

LIBRETTO-VOCAL BOOK

Footloose

the
musical

Stage Adaptation by Dean Pitchford and Walter Bobbie
Based on the Original Screenplay by Dean Pitchford

Music by Tom Snow

Lyrics by Dean Pitchford

Additional Music by
Eric Carmen, Sammy Hagar, Kenny Loggins and Jim Steinman



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FOOTLOOSE opened on Broadway at the Richard Rodgers Theatre on October 22, 1998. Produced by Dodger Endemol Theatricals; Executive Producers: Dodger Management Group and Tim Hawkins; Associate Producers: The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Joop van den Ende; Developed and Produced in Association with Radio City Entertainment, a Cablevision Company; Presented through Special Arrangement with The Rodgers & Hammerstein Organization; Scenery Designed by John Lee Beatty; Costumes Designed by Toni-Leslie James; Lighting Designed by Ken Billington; Sound Design by Tony Meola; Orchestrations by Danny Troob; Musical Supervision and Vocal Arrangements by Doug Katsaros; Dance Music Arrangements by Joe Baker; Music Coordinator: John Miller; Hair Designed by Ross Ringo; Casting by Julie Hughes and Barry Moss; Production Supervisor: Steven Beckler; Technical Supervisor: Peter Fulbright; Marketing Consultant: Margery Singer; Press Representative: Boneau/Bryan-Brown; Choreographed by A. C. Ciulla; Directed by Walter Bobbie; with the following cast:

REN MCCORMACK	Jeremy Kushnier
ETHEL MCCORMACK	Catherine Cox
REVEREND SHAW MOORE	Stephen Lee Anderson
VI MOORE	Dee Hoty
ARIEL MOORE	Jennifer Laura Thompson
LULU WARNICKER	Catherine Campbell
WES WARNICKER	Adam LeFevre
COACH ROGER DUNBAR	John Hillner
ELEANOR DUNBAR	Donna Lee Marshall
RUSTY	Stacy Francis
URLEEN	Kathy Deitch
WENDY JO	Rosalind Brown
CHUCK CRANSTON	Billy Hartung
LYLE	Jim Ambler
TRAVIS	Bryant Carroll
A COP/COUNTRY FIDDLER	Nick Sullivan
BETTY BLAST/IRENE	Robin Baxter
WILLARD HEWITT	Tom Plotkin
PRINCIPAL HARRY CLARK	John Deyle
JETER/COWBOY BOB	Artie Harris
BICKLE	Hunter Foster
GARVIN	Paul Castree
ENSEMBLE	Billy Angell, Susan Bigelow, Angela Brydon, Ben Cameron, Rick Crom, Kristen Leigh Gorski, Jamie Gustis, Sean Haythe, Paige Hinton, Lori Holmes, Daniel Karaty, Katharine Leonard, Bradley Madison, Jeanine Meyers, Mark Myers, Orfeh, JoAnna Ross, Serena Soffer, Ron Todorowski

CHARACTERS

REN MCCORMACK – a teenage boy from Chicago
ETHEL MCCORMACK – his mother
REVEREND SHAW MOORE – the minister of Bomont
VI MOORE – his wife
ARIEL MOORE – their teenage daughter
LULU WARNICKER – Ren's aunt
WES WARNICKER – her husband
COACH ROGER DUNBAR – the high school gym teacher
ELEANOR DUNBAR – his wife
RUSTY – Ariel's best friend
URLEEN – Ariel's friend
WENDY JO – Ariel's friend
CHUCK CRANSTON – Ariel's boyfriend
LYLE – Chuck's buddy
TRAVIS – Chuck's buddy
A COP
BETTY BLAST – owner of The Burger Blast
WILLARD HEWITT – Ren's friend, a country boy
PRINCIPAL HARRY CLARK
JETER – Ren's friend
BICKLE – Ren's friend
GARVIN – Ren's friend
COWBOY BOB – lead vocalist at the Bar-B-Que
COWBOY BOB'S BAND
TOWNSPEOPLE & HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

SETTING

The City of Chicago / The Town of Bomont

TIME

Now

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

In 1984, when I was doing the publicity tour for the release of the original motion picture *Footloose* – for which I had written the screenplay and the lyrics to all the original songs – I would often find myself being interviewed by a journalist or an entertainment reporter who would describe it as “that movie about the town where dancing is against the law.”

“Not exactly,” I would gently correct them. “*Footloose* is actually the story of a man who’s lost his son, a boy who’s lost his father, and how those two help each other to heal.”

I felt it important to make that clarification because, first of all, nobody wants to see a movie about *a town!* We don’t come away from a memorable cinematic or theatrical experience remembering sidewalks and storefronts.

What makes a story live on in our consciousness is the characters we meet along the way. We remember how they changed each other.

And – when we’re lucky – how they changed us.

A decade later, when I set about adapting my original screenplay for the stage, I met with a number of producers and directors who pitched me with ideas of blowing up the property into a theatrical extravaganza. “After all,” they’d insist, “you’ve got all those hit songs! All that irresistible energy!” The show, they felt, should be re-tooled to be performed at outdoor arenas... or on rock ‘n’ roll stages... with big-screen projections! Dozens of dancers! And fireworks!

I listened to their ideas, but something about the sheer SIZE of everything they proposed unnerved me.

Then I met with director Walter Bobbie, who had just won the Best Director Tony Award for his revival of *Chicago*. Walter asked me with whom I had met and what kinds of ideas they had proposed. And after I finished my report, Walter leaned in and spoke very quietly.

“Dean,” he said, “you must remember: at the heart of *Footloose*, you have written characters who are struggling with deep loss. If you tell that story correctly, you can scale your show up or down to fit any-sized venue. But telling the story of those people and their journey – in my opinion – should be your one, guiding principle.”

And in that moment, I realized that Walter was repeating back to me the mantra that I had shared with those reporters and journalists ten years earlier. The overwhelming international success – not only of the film but also of the soundtrack and all those songs – had obscured the story’s modest roots.

Because *Footloose* is – and has always been – a human-sized story.

So Walter and I set about writing that story. And the success of the resulting musical – on Broadway and then around the world – attests to the truth in Walter’s original observation.

In closing, I’d like to share one other observation, one that came to me from a teacher who had directed a production of *Footloose* at her high school – I seem to remember

– in Florida. (But don't hold me to that! Over the years I've heard from and spoken to literally hundreds of directors – from all over the planet – who've reached out to share their stories of directing our show.)

This lovely director sent me a note she had written to read to her cast on their first day of rehearsal. And in that note, she made a suggestion that had NEVER occurred to me in all the many decades of my association with *Footloose* – a story that I had created myself!

She wrote (and I'm paraphrasing here) something to the effect that, “as you read through your script, make this simple substitution: every time you see the word ‘dance,’ substitute the word... ‘forgive.’ So when you read a line like ‘Who's ready to dance?!,’ hear it - in your mind - as, ‘Who's ready to forgive?!’”

That recommendation sent a chill up my spine. Because this director – by simply swapping one word for another – had returned *Footloose* to being the tale I had envisioned from the start – a journey of forgiveness and redemption, a story of healing and uplift.

Filled with a lot of nifty songs.

I hope that you and your cast and crew will find that rehearsing and performing *Footloose* takes you all on a similar journey.

How could we ask for more?

Dean Pitchford

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Who are these people?

The major characters in *FOOTLOOSE* have one trait in common: they are all survivors. Their circumstances – no matter how tragic – have not defeated them, and, as a consequence, we, the audience, find them likable, sympathetic...and human.

That having been said, each role is unique and presents an actor or actress with specific challenges; the following thumbnail sketches of the major characters may give you ideas about the qualities to look for and pitfalls to be avoided when casting your production.

REV. SHAW MOORE – The secret to the character of Rev. Moore is that he is charismatic. Charming, even. Shaw has a quick mind, a loving heart and a sense of humor, all of which endear him to his congregation. While trying to be strong for so many people, however, he continues to mourn the death of his son – the one person he could not save. Only Ariel and Vi (and eventually Ren) get a glimpse of this private anguish and the flashes of frustration and temper that arise from that.

And age-wise, remember that Shaw is the father of a teenage girl; then, do the math.

VI MOORE – Despite the loss of her son and the strained relationship with her husband, Vi fully understands what kind of unflagging good humor she must display in order to keep her household – and her husband's congregation – running smoothly. And with her plucky irreverence, she gives us a glimpse of what life with Shaw was like before the tragedy, when theirs was a marriage both passionate and playful.

ARIEL MOORE – Ariel is smart; she understands the rules of the different worlds she moves between, and, in each situation, she plays her part brilliantly. When she's in her father's presence, for instance, she is buttoned-up and demure; with Chuck, she burns off all her unexpressed, explosive energy with raucous, thrill-seeking behavior.

Ariel loves to laugh – with Chuck, with her girlfriends and, eventually, with Ren – but her high spirits are, quite often, her attempt to keep a lid on the grief she feels about her brother's death and the loss of her once loving relationship with her father.

REN MCCORMACK – Any actor playing Ren has not only got to be able to sing and dance and act – he must also be *witty*.

After all, Ren is a cut-up, a joker who enjoys a good time (which is why his pals are upset to find out he's leaving in the opening number). Lately, though, his fun-loving attitude has taken on a tone of desperation, as he tries *too* hard to convince the world – and himself – that his father's desertion hasn't wounded him as deeply as it has. Ariel is the first character to get Ren to talk about that sticky subject; sharing that intimacy early on becomes the basis for their relationship.

