

Scene 1      The Dance Studio

**SONG 1 The Magic of the Dance**

MISS S'WAY O.K. everyone, it's improving, but there's still a long way to go before we can perform this stuff. You're all too tense; there's too much friction. You gotta learn to loosen up. What we need here is some lubrication - and girls, more work at the barre.

KURT Can we go down the Paradise Club then, Miss? There's a bar there - with plenty of lubrication.

MISS S'WAY That will not help your dancing, Kurt. But it might just upset your delicate equilibrium. Danny! What's your problem? Are you injured or what? *(girls snigger)*

DANNY No, Miss Steinway. I just ain't had time to get to grips with this new routine yet. I only joined the school this semester.

MEL Leave him alone, Miss, he's doin' better than those other guys already. He ain't that bad. *(The footballers look embarrassed and Danny looks surprised that Mel should choose to defend him.)*

SAM And he's sure better than those Beechwood ballerinas.

SAM Yea? You're just jealous that our dance school won all the honours at the festival last year while yours only got second place. *(Sam's friends cheer and boys laugh)*

STEFFIE So what if we did! It was only our first time in the festival. You wait! This year we've got you licked.

BIFF Steady now babes, claws in. This stuff is for the girls' locker room, not the studio. But if it's action you're after, I'm your man. Biff Bertolini, Casanova of the classroom, every lady's man! *(Boys roar and gesture)*

SAM Sure, they all talk about him; it gives them something to laugh about.

MISS S Right now, class! That is quite enough time-wasting. We ALL belong to the same school and that's what's important right now. You all have so much talent, but it is wasted. You boys waste your time on fighting and you girls on bitching! *(Girls act disgusted)*

KURT What we need to do is to pull together.

MISS S *(Mocking)* What do ya mean, Miss? Pull the birds? *(Much laughter)*

MISS S You know very well what I mean, young Kurt. You're pretty smart - for a football captain.

*(Enter Lewis)*

AL Get outa here, Lewis, you're not welcome. This turf belongs to us. It's our patch.

BIFF Do as he says, man, or you could be re-arranged!

KURT Yea, shuffled and dealt out in little pieces!

ARTHUR Sent home to your mamma in the post!

SAM You're crazy, all of you. You spend too much time watching lousy movies.

LEWIS Alright, have it your own way, but I only came to warn you, that's all. *(Starts to exit.)*

STEVIE Warn us what, you slime-ball?

*(Lewis is headed off and pinned down by several boys)*

LEWIS O.K., O.K., it's just that the principal, Mr Dollarbunch, is headed this way. He wants to speak with this dance class.

MEL And how do you know this, Lewis? He confides in you, does he?  
LEWIS Let's just say, I have my sources of information.  
BIFF *(Mocking)* Let's just say I have my sources. ....  
We know very well how you get your information. If you and your  
crummy little gang ain't listening at keyholes you're using some poor  
little first-graders as punch balls until they tell you what you want to  
know.

KURT You lot stink, and so does the pathetic rag you report to. You call it the  
school magazine. Huh! A third-rate comic full of lies, gossip and  
scandal. *(Lewis struggles in fury.)*

BIFF Rather like the New York Times, in fact.  
DANNY Get outa here, Lewis, while your heart is still beating.  
MEL Back to your boiler room. Go boil ya head, screwball!  
*(Lewis scurries off, scowling. Arthur is at the door.)*

ARTHUR Wait up, gang! Our intrepid leader approaches.  
KURT Ed Dollarbunch, respected principal of Beechwood High, a school  
famed for its lack of fame.

AL An establishment esteemed for its lack of esteem.  
SAM An institution renowned only for its anonymity.  
ARTHUR What's amominity, Sam?  
MEL Never mind, Arthur.  
*(Enter the principal)*

PRINCIPAL Good morning to you, class.  
ALL Good morning to you, Mr Dollarbunch.  
PRINCIPAL I have come to bring you tidings of great joy.  
DANNY Sounds like he's reading from the bible.  
PRINCIPAL I beg your pardon, young man! Did you contrive to enunciate with  
erudition?

