: My dad is still not crazy about my seeing you.

CHUCK: Well, tell him to get used to it.

ARIEL: You tell him!

CHUCK: *(Teasing)* I will! *(He starts toward the Moore home)* Reverend Moore....

(Giggling, ARIEL catches his arm and pulls him back.)

ARIEL: Maybe not right now. I'm not in the mood for one of his sermons. *(She kisses CHUCK.)* 'Bye now.

(ARIEL runs to the door, CHUCK hasn't left. She whispers:) Go! Go home! *(CHUCK struts away)*

RUSTY/URLEEN/WENDY JO: WHOA-OH

(As they exit the music segues into...)

ACT ONE SCENE 5: The Moore Home

(A piece of classical music plays softly in the background. SHAW is writing, VI prepares dinner. ARIEL pulls herself together, dashes in and kisses SHAW on the cheek)

ARIEL: Hi, Daddy. Mom.

VI: Are you hungry?

ARIEL: I'm starving. *(She listens to the music.)* A-ha. What's this? Don't tell me- Haydn. The Second Sonata?

SHAW: The fourth.

ARIEL: Number four, right. I guess that kind of music's okay, huh, Daddy?

SHAW: Meaning...?

VI: She's just making a joke, Shaw.

SHAW: I'm aware of that, Vi. *(to ARIEL)* This "kind" of music is uplifting. It doesn't confuse the mind.

(Not wanting to get drawn into a discussion, ARIEL, changes the subject.)

ARIEL: Are you working on your sermon?

SHAW: I am.

ARIEL: Remember when I was a kid? On Saturdays, I would sit in a pew down front and listen to you practice. Over and over.

SHAW: I do indeed.

ARIEL: And then I would clap. And you would bow. Remember?

SHAW: Well, you seem to have outgrown that.

VI: Shaw!

ARIEL: What just happened? Did I say something wrong?

VI: Your father's had a difficult day.

SHAW: Vi, I can speak for myself.

VI: *(to ARIEL)* Honey, why don't you set the table.

ARIEL: I'm not really hungry. *(She leaves. VI looks to SHAW.)*

VI: Shaw, if you're angry with Ariel, please tell her why.

SHAW: I'm not angry. I'm concerned.

VI: Then get to the point. You two speak and nothing gets said.

SHAW: Have you seen her with this Chuck Cranston? The last time I walked in on the two of them...

VI: You told me.

SHAW: The boy has a record of arrests, VI.

VI: And the more you object, the more intrigued she's going to be.

SHAW: So I should hold my peace?

VI: I do. And I pray that her infatuation with Chuck Cranston lasts no longer than mine with Elliot Criswell.

SHAW: Elliot Criswell was not an overheated delinquent.

VI: Oh, he most certainly was!

SHAW: This is not funny.

VI: I'm trying to lighten the mood.

SHAW: Well, I can't. I'm frightened about where Ariel is, what she's doing...

VI: You can't expect her to sit home with us.

SHAW: Let's stop this conversation right here.

VI: Conversation?

SHAW: Vi...

VI: I seemed to have walked in on one of your sermons.

SHAW: Please! Let's not say anything we might regret.

(He goes. Leaving VI alone.)

MUSIC 5 - Learning To Be Silent

VI: SWALLOWING MY WORDS, STARING AT THE FLOOR
COUNTING LITTLE CRACKS IN THE TILE, STRUGGLING TO SMILE WITHOUT CHOKING
LEARNING TO BE SILENT.

(ETHEL enters in her own space and sings:)

ETHEL: WATCHING HOW THE DUST, DANCES OUT THE DOOR
NOTICING MY HANDS START TO SHAKE, CONTEMPLATING TAKING UP SMOKING
LEARNING TO BE SILENT.

VI/ETHEL: ALWAYS HEARING

ETHEL: "HUSH ETHEL!"

VI: "PLEASE, VI!"

VI/ETHEL: "LET'S NOT HAVE THIS CONVERSATION."

ETHEL: AND SO I STAND BY WHILE MY MIND TAKES A SMALL VACATION.

VI/ETHEL: LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA; LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA

VI: MAKING LITTLE SOUNDS OTHER FOLKS IGNORE

ETHEL: QUIETING THE BEAT OF MY HEART
NEVER BEING PART OF THE MOMENT

ALL: LEARNING TO BE SILENT.

VI: LEARNING THERE ARE SOME TOPICS THAT WE DON'T EVEN MENTION

ETHEL: AND IF THEY COME UP, THEN WE TRY TO BE VAGUE

VI: THERE ARE SUBJECTS FROM WHICH WE DIVERT ALL ATTENTION

ETHEL: AND SOME WE AVOID LIKE THE PLAGUE

ALL: I'M BECOMING A MIME

ETHEL: BITING MY TONGUE.

VI: BIDING MY TIME

ETHEL: TRYING NOT TO SCREAM

VI: TRYING NOT TO SCREAM

ETHEL: MANAGED IT BEFORE

VI: MANAGED IT BEFORE

ALL: KNOWING IF I'M GOING TO SURVIVE THEN, UGH!

ETHEL: I'VE GOT TO PRACTICE

VI: PRACTICE

BOTH: LEARNING... *(They "zip" their lips.)* HM...HM...HM...

(Lights fade on the WOMEN.)

MUSIC 5A - Scene Change to Burger Blast

ACT ONE-SCENE 6: The Burger Blast

(ARIEL, WENDY JO, RUSTY, and URLEEN are at a table doing homework.)

RUSTY: Ariel, this book report you wrote is so great! I almost wish I'd read the book.

URLEEN: Hurry up, Rusty. I have to copy it next.

RUSTY: *(Holding up a sheet of paper.)* How do you pronounce this word?

ARIEL: "Camelot"

URLEEN: Really?

ARIEL: Really.

RUSTY: You what part sounds great?

WENDY JO: I like the part where King Arthur and Lancelot fight over Guinevere. It's right after Mordred shows up and says, "I'm the king! I'm the king!" *(She stops, realizing they are staring.)* What?

URLEEN: You read a book?!

WENDY JO: Cliff Notes. It took me forever.

ARIEL: It's even better in the book. There's all these knights on horseback jousting and storming the castle.

RUSTY: All we get are guys in overalls riding pickup trucks.

(WILLARD enters.)

WENDY JO: Hi, Willard.

WILLARD: Hi. How're y'all doing?

ALL: Oh.... You know... Okay... Good... etc

WILLARD: Hey, Rusty.

RUSTY: Hey, Willard.

(RUSTY and WILLARD share a long silence; then:)

WILLARD: Well, See ya. *(He scambles over to a table by himself. The GIRLS turn on RUSTY.)*

URLEEN: "Hey, Willard?" That's it?

WENDY JO: You two are pathetic.

ARIEL: When are you two going to have a real conversation?

RUSTY: Oh, Willard is not capable of a real conversation. *(Beat)* I kinda like that in a guy.

(REN skates up in a Burger Blast uniform and hat, silly and outrageous.)

WENDY JO: Hey, Ren, how's the new job?

REN: Well, I haven't been fired and it's already my second day.

ARIEL: You may have found your future.

REN: I may have. What can I get you?

RUSTY: Diet Coke.

URLEEN: Diet Coke.

WENDY JO: I'll have a Hula Burger Double Patty Cheese Melt with extra mayo and an order of fries. And a diet coke.

REN: And Ariel? What's your pleasure?

ARIEL: It's not on the menu.

(The GIRLS scream and slap her five with ad libs of "Ouch!" "Girlfriend!" "You go, girl!" as REN skates over to WILLARD and the lights shift.)

WILLARD: If Chuck sees you flirting with Ariel, you are a dead man.

REN: She usually doesn't even remember me.

WILLARD: Well, that uniform makes you look like such a pipsqueak, it's easier to pick you out.

REN: You are always looking for a fight, aren't you?

WILLARD: Mama says it's my nature.

REN: Willard, shut up and tell me what you know about Ariel.

WILLARD: Well, I know she's been kissed a lot.

REN: And...?

WILLARD: And she is onto you like a hog on slop!

REN: Get outta here!

WILLARD: Ariel likes trouble. And you have definitely proved to everybody in this town that you are T-R-U-B-L.

(The lights shift back to the GIRLS.)

ARIEL: Come on! I was only teasing him.

RUSTY: That's more than teasing. Ren is from out of town and don't tell me that doesn't curl your toes.

WENDY JO: You want out of Bomont so bad, I bet you memorize bus schedules.

URLEEN: You told us that you read just to escape to other worlds.

ARIEL: Exactly! In books, I get to meet guys who amaze me.

WENDY JO: What about Ren?

ARIEL: What about him?

RUSTY: He's sorta smart.

URLEEN: He's kinda tall.

WENDY JO: And I think he's handsome.

ARIEL: Cute, maybe.

URLEEN: But can he really compete with Chuck Cranston, the rugged, dangerous high school dropout-slash-drug dealer who was recently evicted from a trailer park? I don't think so.

(The GIRLS giggle, and the lights shift back to REN and WILLARD.)

REN: What's the deal with you and Rusty?

WILLARD: Beats me. I think she's good-looking and all. But I never know what the heck she's talking about. She talks faster than any girl I ever met.

REN: That's cuz she likes you!

WILLARD: *(Thrilled)* Y'think!?

MUSIC 6 – Holding Out For a Hero

RUSTY: If I could only find a guy who'd make the first move.

URLEEN: If I could only find a guy who - when he went to kiss me goodnight - he'd take the toothpick out of his mouth.

WENDY JO: If I could only find... a guy.

ARIEL: WHERE HAVE ALL THE GOOD MEN GONE, AND WHERE ARE ALL THE GODS?

RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN: Yeah!

ARIEL: WHERE'S THE STREET-WISE HERCULES TO FIGHT THE RISING ODDS?

RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN: I'D LIKE TO KNOW

ARIEL: ISN'T THERE A WHITE KNIGHT UPON A FIERY STEED?
LATE AT NIGHT I TOSS AND I TURN...

RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN: I TOSS AND I TURN, OOH-OOH-OOH

ARIEL: AND I DREAM OF WHAT I NEED.... I NEED A HERO

(The stage turns into a rock concert fantasy.)

RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN: DOO DOO DOO DOO; DOO DOO DOO DOO; DOO DOO DOO DOO; AHH! AHH!

ARIEL: SOMEWHERE AFTER MIDNIGHT IN MY WILDEST FANTASY
SOMEWHERE JUST BEYOND MY REACH THERE'S SOMEONE REACHING BACK FOR ME

RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN: DOO DOO DOO DOO

ARIEL: RACING ON THE THUNDER
AND RISING WITH THE HEAT
IT'S GONNA TAKE A SUPERMAN
TO SWEEP ME OFF MY FEET

RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN: DOO DOO DOO DOO
DOO
DOO DOO DOO
AHH

ALL: I NEED A HERO

ARIEL: I'M HOLDING OUT FOR A HERO TIL THE END OF THE NIGHT

WENDY JO: HE'S GOTTA BE STRONG

URLEEN: AND HE'S GOTTA BE FAST

RUSTY: AND HE'S GOTTA BE FRESH FROM THE FIGHT

ALL: I NEED A HERO!
I'M HOLDING OUT FOR A HERO TIL THE MORNING LIGHT
HE'S GOTTA BE SURE, AND IT'S GOTTA BE SOON, AND HE'S GOTTA BE LARGER THAN LIFE

ARIEL: LARGER THAN LIFE!

RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN: DOO DOO DOO DOO; DOO DOO DOO DOO; DOO DOO DOO DOO; AHH! AHH!

ARIEL: UP WHERE THE MOUNTAINS MEET THE HEAVENS ABOVE

WENDY JO: OUT WHERE THE LIGHTNING SPLITS THE SEA

ALL: I COULD SWEAR THERE IS SOMEONE SOMEWHERE WATCHING ME
THROUGH THE WIND AND THE CHILL AND THE RAIN
AND THE STORM AND THE FLOOD
I CAN FEEL HIS APPROACH LIKE A FIRE IN MY BLOOD
LIKE A FIRE IN MY BLOOD; LIKE A FIRE IN MY BLOOD
LIKE A FIRE IN MY BLOOD; LIKE A FIRE IN MY... AHH! AHH!

I NEED A HERO!
I'M HOLDING OUT FOR A HERO TIL THE END OF THE NIGHT
HE'S GOTTA BE STRONG AND HE'S GOTTA BE FAST
AND HE'S GOTTA BE FRESH FROM THE FIGHT

I NEED A HERO!
I'M HOLDING OUT FOR A HERO TIL THE MORNING LIGHT
HE'S GOTTA BE SURE AND IT'S GOTTA BE SOON
AND HE'S GOTTA BE LARGER THAN LIFE
LARGER THAN LIFE

(As the song ends, their fantasy dissolves and they return to The Burger Blast.)

RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN: DOO DOO DOO DOO; DOO DOO DOO DOO; DOO DOO DOO DOO; AHH! AHH!

ALL: I NEED A HERO!

(We hear CHUCK'S truck screech up; ARIEL panics, jumps up.)

ARIEL: Oh, no! What time is it?

RUSTY: Eight-thirty. Why?

ARIEL: Oh no! I'm late. Chuck's gonna lose it.

(CHUCK storms in, furious.)

CHUCK: Ariel! Where have you been? We had a date half an hour ago!

ARIEL: Chuck, I'm sorry.

CHUCK: I don't like you making a fool out of me.

RUSTY: And why would you? You do such a good job of it yourself.

CHUCK: Shut up, Rusty.

(REN skates over to CHUCK)

REN: Will you be joining these ladies for dinner?

(CHUCK turns to REN, looks him up and down, then contemptuously pushes him backward. REN rolls away slowly. CHUCK grabs ARIEL by the arm and pulls her to one side.)

CHUCK: When I say “meet me at eight,” what am I - talking to myself?

ARIEL: No, you’re right. Calm down, Chuck.

CHUCK: Don’t tell me to calm down! Don’t - ever - tell me what to do! *(Glances at RUSTY, WENDY JO and URLEEN)*, I know what your friends think of me. And that’s crap. I’m the best party in this town, baby, and those three dogs oughta be tied up under the porch. Let’s go.

ARIEL: No.

CHUCK: Get in the truck.

ARIEL: No!

CHUCK: Excuse me?

ARIEL: I said, “No.” What part of that don’t you understand?

CHUCK: *(fondles her)* Oh, when the preacher’s daughter says “no”, it just makes me hot. Say it again, baby.

ARIEL: Leave me alone, Chuck. Don’t!

REN: I believe the lady said, “No.”

CHUCK: And I believe this is none of your business.

ARIEL: Ren, don’t...

CHUCK: Ariel, who invited this clown?

REN: Oh, I’m sorry! We’ve never been formally introduced. *(Extends his hand at CHUCK’s eye-level.)* Ren McCormack.

CHUCK: Get your hand outta my face. And get your face outta my sight.

(CHUCK smacks REN’s hand away; WILLARD leaps up.)

WILLARD: Hey, Chuck! You looking for a fight? Let’s party!

REN: Willard! Willard, don’t lose me this job...!

WILLARD: Aw, man, let me nail him! I’ll nail him...!

(CHUCK and WILLARD have a small match which REN tries to subdue. OTHERS join in. BETTY BLAST, owner of the diner, rolls on carefully, wearing a Burger Blast uniform. She’s too old to skate but too ornery to admit it.)

BETTY: Hey... hey... HEY! *(EVERYONE stops)* We got a problem here?

REN: Not at all, ma’am. Me and the guys were just discussing the comfort and safety of one of your valued customers.

(ARIEL AND THE GIRLS chuckle; CHUCK turns on ARIEL.)

CHUCK: What? You think that's funny?

BETTY: Cranston! Your pick-up truck is in the handicapped parking, which is a space we reserve for people with physical, not emotional, disabilities.

(CHUCK, humiliated, has no graceful way out.)

CHUCK: You haven't seen the last of me, McCormack.

(He shoves REN as he exits.)

WILLARD: Can I please kick him in the nuts?!

BETTY: Willard! What's that your mama says? "Before you make a fist, make sure it's your fight."

WILLARD: Yes ma'am.

BETTY: Well, this is not your fight. Now, don't the rest of you have a curfew? *(We hear CHUCK's truck varoom away as the CROWD disperses. ARIEL lingers.)* And McCormack?

REN: *(Expecting the worst.)* I know, ma'am. I'll turn in my skates.

BETTY: Listen to me. I'll see you here after school tomorrow.

REN: Really? So I'm not fired?

BETTY: Not yet. Now, gimme a push, honey.

REN: Yes, ma'am. *(She crouches, arms extended; REN gives her a shove and BETTY glides offstage.)*

BETTY: Thank you!

(REN and ARIEL are left alone. REN takes off his skates.)

ARIEL: You are either very brave or very stupid.

REN: Which do you think?

ARIEL: *(a beat – thinking)* I haven't made up my mind.

REN: Thank you...?

ARIEL: You know, Chuck's not going to forget this. He holds onto grudges... *(aside)* like every man I know.

REN: Huh? *(didn't hear the last part.)*

ARIEL: *(Changing the subject.)* Nothing. Wanna see something?

REN: Don't you have a curfew?

ARIEL: *(Mock serious.)* Ooh, you're right! *(Scoffs)* Please. My daddy invented it. But don't you think rules are made to be broken? Come on!

ACT ONE-SCENE 7: THE GREAT PLAINS OF BOMONT

(SOUND CUE: A train whistle approaches then fades as ARIEL pulls REN along. As the whistle gets louder, ARIEL wails, long and loudly, joining her voice with the whistle as it races by and fades.)

ARIEL: Aah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h!!!

REN: What are you doing?

ARIEL: I'm answering the train. I'm saying, "I can't wait for the day when I get onboard and leave Bomont!" Try it!

REN: No, thanks. I just ate. You are really something.

ARIEL: Whaddya mean?

REN: I mean the whole package. Minister's kid, Chuck Cranston's girlfriend.

ARIEL: Guilty.

REN: Just a church goin' gal with some killer red cowboy boots.

ARIEL: My daddy hates me wearing these boots.

(REN sits on the ground; ARIEL eventually sits nearby.)

REN: And you love that, don't you. Getting up in his face?

ARIEL: That way he'll notice when I'm gone.

REN: Where're you gonna go?

ARIEL: College, for starters. I've applied to some places my daddy doesn't even know about. I wanna speak five languages and see the world. He wants me to teach English Lit in Baylor County. *(beat)* They don't even speak English in Baylor County.

REN: I can't picture you as a teacher.

ARIEL: Thank you. Neither can I. I'll leave that to my daddy.

REN: He's a preacher, not a teacher.

ARIEL: When you're good at it, it's the same thing. And he used to be real good.

REN: What changed?

ARIEL: His mind. He closed it.

REN: I noticed.

ARIEL: He used to be so open, so inspiring. I've seen him give people hope when hope was gone. I've watched him change lives.

REN: If you love him so much, why do you wanna tick him off?

ARIEL: I didn't say I love him.

REN: Boy, do I know what you mean. My dad...*(REN shakes his head.)*

ARIEL: Yeah, what happened there?

REN: He walked out. One day he just walked out the door. No good-bye. Nothing.

ARIEL: Whew. I bet you've got lots to say to him.

REN: Lots.

ARIEL: Like what?

REN: *(Suddenly self-conscious.)* No, I couldn't...

ARIEL: Tell it to the train. I do.

(REN considers her suggestion. Then, in imitation of ARIEL's earlier wail, he yells toward an imaginary train.)

REN: Aah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h! How can you be so stupid to leave Mom and me? I... hate... you!

(Spent, he drops to the ground near her; neither speaks.)

MUSIC 7: The Plains of Bomont

ARIEL: Feel better?

REN: I'm not sure. *(Their faces are close)*

ARIEL: Do you wanna kiss me?

REN: *(Startled, amused.)* Someday.

ARIEL: "Someday". What do you mean, "Someday?"

REN: I've got a feeling you've been kissed a lot. I'm afraid I'd suffer by comparison.

ARIEL: You don't think much of me, do you?

REN: Oh. I think of you more than I expected. *(beat)* C'mon. I'll walk you home.

MUSIC 7A: Scene Change ("Somebody's Eyes")

(CHUCK enters and spies on REN and ARIEL as they walk. RUSTY, WENDY JO, and URLEEN enter elsewhere.)

RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN: SOMEBODY'S EYES ARE WATCHING.
SOMEBODY'S EYES ARE FOLLOWING EVERY MOVE
SOMEBODY'S WAITING TO SHOW THEY DON'T APPROVE

(The GIRLS exit.)

ACT ONE-SCENE 8: The Moore Home

(VI, ELEANOR, COACH DUNBAR, and PRINCIPAL CLARK sit around the kitchen table playing cards. SHAW peers out a window.)

COACH: Okay, let's see... Harry, you owe Eleanor...

ELEANOR: ... seventy five cents. *(To SHAW)* And Reverend, you owe me a buck and a quarter.

SHAW: *(Turning from the window.)* Eleanor, why is it that my prayers always seem to fail me at the bridge table?

(EVERYONE laughs. Just outside, REN resists as ARIEL drags him into the house.)

ARIEL: No, c'mon! Just say "hello" to everybody. *(REN and ARIEL enter the room; the ADULTS all stop.)* Hi! You all know Ren McCormack. Daddy - Ren.

REN: Hey! Reverend Moore! How's it goin'? Principal Clark - Coach Dunbar!

ARIEL: Hi, Mrs. Dunbar.

REN: Mrs. Moore.

VI: Welcome, Ren.

REN: Whoa! Poker night! Cool!

COACH: Ariel! All this time we thought you were upstairs in your room.

PRINCIPAL: Doing your homework.

SHAW: *(Genial, but pointed)* It's hard to impose a curfew on the young people of my congregation when I can't seem to enforce one in my own home.