Ren's emotional journey starts with his being feisty and flippant in Act I, continues through his thoughtful argument to the Town Council and ends with his emotional final confrontation with Rev. Moore. It's a journey from boyhood to maturity.

ETHEL MCCORMACK – Where does Ren get his intelligence, his resilience and his sense of humor? From his mother, of course! It's hard for Ethel to be living in her

sister's home and abiding by her brother-in-law's rules, but she never succumbs to the pathos of her situation; after all, she has to be strong for Ren. Their mutual loss has brought them closer together, and they share a teasing, good-natured relationship.

WILLARD HEWITT – Willard is not dumb; he is a gentle soul with quick fists, which are his defense against a world that he often has trouble comprehending. Willard just hasn't had anyone come along to puncture that macho belligerence – until Ren arrives. After that, the humor in the character of Willard derives from his gradual, innocent and giddy discovery of the new worlds that Ren opens up to him.

RUSTY – Rusty may come off as sassy and self-assured, but, in many ways, she is the most deeply romantic character in *FOOTLOOSE*. She truly believes that she and Willard were meant to be together, but they're both so inept about expressing themselves that it takes Ren – and a little time on the dance floor – to ultimately bring that about.

FOOTLOOSE by the numbers

In staging your production of *FOOTLOOSE*, always remember:

*FOOTLOOSE takes place in a town
where nobody's allowed to dance.*

This is not to say that characters in Bomont can't move, because they certainly can (they must!), but that movement should be inventive and clever; early on it should be restrained, otherwise the story of *FOOTLOOSE* stops in its tracks. The payoff will be all the greater if the explosion of dance energy at the end of Act II is not only a catharsis for the characters onstage but for your audience as well.

Here are a few additional suggestions that we hope might enhance your experience of doing our show.

Music Overview: When teaching, rehearsing and performing the songs in *FOOTLOOSE* keep two things in mind:

1. Our score draws influences from the worlds of rock 'n' roll, R&B, pop, gospel, and Broadway music. Despite that diversity, there is one constant: all these styles demand *rhythm*. *FOOTLOOSE* comes alive when singers feel a song's pulse, when they experience its beat in their bodies and when they dig deep to express its inherent musical muscle. Don't confuse *intensity* with *speed*; performing a song *fast* is never as effective as performing it with *energy* and *clarity of attack*.

2. Notice how the first few lines of each of the character songs in *FOOTLOOSE* flow from the spoken words that precede them. When these transitions are smooth, the characters can continue at a conversational clip as they slip easily into their numbers.

ACT I

In the opening number (*Footloose*) it's important to stress the distinction between *raucous, energetic Chicago* and the *laid-back, bucolic Bomont* that arrives onstage in *On Any Sunday*.

In *The Girl Gets Around*, the playful banter of the lyrics ("Well, she'd like you think she was born yesterday..." "Yeah, he likes to pretend he's a man among men...") masks a subtext of genuine physical attraction.

I Can't Stand Still is *not* a number about Ren dancing; what it *is* about is the beginning of an unlikely friendship between him and Willard.

What happens here is that, in Willard, Ren finds the first person he can talk to in Bomont; and Willard finds himself collared by this tightly-wound "big city" fellow. By the end of the numbers, Willard has been drawn in by Ren's charm, so much so that he defends his new friend to Principal Clark.

In *Somebody's Eyes*, there's a spirited energy and a mischievous wink in the way that Rusty, Wendy Jo, and Urleen explain life in Bomont to Ren.

Learning To Be Silent is a song of survival. Vi, Ethel, and Ariel are plucky and defiant, drolly cataloguing the many ways they preoccupy themselves as they choke back their thoughts: "Counting little cracks in the tile..." "Contemplating taking up smoking..." etc.

In *Holding Out For A Hero*, Ariel, Rusty, Wendy Jo, and Urleen sing: "Late at night I toss and I turn / And I dream of what I need." The song gives them a chance to share that fantasy with us.

Rev. Moore is a smart man who depends on logic to provide him with a compass by which he can steer his life and the lives of his parishioners; but in *Heaven Help Me*, Rev. Moore loses his bearings. He veers between rationalizing arguments ("I don't enjoy being her jailer!"; "I strive to be a good preacher!") and outright pleas to his Lord ("Heaven help me shoulder my load!"). This vigorous agitation propels the number, straight through to Shaw's final snap: "Who can?!"

I'm Free is one of potential pitfalls to which I alluded in the opening paragraphs above; just because Ren is talking about *having a dance* in Bomont doesn't give these characters the license to *actually dance*. The scene is set in a gymnasium, where basketballs, jump ropes, trampolines, climbing ropes, gymnastic apparatus, etc. and all sports and exercise moves can provide many opportunities for movement.

ACT II

Still Rockin' is a good-time, rock 'n' roll, two-steppin' bar-band number that introduces us to the world of the Bar-B-Que as well as to the simple pleasure of dance that has been so long denied the residents of Bomont (especially Rusty!).

In *Let's Hear It For The Boy* two separate and distinct stories are being told:

1. Willard is trying to learn to dance from the Cowboys while...
2. Rusty is rationalizing her attraction to Willard by confiding to the Cowgirls.

Eventually these separate stories converge...with humorous results.

Can You Find It In Your Heart? is a good example of the point I made above (*Musical Overview 2*) about creating an uninterrupted transition from speaking dialogue to singing it.

The fun to be had with Ren's terrible speech (*Dancing Is Not A Crime*) comes when Ren gradually discovers that "*Hey! I'm bustin' a rhyme!*" and he gets swept up into his patter, to the dismay of his pals.

Afraid of failure, Ren wants to quit his campaign for a dance, but Willard and his buddies have to persuade him not to; *Mama Says* is their "recruitment," song in which they must convince Ren that he "*can't back down!*"

Almost Paradise is a tentative, steadily-building courtship in which private thoughts ("*I thought that dreams belonged to other men...*"; "*I feared my heart would beat in secrecy...*") eventually become shared intimacies ("*I swear that I can see forever in yours eyes.*").

Shaw's reprises of *Heaven Help Me* and *Can You Find It In Your Heart?* are the unadorned thoughts of a man who has survived a long and painful journey to redemption.

The *Footloose Finale* has been carefully constructed to build, build, build; but be careful that the tempo doesn't run away.

We have no doubt that with your imagination, talent and inspiration, you and your cast will create a unique and thrilling experience for your audience. And when it comes to opening night for *FOOTLOOSE*, remember to...

...break a leg.

Dean Pitchford

SONG LIST

ACT I

Scene 1A

The City of Chicago

Footloose Rusty, Wendy Jo, Urleen & Company

Scene 1B

The Town of Bomont, in Church

On Any Sunday Rev. Shaw Moore, Ren, Ethel & Company

Scene 2

The Churchyard

Scene 3

Behind a Gas Station

The Girl Gets Around Chuck, Ariel, Travis & Lyle

Scene 4

A High School Hallway

I Can't Stand Still Ren

Sombody's Eyes Rusty, Urleen, Wendy Jo & Company

Scene 5

The Moore Home

Learning To Be Silent Vi, Ethel & Ariel

Scene 6

The Burger Blast

Holding Out For A Hero Ariel, Rusty, Wendy Jo & Urleen

Scene 7

The Great Plains of Bomont

Sombody's Eyes -- Scene Change Rusty, Wendy Jo & Urleen

Scene 8

The Moore Home

Somebody's Eyes -- Reprise Rusty, Wendy Jo, Urleen, Chuck, Lyle & Travis

Heaven Help Me Shaw

Scene 9

The High School Gym / The Church

I'm Free / Heaven Help Me Ren, Shaw & Company

ACT II

Scene 1

The Bar-B-Que, a Country Western Dance Hall

Still Rockin' Cowboy Bob & His Band
Let's Hear It For The Boy Rusty & Company

Scene 2

The Moore Home

Can You Find It In Your Heart? Vi

Scene 3

The Junk Yard

Dancing Is Not A Crime Ren
Mama Says (You Can't Back Down) Willard, Bickle, Garvin, Jeter & Ren
Mama Says – Encore Willard & Boys

Scene 4

Under the Train Bridge

Almost Paradise Ren & Ariel

Scene 5

The Town Hall

Scene 6

The Moore Home

Heaven Help Me – Reprise Shaw

Scene 6A

The Church

Scene 6B

The Churchyard

Can You Find It In Your Heart? – Reprise Shaw

Scene 7

The Gym

Footloose – Finale Company
Megamix (Optional) Company

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The score of *FOOTLOOSE* has benefited enormously from the talented input of many fine musicians and musical directors, beginning with our original Broadway team of Doug Katsaros, Joe Baker and Danny Troob.

On its journey around the country and around the world, our show has also had the good fortune to receive the input and contributions of Steve Parsons (Akron); Ryan Nelson & Patti Garwood (Chicago); Darren Cohen (New York); and Chris Hatt, Mike Dixon & Chris Egan (U.K). We are deeply grateful to all of them.

And finally, a special thank-you must be extended to Wayne Blood for pulling all the many pieces together.

ACT I

Scene 1A The City of Chicago / The Town of Bomont, in Church

[MUSIC NO. 1: "FOOTLOOSE / ON ANY SUNDAY"]

(A beat begins as the house lights dim.)