DANNY Sorry Sir, I have a cough.  
PRINCIPAL New boy, are you not? Daniel, if I'm not mistaken.  
DANNY Yes, Sir.  
PRINCIPAL Now, as I was about to say when Danny...coughed, I have some  
exciting news of great import. YOU are going to save this school.  
*(Murmur of disbelief)*  
Heretofore, we have never excelled in things academic. We have  
neglected to achieve in things sporting. And we have failed to register  
on the Richter scale of artistic endeavour. In short, we have achieved  
anonymity!

ARTHUR Gee, he's saying it now.  
PRINCIPAL However, I feel that the wind of change is blowing in our direction.  
STEVIE Oh no, Sir, that's just Kurt. He's been doing that all morning. You see,  
the footballers have these competitions to see who.....

PRINCIPAL SILENCE boy, in the presence of your principal!  
*(Becoming increasingly aggressive to the point of mania.)*  
Beechwood High has, for the first time, been entered, by myself, into  
the state dance championships. *(Gasps of horror)* And we MUST win!  
If we do not ...the board of directors will have my intestines for  
braces, my molars for mousetraps and my guts for garters. And you,  
you will all be sweeping the streets of our wonderful city. Now do I

make myself abundantly clear? Is the amplitude of my anxiety manifest?

ALL *(Woefully)* Yes, Sir.

PRINCIPAL I beg your pardon?

ALL *(Slightly louder)* YES, SIR!

PRINCIPAL Good. Now, Miss Steinway, there will be no more free time until a routine is planned, prepared, polished, perfected and presented for my approval. Good day to you all!  
*(Exits, leaving class open-mouthed and dumb-struck.)*

MEL *(Dismally)* The final nail in the coffin of Beechwood High.

CINDY Now the school is sure to close.

MISS S Have faith, dear girls. There is enough talent here to win the competition outright. All we need is teamwork. *(Groans from the girls.)*

KURT Listen up, guys. I think the teacher is right. Why can't we just work together, just this once? Put aside our differences. And when the competition is over - then you babes can tear each-others' eyes out, just like you do every other day of the week.

SAM I say we go for it. It's gotta be worth a try. *(Sounds of approval.)*

MISS S Have we gotten ourselves a deal?

ALL Yea, why not, sure etc...  
*(Boys give five etc..)*

MEL And, of course, the boys will be in the new routine.  
*(All stop in their tracks. Danny looks for the reaction of the others.)*

KURT No way, man!

BIFF Not a chance!

SAM That's the trouble with you guys, ain't it. Full of bright ideas and big talk, just as long as you don't lose any sweat over it. You're pathetic!

JO Well, if they ain't interested we'll just have to do the competition without them.

STEFFIE We don't need them. We can go it alone.

MISS S Well what are you waiting for? Let's get to work. Boys, scat! Had you not better go and prepare for the big game on Saturday?

BOYS Suppose so etc..

MEL It's about time Beechwood had a win. We've been runners up fifteen times.

KURT Hey, runners up ain't so bad, man!

STEFFIE What, runners up out of two? Get outa here!

MISS S If you won't be a part of this, lose yourselves, NOW!  
*(Boys exit, reluctantly, grumbling.)*  
Right girls, last twenty-four bars. Ready?

### Reprise Song 1

*(Boys sing as they exit and girls dance. Singing continues in the wings.)*

*End of Scene*

## Scene 2 The Girls' Locker Room

*(Steffie and Mel are playing catch with Gloria's trainer. Others are lounging around, smoking.)*

STEFFIE Say Mel, did ya see Sam's face when old Dollarbunch announced the competition?

MEL Sure I did, Steffie. She looked like she'd seen a ghost.

BABS She thinks she's not up to it, that's why! All that ballet stuff they do; it ain't got nothing to do with real dancing - modern dancing.

STEFFIE She might practice hard - but with no talent...phw...no chance!

MEL But did ya see those guys in their football practice? What hunks! Isn't that Kurt just gorgeous?

GLORIA I prefer Stevie; he's real sweet.

STEFFIE You've got no chance with Kurt, Mel. Have you not seen the way he looks at Sam? And she's all over him. I reckon they're ridin' the surf together, and that Jo sure is sweet on Al.

BABS Ask Lewis and his gang. They know all the talk on the street; they'll soon tell you. *(Noises off)* Smokes out, we've got company. *(All the girls put their cigarettes out in Gloria's coke can.)* *(Enter Sam and all her gang.)*

SAM Hi girls. Good to see you crowd working hard as usual.

