

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 CLARK 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; 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?

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

(**REN** *shrugs.*)

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

REN. If I had, would I be doing this?

(*He shrugs again, more 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 **DRUGS** 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.