(YOUNG PEOPLE enter, getting ready for a night out. Except for REN and ETHEL, all persons appearing in this opening number should be thought of as "Chicago Ensemble;" the character names used refer to their eventual "Bomont" identities.)

RUSTY.

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

WENDY JO.

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

OTHERS.

FOR WHAT? FOR WHAT?
FOR WHAT? FOR WHAT?
FOR WHAT?

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URLEEN.

BEEN WORKING TOO DAMN HARD
I'M PUNCHING THAT SAME CARD
EIGHT HOURS I'M BUSTIN' MY BUTT
OH, TELL ME WHAT I GOT

KIDS.

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

RUSTY, URLEEN & WENDY JO.

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!
C'MON BEFORE WE CRACK
LOSE YOUR BLUES
EV'RYBODY CUT FOOTLOOSE

(REN, a charismatic teen, breaks from the pack. FRIENDS surround him, pat his back, shake his hand, etc.; they are in a dance club, shouting to be heard.)

BOY 1. Ren! Ren! Hey, Ren! I heard you're moving away.

BOY 2. *(to BOYS 1 & 3)* 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.

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BOY 3. *(to BOY 2)* What he means is that he's moving to some little hick town that nobody's ever heard of.

REN. *(defensive, good-humored)* Hey! People have heard of it!

BOY 1. Oh, yeah? What's the name of it?

REN. You can find it on any map.

BOY 3. What's the name of it?

REN. Folks are flocking there from all over.

BOYS 1, 2 & 3. WHAT'S THE NAME OF IT?

REN. *BOMONT!*

ALL. *(turn and shout)* *Bomont?! Where the hell is Bomont?*

RUSTY, URLEEN & WENDY JO. *(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

REN, RUSTY, URLEEN & WENDY JO.

LIFE AIN'T PASSIN' ME BY

ALL.

I'M TRYIN' TO TELL YOU
IT WILL IF YOU DON'T EVEN TRY

RUSTY, URLEEN & WENDY JO.

YOU CAN FLY!

ALL.

YOU CAN FLY!

RUSTY, URLEEN & WENDY JO.

YOU CAN FLY!
IF YOU'D ONLY CUT LOOSE!

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ALL.

CUT FOOTLOOSE!

BOYS.

WHOAH!

ALL.

CUT FOOTLOOSE!

GIRLS.

AAWWW

ALL.

CUT FOOTLOOSE!

(REN spins out from the club setting to find his mom, ETHEL MCCORMACK, at home, packing. She is in her late thirties, still attractive but nervously troubled right now. 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. Mom, we've got a ten-hour drive ahead of us. We've got a lot of time to disagree.

(As REN and ETHEL grabs suitcase, etc., and "leave Chicago," the lights restore onstage.)

FOOTLOOSE 5

ALL.

FIRST...

KIDS.

WE'VE GOT TO TURN YOU AROUND

SMALL GROUP.

SECOND...

KIDS.

THEN PUT YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND

SMALL GROUP.

THIRD...

KIDS.

NOW TAKE A HOLD OF YOUR SOUL!

ALL.

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 – forties, vigorous,
authoritative. He listens to a CHOIR in the
distance.)*

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Scene 1B
The Town of Bomont, In Church

CHOIR. *(offstage)*

AH AH

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.

(Church pews and the choir loft appear.)

CHOIR.

AH-AH-AH...

*(PARISHIONERS and fill the pews. As REN and
ETHEL enter, SHAW greets them.)*

SHAW. Welcome to Bomont!

(mounts 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 that we 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. *(turns to audience)*

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

REN.

AND MAYBE WE COULD
START A NEW LIFE HERE

PARISHIONERS.

OOH AH

STARTS A NEW LIFE HERE!

CHOIR.

OOH...

(CHOIR continues to sing "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...

(He 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?"

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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 laugh.*)

REN. (*ignores the jibe*) Ren McCormack.

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

REN. (*cheeky*) Nope!

(*He sits abruptly.*)

KIDS. (*to audience and each other*)

THERE'S RUMORS GOIN' 'ROUND ABOUT THE NEW KID
AND EV'RYBODY'S TALKIN' 'TIL THEY'RE 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 join SHAW and sing from hymnals.)

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 CONGREGATION)* Everybody!

REN & ETHEL.

SHAW, VI & ARIEL.

**ADULT
 PARISHONERS.**

WE'VE ONLY
 BEEN HERE
 TWO DAYS AND
 ALREADY
 CHICAGO
 SEEMS
 A MILLION
 MILES AWAY

GOD IS

THE RIGHT
 THING! THE
 RIGHT THING!

LOVE

WE STRIVE TO
 DO WHAT'S
 RIGHT!

FOLLOW HIM
 AND

BUT WE WERE
 BARELY
 HANGING ON
 THERE
 'SPECIALLY
 WITH MY/HIS
 FATHER GONE

NEVER

THE RIGHT
 THING!

THERE'S
 NOT TOO MANY
 PLACES WE
 COULD
 STAY

ROAM

THE RIGHT
 THING!

SIN IS A
 MATTER OF

HE HAS MADE
 THE

BLACK AND
 WHITE!

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REN & ETHEL.	SHAW, VI & ARIEL	KIDS.	ADULT PARISHONERS.
BUT MAYBE MOM/I CAN FIND A JOB THAT'S STEADY	STARS		THE RIGHT THING!
AND MAYBE I CAN STAND IT FOR A YEAR	ABOVE	THERE'S RUMORS GOIN' ROUND ABOUT THE NEW KID	THE RIGHT THING! WE DO THE
AND MAYBE THINGS WON'T BE SO BAD, AND MAYBE I/REN WON'T MISS MY/ HIS DAD, AND MAYBE WE CAN	JUST TO LIGHT YOUR WAY BACK HOME	AND EV'RYBODY'S TALKIN' 'TIL THEY'RE BLUE BUT EITHER WAY IT'S SOMETHING NEW EITHER WAY AT	RIGHT THING! WE STRIVE TO DO TO DO

FOOTLOOSE 11

REN & ETHEL.

START A NEW
LIFE HERE

KIDS.

LEAST IT'S SOMETHING
NEW

ALL.

ON ANY 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. (*spoken in rhythm*) GO IN PEACE!

[MUSIC NO. 1A: "CHURCHYARD
TRANSITION"]

12 FOOTLOOSE

Scene 2
The Churchyard

(PARISHIONERS gather in small groups; one group includes SHAW, VI, REN, ETHEL, and her sister and brother-in-law LULU and WES WARNICKER.)

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 jumps 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; turns to ETHEL)* 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 ROGER DUNBAR join the group.)

ELEANOR. Vi! Vi! I made some of my Toll House cookies. Lulu, you taste one and you'll burn every recipe in your kitchen.

(She starts to hustle LULU offstage.)

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'll call me Vi.

(They start off.)

REN. *(to ETHEL as she goes)* 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 bitchin' story! *(he stops, abashed)* *Slaughterhouse Five*, right? Yeah. 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.

14 FOOTLOOSE

(ARIEL and her best friend RUSTY rush on.)

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

REVEREND. 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; then, to ARIEL)* 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.

(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 underdressed with sexier clothes. From her shoulder bag she pulls red cowboy boots.)

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

ARIEL. Why? He never listens to me. And anyway, I...

(Seeing REN watching, she stops talking; after a beat:)

Welcome to Bomont.

(Pause.)

REN. *(a cowboy drawl)* Howdy.

(His attempt at humor is met with blank stares; embarrassed, REN starts off 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. *(call after him, teasing)* Ouch! Oh, baby...! You got that sweet stuff...! *(etc.)*

RUSTY. *(stops 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!

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RUSTY, URLEEN & WENDY JO. (*look to each other, shrug*)
Okay!

[MUSIC NO. 2: "THE GIRL GETS AROUND"]

(All exit, GIRLS one way, ARIEL the other.)

(The twang of electric guitars brings on
CHUCK CRANSTON *and his buddies, TRAVIS*
and LYLE, thuggish and grease-stained.)

Scene 3
Behind a Gas Station

(ARIEL struts on in her red boots.)

CHUCK. Hey, good-lookin'.

(He kisses ARIEL.)

Miss me?

ARIEL. You wish.

(TRAVIS and LYLE approach.)

TRAVIS. Hey there, Ariel.

LYLE. How's it goin'?

ARIEL. *(regards them)* Hey, Travis. Lyle. *(gasps, turns to CHUCK)* Omigod! Did I interrupt your weekly poetry club meeting?

CHUCK. Very funny.

(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.

(She and CHUCK grab each other and kiss.)

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

CHUCK.

ANYTHING THAT I WANT

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

18 FOOTLOOSE

CHUCK.

EV'RYTHING THAT SHE NEEDS

ARIEL. *(to CHUCK; suddenly proper)* Like you'd know.

CHUCK. *(wags a finger at ARIEL; sings to his BUDDIES)*

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 YOU CAN'T LEARN IN
BOOKS

AND I'M STARTING TO THINK SHE'S THE DEVIL IN
DISGUISE

CHUCK, TRAVIS & LYLE.

THE GIRL GETS AROUND

CHUCK.

SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE LIKES

TRAVIS & LYLE.

HUNH!

CHUCK.

I GOT WHAT SHE NEEDS
JUST WAIT 'TIL TONIGHT

WE'LL BOTH MAKE OUR
MOVES

TRAVIS & LYLE.

NEEDS

JUST WAIT!

MAKE OUR
MOVES

CHUCK, TRAVIS & LYLE.