REN: Well, what's that old expression? "It's the shoemaker's children who always go barefoot."

(No one laughs; suddenly ELEANOR gasps and glances at her wristwatch.)

ELEANOR: Oh, will you look at the time!

(The ADULTS abruptly stand and exit. VI walks them out. REN stays behind with ARIEL and SHAW.)

REN: Boy, I can sure empty a room.

SHAW: It's a rare talent.

REN: I'm gonna take that as a compliment.

SHAW: *(With a smile)* Oh? I can assure you, it was not meant that way.

(REN mimes being impaled in the chest by an arrow.)

REN: THHHWUMP! *(Mimes pulling out the arrow.)* Arrrgggh! *(Offering it to SHAW)* I believe this is yours.

(SHAW is not amused; ARIEL tries to rescue the moment.)

ARIEL: Ren! Thanks for... you know..

REN: Walking you home?

ARIEL: Yeah. That, too.

(As REN starts out, he turns to SHAW one more time.)

REN: Well, Reverend. This was fun, doncha think?

(SHAW stares. After an uncomfortable pause, REN ducks out.)

MUSIC 7B: Somebody's Eyes Reprise

(RUSTY, WENDY JO, and URLEEN enter.)

RUSTY/URLEEN/WENDY JO: SOMEBODY'S EYES ARE SEEING YOU COME AND GO

(REN joins VI outside.)

REN: Boy, I really blew it in there, didn't I?

VI: *(Amused)* Yeah. You did.

REN: I get nervous, I go crazy, and I always end up putting my foot in my mouth.

VI: Your mother said you were good at it, but I had no idea. *(They share a small laugh.)*

REN: G'night, Mrs. Moore.

VI: Goodnight. *(REN runs off. VI re-enters the house.)*

RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN: SOMEBODY SOMEBODY SOMEBODY SOMEBODY'S EYES

(TRAVIS, LYLE, and CHUCK enter, observing REN's departure.)

CHUCK/LYLE/TRAVIS: WHOA-OH!

I'M GONNA PUNCH OUT SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY'S EYES

(They pull ski masks over their faces as they race after REN.)

RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN: WHOA-OH

(They exit as VI observes SHAW and ARIEL.)

SHAW: I don't want you to see him again.

ARIEL: Ren? Why? Just because he hasn't lived in this town his whole life?

SHAW: That's not it. But, clearly the boy has no respect for authority. And everyone tells me he's a troublemaker.

ARIEL: Who's "everyone?" (*Refers to the card table.*) The Bridge Club?! Gimme a break!

SHAW: Ariel! What am I going to do with you?

ARIEL: Me? Daddy, lately all you do is look for the worst in people and then, of course, you find it.

SHAW: My, my, where did that come from?

ARIEL: From you, Daddy! Today's sermon is: the world is evil, and Ariel has to be locked away in a tower.

SHAW: That's a little melodramatic, don't you think?

ARIEL: No, I don't. Daddy, you make me feel like a prisoner. And I hate it! I just hate it!

(ARIEL exits; SHAW notices that VI has slipped in and observed this fight.)

SHAW: Someone's got to put a foot down.

VI: I didn't say anything.

(She exits. Frustrated and agitated, SHAW sings:)

MUSIC 8: Heaven Help Me

SHAW: I DON'T ENJOY BEING HER JAILER; I DON'T RELISH TELLING HER "NO!"
 BUT THEN I THINK - WHAT IF I FAIL HER? HOW CAN I JUST LET HER GO?
 I STRIVE TO BE A GOOD PREACHER; I TRY NOT TO GO OVERBOARD
 BUT THEN I THINK - IF I CAN'T REACH HER, HOW CAN I FACE MY LORD?
 HEAVEN HELP ME SHOULDER MY LOAD. EVERYDAY'S A STRUGGLE, STILL,
 SOMEONE'S GOT TO TAKE THE HIGH ROAD. IF I DON'T, WHO WILL?
 I BECAME A MAN OF GOD TO DO HIS WORK, TO SPREAD HIS WORD.
 TO EASE SOME PAIN AND DRY SOME TEARS. THAT WAS THE PLAN.
 BUT I MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT TWICE IF ONLY I KNEW THAT
 I'D SPEND ALL OF MY TIME SAYING "AINH, AINH, AINH, NO NO NO! DON'T DO THAT!"
 SEE, EVERYONE PRAYS FOR SALVATION. I'M HAPPY TO GIVE THEM THE TOOLS.
 THE PROBLEM IS - HERE'S MY FRUSTRATION - NOBODY WANTS TO HAVE RULES.
 SO HEAVEN HELP ME WITH MY LABORS,
 HOW CAN YOU EXPECT ONE MAN TO SAVE HIS FAMILY AND HIS NEIGHBORS?
 HEAVEN HELP ME. OH HEAVEN HELP ME. IF HEAVEN CAN'T, WHO CAN? *(He exits.)*

MUSIC 8A: On Any Sunday March

ACT ONE-SCENE 9: The High School Gym/The Church

(KIDS are in the middle of gym class. WILLARD and ARIEL enter with REN; he has a bandage above his blackened eye, and one hand is wrapped.)

COACH: *(Blowing his whistle)* McCormack! You and your friends are late.

ARIEL: Coach, Ren is hurt. Look at his eye!

WILLARD: *(Holding up Ren's hand)* And his hand! He's all banged up.

REN: It's nothing. I was just...

COACH: Please! Don't waste your breath or my time with another lame excuse.

ARIEL: It's not an excuse! After Ren walked me home last night, some guys jumped him.

WILLARD: They just started wailing on him! There was like, six of them!

REN: Willard! Willard, it was three guys.

COACH: Anybody you know?

REN: Well, I didn't take names, if that's what you mean.

ARIEL: They were wearing masks.

COACH: McCormack, it seems that when you're not making trouble, it finds you anyway. *(Turning to ARIEL)* And Ariel, I would encourage you to stay away from this guy. I've been asked to keep my eye on you and...

ARIEL: Oh! My father called you. Surprise, surprise.

COACH: ... and if you cooperate, it will make all of our lives much easier.

REN: Gee, if my daddy makes a phone call, will you get offa my back?

COACH: That mouth of yours is probably what made your daddy walk out in the first place.

(REN starts to lunge at COACH; before he can connect, WILLARD grabs him.)

WILLARD: Count to ten, man! Mama says just count to ten. *(REN stops struggling.)*

COACH: You'd be wise to take your friend's advice. *(Turning to ARIEL)* Ariel, get back to practice. *(To REN)* And McCormack. Get down and give me thirty.

REN: *(Holds up his bandaged hand.)* You're joking!

COACH: You're right. Make it fifty.

(A few KIDS notice this.)

WILLARD: He's not faking, Coach. He's really hurting.

COACH: Thank you for your diagnosis, Dr. Willard. You can give me fifty as well. *(Some of the GUYS laugh; to EVERYONE.)* As a matter of fact, you can all give me fifty. Courtesy of Mr. McCormack. *(EVERYONE grumbles.)* Just do it. *(They ALL get down into position and do push-ups as COACH counts.)* And one, two... I can't hear you!

ALL: Three... four...

COACH: Only forty-six more. *(He exits; EVERYONE continues to do pushups.)*

ALL: Five... six...

STELLA: Is he gone?

ALL: Seven... eight...

GRADY: Yeah. He's gone. *(They ALL collapse.)* Hey, Ren, thanks a lot.

REN: Sorry, guys. It's just that this whole town is so would up.

WILLARD: Amen!

REN: You guys have not place to blow off any steam.

GRADY: You said it!

REN: At least in Chicago we could go to the clubs.

WILLARD: Hey! Maybe we oughta take the Coach dancing!

REN: *(chuckling)* Willard, you are so...

(His voice trails off as he gets an idea; WILLARD notices REN's distraction.)

MUSIC 9 - I'm Free/Heaven Help Me

WILLARD: What? What're you thinking?

REN: That's it!

WILLARD: What?

REN: We're gonna throw a dance! We're gonna throw a party that's gonna knock Bomont right off its tractor.

(General skeptical reaction.)

POLLY: You're just asking for a fight.

REN: Bring it on!

STELLA: Are you ready to take on Reverend Moore?

REN: I'll take on anybody!

POLLY: What about the Town Council?

REN: I'll fight City Hall! If there's one thing worth fighting for, it's freedom!

LOOKING INTO YOUR EYES I KNOW I'M RIGHT
 IF THERE'S ANYTHING WORTH A FEAR, IT'S WORTH A FIGHT
 NO ONE CAN TIE MY HANDS OR MAKE ME CHANGE MY PLANS
 I'M CROSSIN' THE LINE, JUMPIN' THE TRACK
 TAKIN' WHAT'S MINE AND NOT LOOKIN' BACK
 HEAVEN HELPS THE MAN WHO FIGHTS HIS FEAR
 EVERYDAY I FACE A NEW FRONTIER
 I CAN'T WORRY WHAT THE WORLD WILL SAY
 I MAY FLY OR FALL BUT EITHER WAY
 I'M FREE!

WILLARD: Ren, You're not free - you're crazy! You know there's a law!

REN: Well, maybe that law needs changing.

RUSTY: Hello? Bomont is never gonna let us forget the Potawney Bridge Accident.

(General agreement.)

REN: How long do you have to live in that shadow? There's gotta be a way out of this.

ARIEL: And the only way out of this is by train.

REN: No! Listen -
 RUNNING AWAY WILL NEVER MAKE YOU FREE

ARIEL: DOESN'T MATTER WHERE YOU GO, I GUARANTEE

REN: LONG AS WE HOLD OUR GROUND WE CANNOT BE BOUND
 WE'RE SHAKIN' THE PAST, MAKIN' OUR BREAKS
 TAKIN' CONTROL IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES

REN/ARIEL: HEAVEN HELPS THE MAN WHO FIGHTS HIS FEAR
 WE CAN FACE IT DOWN RIGHT NOW, RIGHT HERE
 ONCE YOU'RE STANDING ON YOUR OWN TWO FEET
 YOU WILL NOT RETREAT IF YOU REPEAT: *(Shouting)* I'M FREE!

REN: C'mon! Try it!

KIDS: *(tentatively)* I'M FREE.

REN: *(imitating SHAW, booming)* "Let the Lord hear your voice!"

KIDS: I'M FREE!

REN: Yeah!

KIDS: WE'RE SHAKIN' THE PAST, MAKIN' OUR BREAKS
 TAKIN' CONTROL IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES! I'M FREE!

(As the number progresses, the KIDS workout turns rhythmic and, ultimately, exuberant, as REN involves everyone in his campaign.)

HEAVEN HELPS THE MAN WHO FIGHTS HIS FEAR
WE CAN FACE THIS DOWN RIGHT NOW, RIGHT HERE
MAYBE WE CAN FINALLY RIGHT THIS WRONG
ARM IN ARM, AND SIDE BY SIDE, WE'RE STRONG AND FREE!

(The scene shifts to reveal SHAW, mid-sermon, and the PARISHIONERS.)