STEFFIE Yea, well some folks don't need to work **all** the time. Some have talent. *(Sam and friends change out of their dancing gear.)*

MAISY Ease off, Steffie, we've gotta be friends now. *(Steffie scowls.)*

JO She's right girls, we only have one week left until the competition. It sure is a tight schedule.

MEL Are you sure you can spare the time, Sam? I mean, you're very busy with your secret assignments with Kurt. Behind the gym, behind the stage; we know all about it.

STEFFIE We saw you at the dance last week. Only had the one partner, didn't you?

JO Leave it out, Mel. You're just jealous. *(Loud knocking and Biff's voice is heard off-stage.)*

BIFF Hi babes! Any room for a highly desirable male in there? I reckon you need some encouragement right now.

LISA What d'ya say girls? Shall we let a **boy** invade our space?

BETSY *(Drippily)* Well I dunno, it don't seem right to let a boy in here.

CINDY And why not? *(Looking around)* We're all decent, ain't we?

GLORIA Ask him in. It'll be good for a laugh.

SAM O.k. Biff, you can come in. *(Biff swaggers in wearing a new flying jacket.)*

JO *(Getting very close.)* Wow, Biff, what a cool jacket. Where did you get this?

BIFF It's my six hundred dollar status symbol. Now I gotta be the coolest guy around. *(Biff takes a swig from the cola can with fag ends in it and reacts to the disgusting taste.)*

STEFFIE *(Turning back the collar)* Hey, it's got a logo in it! It says here U.S.A.F. What's it mean, Biff?

MAISY That ain't your initials is it?

BIFF *(Blustering a little)* Wise up, chicks. It stands for something real cool. It's a sort of club...and...and I'm the president.

SAM Go on Biff, tell us.

BIFF You don't wanna hear this, chicks.

ALL Go on Biff, do tell us etc...

BIFF It stands for ..... Unlimited Satisfaction And Fun!  
*(He struts and poses. Much laughter from the girls.)*

BETSY My Pa's got an old jacket like that, only he told me that he kept it when he finished his national service. *(Pause)*

MEL Hold up a moment. U.S.A.F. United States Air Force. Biff Bertolini, you are nothing but a fraud!

BIFF Alright, alright so it's the old man's flying jacket - but that don't mean it's not cool, does it?  
*(Girls laugh.)*  
Look gals, don't tell the guys, will ya? I mean, I told them I paid six hundred dollars for this jacket. They think it's real hip. It's my street-level kudos!

STEFFIE Gutter-level more like!

BETSY Don't worry, Biff, your secret's safe with us.

STEFFIE *(Aside)* Like hell it is!

BIFF Anyhow, who needs flash clothes to be cool. *(Discards jacket.)*  
I **am** cool, I was born cool. I am the epitome of coolness. *(Reaction)*  
Girls cross the street when they see me coming.

MEL *(Aside)* Yea, to the other side.

BIFF I can freeze a cola at twenty paces. Why, I'm so cool you could make ice cream on my body.

GLORIA *(Aside)* I told you this would be good for a laugh.

BIFF I'm a machine, precision-made for the babes in town. *(Girls cheer.)*  
Tune in to this, girls, and I'll show you what I mean.

## SONG 2 Crazy For Me

SAM Hey, Biff, if you're so cool, why don't you join us in the dance competition? I bet your dancing is real hot.

BIFF Too right, Honey. So hot I meeeelt the floor!

JO Then join us. We stand a much better chance of winning with guys in the routine.

BIFF No chance, babes. I can't be seen doin' that stuff; it's bad for the image. I mean, don't get me wrong gals, I respect what you do .. but dancin' is for chicks, man, not for guys.

STEFFIE Biff Bertolini, I think you've overstayed your welcome here!

MEL Yea, naff off, Biff, and let us have our private meeting.

DANNY *(Offstage)* Biff, Biff is that you in there. I thought I heard you singing your crazy song again.

BIFF That's my name, Danny; don't wear it out.

DANNY *(Entering)* But Biff, this is the girls' locker room. You can't just ...

CINDY *(Moving very close to Danny.)* Hi Danny. Welcome to the little girlies' area.

LISA *(Closing in and stroking the fur on his jacket.)* You're welcome here at any time.