YEAH, WE'LL COVER SOME GROUND

CHUCK.

THE GIRL GETS AROUND
AROUND AROUND AROUND AROUND AROUND

GOOD GOD, THIS GIRL GETS AROUND!

TRAVIS. Ariel, I swear, God's gonna strike you down with a lightning bolt.

ARIEL. No, she's not!

LYLE. *She's* not?

TRAVIS. Excellent!

ARIEL. (*to TRAVIS and LYLE re: CHUCK*)

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; YOUR SECRET'S SAFE
WITH ME

TRAVIS & LYLE. (*raaz* CHUCK) Busted!

ARIEL.

AND HE BORES ME TO TEARS WITH HIS BEERS AND HIS
BIKES

BUT I KEEP HIM AROUND CUZ WHEN TEMPTATION
STRIKES

I GOT THE MOTOR AND HE'S GOT THE KEY!

CHUCK, TRAVIS & LYLE.

THE GIRL GETS AROUND

CHUCK.

SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE LIKES!

TRAVIS & LYLE.

HUNH!

TRAVIS & LYLE.

KNOWS WHAT SHE LIKES!

CHUCK & ARIEL.

I GOT WHAT YOU NEED!

TRAVIS & LYLE.

YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH

CHUCK.

JUST WAIT 'TIL TONIGHT

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ARIEL.

MAYBE TONIGHT

TRAVIS & LYLE.

WAIT 'TIL TONIGHT

CHUCK & ARIEL.

WE'LL BOTH

CHUCK, ARIEL, TRAVIS & LYLE.

MAKE OUR MOVES

YEAH, WE'LL COVER SOME GROUND

CHUCK.

ARIEL.

TRAVIS & LYLE.

THE GIRL GETS

AROUND

AROUND

AROUND

AROUND

AROUND

AROUND

AROUND

ROUND

ROUND ROUND

ROUND

CHUCK & ARIEL.

HUNH!

TRAVIS & LYLE.

MAYBE TONIGHT

CHUCK & ARIEL.

TRAVIS & LYLE.

THE GIRL GETS

AROUND AROUND

AROUND

ROUND AROUND

AROUND

CHUCK, ARIEL, TRAVIS & LYLE.

AROUND AROUND AROUND

GOOD GOD, 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.

SHAW. *(nods, unconvinced; offers a sweater to ARIEL)* Your mother thought you might be cold.

(A chilly pause. ARIEL takes the sweater. SHAW exits.)

TRAVIS & LYLE. *(call after SHAW)* Evening, Reverend!

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

[MUSIC NO. 2A: "AFTER 'GIRL'"]

CHUCK, TRAVIS & LYLE.

THE GIRL GETS AROUND
AND SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE LIKES!

CHUCK, TRAVIS & LYLE.

I GOT WHAT SHE NEEDS
JUST WAIT 'TIL TONIGHT
THE GIRL GETS AROUND AROUND AROUND AROUND
GOOD GOD, THIS GIRL GETS AROUND!

[MUSIC NO. 2B: "HALLWAY SCENE CHANGE"]

22 FOOTLOOSE

Scene 4
A High School Hallway

*(STUDENTS hurry on their ways to class.
ARIEL 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. *(after a beat, mimics him)* "Howdy!"

RUSTY. Oh, girl, leave that poor boy alone!

*(They leave. REN, abashed, 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. Smart-ass, 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.)

REN. *(throws himself at WILLARD's fists)* Oh, please! Kill me!

WILLARD. *(pulls back, startled)* Huh?

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

WILLARD. *(warily shakes REN's hand)* Willard. Willard Hewitt.

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

(WILLARD hesitates, then makes a lewd gesture.)

[MUSIC NO. 3: "I CAN'T STAND STILL"]

Yeah. Besides that. 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.

REN. Bowl-A-Rama?! Wow. I really admire you. I could never do what you guys do around here.

24 FOOTLOOSE

WILLARD. Yeah? What do we do?

REN. *(explodes)* 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.

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 NEVER WOULD 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 & 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!

WILLARD. *(spoken in rhythm)* NO, NO, NO, NO...!

REN. *(spoken in rhythm)* THEN, SOMEBODY KILL ME CUZ -
(sung) I CAN'T STAND STILL!
(spoken in rhythm) NO! NO! NO!

(PRINCIPAL HARRY CLARK enters in time to see REN's last moves.)

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.

(STUDENTS filter in and observe this exchange.)

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

WILLARD. (*frantic*) Don't... don't...!

REN. What? "Don't" what? You mean this?

(*He dances a few deliberately goofy steps.*)

PRINCIPAL. Mr. McCormack!

WILLARD. (*under his breath*) Oh, shit.

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 get 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)* Principal 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.

(Bell rings; no one moves.)

I'm sure we all have places to be!

(STUDENTS disperse and PRINCIPAL exits.)

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

WILLARD. Pwshht!

(Flustered, WILLARD exits.)

ARIEL. *(playfully chucks REN under the chin and mimics Principal Clark)* Chin up... Mr. 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 half years. Ever since the accident.

REN. What accident?

RUSTY, WENDY JO & URLEEN. *(surprised he doesn't know)*
The Potawney Bridge Accident!

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(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 exaggeratedly.*)

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. Whoa. Did anybody survive?

(RUSTY *shakes her head.*)

Oh, God.

RUSTY. Yeah. And when the sheriff's office published the autopsy report it claimed 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 *is* 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 family.

(She checks behind to be sure no one's listening.)

[MUSIC NO. 4: "SOMEBODY'S EYES"]

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
EV'RY NIGHT AND EV'RY DAY

RUSTY.

SOMEBODY'S HIDING IN THE GREAT UNKNOWN

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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. *(re: REN)* This a friend of yours, Chuck?

CHUCK. The city kid? I wouldn't let him kiss my ass!

(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 into REN's hand.)

URLEEN. *(to REN)*

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

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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
- trailed by TRAVIS and LYLE in wrestlers'
singlets - drags REN before the PRINCIPAL.)*

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!

(The BOYS hush.)

(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 stands 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 that 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.

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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

THERE'LL BE HELL 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

ALL.

WHOA-OH

SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY'S EYES

(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)* Alright! I will!

(starts toward the house) 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.

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(She kisses CHUCK.)

'Bye, now.

(ARIEL runs to her front door, looks back to see that CHUCK hasn't moved.)

(amused; hisses) Go! Go home!

(CHUCK struts away.)

RUSTY, URLEEN & WENDY JO.

WHOA-OH

(The GIRLS exit.)

Scene Five
The Moore Home

(ARIEL pulls herself together, dashes in.)

(Classical music plays softly. SHAW is writing as VI prepares dinner.)*

ARIEL. *(kisses SHAW's cheek.)* Hi, Daddy. Mom.

VI. Are you hungry?

ARIEL. I'm starving.

(She listens to the music for a moment.)

Aha! 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.

ARIEL. *(changing the subject.)* 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.

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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 exits. 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. *(playful)* 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 seem to have walked in on one of your sermons.

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

(He exits, leaving VI alone.)

[MUSIC NO. 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!"

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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

(ARIEL enters her own space.)

ARIEL.

LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA

VI.

MAKING LITTLE SOUNDS
OTHER FOLKS IGNORE

ARIEL.

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

ALL.

LEARNING TO BE SILENT

ARIEL.

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

ARIEL.

AND SOME WE AVOID LIKE THE PLAGUE

ALL.

I’M BECOMING A MIME!

ETHEL.

BITING MY TONGUE

VI & ARIEL.

BIDING MY TIME

ETHEL.

TRYING NOT TO SCREAM

ARIEL.

TRYING NOT TO SCREAM

VI.

MANAGED IT BEFORE

ARIEL.

MANAGED IT BEFORE

ALL.

KNOWING IF I'M GOING TO SURVIVE,
THEN, DAMMIT!

ETHEL.

I'VE GOT TO PRACTICE

VI & ARIEL.

PRACTICE

ALL.

LEARNING...

(They "zip" their lips.)

HM... HM... HMM...

(Lights fade.)

[MUSIC NO. 5A: "SCENE CHANGE TO
BURGER BLAST DINER"]

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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. (*holds up a sheet of paper, points*) How do you pronounce this word?

ARIEL. "Camelot."

URLEEN. Really?

ARIEL. Really.

RUSTY. You know 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!"

(*stops, realizing they are staring*) What?

URLEEN. You read a book?!

WENDY JO. Wikipedia. A whole page. 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...

WILLARD. Hey, Rusty.

RUSTY. Hey, Willard.

*(RUSTY and WILLARD share a long silence.
Then:)*

WILLARD. Well. See ya.

*(He shambles 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 the Hula Burger Double Patty Cheese Melt with extra mayo, a double 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*

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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 an asshole, it's easier to pick you out.

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

WILLARD. My 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.

(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.

WENDY JO. He's kinda tall.

ARIEL. (*dismissive*) Everybody's tall on rollerskates.

URLEEN. And I think he's handsome.

ARIEL. (*shrugs*) Cute, maybe.

WENDY JO. 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.

(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 hell she's talking about. She talks faster than any girl I ever met.

REN. That's cuz you make her horny.

WILLARD. (*thrilled*) Y'think?

(Lights shift back to the GIRLS.)

[MUSIC NO. 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?

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RUSTY, WENDY JO & URLEEN. *(spoken in rhythm)* 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
OOOH

ARIEL.

