

ALL.

CUT FOOTLOOSE! (AAWWWW)

CUT FOOTLOOSE!

*(REN spins away from the club setting to find his mom, ETHEL MCCORMACK, at home, packing. Their relationship is playful but respectful.)*

Start

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.

End

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

ALL.

FIRST...

WE'VE GOT TO TURN YOU AROUND

SECOND...

THEN PUT YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND

THIRD...

NOW TAKE A HOLD OF YOUR SOUL!

AAWWWW...