

PRINCIPAL. Doing your homework.

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

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

(No one laughs.)

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 thin smile*) Oh? I can assure you it was not meant that way.

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

(mimes pulling out the arrow) Arrggggh!

(offers 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 off, turns to SHAW one more time*) Well, Reverend! This was fun, doncha think?