AND I DREAM OF WHAT I NEED
I NEED A HERO!

*(The GIRLS join ARIEL in her 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

ARIEL.

AND RISING WITH THE

RUSTY, WENDY JO & URLEEN.

DOO

ARIEL.

HEAT
IT'S GONNA TAKE A
SUPERMAN
TO SWEEP ME OFF MY
FEET

RUSTY, WENDY JO & URLEEN.

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

RUSTY.

OUT WHERE THE LIGHTNING SPLITS THE SEA

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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!

ARIEL.

I'M HOLDING OUT
FOR A HERO 'TIL THE
MORNING LIGHT

RUSTY, WENDY JO & URLEEN.

OH OH

ALL.

HE'S GOTTA BE SURE, AND IT'S GOTTA BE SOON
AND HE'S GOTTA BE LARGER THAN LIFE
LARGER THAN

ARIEL.

LIFE!

RUSTY, WENDY JO & URLEEN.

DOO DOO DOO DOO

*(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, God! I'm late. Chuck's gonna lose it.

(CHUCK strides in, furious.)

CHUCK. Ariel, what the hell's going on? We had a date a 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 up to CHUCK.)

REN. Will you be joining these ladies for dinner?

(CHUCK looks REN 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, honey.

CHUCK. Don't tell me to calm down! Don't – ever! – tell me what to do. *(glances at RUSTY, et al)* I know what your friends think of me. And that's bullshit. I'm the

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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 ARIEL*) 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 skates over.*)

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.

(*He smacks REN's hand away.*)

WILLARD. (*leaps up*) 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 shouting 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 silences.)

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 GIRLS chuckle.)

CHUCK. *(turns on ARIEL)* What? You think that's funny?

BETTY. Cranston! This here is my establishment, and your pickup truck is parked on my sidewalk. Now, you've got 'bout thiry seconds 'til it's towed. Y'know what I'm sayin'?

(CHUCK has no graceful way out.)

CHUCK. *(to REN)* You haven't seen the last of me, McCormack.

(He bumps REN as he exits.)

WILLARD. Could I please kick his ass?

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?

(SOUND CUE: CHUCK's truck varoom away as the crowd disperses.)

(ARIEL lingers.)

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And McCormack?

REN. *(ready for the bad news)* 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...)

BETTY. Thank you!

(...and BETTY glides off.)

(REN and ARIEL are left alone; he swaps his skates for tennis shoes.)

ARIEL. You are either very brave or very stupid.

REN. Which do you think?

ARIEL. I haven't made up my mind. 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!

(Sound Cue: A train whistle approaches.)*

*Note: A snare-drum "train" - gradually building, then diminishing in volume - can enhance this sound cue.

Scene 7
The Great Plains of Bomont

(An empty night sky, except for a crescent moon.)

(As the train 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 on board 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 bad-ass 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.

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(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...

(He shakes his head.)

ARIEL. Yeah, what happened there?

REN. He walked out. One day he just walked out the door. No "goodbye." 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 weighs her suggestion. Then, in imitation of ARIEL's earlier wail, he throws his head back, jumps up and screams.)

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 NO. 7: "PLAINS OF BOMONT"]

ARIEL. Feel better?

REN. I'm not sure.

(Beat; 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 NO. 7A: SCENE CHANGE
"SOMEBODY'S EYES"]

(As they walk CHUCK enters and spies on them.)

(RUSTY, WENDY JO, and URLEEN enter elsewhere.)

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RUSTY, WENDY JO & URLEEN.

SOMEBODY'S EYES ARE WATCHING

SOMEBODY'S EYES ARE FOLLOWING EV'RY MOVE

SOMEBODY'S WAITING TO SHOW THEY DON'T APPROVE

(CHUCK and the GIRLS exit.)

Scene 8
The Moore Home

(VI, ELEANOR, COACH DUNBAR, and PRINCIPAL CLARK play cards at the kitchen table. 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. *(turns from the window)* Eleanor, why is it that the only place my prayers seem to fail me is at the bridge table?

(EVERYONE laughs.)

(Outside, REN resists as ARIEL drags him toward 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. *(reminds SHAW)*
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.

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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.*)

ELEANOR. (*suddenly gasps, glances at her watch*) Oh, will you look at the time!

(*The ADULTS abruptly stand and exit, chattering. 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. THHHHWUMP! (*mimes pulling out the arrow*) Arrgggggh! (*offering the "arrow" to SHAW*) I believe this is yours.

(*SHAW is not amused.*)

ARIEL. (*tries to rescue the moment.*) Ren! Thanks for...you know...

REN. Walking you home?

ARIEL. Yeah. That, too.

REN. (*starts out, turns to SHAW one more time*) Well, Reverend! This was fun, doncha think?

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

[MUSIC NO. 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 the house.)

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.

(*She enters the house as REN starts off.*)

(TRAVIS, LYLE and CHUCK enter in time to see
REN depart.)

RUSTY, URLEEN & WENDY JO.

SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY'S EYES

CHUCK, TRAVIS & LYLE.

WHOA-OH!

(*raucously*) I'M GONNA PUNCH OUT

SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY'S EYES

(*They pull ski masks over their faces and
race after REN.*)

RUSTY, URLEEN & WENDY JO.

WHOA-OH

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(The GIRLS exit.)

(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"? *(re: 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!

(She exits.)

SHAW. *(notes that VI has observed this fight)* Someone's got to put a foot down.

VI. *(blithely)* I didn't say anything.

(She exits, leaving SHAW frustrated and agitated.)

[MUSIC NO. 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
EV'RY DAY'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!
DON'T DO THAT!"

SEE, EV'RYONE 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 FAM'LY AND HIS NEIGHBORS?

HEAVEN HELP ME
OH, HEAVEN HELP ME
IF HEAVEN CAN'T, WHO CAN?

(He exits.)

[MUSIC NO. 8A: "ON ANY SUNDAY -
MARCH"]

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Scene 9
The High School Gym / The Church

(KIDS are in the middle of gym class.)

(WILLARD and ARIEL enter with REN, who has one hand bandaged and a band-aid over an eye.)

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

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

WILLARD. *(lifts REN's bandaged 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.

COACH. McCormack, it seems that when you're not making trouble, it finds you anyway. *(to ARIEL re: REN)* 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 but 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. *(turns)* 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.

(KIDS start to notice this altercation.)

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.

(ALL grumble.)

Just do it.

(ALL drop and do push-ups.)

And one, two... I can't hear you!

ALL. Three, four...

COACH. Only forty-six more.

(He exits; EVERYONE continues push-ups.)

ALL. Five, six...

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BOY 1. Is he gone?

ALL. Seven, eight...

BOY 2. (*checks on the COACH's exit*) Yeah.

(*ALL collapse.*)

Hey, Ren, thanks a lot!

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

WILLARD. Amen!

REN. You guys have no place to blow off any steam.

BOY 2. 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...

[MUSIC NO. 9: "I'M FREE / HEAVEN HELP ME"]

WILLARD. (*notices REN's distraction*) What? What're you thinking?

REN. That's IT!

WILLARD. What?

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

(*General skeptical reaction.*)

WENDY JO. You're just asking for a fight.

REN. Bring it on!

URLEEN. Are you ready to take on Reverend Moore?

REN. I'll take on anybody!

WILLARD. What about the Town Council?

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

(to the KIDS) 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
EV'RY DAY 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
DOESN'T MATTER WHERE YOU GO, I GUARANTEE
LONG AS WE HOLD OUR GROUND
WE CANNOT BE BOUND
WE'RE SHAKIN' THE PAST, MAKIN' OUR BREAKS,

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TAKIN' CONTROL IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES

HEAVEN HELPS THE MAN WHO FIGHTS HIS FEAR
WE CAN FACE IT DOWN RIGHT NOW, RIGHT HERE
ONCE YOU'RE STANDIN' ON YOUR OWN TWO FEET
YOU WILL NOT RETREAT IF YOU REPEAT:

(shouting in rhythm) I'M FREE!

C'mon! Try it!

KIDS. *(tentatively; spoken in rhythm)* I'M FREE.

REN. *(imitates SHAW, booming)* "Let the Lord hear your voice!"

KIDS. *(shout in rhythm, loud and proud)* I'M FREE!

REN. *(spoken in rhythm)* YEAH!

KIDS.

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

(The KIDS' workout turns rhythmic and, ultimately, exuberant as REN involves everyone in his campaign.)

REN & KIDS.

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

(The KIDS part, revealing SHAW, mid-sermon, and the CHOIR.)

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

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– a tribute to four young people who held the promise of Bomont’s brightest future...

KIDS.

HEAVEN HELPS THE MAN

(The CHOIR sings “OOHH” over the following:)

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

KIDS.

WE CAN FACE IT DOWN

SHAW.

HEAVEN HELP

ME!

SOMEONE’S GOT

TO

SAVE HIS

NEIGHBORS

REN & KIDS.

RIGHT NOW

RIGHT HERE

CHOIR.

HEAVEN HELP

ME!

RAISING OUR

VOICES

ALL OF OUR

VOICES

SHAW.

HEAVEN HELP ME!

REN & KIDS.

MAKING OUR BREAKS

SHAW.

OH, HEAVEN HELP ME!

REN, KIDS & CHOIR.

FOR HEAVEN SAKES

SHAW.

IF HEAVEN CAN’T,

SHAW.

WHO CAN?

CHOIR.

WE WILL BE RELEASED!