SHAW: And now word comes to me that some young people in our community want to change our law and throw a dance. This morning let's remind ourselves that this law is not about dancing. This law is a tribute--a tribute to four young people who held the promise of Bomont's brightest future...

KIDS: HEAVEN HELPS THE MAN

PARISHIONERS: OOH--

SHAW: ...and we stand united in honoring their memory.

(ALL sing the following sections simultaneously.)

KIDS: WE CAN FACE IT DOWN

PARISHIONERS: YOU WILL SEE US RAISING OUR VOICES
ALL OF OUR VOICES FOR HEAVEN SAKES
WE WILL BE RELEASED

SHAW: HEAVEN HELP ME, SOMEONE'S GOT TO SAVE HIS NEIGHBORS
HEAVEN HELP ME, OH HEAVEN HELP ME
IF HEAVEN CAN'T, WHO CAN?

REN/KIDS: RIGHT NOW, RIGHT HERE, MAKING OUR BREAKS
FOR HEAVEN SAKES, HEAVEN HELPS THE MAN
HEAVEN HELPS THE MAN, HEAVEN HELPS THE MAN--I'M FREE!

(REN and SHAW defiantly face off as song ends.)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT II**MUSIC 10: Still Rockin'**

(ARIEL, REN, WILLARD and RUSTY rush on, excited and curious. A sign overhead announces "THE BAR-B-Q! MUSIC! DANCING!")

ARIEL: Ren! Where have you brought us?

REN: It's called the Bar-B-Que! The billboards say that it's the finest little dance palace in the tri-county area. Think of it as research.

RUSTY: Then what are we waiting for? *(They start off; RUSTY drags WILLARD.)*

WILLARD: Oh no...

ACT TWO-SCENE 1: The Bar-B-Que

(Couples two-step to the live band, as lead vocalist COWBOY BOB sings.)

COWBOY BOB: WOKE UP IN THE DAYLIGHT
DON'T REMEMBER LAST NIGHT; I JUST KNOW I WASN'T ALONE
I PARTIED IN THE FAST LANE, I WAS FEELIN' NO PAIN
SOMEBODY CARRIED ME HOME
NOW I KICK OFF THE SHEETS, RUN FOR THE STREETS
I'VE GOTTA PUNCH A CLOCK, BUT MY KNEES ARE GOING ONE WAY--WHOO!
AND MY FEET WON'T STOP, GIMME ROOM CUZ I'M

(REN, ARIEL, RUSTY, and WILLARD enter, winding their way through the dancing crowd.)

STILL ROCKIN, STILL ROCKIN', GOING STRONG
STILL GOT THE HEAT, I'M KEEPING THE BEAT
CUZ IT FEELS SO GOOD
OH I SWEAR THAT IT BEATS WALKIN', I'M STILL ROCKIN'
ALL DAY LONG, SHAKIN' MY SHOES
I'M SPREADING THE NEWS THAT I'M FEELING SO GOOD

REN: Look at this! What could Bomont have against dancing? Isn't this worth fighting for?

RUSTY: Wow! Who'd have guessed that a mere hundred miles outside of Bomont you could find this much culture?

ARIEL: And this much fun.

REN: Come on. Let's go break a law. *(He takes ARIEL's hand, and they dance into the crowd.)*

RUSTY: Willard! You wanna dance?

WILLARD: First thing I wanna do is find us a place to sit down! *(He crosses away; RUSTY sags, frustrated.)*

COWBOY BOB: SOMETHIN' IN THE OZONE
SHIVERS UP MY BACKBONE, MAKIN' ME ROCK AND ROLL

I SHIMMY UP THE SIDEWALK FASTER THAN A TICK-TOCK
 PEOPLE THINK I'M OUTTA CONTROL
 HA, BUT DON'T WORRY NONE, I'M JUST HAVIN' FUN
 AIN'T GONNA LOSE MY MIND
 AND IF ANYBODY ASKS YOU, TELL 'EM THAT I'M DOIN' FINE

(As the band continues, COWBOY BOB jumps off the bandstand, pulls RUSTY onto the dance floor, and spins her around none of which is lost of WILLARD.)

COWBOY BOB & BAND MEMBERS:

TELL THEM ALL THAT I'M STILL ROCKIN'
 STILL ROCKIN', GOIN' STRONG
 STILL GOT THE HEAT, I'M KEEPIN' THE BEAT
 CUZ IT FEELS SO GOOD
 OH I SWEAR THAT IT BEATS WALKIN', I'M STILL ROCKIN'
 ALL DAY LONG SHAKIN' MY SHOES
 I'M SPREADIN' THE NEWS... THAT I'M FEELIN SO GOOD

COWBOY BOB: *(to RUSTY)* Hey, you're good! *(looks her up and down)* And you are fine!

RUSTY: This is incredible! I haven't been able to dance like this for years.

COWBOY BOB: Where the heck you been livin'? Bomont?

RUSTY: Yup.

COWBOY BOB: No kiddin'! Well, darling, no wonder you're so eager to do some tail-shaking.

BAND MEMBERS:

LORD I SWEAR THAT IT
 BEATS WALKIN'
 I'M STILL ROCKIN'
 ALL DAY LONG
 SHAKIN' MY SHOES
 I'M SPREADIN' THE NEWS
 THAT I'M FEELING SO GOOD

COWBOY BOB:

YEAH, I'M STILL ROCKIN'
 ALL DAY LONG
 I'M SPREADIN' THE NEWS
 THAT I'M FEELIN' SO GOOD!

(The number ends. The crowd applauds; the band plays a slow song and COWBOY BOB pulls RUSTY to dance.)

Music 10A: Underscore

COWBOY BOB: Now, where were we? *(They slow dance; WILLARD watches for a moment then angrily steps up.)*

WILLARD: Hey! She came with me, Cowboy.

COWBOY BOB: Yeah? Well, we all make mistakes.

WILLARD: And what is that supposed to mean?

RUSTY: Willard! He was just being friendly!

WILLARD: Oh, yeah? *(Fists clenched, WILLARD steps up to COWBOY BOB, who gently stops him.)*

COWBOY BOB: Look, son, it's much too early in the evening to get blood on that pretty little shirt of yours. *(to RUSTY)* And ma'am? My condolences. *(He tips his hat to RUSTY and strides away.)*

WILLARD: What does he mean by that? Hey! Hey! You got something to say?

(REN and ARIEL notice the commotion and rush to WILLARD and RUSTY.)

RUSTY: Willard. Hey Willard! I know who I came with, okay?

WILLARD: Oh. Okay.

RUSTY: Now, c'mon. Let's dance.

WILLARD: Uh-h-h...I think I'm gonna get me a beer.

RUSTY: Oh, come on!

WILLARD: Ren you want a beer?

ARIEL: Hold on! Who's gonna drive?

RUSTY: I'll drive.

REN: Sounds good. Then I'll have a beer.

WILLARD: Okay. That's two beers.

RUSTY: I wanna dance! I wanna dance!

WILLARD: I've only got two hands! Ren, could you help me out here?

REN: *(aside, to ARIEL)* Could you excuse me a minute? *(he crosses away with WILLARD. RUSTY growls in exasperation.)*

RUSTY: Arrgh!

ARIEL: Let me guess. Willard's acting weird.

RUSTY: So it's not just me?

ARIEL: Rusty, you and Willard have been weird since kindergarten.

RUSTY: But tonight is different. This is the first time we've ever left Bomont together. *(gasps)* Maybe we don't travel well.

ARIEL: Rusty, it's just a car ride!

RUSTY: *(frenetic)* But that makes it like a first date, doncha see? Oh, I should've seen the signs. The whole way up here I had to do all the talking. All he said was, "Uh-huh, mmm-hmmm, uh-huh, mmm-hmmm." You know what that means, doncha? My baby's in a panic!

ARIEL: Now, don't make yourself crazy. Come on, I'll dance with you. *(They join the two-steppin' crowd; lights come up on REN and WILLARD.)*

REN: You okay? You seem jumpy.

WILLARD: That's why I'm having a beer. Mama says I can have one beer or one cigarette, but if I have both I should never come home again.

REN: Willard, c'mon. What's up? You finally go out on a date with Rusty...

WILLARD: Hold on, hold on! Is this a date? You asked me to go for a ride. You told Ariel to invite Rusty. It's more like I'm on a date with you.

REN: And you look so handsome tonight.

WILLARD: Thank you. But you stuck me in the back seat with a crazy woman who won't stop moving and talking!

REN: She's excited to be with you.

WILLARD: Oh, well. Sure. That. But the problem is...

REN: Yes?

WILLARD: Between you and me?

REN: Uh-huh?

WILLARD: *(with difficulty)* I can't do it.

REN: You can't do "it?"

WILLARD: No, sir.

REN: Well, that's okay, Willard. It's only the first date.

WILLARD: Right.

REN: You don't have to do "it" on the first date. Even in Chicago some people don't do it on the first date.

WILLARD: Really?

REN: I swear.

WILLARD: Well, that makes me feel a lot better.

REN: Great! Then let's dance!

WILLARD: Dance? Dance?! What the heck do you think I'm talking about?

REN: When you said you couldn't do "it," I thought you meant...

WILLARD: What? *(it dawns on him)* Oh, that?! Hahaha! Any idiot can do that. I can't do *this*. I can't dance!

(Everybody turns to WILLARD and freezes; from across the dance floor RUSTY wails.)

RUSTY: Whaaat?!

(The GIRLS rush to her; the GUYS converge on WILLARD.)

COWBOY BOB: *(to RUSTY)* D'ja hear that? Your boyfriend says he can't dance!

REN: Now c'mon! Give the guy a break.

COWBOY BOB: But that ain't natural!

PATSY: It's like riding a bike.

BABS: Or falling off a log.

COWBOY BOB: It's as easy as learning to swim.

WILLARD: I can't swim.

COWBOY BOB: Hey, fellas! Whaddya say we push 'im in the pool?!

MUSIC 11: Let's Hear it For the Boy

(The GUYS and REN pull WILLARD into a huddle; lights down on them, as the focus shifts to the girls. The wisecrackin' COWGIRL CASSIE questions RUSTY.)

COWGIRL CASSIE: Darlin', darlin', your boyfriend has two left feet and you had no idea?

RUSTY: None.

COWGIRL CASSIE: Didn't he never take you in his arms and sweep you off your feet?

RUSTY: Not yet.

COWGIRL CASSIE: Didn't he never whisper sweet nothings in your ear?

RUSTY: No! But that's not how it is with me and Willard. *(The GIRLS all scoff.)* No, really! Willard has a lot of hidden talents. I mean, just look at him.

(They turn to watch as the cowboy circle opens to reveal REN showing WILLARD a rudimentary step; WILLARD fails miserably; the music stops. REN pulls WILLARD back into the cowboy huddle. The GIRLS turn to RUSTY.)

COWGIRL CASSIE: Uhh...you were saying?

(RUSTY smiles sheepishly, then suddenly turns front and sings.)

