

(**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.

80 FOOTLOOSE: 90-MINUTE VERSION

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 wilful and obstinate.

VI. *(kindly)* Like her father.

SHAW. I am her spiritual guardian.

VI. You used to be her friend.

(SHAW turns away)

Shaw, let's be honest: the accident changed everything. And ever since Bobby's death, you make impossible demands on Ariel.

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