KIDS.

HEAVEN HELPS THE MAN

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REN.

HEAVEN HELPS THE MAN

KIDS.

HEAVEN HELPS THE MAN

SHAW.

WHO CAN?

KIDS.

HEAVEN HELPS THE MAN

REN.

HEAVEN HELPS THE MAN

REN, KIDS & CHOIR.

I'M FREE!

(REN and SHAW defiantly face off.)

(Blackout.)

ACT II

[MUSIC NO. 9A: "ENTR'ACTE"]

[MUSIC NO. 10: "STILL ROCKIN"]

(ARIEL, WILLARD, REN, and RUSTY rush on, excited and curious. WILLARD seems skittish. A sign overhead announces THE BAR-B-QUE! 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. (*an aside, with dread*) Oh, my God!

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Scene One
The Bar-B-Que, a Country-Western Dance Hall

*(The curtain rises on a sea of cowboy hats.
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 GOIN' ONE WAY - *WHOO!*
AND MY FEET WON'T STOP
GIMME ROOM, CUZ I'M...

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

STILL ROCKIN'
STILL ROCKIN'
GOIN' STRONG

STILL GOT THE HEAT
I'M KEEPIN' THE BEAT
CUZ IT FEELS SO GOOD

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 FEELIN' 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 head 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, which catches **COWBOY BOB's** eye.)*

COWBOY BOB.

SOMETHIN' IN THE OZONE
SHIVERS UP MY BACKBONE
MAKIN' ME ROCK AND ROLL

*(He starts performing to **RUSTY.**)*

I SHIMMY UP THE SIDEWALK
FASTER THAN A TICK-TOCK,
PEOPLE THINK I'M OUTTA CONTROL

HAH! 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*

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floor and spins her around, none of which is lost on 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

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 FEELIN' SO GOOD!

COWBOY BOB. *(to RUSTY)* Hey, you are 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 hell you been living? Bomont?

RUSTY. Yup!

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

(He stays with RUSTY, as he and the BAND bring the number home.)

BAND MEMBERS.

LORD, I SWEAR THAT IT
BEATS WALKIN'
I'M STILL ROCKIN'

COWBOY BOB.

YEAH, I'M STILL ROCKIN'

BAND MEMBERS.

ALL DAY LONG
SHAKIN' MY SHOES

I'M SPREADIN' THE NEWS
THAT I'M FEELIN' SO
GOOD!

COWBOY BOB.

ALL DAY LONG
ALL DAY LONG
I'M SPREADIN' THE NEWS

THAT I'M FEELIN' SO
GOOD!

(The CROWD applauds; the BAND strikes up a ballad as COWBOY BOB pulls RUSTY downstage.)

[MUSIC NO. 10A: "COWBOY BOB DANCES"]

COWBOY BOB. Now, where were we?

(They slow dance.)

(WILLARD watches for a moment before he steps up, seething.)

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 in to COWBOY BOB.)

COWBOY BOB. *(holds up both hands; gently)* 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 into the CROWD.)

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WILLARD. *(to RUSTY)* What does he mean by that? *(calls after COWBOY BOB)* Hey! Hey! You got something to say?

(REN and ARIEL notice the commotion and rush over.)

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

WILLARD. Oh. Well. Okay.

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

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

RUSTY. Oh, gawd!

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?

(REN crosses away with WILLARD.)

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 at a sudden realization)* 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 up on REN and WILLARD downstage.*)

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. Well, 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. Oh. "It"?

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(WILLARD *nods.*)

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. (*starts back to the dance floor*) Great! Then let's dance!

WILLARD. Dance? Dance?! What the hell 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?! Hell, any idiot can do that! (*points to the dance floor*) I can't do this! I can't dance!

(*EVERYBODY turns to WILLARD and freezes.*)

(*From across the dance floor:*)

RUSTY. (*wails*) Whaaaaat?!

(*The COWGIRLS rush to her; the COWBOYS converge on WILLARD.*)

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

(General reactions of disbelief, amazement.)

REN. *(tries to calm the mob)* Now, c'mon! Give the guy a break.

COWBOY BOB. But that ain't natural!

BAND MEMBER 1. It's like riding a bike.

BAND MEMBER 2. 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 NO. 11: "LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE BOY"]

(The COWBOYS and REN pull WILLARD into a huddle.)

(Lights down on them, as the focus shifts to the GIRLS.)

COWGIRL. *(to RUSTY)* Darlin', darlin', darlin'! Your boyfriend has two left feet, and you had no idea?

RUSTY. None.

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

RUSTY. Not yet.

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

RUSTY. No! But that's not how it is with me and Willard.

(The COWGIRLS scoff.)

No, really! Willard has a lot of hidden talents. I mean, just look at him.

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(They turn to watch as the COWBOY circle opens to reveal REN demonstrating a rudimentary step; WILLARD tries it and fails miserably.)

(REN pulls WILLARD back into the COWBOY huddle and the circle closes.)

(Lights down on them. The GIRLS turn to RUSTY.)

COWGIRL. Uhhhh...you were saying?

RUSTY. *(smiles sheepishly, then suddenly turns front and belts out)*

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 the COWBOYS; REN demos a step, and WILLARD crashes to the floor trying to replicate it.)

(The COWBOYS pull him back into their huddle.)

(RUSTY tries to cover for WILLARD's failure.)

AND MAYBE HE DON'T DRESS FINE,
BUT I DON'T REALLY MIND
CUZ EV'RY 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
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!

(WILLARD gets more ambitious and starts to successfully imitate steps REN and the COWBOYS demonstrate. What he lacks in style, he makes up for in enthusiasm.)

RUSTY.

MY BABY MAY NOT BE
 RICH
 HE'S WATCHING EV'RY
 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 ALRIGHT BY
 ME, YEAH

THE GIRLS.

MY BABY
 HE'S WATCHING EV'RY
 DIME
 LOVES ME, LOVES ME,
 LOVES ME
 WHOA OH
 AND MAYBE
 THAT'S ALRIGHT BY ME,
 YEAH

RUSTY.

CUZ WHAT HE DOES, HE DOES SO WELL
 MAKES ME WANNA YELL:

RUSTY & THE GIRLS.

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE
 BOY!

LET'S GIVE THE BOY A
 HAND
 LET'S HEAR IT FOR MY
 BABY

FEMALE DANCERS.

HEAR IT FOR THE BOY!

HAND

HEAR IT FOR MY BABY

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RUSTY & THE GIRLS.

YOU KNOW YOU GOT TO
 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!

FEMALE DANCERS.

UNDERSTAND
 ROMEO
 ONE-MAN
 SHOW WHOA, WHOA,
 WHOA -

(Finally WILLARD whips off a dazzling dance combination to EVERYONE's amazement and the number ends with RUSTY in WILLARD's arms.)

RUSTY & THE GIRLS.

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

THE GIRLS.

HEAR IT FOR THE BOY!

RUSTY.

LET'S HEAR IT FOR MY
 BABY
 YOU KNOW YOU GOTTA
 UNDERSTAND

THE GIRLS.

HEAR IT FOR MY
 BABY

THE GIRLS.

HEAR IT FOR THE BOY!

RUSTY.

WHOA, MAYBE HE'S NO ROMEO,
 BUT HE'S MY LOVIN' ONE-MAN SHOW

RUSTY & THE GIRLS.

OH WHOA WHOA WHOA -

RUSTY.

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE BOY!

THE GIRLS.

HEAR IT FOR THE BOY!

HEAR IT FOR THE BOY!

HEAR IT FOR THE BOY!

RUSTY.

WHOA!

THE GIRLS.

HEAR IT FOR THE -

RUSTY.

OH!

THE GIRLS.

HEAR IT FOR THE
BOY!

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Scene 2
The Moore Home

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

CHUCK. Hsst! Ariel! Ariel!

(VI, in a robe, exits the house and crosses to him.)

VI. She's not here, Chuck.

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

VI. Did I scare you?

CHUCK. *(a lie)* 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. Mmmm. 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. *(as he enters)* Who is it, Vi?

(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. *(hides 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.

(CHUCK 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.

84 FOOTLOOSE

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 lunges, raises his hand to slap ARIEL.)

VI. Shaw!

*(SHAW catches himself and drops his hand.
Stunned silence.)*

(Finally, ARIEL turns and runs out.)

SHAW. *(shaken)* 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 NO. 12: "CAN YOU FIND IT IN YOUR HEART?"]

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 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.

(He exits.)

VI. *(gazes after him; sadly, to herself)* I never stopped.
DOES IT EVER CROSS YOUR MIND THAT I MISS YOU?

86 FOOTLOOSE

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 NO. 12A: "TRANSITION"]

(If needed for scenery.)

[MUSIC NO. 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:)*

Scene 3
The Junk Yard

(REN, WILLARD, BICKLE, JETER, and GARVIN are surrounded by brushes, paint cans, and handmade posters bearing slogans in support of their cause.)

(As the lights come up, they're all heatedly shouting advice to REN.)

WILLARD. Hold it! Hold it!

(The BOYS quiet.)

(to REN) 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; then:)* Members of the Council:
Dancing is not a crime.

**[MUSIC NO. 12C: "DANCING IS NOT A
CRIME"]**

WILLARD. *(spoken in rhythm)* YEAH.

BICKLE. *(spoken in rhythm)* YEAH.

JETER. *(spoken in rhythm)* YEAH.

GARVIN. *(spoken in rhythm)* YEAH.