RUSTY: MY BABY, HE DON'T TALK SWEET; HE AIN'T GOT MUCH TO SAY
BUT HE LOVES ME, LOVES ME, LOVES ME
I KNOW THAT HE LOVES ME ANYWAY

(Again, focus shifts to REN and WILLARD. REN demos a step, and WILLARD crashes to the floor trying to duplicate it. The GUYS pick him up and pull him back to their huddle; RUSTY tries to cover for him.)

AND MAYBE HE DON'T DRESS FINE, BUT I DON'T REALLY MIND
CUZ EVERY TIME HE PULLS ME NEAR, I JUST WANNA CHEER

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE BOY! LET'S GIVE THE BOY A HAND
LET'S HEAR IT FOR MY BABY! YOU KNOW YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND

(As the song progresses, WILLARD will get more ambitious and successful in imitating the steps REN and the cowboys demonstrate for him. What he lacks in style, he will make up for in enthusiasm. The GIRLS sing back-up vocals for Rusty.)

RUSTY: MY BABY MAY NOT BE RICH,
HE'S WATCHING EVERY DIME
BUT HE LOVES ME, LOVES ME, LOVES ME
AND WE ALWAYS HAVE A REAL GOOD TIME
AND MAYBE HE SINGS OFF KEY,
BUT THAT'S ALL RIGHT BY ME, YEAH
CUZ WHAT HE DOES, HE DOES SO WELL, MAKES ME WANNA YELL

GIRLS: MY BABY
HE'S WATCHING EVERY DIME
LOVES ME, LOVES ME, LOVES ME WHOA WHOA

AND MAYBE
THAT'S ALL RIGHT BY ME YEAH

RUSTY/GIRLS: LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE BOY! LET'S GIVE THE BOY A HAND
LET'S HEAR IT FOR MY BABY! YOU KNOW YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND
WHOA, MAYBE HE'S NO ROMEO, BUT HE'S MY LOVIN' ONE-MAN SHOW
OH, WHOA WHOA WHOA, LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE BOY!
MAYBE HE'S NO CASANOVA, STILL HIS KISSES KNOCK ME OV-AH!
HEAR IT FOR THE BOY!

RUSTY: LET'S GIVE THE BOY A HAND
LET'S HEAR IT FOR MY BABY!
YOU KNOW YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND
WHOA, MAYBE HE'S NO ROMEO
BUT HE'S MY LOVIN' ONE-MAN SHOW
OH, WHOA WHOA WHOA
LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE BOY,
WHOA... OH....

GIRLS: HEAR IT FOR THE BOY
HEAR IT FOR MY BABY
HEAR IT FOR THE BOY

OH WHOA, WHOA, WHOA
HEAR IT FOR THE BOY
HEAR IT FOR THE BOY, HEAR IT FOR THE BOY

(The number ends with WILLARD whipping off a dazzling dance combination, to everyone's amazement.)

IRENE: That was fun! Why don't we slow things down now with a love song. Grab your sweetheart and hold them tight as Irene sings you a love song.

(During Irene's song, all start to couple up and eventually dance off.)

MUSIC 11b: Let's Make Believe We're in Love

IRENE: IMAGINE THE BLISS THAT COMES WITH ONE KISS
IMAGINE THAT FEELING WON'T END
THERE'LL BE NO TEARS AT STAKE
AND NO HEART'S GONNA BREAK
CUZ IT NEVER HURTS TO PRETEND
LOOK AT THE MOON SLOWLY RISIN'
LOOK AT THOSE STARS UP ABOVE
LET'S BEGIN WITH HELLO,
THEN WE'LL SEE WHERE THINGS GO
LET'S MAKE BELIEVE WE'RE IN LOVE
LET'S MAKE BELIEVE WE'RE IN LOVE

ACT TWO-SCENE 2: The Moore Home

(CHUCK is outside, loudly whispering up to ARIEL'S bedroom window.)

CHUCK: Hsst! Ariel! Ariel!

VI: *(In a robe, she exits the house and crosses to him)* She's not here, Chuck.

CHUCK: *(yelps, startled)* Oh...! Mrs. Moore.

VI: Did I scare you?

CHUCK: *(fibbing)* Nope. Not at all. Did you tell Ariel that...

VI: Yes, Chuck. I've told her every time you've called.

CHUCK: Thanks. I guess she's busy and all.

VI: Mmm. She and the girls went over to Wendy Jo's to study.

CHUCK: Really? I was just there. Wendy Jo said she left hours ago. With Rusty.

VI: *(surprised)* Oh.

SHAW: *(entering)* Who is it, Vi? *(he sees CHUCK)* Mr. Cranston.

CHUCK: Evening, Reverend. I was just looking for Ariel.

SHAW: Isn't it a bit late, Mr. Cranston?

CHUCK: Yes, sir. That's why I'm surprised she's not at home.

SHAW: *(hiding his surprise with a quick glance at VI)* So am I. Goodnight, Mr. Cranston. And next time, please remember, we have a front door for guests.

CHUCK: Yes, sir. *(He exits. SHAW and VI cross into the house.)*

SHAW: Where is she?

VI: She told me she was going to Wendy Jo's. *(SHAW reaches for the phone)* Don't bother calling. She's not there.

SHAW: Did you know this?

VI: No. I did not.

SHAW: So how does it feel, Vi? Now that she's lying to you?

VI: I'm not saying anything until I hear an explanation from her.

SHAW: It was frightening enough when she was running around with Chuck Cranston. Now, she is out in the middle of the night, with that punk who's campaigning to challenge me and the entire Town Council. How long can you keep defending her?

VI: I'm not defending her. We're not on opposite sides here, are we? Or are we?

(ARIEL rushes in.)

SHAW: Where were you?

ARIEL: Oh, Rusty and Wendy Jo and me, we were...

SHAW: Don't even bother.

VI: We know you weren't at Wendy Jo's.

ARIEL: I can't believe you're checking up on me.

VI: Sweetie, how do we know you're not sick? Or hurt?

SHAW: I am concerned for your well-being.

ARIEL: Then how come when I'm at home, you're never interested in what I'm thinking or how I feel? But the minute I walk out that door--wham! Suddenly, you're the concerned parent!

VI: Shaw, she doesn't mean that.

SHAW: Stop taking her side! She has to start answering for herself.

ARIEL: I don't know what good that would do. You don't listen to me any more than you listen to her!

(SHAW slaps ARIEL.)

VI: Shaw!

(It is an awful moment. There is stunned silence. Finally, ARIEL turns and runs out. SHAW is shaken.)

SHAW: I've never hit anyone.

VI: I know.

SHAW: We're losing her, Vi. She has become willful and obstinate.

VI: *(kindly)* Like her father.

SHAW: I am her spiritual guardian.

VI: You used to be her friend.

SHAW: I don't understand what's happening. I don't know what to do anymore.

VI: Yes, you do.

MUSIC 12: Can You Find It In Your Heart?

VI: CAN YOU FIND IT IN YOUR HEART TO FORGIVE HER?

CAN YOU STOP AND SEE THERE'S PART OF HER THAT'S TRYING TO OBEY

WHILE PART OF HER IS DYING TO RUN AWAY?
 CAN'T YOU HEAR WHAT SHE'S TRYING TO SAY?
 CAN YOU FIND IT IN YOUR SOUL TO ACCEPT HER?
 IF SHE STUMBLES ON YOUR HOLY PATH, DO YOU HAVE TO REPRIMAND?
 OR ARE THERE WAYS TO MAKE HER UNDERSTAND
 WITHOUT USING THE BACK OF YOUR HAND?
 CAN'T YOU REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE THAT AGE?
 PUMPED UP WITH PROMISE AND WRESTLING WITH RAGE?
 CAN'T YOU REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE A FAMILY WAY BACK WHEN?
 COULD WE BE ONE AGAIN?

(The music continues under.)

SHAW: We are a family.

VI: No. The accident changed everything. Ever since Bobby's death, you make impossible demands on Ariel.

SHAW: I have not confused Ariel's behavior with my son's death.

VI: He was my son, too! *(pause)* Shaw, it's been twenty-one years I've been a minister's wife, and after all that time, I still feel that you're a wonderful preacher. You can lift a congregation up so high, they have to look down to see heaven. It's the one-on-one where you need a little work.

SHAW: I thought at least you believed in me.

VI: I never stopped. *(He exits, leaving VI gazing off after him.)*
 DOES IT EVER CROSS YOUR MIND THAT I MISS YOU?
 IS THERE ANY CHANCE WE'LL FIND THE JOY THAT WE SHARED AT THE START?
 CAN YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU FELT BEFORE THAT FEELING FELL APART?
 CAN YOU FIND IT IN YOUR HEART?
 HAVE YOU LOST MY LOVE SOMEWHERE FAR BEHIND
 OR CAN YOU FIND IT IN YOUR HEART?

MUSIC: 12A: Transition

MUSIC 12B: Chuck Accosts Ariel

(In half-light: from her bedroom window ARIEL drops her shoulder bag to the ground and climbs down; as she picks up her bag and turns, CHUCK steps out of the shadows, startling her; defiant, she tries to move past him, but he grabs her arm. A struggle ensues, and CHUCK drags ARIEL offstage as the scene shifts to:)

Act Two-Scene 3: The Junk Yard

(REN, WILLARD, BICKLE, JETER and GARVIN and GUYS have been making campaign posters and flyers; paint cans, brushes, and other materials lay about. As the lights come up, they're all heatedly giving REN advice.)

WILLARD: Hold it! Hold it! *(They quiet)* Ren. All's we're sayin' is, you're going to be speaking to the Town Council, so don't mumble. *(The boys all mumble.)* Now do that last part one more time.

REN: *(takes a deep breath and begins)* Members of the Council: Dancing is not a crime.

MUSIC 12C: Dancing is Not a Crime

WILLARD: Yeah.

BICKLE: Yeah.

JETER: Yeah.

GARVIN: Yeah.

REN: YEAH! EVER SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME
IF ANYTHING, EVERYBODY HAD THE RIGHT
TO HOWL AT THE MOON AND TO MOVE ALL NIGHT

GUYS: AHOOOO, MOVE ALL NIGHT

REN: WHEN FOLKS WERE TRIBAL, BACK BEFORE THE BIBLE
THEY WERE LIABLE TO DANCE WHEN THE CROPS CAME IN
OR THEY'D PULL OUT ALL THE STOPS WHEN THE EARTH WOULD SPIN, OR MAYBE—

GUYS: WHAT?

REN: THEY HAD A BATTLE TO WIN! SO THEY'D GO THUMPIN' ON A TREE TRUNK-

GUYS: THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP

REN: GROOVIN' TO THE FREE FUNK

GUYS: YEAH!

REN: AND JUST LIKE THAT

GUYS: IN NOTHIN' FLAT

REN: THERE'D BE HANDS CLAPPIN', TOES TAPPIN', FEET FLAPPIN', DOGS YAPPIN', - HEY!
I COULDA TOLD YA THAT WOULD HAPPEN! THEY WOULD DANCE!

