

FOOTLOOSE SIDE #5. REN-ARIEL

Scene 4: Under the Train Bridge

(REN follows her up a girder under the train bridge and tracks, high above the river. It is covered with graffiti. They brace themselves as a train rumbles overhead; lights strobe across their faces. This time, they both scream with abandon:)

REN & ARIEL

Aah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h--...!

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

REN

Whoa!

(Peering 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... (Indicating the girders.) ...and look what happens!

REN

(Inspecting 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.

REN

Oh, god. I'm sorry.

ARIEL

Yep. One of the... (A la SHAW.) "...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.)

REN

What?

ARIEL

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

REN

Oh, no... You're in my mind, twenty-four hours a day.

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