(Feeling his way, REN continues to make his argument; once he feels the rhythm of his words, he throws himself into this patter with abandon.)

REN. *(spoken in rhythm)*
YEAH!

88 FOOTLOOSE

EVER SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME
IF ANYTHING, EV'RYBODY HAD THE RIGHT
TO HOWL AT THE MOON AND TO MOVE ALL NIGHT
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 - THEY HAD A BATTLE TO WIN
SO THEY WOULD DANCE!
EV'RY TIME THEY HAD THE CHANCE
WHATEVER THE SEASON OR CIRCUMSTANCE
THEY FOUND A REASON TO THROW A PARTY IN THEIR
PANTS
SO LET'S DO LIKE THEY DID AND DANCE, DANCE, DANCE!

(He finishes - ta da! - ready for their approval.)

(A pregnant pause. Then:)

TRAVIS. *(points at REN; like a seven-year-old)* You said, "Party in your pants"!

(The OTHERS now explode.)

BOYS. Are you out of your mind...?! / "Party in their pants"?! / What are you thinking, man?!

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. (*indicates the brushes and signs*) 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 re-think your approach. Now, Mama says...

BOYS. Not Mama again...! Who cares what Mama says...?!
Oh, man...!

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

[MUSIC NO. 13: "MAMA SAYS (YOU CAN'T
BACK DOWN)"]

EV'RYTHING I 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

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

90 FOOTLOOSE

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.

BOYS.

MAMA SAYS...

WILLARD.

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

BOYS. *(spoken in rhythm)* IT'S A MESS!

(sung) MAMA SAYS...

WILLARD.

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

BOYS. *(spoken in rhythm)* OH, YES!

WILLARD.

AND MAMA SAYS

BOYS.

SHE SAYS

WILLARD.

IT DOESN'T MATTER
 IF YOU'RE A KING

FOOTLOOSE 91

BOYS.

MAMA SAYS

WILLARD.

OR YOU'RE A CLOWN

BOYS.

ONCE YOU DRIVE UP A
MOUNTAIN

OOH AAH

WILLARD & BOYS.

YOU CAN'T BACK DOWN
OH, 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

BOYS.

OOH

OOH

OOH

SHE'S CONCISE

AAH

AAH

DADDY SAYS, "I LOVE HER,
SON
BUT SHE'S GOT MARBLES
MISSIN"
BUT I SAY, "HEY!

(spoken in rhythm) HUH?

IT'S FREE ADVICE,
AND WHAT D'YOU EXPECT
AT THAT PRICE?"

AAH

REN. Then maybe your mama oughta give my speech.

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

BOYS.

MAMA SAYS...

92 FOOTLOOSE

WILLARD.

WHAT YOU BELIEVE IN IS ALL YOU REALLY OWN

WILLARD. BOYS.

AND I BELIEVE THAT SHE'S OOH
RIGHT

BOYS.

MAMA SAYS

WILLARD. BOYS.

IF YOU'VE GOT DOUBTS, OOH
WELL THEN, BOY, YOU'RE
NOT ALONE

WILLARD.

JUST MEANS YOU'RE READY TO FIGHT

WILLARD.

AND

WILLARD & BOYS.

MAMA SAYS IT DOESN'T MATTER

WILLARD.

IF YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN OR DRIVE AROUND TOWN

WILLARD.

ONCE

BOYS.

ONCE

WILLARD.

YOU

BOYS.

YOU

ALL.

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!

(ALL exit. Then WILLARD re-enters with REN.)

I thought of one more thing.

[MUSIC NO. 13A: "MAMA SAYS – ENCORE"]

(spoken in rhythm) NOW, MAMA SAYS

(The BOYS pop in.)

WILLARD.

DON'T BUY A CHANDELIER
UNLESS YOU'VE GOT A
CEILING

(spoken in rhythm) I
DON'T KNOW WHAT
THAT'S ABOUT

DON'T CHEW ON TIN FOIL
(spoken in rhythm)
UNLESS YOU LIKE THAT
FEELING
(sung) SOMEHOW SHE
FIGURED THAT OUT!
AND MAMA SAYS

BOYS.

OOH

MAMA SAYS

OOH

BOYS.

SHE SAYS

WILLARD.

IT DOESN'T MATTER
IF YOU'RE A KING

BOYS.

MAMA SAYS

WILLARD.

OR YOU'RE A CLOWN
ONCE

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BOYS.

ONCE

WILLARD.

YOU

BOYS.

YOU

WILLARD & BOYS.

DRIVE UP A MOUNTAIN

WILLARD. (to REN)

REMEMBER, BOY:

EV'RYONE'S COUNTIN' ON YOU!

WILLARD & BOYS.

ONCE YOU DRIVE UP A MOUNTAIN

YOU CAN'T BACK DOWN!

WILLARD. (spoken in rhythm) 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!

*(The BOYS start off and encounter RUSTY
entering with ARIEL, who is dabbing at her
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 on a tear 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. You should see a doctor.

ARIEL. *(pulls away)* I am 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.

(ALL exit but 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. *(holds up a hand)* Shh!

REN. What?

ARIEL. Listen!

(SOUND CUE: A whistle and the distant rumbling of an approaching train.)

Come on!

(She starts to run off and he follows.)

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

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(The train sounds get closer, louder.)

ARIEL. You'll miss it! Come on!

Scene 4
Under the Train Bridge

(REN follows ARIEL up a ladder to a girder under a bridge covered with graffiti. High above the river they brace themselves as a train rumbles on tracks overhead. This time, they both scream with abandon.)

REN & ARIEL. Aah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h--...!

(When the train sound fades, REN realizes how high they are and pulls back from the edge.)

REN. Whoa! *(peers down)* It's a free-fall into the river from up here! Are you out of your mind?

ARIEL. You noticed!

REN. What're we, like, forty feet above the water?

ARIEL. But look around: up here I can pretend I'm halfway to heaven... I listen to the river...

(indicates girders) ...and look what happens!

REN. *(inspects the girders)* Whoa! This place is covered with graffiti.

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

REN. You climb all the way up here and 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.

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REN. Oh, God. I'm sorry.

ARIEL. Yep. One of the...

(a la Rev. Moore) "...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. 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 NO. 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 twenty-four hours a day.

(Pause. They grow self-conscious, look away and sing their private thoughts.)

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

REN & ARIEL.

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!

ARIEL. *(turns to REN)* Y'know, you make me forget everything that's wrong with my life.

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

ARIEL. Like...?

REN. This battle I'm causing in Bomont! And 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 a book bristling with paper bookmarks and hands it to him.)

REN. *(reads the cover)* The Holy Bible?

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ARIEL. I marked all the pages.

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

ARIEL. (*regards him with disbelief*) Are you kidding?

REN. (*realizes 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'VE READ MY MIND

REN.

AND ALL THOSE DREAMS I SAVED FOR A RAINY DAY

ARIEL & REN.

THEY'RE FIN'LLY 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

REN & ARIEL.

CLOSER EV'RY DAY

ALMOST PARADISE
WE'RE KNOCKING ON HEAVEN'S DOOR
ALMOST PARADISE

FOOTLOOSE 101

HOW COULD WE ASK FOR MORE?
I SWEAR THAT I CAN SEE FOREVER
IN YOUR EYES
PARADISE
PARADISE
PARADISE!

(They kiss. Lights fade to black.)

[MUSIC NO. 14A: "OUT OF 'PARADISE'"]

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Scene Five
The Town Hall

(The ENTIRE COMPANY is present. The KIDS and OTHERS are seated facing a long table at which SHAW and MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL sit, with ELEANOR DUNBAR on gavel. 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.)

(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. Disturbances will not be tolerated.

(The KIDS grumble but settle down.)

The floor is now open.

(REN raises a hand.)

Yes?

REN. My name is Ren McCormack and...uh...

(looks to WILLARD and ARIEL who nod encouragingly)
...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. *(pops up)* And I, Willard Hewitt of 385 Cloverdale Road, would like to second that motion. Thank you.

(He sits. The KIDS' applause 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. *(from the CROWD)* You got that right!

(General agreement from 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. *(directed at REN)* Now just a minute! / Discussion is closed. / You're out of order!, etc.

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

VI. *(stands, shouts over the hubbub)* Roger!

(ALL quiet and turn to regard VI.)

(firmly) Roger. Sit. Down.

(Chastened, he does.)

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I believe that Mr. McCormack has a right to be heard.

REN. (*haltingly*) 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.*)

REN. 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."

(*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." (*stops reading, looks up*) 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.

(As he returns to his seat, the KIDS, in trying to stifle their enthusiasm, make noise anyway.)

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.

(She bangs the gavel. EVERYONE exits.)

(The KIDS grumble on their way out.)

[MUSIC NO. 14B: "OUT OF COUNCIL"]

(REN remains in the chamber with ETHEL.)

ETHEL. Ren. Up 'til 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

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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. Damn, 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 – (*stops as he notices her stare*) What?

ETHEL. Make him reconsider.

REN. Me?

ETHEL. You.

REN. (*re: SHAW*) And him?

ETHEL. Yup.

REN. When?

ETHEL. Now.

REN. But...!

ETHEL. Ren!

REN. Mom!

ETHEL. Stop!

(Their ping-pong exchange ends.)

Until you do, you'll never make peace with that man.
Or this town.

REN. I didn't convince him in here.

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 your heart.

(That stops REN; he thinks, shakes his head.)