GUYS: THEY WOULD DANCE!

REN: EVERY TIME THEY HAD THE CHANCE
WHATEVER THE SEASON OR CIRCUMSTANCE
THEY FOUND A REASON TO THROW A PARTY IN THEIR PANTS

REN/GUYS: SO LET'S DO LIKE THEY DID AND DANCE, DANCE, DANCE!

(He finishes - tada! - ready for their approval. A pregnant pause. GARVIN points at REN and announces childlike:)

GARVIN: You said "party in your pants." *(the others now explode into laughter)*

GUYS: Are you out of your mind...?/"Party in their pants!"/What are you thinking man? Etc.

WILLARD: Guys! Cool it! Ren, we're not saying the speech is bad. It's just that it's no good.

REN: Then what am I supposed to say? I've re-written it nine times.

WILLARD: Here's the thing: you're gonna be facing Reverend Moore and some of the stubbornest people in town.

BICKLE: You've already got plenty of people boiling mad.

JETER: Yeah! Folks are picking sides.

GARVIN: And they're not picking yours.

REN: Then who am I kidding? This whole thing has gotten way out of hand. Maybe I ought to forget it.

WILLARD: Whoa there, little buddy! We don't mean to discourage you.

BICKLE: After all the posters we've painted?

JETER: All the flyers we've passed out.

GARVIN: Everybody at school is climbing the walls!

WILLARD: So, hang in there! You just gotta rethink your approach. Now, Mama says...

GUYS: Not Mama again...! Who cares what Mama says...?! Oh, man...! Etc.

WILLARD: *(silences them)* Now hold on just one minute!

MUSIC 13: Mama Says (You Can't Back Down)

WILLARD: EVERYTHING I'VE EVER LEARNED THAT GETS ME THROUGH THE WORST
I LEARNED AT MY MAMA'S KNEE
NOW ANYTIME I'M TURNED AROUND I TURN TO MAMA FIRST
AND YOU'D BE WISE TO MEMORIZE WHAT MAMA SAYS TO ME
(spoken) Mama ain't been wrong yet. And I'm the living proof.

JETER: *(to Ren)* That's kind of a frightening thought, isn't it?

WILLARD: Now, listen up!
MAMA SAYS, DON'T USE A TOASTER WHILE STANDING IN THE SHOWER
NOW WHO CAN ARGUE WITH THAT?
MAMA SAYS, DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH FOR LONGER THAN AN HOUR
THE WOMAN KNOWS WHERE IT'S AT!
AND MAMA SAYS IT DOESN'T MATTER
IF YOU'RE A KING OR YOU'RE A CLOWN?
ONCE YOU DRIVE UP A MOUNTAIN
YOU CAN'T BACK DOWN

GARVIN: You can't back down, Ren!

WILLARD: Now, Ren, you've not yet had the pleasure of meeting my Mama, but these boys have. C'mon and help me out here, fellas.

GUYS: MAMA SAYS

WILLARD: DON'T DRINK HOT COFFEE LYING DOWN IN BED
DON'T EVEN GIVE IT A THOUGHT

GUYS: IT'S A MESS! MAMA SAYS

WILLARD: NEVER EAT ANYTHING THAT'S BIGGER THAN YOUR HEAD
IS SHE A WHIZ OR WHAT?

GUYS: OH, YES!

WILLARD/GUYS: AND MAMA SAYS IT DOESN'T MATTER
IF YOU'RE A KING OR YOU'RE A CLOWN
ONCE YOU DRIVE UP A MOUNTAIN
YOU CAN'T BACK DOWN

WILLARD: NOW, MAMA MAKES A LOT OF SENSE
IF YOU KNOW HOW TO LISTEN; SHE IS CLEAR AND CONCISE

GUYS: SHE'S CONCISE. AH HH, AH HH

WILLARD: DADDY SAYS, "I LOVE HER SON, BUT SHE'S GOT MARBLES MISSIN'"
BUT I SAY, "HEY! IT'S FREE ADVICE!
AND WHAT D'YOU EXPECT AT THAT PRICE?"

REN: Then maybe your Mama oughta give my speech.

WILLARD: Oh, heck no! Everyone thinks Mama's crazy. The point is, though, she's got some really good ideas.
Hear me, now--

GUYS: MAMA SAYS

WILLARD: WHAT YOU BELIEVE IN IS ALL YOU REALLY OWN
AND I BELIEVE THAT SHE'S RIGHT

GUYS: MAMA SAYS, OOOOOH

WILLARD: IF YOU'VE GOT DOUBTS, WELL, THEN BOY, YOU'RE NOT ALONE
JUST MEANS YOU'RE READY TO FIGHT

WILLARD/GUYS: AND MAMA SAYS IT DOESN'T MATTER

WILLARD: IF YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN OR DRIVE AROUND TOWN

ALL: ONCE YOU DRIVE UP A MOUNTAIN, YOU CAN'T BACK DOWN
ONCE YOU DRIVE UP A MOUNTAIN,
YOU CAN'T BACK DOWN

WILLARD: Don't make me say it again!

(The number ends and they ALL exit. WILLARD re-enters with REN.)

WILLARD: I thought of one more thing.

MUSIC 13A: Mama Says (Encore)

WILLARD: NOW, MAMA SAYS

GUYS: OOOH (*Popping in*)

WILLARD: DON'T BUY A CHANDELIER UNLESS YOU'VE GOT A CEILING
I don't know what that's about.
MAMA SAYS, DON'T CHEW ON TIN FOIL, UNLESS YOU LIKE THAT FEELING
SOMEHOW SHE FIGURED THAT OUT

WILLARD/GUYS: AND MAMA SAYS IT DOESN'T MATTER
IF YOU'RE A KING OR YOU'RE A CLOWN
ONCE YOU DRIVE UP A MOUNTAIN

WILLARD: REMEMBER BOY, EVERYONE'S COUNTIN' ON YOU

WILLARD/GUYS: ONCE YOU DRIVE UP A MOUNTAIN,
YOU CAN'T BACK DOWN!

WILLARD: That's my Mama!

(The number ends. URLEEN and WENDY JO rush on.)

URLEEN: Ren! Ren! Thank God you're here! Chuck and Ariel got into a big fight.

WENDY JO: Chuck beat her up! She might have a black eye.

WILLARD: C'mon boys. Let's get Chuck. Right now!

(They start off and encounter RUSTY entering with ARIEL, who is dabbing at her reddened eye; her shoulder bag is slung across her chest.)

ARIEL: Willard, stop! Please don't. I'm in enough trouble tonight. I don't want to cause any more.

RUSTY: Chuck's been angry since he found out about our little field trip to the Bar-B-Que Dance Palace.

ARIEL: *(to REN)* He "ordered" me not to see you anymore. I told him I see who I like, and then he just started swinging.

REN: Lemme look at that eye.

ARIEL: I'm just so mad at myself. I don't know why I was with him in the first place.

REN: Maybe you should see a doctor.

ARIEL: *(pulling away)* I'm fine.

WILLARD: You want me to call your folks?

ARIEL: No! Please. I just wanna be alone. Okay?

RUSTY: Let's go, guys. C'mon. *(They ALL exit; REN lingers.)*

REN: You want some company?

ARIEL: No. *(he starts to go)* Yes. *(He stops.)*

REN: You're sure? I mean, I won't take it personally if...

ARIEL: *(holding up a hand)* Shh!

REN: What?

ARIEL: Listen! *(SOUND CUE: a whistle and the distant rumbling of an approaching train)* Come on!

REN: What? Where are we going...?

ARIEL: You'll miss it! Come on!

ACT TWO-SCENE FOUR: Under the Train Bridge

(REN follows ARIEL to under a train bridge. It is covered with graffiti. They brace themselves as a train rumbles overhead; lights strobe across their faces. This time, they both scream with abandon.)

REN/ARIEL: Aah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-hh!!

(When the train sound fades, REN looks around.)

REN: Whoa! This place is covered with graffiti.

ARIEL: It's not graffiti. It's poetry. I call this place, "My Diary."

REN: You come all the way out here to write poems?

ARIEL: Uh-huh. They're all dedicated to Bobby.

REN: Bobby? Who's Bobby?

ARIEL: My brother.

REN: You never told me you have a brother.

ARIEL: Had a brother. Bobby was one of the four kids who went off the Potawney Bridge.

REN: I'm so sorry.

ARIEL: Yep. One of the "four young people who held the promise of Bomont's brightest future."

REN: Why didn't I know this?

ARIEL: We never talk about it. And once Daddy decided the town needed saving, he never mentioned Bobby again.

REN: You must miss him real bad.

ARIEL: I try not to think about it.

REN: That never works. I'll bet you think about it all the time.

ARIEL: How did you know that?

REN: *(pause)* I study you.

ARIEL: Oh yeah? What do you see?

REN: Somebody who's smart.

ARIEL: Thank you.

REN: Maybe a little bit angry.

ARIEL: Maybe a lot.

REN: And somebody who's sad. *(beat)* I always wondered where that came from.

ARIEL: *(touched)* Now you know. *(They're both silent. She starts to speak, but stops herself.)*

MUSIC 14: Almost Paradise

REN: What?

ARIEL: I've never felt like anyone's ever stopped to really look at me.

REN: Oh, no...You're on my mind constantly.

REN: I THOUGHT THAT DREAMS BELONGED TO OTHER MEN
CUZ EACH TIME I GOT CLOSE, THEY'D FALL APART AGAIN

ARIEL: I FEARED MY HEART WOULD BEAT IN SECRECY

BOTH: I FACED THE NIGHTS ALONE, OH HOW COULD I HAVE KNOWN
THAT ALL MY LIFE I ONLY NEEDED YOU
WHOA, ALMOST PARADISE, WE'RE KNOCKING ON HEAVEN'S DOOR
ALMOST PARADISE; HOW COULD WE ASK FOR MORE?
I SWEAR THAT I CAN SEE FOREVER IN YOUR EYES, PARADISE

(The music continues under as ARIEL turns to REN.)

ARIEL: Y'know, you make me forget everything that's wrong with my life.

REN: There are some things 'd like to forget.

ARIEL: Like...?

REN: This battle I'm causing in Bomont! I still don't know what I'm gonna say to the Town Council.

ARIEL: Oh, that reminds me. You'll need this. *(From her shoulder bag, she pulls her Bible bristling with paper bookmarks; she hands it to him.)*

REN: *(reading the title)* The Holy Bible?

ARIEL: I marked all the pages.

REN: *(flipping through, reading)* Whoa! This is great. How did you know where to find all these passages?

ARIEL: Are you kidding?

REN: *(realizing she's the preacher's daughter)* Oh. Thank you.