DANNY      *(Looking embarrassed.)* Why, thank you, Lisa.  
MEL           *(Aggressively)* Down girls - take a cold shower!  
              *(They back off grudgingly.)*

DANNY      Come on, Biff, we have to go . It's nearly time for the Math class.  
STEFFIE     Oh, Mr goody goody, always gets to class on time.  
BIFF         *(As he is dragged off.)* So long, Babes, and don't worry about me. I'll  
              catch you later. *(Leaves jacket behind).*

MEL         *(Sarcastically)* Can't wait!  
SAM         What is it with you and your little gang, Mel, that you always have to  
              make fun of other people. You're sad cases - all of you.

STEFFIE     It's just our underprivileged background, you know, honey. We need to  
              see a shrink ..... Real bad!

BETSY       What about our meeting? We have to agree on some music for the  
              dance. We must get practising.

MEL         You know where you can stuff your lousy dance! We're off! You can  
              enter your own dance and we'll enter ours.  
              *(Mel's gang exit jeering and sneering. Silence reigns.)*

LISA         Now we're really in a mess.  
CINDY       Miss Steinway will be furious.  
BETSY       We'll all be kicked outa school.

SAM         Just stay calm gang and have some confidence. Don't let Mel and her  
              backbiting bitches get to you.

JO          Sam's right, girls. We're all experienced dancers. There is no reason  
              why we can't walk off with that cup if we keep calm and use our  
              brains.

SAM         If only we could get some of the boys to dance with us. Other schools  
              will have a mixed routine and it could go against us if we don't.

CINDY       We must try to persuade them. There are ways... *(Curling her hair  
              around her finger.)*

SAM         *(Aggressively)* No, Cindy, *(Softening)* we gotta retain our dignity and  
              not stoop so low.

JO          I think Biff is real sweet. I may just be able to persuade him.

SAM         Give it a try, Jo. You know he is all just big talk - underneath he is a  
              big softie. But make sure none of Mel's gang is around. We must keep  
              them out of our hair.

LISA         I wanna get Danny in on this too - he is so gorgeous.  
CINDY       I think he's adorable too.  
BETSY       He sure is rather cute.

SAM         Well, I can't say he's made much of an impression on me yet.  
JO          You can ask him, Lisa. We need all the help we can get. Besides, I  
              noticed his reaction back in the studio. I felt he was about to offer to  
              dance before the muscle men really screwed things up by opting out.

SAM         He don't seem to have a lot of confidence. We may have to help him  
              out.  
              *(Sound of the school bell)*  
              My God, it's the bell for lessons already. Get dressed girls. You know  
              how old Hogan gets in a strop if we're late for Math class.

JO          Come on, let's split.  
              *(All exit leaving Sam and Jo to leave last.)*

SAM *(Noticing Biff's discarded jacket on the floor)* Well what do ya know!  
Biff left in such a hurry he left his status symbol behind.

JO *(Snatching the jacket from Sam)* Don't worry, Sam, I'll return it to him  
- then **he** will owe **me** a favour.  
*(She exits with a smirk.)*

*End of scene*

### Scene 3 The Math Classroom

*Danny enters and surveys the empty room. He notices a tape recorder in the corner and switches it on. When he hears the dance music play he cannot resist dancing.*

#### **Dance 1**

*Part way through the dance Biff enters discretely with Jo (and the jacket) arm in arm. Unobserved by Danny, who is engrossed, They watch the dance. Suddenly he notices them and abruptly switches off the tape, embarrassed.*

BIFF Hey man, such ice-cool footwork; such street-level, babe-catching technique. That's real slick! What're you on man?

DANNY Oh, it's nothing, Biff. I was just stretching my legs, that's all.

JO Come on, Danny. We weren't born yesterday. Where did you learn to dance like that. You've got talent, boy.

DANNY I...I...I don't want this to get out, guys.

BIFF Sure man. It's safe with us.

DANNY Back in my old school I did a bit of dance work. It was accepted there. The guys respected ya for it.

JO And it can be like that here too, Danny. Together we can change things, can't we, Biff?

BIFF What? ... Yea, sure we can. ....Can we?

JO But the way you danced back there - that was something else.

DANNY Look, do ya wanna know the whole story?

JO Sure we do, Danny.

DANNY Well, I did competitions and stuff; national competitions. In fact, I won a few titles. *(Biff whistles at this.)*

JO Wow, a real dancer, a champion - and a boy too!

DANNY Look guys, if this ever got out...I mean...