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 there 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 runs upstage as the Moore House enters.)

[MUSIC NO. 14C: "TRANSITION TO MOORE HOUSE"]

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Scene 6
The Moore Home

(As REN approaches, SHAW – cinching 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 steps back to admit 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 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. *(interrupts)* 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. (*talks 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 Potawney 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; firmly*) Goodnight, Mr. McCormack.

REN. Please! If I could only –

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

REN. (*emphatic*) Sir, you already are!

(*That stops SHAW in his tracks. Long pause.*)

(*now calmly, kindly*) We both are.

[MUSIC NO. 14D: “WE’VE BOTH LOST SOMEBODY”]

110 FOOTLOOSE

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 away.)

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 ruefully. 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 stops, turns.)

(struggles to find the words) I'm sorry that your father won't ever get to know you.

REN. *(touched)* Thanks.

(REN goes. SHAW is lost in thought.)

(ARIEL appears upstage.)

ARIEL. *(softly)* 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 wistfully, shakes his head) I think I'm running out of answers.

**[MUSIC NO. 15: "ARIEL COMFORTS SHAW –
UNDERSCORE"]**

ARIEL. *(sees 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.

(SHAW 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 NO. 16: "HEAVEN HELP ME –
REPRISE"]**

SHAW.

WHEN SOULS COME TO ME FOR PROTECTION
I GUIDE THEM, WHATEVER THE COST
BUT WHILE I'VE BEEN GIVING DIRECTION
MAYBE IT'S ME WHO GOT LOST

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

112 FOOTLOOSE

HEAVEN HELP ME
OH, HEAVEN HELP ME

[MUSIC NO. 16A: "AFTER HEAVEN -
REPRISE"]

Scene 6 A
The Church

*(SHAW doffs his robe and dons a jacket.
The church and the CHOIR – singing
“OOH” – assemble around him as he ascends
the pulpit.)*

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.

(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. 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.

(The KIDS react with muted jubilation.)

Please join me in asking our Lord to guide and protect our children.

114 FOOTLOOSE

(He bows his head and the CHOIR finishes with a triumphant "Ah-ah-ah-Amen," punctuated by RUSTY waving a hand overhead and riffing, "Thank you, Lord. Amen!")

(SHAW glances in her direction – and smiles.)

(The CONGREGATION disperses.)

Scene 6 B
The Churchyard

(The KIDS rush to congratulate REN, but they fall silent when CHUCK struts over and looks REN up and down before turning a withering glance on ARIEL. Then he scoffs.)

CHUCK. 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.)

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

(A few KIDS stifle snickers.)

CHUCK. *(trying to save face, sneers)* Losers.

(He struts off, friendless.)

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

WILLARD. *(awkwardly)* Rusty, now here's the deal. I could throw a clean sheet over the front seat of the pickup, so we don't end up smelling like the dogs.

RUSTY. Uh-huh.

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

RUSTY. I love where this is going.

WILLARD. Mama could whip up one of those...

(points frantically at his lapel) ...um...croissants?

RUSTY. A corsage?

116 FOOTLOOSE

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 God-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 race off leaving URLEEN and WENDY JO alone with GARVIN and BICKLE. The BOYS take a breath to speak but...)

URLEEN & WENDY JO. *(with a dismissive wave of a hand)*
Don't even think about it!

(They exit. Dejected, the BOYS slump off.)

(SHAW and VI are left downstage.)

VI. Shaw, you did a good thing this morning.

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 NO. 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 crosses and embraces him. They hold onto each other, swaying in place, until finally:)

VI. Shaw?

SHAW. Yes?

VI. We're almost dancing.

(They laugh and exit, arm in arm.)

[MUSIC NO. 18: "FOOTLOOSE (FINALE)"]

(REN enters the empty stage dressed for the dance.)

REN.

I RENTED MY TUX

GARVIN & BICKLE. *(enters, nattily dressed)*

BOUGHT FLOWERS -

JETER. *(enters holding a corsage; spoken in rhythm)*

TWELVE BUCKS!

WILLARD. *(enters, looking spiffy)*

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. *(enters in prom wear)*

BEEN FEELING SO STRANGE

MY LIFE IS ABOUT TO CHANGE

RUSTY. *(enters)*

I KNOW JUST HOW SHE FEELS

118 FOOTLOOSE

RUSTY, URLEEN & WENDY JO. *(enter)*

'S WHAT HAPPENS...

(point to their footwear) ...WHEN YOU'RE WEARING
HEELS!

ALL.

LET'S HIT THE CEILING
AND THEN LET'S TEAR UP THIS TOWN

*(More KIDS enter, swirl and freeze in a
tableau in which REN faces ARIEL; he stares,
wonderstruck.)*

ARIEL. *(concerned something's wrong)* What?

REN. You're... beautiful.

ALL. *(“Isn't that sweet?”)* Awwww -

*(As the spoken “Awww” swoops into the sung
“Ahhh,” the gym assembles around the CAST.)*

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 OFFA MY KNEES

KIDS.

JACK!

RUSTY, WENDY JO & URLEEN.

JACK!

KIDS.

GET BACK!

RUSTY, WENDY JO & URLEEN.

BACK!

ALL.

C'MON BEFORE WE CRACK
LOSE YOUR BLUES
EV'RYBODY CUT FOOTLOOSE!

(Instrumental break.)

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

120 FOOTLOOSE

AND THEN LET'S TEAR UP THIS TOWN.

(Instrumental break.)

ARIEL, RUSTY, URLEEN & WENDY JO.

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, dressed up. Everything stops!)

(SHAW looks over the CROWD for a tense moment.)

(Then he smiles and shouts:)

SHAW. Please. Go on!

(Everyone cheers and resumes dancing.)

ALL.

AH-AH-AH-AH

AH-AH-AH-AH-AH

(Dance break.)

FOOTLOOSE 121

AH, FIRST, WE'VE GOT TO TURN YOU AROUND
THEN PUT YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND
NOW TAKE A HOLD OF YOUR SOUL

KIDS. **SMALL GROUP.** (*shouted in
rhythm*)
NOW TAKE A HOLD OF YOUR SOUL CUT FOOTLOOSE!

SMALL GROUP. (*shouted in rhythm*)
CUT FOOTLOOSE!

(*SHAW dances.*)

ALL.
EV'RYBODY CUT EV'RYBODY CUT
EV'RYBODY CUT EV'RYBODY CUT

REN.
EV'RYBODY

KIDS.
EV'RYBODY

REN.
EV'RYBODY

ALL BUT REN.
EV'RYBODY

ALL.
EV'RYBODY CUT FOOTLOOSE!
YEAH!

(*BLACKOUT!*)

END

122 FOOTLOOSE

[MUSIC NO. 19: "BOWS"]

[MUSIC NO. 20: "MEGAMIX" (OPTIONAL)]

KIDS.

HEAVEN HELPS THE MAN WHO FIGHTS HIS FEAR
WE CAN FACE THIS DOWN RIGHT NOW, RIGHT HERE
MAYBE WE CAN FIN'LLY RIGHT THIS WRONG
ARM IN ARM AND SIDE BY SIDE WE'RE STRONG
(*shouted in rhythm*) AND FREE!

ARIEL, WENDY JO, RUSTY & URLEEN.

DOO DOO DOO DOO
DOO DOO DOO DOO
DOO DOO DOO DOO
AHH! AHH!

ARIEL.

I NEED A HERO!
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

ARIEL, WENDY JO, URLEEN, RUSTY.

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
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

FOOTLOOSE 123

LIKE A FIRE IN MY BLOOD
LIKE A FIRE IN MY BLOOD
LIKE A FIRE IN MY
AHH! AHH!

(Instrumental.)

RUSTY, ARIEL, WENDY JO & URLEEN.	FEMALE DANCERS.
LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE BOY	HEAR IT FOR THE BOY
LET'S GIVE THE BOY A HAND	HAND
LET'S HEAR IT FOR MY BABY	HEAR IT FOR MY BABY
YOU KNOW YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND	UNDERSTAND
WHOA, MAYBE HE'S NO ROMEO	ROMEO
BUT HE'S MY LOVING ONE- MAN SHOW	ONE-MAN SHOW
OH, WHOA, WHOA, WHOA	WHOA WHOA WHOA
LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE BOY!	

("Still Rockin" dance break.)

KIDS.

AH-AH-AH-AH-AH

REN.

TONIGHT I GOTTA CUT LOOSE!

REN & KIDS.

FOOTLOOSE!

KICK OFF YOUR SUNDAY SHOES

PLEASE, LOUISE,

PULL ME OFFA MY KNEES

124 FOOTLOOSE

KIDS.

JACK!

URLEEN, WENDY JO & RUSTY.

JACK!

KIDS.

GET BACK!

URLEEN, WENDY JO & RUSTY.

BACK!

REN, KIDS, URLEEN, WENDY JO & RUSTY.

COME ON BEFORE WE CRACK

KIDS.

LOSE YOUR BLUES

EV'RYBODY CUT EV'RYBODY CUT

EV'RYBODY CUT EV'RYBODY CUT

REN & ARIEL.

EV'RYBODY

KIDS.

EV'RYBODY

REN & ARIEL.

EV'RYBODY

KIDS & ADULTS.

EV'RYBODY

ALL.

EV'RYBODY CUT FOOTLOOSE!

YEAH!

[MUSIC NO. 21: "EXIT MUSIC"]