ARIEL: I THOUGHT THAT PERFECT LOVE WAS HARD TO FIND
I'D ALMOST GIVEN UP; YOU MUST HAVE READ MY MIND

REN: AND ALL THOSE DREAMS I SAVED FOR A RAINY DAY

BOTH: THEY'RE FINALLY COMING TRUE, I'LL SHARE THEM ALL WITH YOU
CUZ NOW WE HOLD THE FUTURE IN OUR HANDS
WHOA, ALMOST PARADISE; WE'RE KNOCKING ON HEAVEN'S DOOR
ALMOST PARADISE, HOW COULD WE ASK FOR MORE?
I SWEAR THAT I CAN SEE FOREVER IN YOUR EYES, PARADISE!

REN: AND IN YOUR ARMS, SALVATION'S NOT SO FAR AWAY

ARIEL: IT'S GETTING CLOSER

BOTH: CLOSER EVERY DAY, ALMOST PARADISE
WE'RE KNOCKING ON HEAVEN'S DOOR
ALMOST PARADISE; HOW COULD WE ASK FOR MORE?
I SWEAR THAT I CAN SEE FOREVER IN YOUR EYES
PARADISE, PARADISE, PARADISE

(They kiss; the lights fade to black.)

MUSIC 14A: Out of Paradise

ACT TWO-SCENE 5: The Town Hall

(ALL are present in a town hall meeting room. At a long table sit SHAW and the other COUNCIL MEMBERS. ELEANOR DUNBAR has the gavel. The KIDS and others face them. LULU, the secretary, reads from notes:)

LULU: "And so it was unanimously passed that the price of a dog license will go from three dollars and fifty cents to four dollars and twenty-five cents. A licensed pet is a happy pet." That takes care of old business.

ELEANOR: Thank you, Lulu. Now let's consider new business. *(The KIDS' enthusiasm grows vocal; she bangs the gavel.)* Before we begin, I want to remind all our young people who have joined us this evening that this meeting is convened to consider official town business. Disturbance will not be tolerated. *(The KIDS grumble but settle down.)* The floor is now open. *(REN raises his hand.)* Yes.

REN: My name is Ren McCormack and...uh... *(he looks to WILLARD and ARIEL who nod back.)* ...on behalf of most of the senior class of Bomont High, I move that local ordinance four-sixteen--the law against public dancing within the Bomont town limits--be abolished.

WILLARD: *(standing)* And I, Willard Hewitt of 385 Cloverdale Road, would like to second that motion. Thank you. *(He sits. Applause from the KIDS is silenced by the gavel.)*

SHAW: Eleanor, may I have the floor, please?

ELEANOR: Certainly, Reverend.

SHAW: Mr. McCormack, you wish to change the law because you want to throw a dance; that is your right. But it is my duty to challenge any enterprise which, in my experience, fosters the use of liquor, the abuse of drugs and, most importantly, celebrates spiritual corruption. And I think you're going to find that most folks in this community agree with me.

COACH DUNBAR: You got that right! *(General agreement from the COUNCIL MEMBERS)*

SHAW: Now, if anyone can convince me that there is no danger in your raucous party plans, I might reconsider my stand. But for now? No, I can't condone it. *(He sits.)*

ELEANOR: I believe that a vote is in order. Will all those in favor...

REN: Excuse me, isn't there any kind of discussion?

COUNCIL MEMBERS: Now just a minute! Discussion is closed. You're out of order, etc.

COACH DUNBAR: *(points at REN)* It's outrageous! If you think that...*(Vi stands, shouts over the hubbub)*

VI: Roger! *(ALL quiet, turn to regard her)* Roger, sit down. *(Stunned, he does.)* I believe that Mr. McCormack has a right to be heard.

REN: *(halting)* I just wanted to say a few words, cuz I think this idea scares a lot of people. It shouldn't. *(unfolds a piece of paper, clears his throat, and reads:)* "From the oldest times, people danced for many reasons. They danced so their crops would be plentiful or so that their hunt would be good. They danced to show their community spirit, and they danced to celebrate. And that's the dancing we're talking about."

SHAW: *(stands)* Mr. McCormack, we don't need a history lesson--

REN: *(pulls the Bible from his jacket and opens it to a bookmark)* And aren't we told--excuse me, Reverend--aren't we told in Psalm 149 to "praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song. Let them praise his Name in the dance?" *(he looks to SHAW who, stunned, slowly sits.)* And it was King David...King David who we read about in Samuel. And what did David do? What did David do? *(stalls, trying to find the passage)* What did David do? *(he finds it)* Ah! "David danced before the Lord with all his might. Leaping and dancing before the Lord." *(He shows the Bible to the Council members.)* Leaping and dancing. And Ecclesiastes assures us that, "There is a time to every purpose under heaven--a time to laugh and a time to weep. There is a time to mourn and there is a time to dance." There was a time for this law, but not anymore. And this is our time. Our time to celebrate life. That's the way it was in the beginning, the way it's always been, and that's the way it should be now. Thank you.

(The KIDS try to stifle their enthusiasm as REN returns to his seat, but they make some noise.)

ELEANOR: Order! Order! *(The COUNCIL MEMBERS seem at a loss as to how to proceed. ELEANOR looks to SHAW; he nods.)* There is a motion on the floor to repeal local ordinance four-sixteen. How does the Council vote?

COUNCIL MEMBERS: *(one after the other)* No. No. No.

SHAW: No.

ELEANOR: The motion is defeated. And I believe this meeting is adjourned.

MUSIC 14B: Out of Council

(The meeting breaks up and everyone leaves; the KIDS grumble on their way out. REN is left alone with ETHEL.)

ETHEL: Ren. Up till now, I've been real proud about keeping my opinion to myself. But honey, if I don't say something I'm gonna bust.

REN: What's there to say? I lost. The Council voted, and I lost.

ETHEL: Sweetie, you never had a prayer.

REN: That's not funny, Mom.

ETHEL: Ren, when you got to the part about leaping and laughing and weeping and dancing--which I loved, don't get me wrong--I was watching the faces of the Town Council. I promise you: Shaw Moore had those votes locked up before he walked in here tonight.

REN: *(startled)* You think he told them how to vote?

ETHEL: You can still sound shocked. I love that about you.

REN: But he's a man of God!

ETHEL: He's a man. And you were railroaded.

REN: Man, that pisses me off!

ETHEL: Good! Now listen: Reverend Moore said he would reconsider only if someone convinced him there was no danger in your "raucous party plans."

REN: "Raucous party plans"--do you believe these people? I mean-- *(he stops as he notices her stare)* What?

ETHEL: Make him reconsider.

REN: Me?

ETHEL: You.

REN: *(referring to Shaw)* And him?

ETHEL: Yup.

REN: When?

ETHEL: Now.

REN: But...!

ETHEL: Ren!

REN: Mom!

ETHEL: Stop! *(they stop their ping-pong exchange)* Until you do, you'll never make peace with that man. Or this town.

REN: I didn't convince him in there.

ETHEL: He wasn't listening in here. Make him listen.

REN: What can I say I haven't already said? I read my speech, I thumped my Bible--

ETHEL: You did everything but speak from the heart. *(That stops REN.)*

REN: Reverend Moore is a really smart man.

ETHEL: So are you.

REN: He's stubborn.

ETHEL: And you're not? *(She starts off)* I'd love to be here to watch, but I've got to get home and hose down your Aunt and Uncle.

REN: I love you, Mom.

ETHEL: You have no choice. Now, go! *(ETHEL exits. REN thinks then decides and gets up.)*

MUSIC 14C: Transition to Moore Home

ACT TWO-SCENE 6: The Moore Home

(REN approaches the Moore home. SHAW, dressed in a robe, crosses and opens the front door.)

REN: Reverend.

SHAW: Mr. McCormack. It's late.

REN: *(cheery)* Really? I'm wide awake. *(SHAW gives him a withering look.)* I have a question.

SHAW: *(wry)* And it couldn't wait until morning.

REN: One question. *(After a pause, SHAW admits him.)* Reverend, before tonight's meeting, did you tell the Council how to vote?

SHAW: *(caught by surprise)* We...discussed the issue, of course.

REN: But, did you tell them how to vote?

SHAW: Ren, this is about more than a question of a dance...

REN: *(forceful)* Did you? *(SHAW's silence is his answer.)* Reverend Moore, I understand what this town has been through...

SHAW: No, I don't think you do. If you did, you wouldn't have provoked your classmates to re-open the wounds we have healed. You--

REN: *(interrupting)* Those wounds are not healed. *(SHAW reacts.)* If they were, people wouldn't be glaring at me on the street or snubbing my Mom at the market. They wouldn't be boycotting my Uncle's business. And you wouldn't be fixing the vote on the town council--

SHAW: *(talking over him)* I thought it was time to put an end to this nonsense.

REN: "Nonsense?!" All I say is, "Who's up for a little dancing?" And the only thing people here can think about is the Potwaney Bridge and four kids--

SHAW: Mr. McCormack -- !

REN: --and I know your son was one of them. And I'm sorry for your loss, I truly am, but honoring their memory by shutting out the world isn't working.

SHAW: *(Sardonic, heated.)* And I'm sure you have all the answers!

REN: No, I don't, but I--

SHAW: And you're going to set me straight!

REN: I didn't say th-

SHAW: How can you presume to know what I've been through? You don't have a clue! *(Moves to show him the door.)* Good night, Mr. McCormack.

REN: Please! If I could only--

SHAW: Mr. McCormack, I would like to be alone!

REN: *(empathetic)* Sir, you already are. *(SHAW stops in his tracks. Long pause. REN realizes that his words have stung deeply.)* We both are. You and me. We've both lost somebody. And even though people say they understand, they don't really. I bet you stop a hundred times a day and wonder "why?" I do. I wonder why'd my Dad leave? Was it something I did? Something I didn't do? Could I have made him stay? Maybe I could bring him back? But I can't. *(SHAW looks up.)* But I don't have to tell you. You know what that's like.

SHAW: *(quietly, defeated)* I do.

REN: So, I guess I came to town frustrated and angry, and it felt really good to kick up a fuss. And I know it got people upset, and I'm sorry for that. But I'm just trying to move on. Cuz I'm so tired of looking back. *(shrugs)* And I can't stand still.

SHAW: I've noticed. *(Both smile; the ice has been broken, but neither knows what to say next.)*

REN: Okay, look, I'm gonna go. I know you're gonna do what you've gotta do--about the dance and all--but thanks for listening. *(he starts out)*

SHAW: Ren? *(REN turns; SHAW tries to find the words.)* I'm sorry that your father won't ever get to know you.

REN: *(touched)* Thanks. *(He goes. SHAW is lost in thought. ARIEL appears and speaks softly.)*

ARIEL: Daddy?

SHAW: Oh. I didn't hear you come down.

ARIEL: I heard voices.

SHAW: That was your friend, Ren. He sure asks a lot of questions.

ARIEL: And what did you tell him?

SHAW: For once, I had very little to say. *(smiles ruefully, shakes his head)* I think I'm running out of answers.

MUSIC 15: Ariel comforts Shaw (underscore)

ARIEL: *(seeing how troubled he is)* Daddy? I know it's hard for you, and I know I don't make it any easier. It's just that I don't know if I believe in all the things you believe in. But I believe in you. *(He hugs her close. They break.)* Get some sleep. You have a sermon in the morning.