BIFF Say no more, Danny Boy, our lips are sealed!

JO But won't you even consider dancing for the school? It could make such a difference to our chances.  
*(Noises as the rest of the guys enter.)*

KURT Hi gang, you sure are early. You must loooove Math classes.

BIFF Oh yea, sure.  
*(Footballers' ritual greeting follows.)*

KURT Did you hear that the coach picked the side for the game tomorrow? All the gang are in the team.

AL That's right, man. Stevie, me, Ben and all the others. *(Gestures towards them.)*

BEN And Kurt is gonna captain the squad again, ain't ya, Kurt?

KURT Sure am, Ben.  
*(Commotion as Lewis and the Boiler Room Gang enter, followed by the girls and Mr Hogan.)*

LEWIS Test results today, fellas. Aren't ya just so excited.

STEVIE *(Pushing Lewis around)* What're you so cheerful about, Lewis? You never passed a Math test in your life so far.

LEWIS Always a first time for everything!

HOGAN O.k. class, now settle down and take your Math books out. We're here to work - not chat!

GIRLS *(Flatly)* Yes, Mr Hogan.  
*(Boney Brushwood proceeds to tie together the hair of the two girls in front of him, Cindy and another.)*

HOGAN Firstly, the results of the major test. Now remember, below 50 is a failure. *(Each pupil stands as they hear their name. Others react with astonishment and horror as they hear the marks called, especially the high marks for the Boiler Room Gang.)*  
Kurt - 48, Danny - 51, Arthur - 5, Samantha - 49, Lewis - 93, Steffie - 14, Gloria - 39, Biff - 44, Boney Brushwood Junior - 87, Duane - 46, Ben - 32, Lara - 77, Antonia - 91, Al - 23, Cindy - 41, *(Cindy tries to stand as her name is called but cries out in pain as her hair pulls.)*  
Betsy - 12.

BETSY *(Calls out.)* Hooray! *(Then looks embarrassed.)*

SAM NOT a good score, Betsy!

HOGAN Maisy - 23, Babs - 50, Grant - 86, Gary - 99.

BIFF But Sir, these scores cannot be correct. There must be some mistake.

HOGAN No mistake, Bertolini, I marked the papers myself. I am the first to admit, I was rather surprised by some of the high scores in this class; it was a difficult paper. But I have been impressed by the reformed attitude shown by some of the class lately, particularly Lewis, *(Reaction from others.)* Brushwood Jr, Grant, Lara, Antonia and Gary. *(Each stands and sneers as their name is called. The class react violently and some throw paper balls.)*

KURT What's cookin' here, man? We've been beaten by a bunch of lying, cheating hoodlums.

BIFF Yea, what sort of scam are they running here?

SAM Leave it out, Biff. There's nothing to be gained by this.

LEWIS You tell 'em, Sammy, that's a girl.

HOGAN Now class, pay attention to this.  
*(More murmurs as they reluctantly sit down.)*  
I realise that you have a heavy schedule with the football game and dance competition approaching.

LEWIS Huh, little kids stuff - all of it.

HOGAN Lewis, be quiet. However, you will all have extra homework every night for the next week and you will re-take the test next Friday.  
*(Groans)*  
And you will work every lunch break until then. *(More groans.)*  
Is that understood?

CLASS *(Mumbled)* Yes, Mr Hogan.

HOGAN And you can start right now while I break the news to Mr Dollarbunch. Now be sure to work quietly while I am out of the room. *(Exits.)*

KURT *(Leaving his seat.)* Right, now tell us how you did it, Lewis, you creep. I mean, your grades just don't improve like that, do they?

LEWIS It's called hard work, Mr Atlas. You should spend less time playing with oval-shaped balls and more time studying.  
*(Kurt grabs him around the throat.)*

SAM *(Moving towards Kurt.)* No, Kurt! If Hogan comes back you will be in big trouble. There's more important things than creeps like him.

*(She puts her arm around Kurt's waist and in surprise he lets Lewis go. He drops hard to the floor.)*

DANNY You can't just accuse them without proof.

AL Hey guys, listen to Beechwood's own resident lawyer.

STEVIE Anyhow, how come you passed the test, and you being new here as well?

BEN You're very quick to stick up for those goons. Hey, maybe he's one of them too!