SHAW: If I can figure out what to say.

ARIEL: You will. *(She goes. SHAW is alone with his thoughts.)*

MUSIC 16: I Confess/Heaven Help Me (Reprise)

SHAW: AS PERFECT AS A CHILD COULD BE, THE BEST OF ALL THE BEST IN ME
 MY BRUSH WITH IMMORTALITY, MY KID
 FOR SIXTEEN WINTERS AND FIFTEEN SPRINGS, I HAD A SON
 AND STILL IT STINGS WHEN I REMEMBER ALL THE THINGS WE DID... ME AND MY KID
 SIMPLE THINGS LIKE FISHING AT THE LAKE,
 TIP-TOEING OUT BEFORE DAWN
 BOBBY WOULD WORRY, IF WE DIDN'T HURRY
 ALL OF THE FISH WOULD BE GONE.
 WE WOULD SIT AND HUDDLE IN THE BOAT
 WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO BITE
 AND I'D WATCH THE SUNRISE IN MY OWN SON'S EYES
 AND THE WORLD WOULD FILL UP WITH LIGHT

And Bobby would ask a million questions. "Daddy, how many is the biggest number?" or "Daddy, why do I have a thumb?"

AND I CONFESS, I DIDN'T ALWAYS HAVE THE ANSWERS,
 I DIDN'T ALWAYS KNOW WHICH WAY WAS TRUE
 NEVER THE LESS, I'VE ALWAYS TRIED TO LEAD WITH LOVE
 THAT'S ALL THAT ANY FATHER CAN DO
 AND THEN LOOK. LOOK! WHAT DO I DO?
 THIS BOY COMES TO ME, THIS FATHERLESS CHILD
 I SCOFF AT HIS PAIN, AND I SEND HIM AWAY
 MY DAUGHTER SPEAKS UP, AND I SHOUT HER DOWN
 I WON'T HEAR A WORD OF WHAT SHE HAS TO SAY
 MY WIFE REACHES OUT, AND I TURN MY BACK
 I SEND HER TO BED WITHOUT EVEN A KISS
 CAN MY GOD FORGIVE THE THINGS I HAVE DONE
 WHILE I'VE TRIED FORGETTING HOW MUCH I'M STILL MISSING MY SON!
 I'M TIRED OF FEELING NOTHING BUT NUMB.
 MAYBE THE TIME HAS COME TO FINALLY LET THE WORLD IN.
 BUT HOW DO I BEGIN?

HEAVEN HELP ME FIND MY WAY NOW
 OPEN UP MY HEART AGAIN
 HELP ME FIND THE WORDS TO SAY NOW
 HEAVEN HELP ME, OH HEAVEN HELP ME

MUSIC 16A: After Heaven (Reprise)

(ALL enter with soft "ooohs" as the church assembles around SHAW, who ascends the pulpit.)

ALL: OOH...

ACT TWO, SCENE 6A - The Church

SHAW: I'm standing before you this morning with a very troubled heart. You see, my friends, as your minister, I should be helping you to find the joy in your lives; last night I realized that I haven't been doing that. After all, we all remember that terrible night five years ago when the lives of four young people ended on the Potawney Bridge. Everyone in this community lost someone that night--a child, a neighbor, a friend. I--Vi and I--we lost our son. *(He looks to his family)* Ariel lost her brother. Now, somehow I got into my head that my loss was the greatest. That my pain was the deepest. And then, last night, someone much younger than I made me realize how tightly I had been holding onto that memory. A memory that has weighed me down as surely as a great stone. *(beat)* And in that moment, I did something I haven't done for a very long time: I laid down my burden. It was a terrifying moment. And it was exhilarating. This morning I offer you the same opportunity. *(beat)* The Senior Class of Bomont High School has asked permission to hold a dance. Ren, I think that might be a good idea. *(ALL react with muted jubilation.)* Please join me in asking our Lord to guide and protect our children. *(He bows his head and the CHOIR finishes with a triumphant "ah-oh-oh-amen," punctuated by RUSTY waving a hand overhead and riffing, "Thank you Lord, Amen!" SHAW looks her direction and smiles. ALL disperse.)*

ACT TWO, SCENE 6B - The Churchyard

(The KIDS gather to congratulate REN, patting his back, shaking his hand, etc., but they fall silent and step back when CHUCK struts over to REN and ARIEL. After a tense face-off, CHUCK sneers.)

ARIEL: Chuck, you are never to speak to me again. And if you even set foot on my property, I will press charges and get a restraining order. And if you come near me again, you can spend a good long time in prison.

CHUCK: Fine. We're outta here. *(He turns, snapping his fingers.)* Travis! Lyle! Let's go!

(The crowd parts to reveal TRAVIS and LYLE getting an impromptu dance lesson from two girls; when the guys catch CHUCK's glare, they slow down and stop, self-conscious. After an icky silence:)

TRAVIS: Uh...could you maybe give us a minute here?

(A few KIDS stifle snickers. CHUCK tries to save face by sneering.)

CHUCK: Losers. *(He flips up the collar on his leather jacket and struts off, friendless.)*

(As the crowd disperses, GARVIN and BICKLE push WILLARD toward RUSTY, who is thrust forward by WENDY JO and URLEEN.)

WILLARD: Rusty, now here's the deal. I could throw a clean sheet over the front seat of the pick-up so we don't end up smelling like dogs.

RUSTY: Uh-huh.

WILLARD: Daddy's suit kinda fits and I could roll up the pant legs with duct tape.

RUSTY: I love where this is going.

WILLARD: Mama could whip up one of those...*(points frantically at his lapel)* croissants?

RUSTY: A corsage?

WILLARD: One of them.

RUSTY: You're painting a picture for me, aren't you? I see a rusty truck that smells bad, a taped-up brown suit, and me, wearing a corsage made out of who-knows-what.

WILLARD: Whaddya think?

RUSTY: Is there a dance in there someplace?

WILLARD: Yes ma'am. You wanna?

RUSTY: Willard, I would love to!

(RUSTY and WILLARD exit, leaving URLEEN and WENDY JO alone with GARVIN and BICKLE. WENDY JO starts to approach GARVIN and speak.)

URLEEN: *(to WENDY JO)* Don't even think about it. Make him work for it girl!

GARVIN: Miss Wendy Jo... would you like to be my date?

WENDY JO: I'd love to! *(They exit hand in hand. BICKLE and URLEEN are left standing.)*

BICKLE: *(Babbling)* Uh.. um.. Urleen, uh, would you... uh.. maybe... uh, be willin', if you're not doin' anything... uh

URLEEN: *(Sweetly, but encouragingly.)* Get it out!

BICKLE: Sorry. Do you wanna go to the dance?

URLEEN: Sure!

BICKLE: With me?

URLEEN: Of course! *(They giggle and run off together. Only SHAW and VI are left.)*

VI: Shaw, you did a good thing this morning. I'm so proud of you.

SHAW: I'm still not sure it was the right thing.

VI: I think it comes close. *(pause)* I've missed you. I've missed us.

MUSIC 17: Can You Find It In Your Heart? (Reprise)

SHAW: I HOPE YOU NEVER DOUBT THAT I LOVE YOU
 IF THAT'S HARD TO FIGURE OUT SOMETIMES, WELL THEN, I APOLOGIZE
 BUT YOU ARE DEARER TO MY LIFE THAN YOU COULD EVER REALIZE
 IF I TRY TO MAKE AMENDS, CAN YOU TEACH ME HOW TO START?
 CAN YOU FIND IT IN YOUR HEART?

(She regards him, then embraces him. They hold onto each other, swaying, until finally:)

VI: Shaw?

SHAW: Yes?

VI: We're almost dancing.

(They laugh and exit arm-in-arm.)

MUSIC 18: Footloose (Finale)

REN: I RENTED MY TUX

GARVIN/BICKLE: BOUGHT FLOWERS

JETER: TWELVE BUCKS!

WILLARD: AND ON MY TWENTY-THIRD TRY, I FINALLY TIED MY TIE

BOYS: I GOT THIS FEELING THAT TIME'S NO LONGER HOLDING ME DOWN

ARIEL: *(entering)* BEEN FEELING SO STRANGE, MY LIFE IS ABOUT TO CHANGE

RUSTY: *(entering)* I KNOW JUST HOW SHE FEELS

RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN: THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU'RE WEARING HEELS

ALL: LET'S HIT THE CEILING, AND THEN LET'S TEAR UP THIS TOWN

(They swirl into a tableau in which REN faces ARIEL; he stares.)

ARIEL: What?

REN: You're beautiful.

ALL: Awww...

(As their spoken, "Aww" swoops into the sung "Ah," the gym assembles around the cast.)

ACT TWO SCENE 7: The Gym

ALL: AH-AH-AH-AH, AH-AH-AH-AH-AH
 TONIGHT WE'RE GONNA CUT LOOSE, FOOTLOOSE!
 KICK OFF YOUR SUNDAY SHOES! PLEASE, LOUISE
 PULL ME OFF-A MY KNEES, JACK!

RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN: JACK!

ALL: GET BACK!

RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN: BACK!

ALL: COME ON BEFORE WE CRACK; LOSE YOUR BLUES
EVERYBODY CUT FOOTLOOSE!
I GOT THIS FEELING THAT TIME AIN'T HOLDING ME DOWN

RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN: TIME AIN'T HOLDING ME

WILLARD/JETER/GARVIN/BICKLE: LIFE AIN'T HOLDING ME DOWN

ALL: LET'S HIT THE CEILING, AND THEN LET'S TEAR UP THIS TOWN

ARIEL/RUSTY/WENDY JO/URLEEN/GIRLS: I NEED A HERO
I'M HOLDING OUT FOR A HERO TIL THE END OF THE NIGHT
HE'S GOTTA BE STRONG AND HE'S GOTTA BE FAST
AND HE'S GOTTA BE FRESH FROM THE FIGHT; I NEED A HERO!

BOYS: OO-EE, MARIE, SHAKE IT SHAKE IT FOR ME

GIRLS: WHOA, MILO! COME ON, COME ON LET'S GO

ALL: CUT FOOTLOOSE! CUT FOOTLOOSE, WHOA!

(SHAW and VI enter. Everything stops.)

SHAW: Please. Go on! *(EVERYONE cheers. Dance break.)*

ALL: AH-AH-AH-AH, AH-AH-AH-AH-AH *(dance break)*

ALL: AH, FIRST WE'VE GOT TO TURN YOU AROUND
THEN PUT YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND
NOW TAKE AHOLD OF YOUR SOUL; (CUT FOOTLOOSE!)
NOW TAKE AHOLD OF YOUR SOUL; (CUT FOOTLOOSE!) *(dance break)*

ALL: EVERYBODY CUT, EVERYBODY CUT; EVERYBODY CUT, EVERYBODY CUT

REN: EVERYBODY

KIDS: EVERYBODY

REN: EVERYBODY

ALL: EVERYBODY, EVERYBODY CUT FOOTLOOSE! YEAH!

BOWS

END OF ACT TWO