CINDY Leave him alone, Ben. He hardly knows Lewis - he's only just joined.  
*(She sits on Danny's desk.)*  
Danny's on **our** side. *(She strokes his cheek.)*  
*(Sound of the school bell.)*

KURT You, team, football practice beckons. So long folks - catch ya later.

SAM See you later, Kurt - and don't be late.  
*(Others react, wooo etc.)*

TEAM Arriverderci, go team, *and other parting expressions.*  
*(The team exit and girls cluster upstage with Biff, admiring his jacket.)*

GARY *(Approaching Arthur)* Hello Arthur. You got that money you owe me yet?

ARTHUR Get lost, Gary. I don't owe you nothing.

GARY Oh, but I think you do, punk. *(Grabs his collar)* Remember you were spying on me and Lara behind the gym yesterday. *(The rest of the boiler gang laugh.)*

ARTHUR I wasn't spying, I was taking a short cut to the music class. *(Gary twists his ear.)*

GARY *(Aggressively)* SPYING, Arthur, and you know what the punishment is for spying, don't you?  
*(They form a circle around him and he gets pushed around inside the circle.)*

OTHERS *(As they push him around)* Arthur, spying, must be punished.

GARY *(Snaps)* Just you bring my ten dollars tomorrow or ya get what's comin' to ya.  
*(Arthur is pushed to the floor and is kicked by some of the gang. Meanwhile Danny has been dreaming in the corner and very obviously eyeballing Sam. He suddenly comes to and sees Arthur being kicked.)*

DANNY Hey, cut it out. What do you think you're doing? Pick on someone your own size.

LEWIS Like you, for instance, you little slime ball.  
*(He clicks his fingers to the others, who close in on Danny. Danny lashes out in self-defence and knocks Lewis to the floor.)*  
*(Enter Hogan and all freeze.)*

HOGAN Daniel Fellini, come here at once!  
I saw that, Danny. A physical assault on Lewis here. This is indeed a very serious offence. How fortunate that I should return at this moment.

LEWIS *(Laying it on)* He hit me, Sir, he hit me!

HOGAN Is this the sort of thing you learned in your old school, Danny? This sort of behaviour will not be tolerated here. Well, what have you got to say for yourself?

DANNY Nothing, Sir. I did wrong and I have no excuse for it.

HOGAN Then you must accept your punishment. You will not be going on the class outing next month. You will, instead, spend that day writing an essay on good behaviour. *(Gasps from girls)* Is that clear.

DANNY Yes, Sir.

HOGAN And now, you will tidy this room and return it to its normal state.  
Good day to you. *(Exits)*

ALL *(Feebly)* Good day, Mr Hogan.

MEL Get outa here, Lewis. You and your kind stink! I'm ashamed to share this planet with you.

LEWIS Come on, gang. We've got work to do if we are to be ready for tomorrow's edition of the Beechwood Bugle.

BONEY Right on, Lewis.  
*(Exit the Boiler Room Gang.)*

SAM Say, Danny- we saw what you did just now; I mean, sticking up for Arthur and taking the rap for what happened. I just wanted to say that I think that was real decent of you. *(Begins to exit)*

CINDY *(Getting up close to Danny)* Yea, that was real sweet of you, Danny. I'll stick up for **you** any time. *(Strokes his hair and exits)*

OTHERS *(Quietly)* Bye Danny, so long, pal etc. *(All exit quietly leaving Danny, Biff and Jo.)*  
*(After a prolonged silence.)*

DANNY Isn't she gorgeous?

BIFF Who Cindy? She's alright, but she can come on a bit strong.

DANNY No, I mean Sam.

BIFF Whoa, whoa, whoa man! She's spoken for. Don't ya know she's Kurt's girl. She's untouchable man. Untouchable!

DANNY I don't want to touch her..... just to look at her.

BIFF You'd better lie down, Danny. I think you're getting sick. This is seriously **uncool** man.

JO He's not sick, Biff.....just falling in love. And d'ya know what, Danny? I reckon Sam thinks you're o.k. and that can't be bad. She usually falls for the macho type.

DANNY You really think she notices **me**?

BIFF Come on, man, quit this melancholy mood. We've got some livin' to do. Remember the pizza parlour I told you about? Well, we have a rendezvous there tonight at eight. All the crowd will be there. The jive will be jumpin' with chicks, man, and I can introduce you to Old Ravinelli, the owner.

JO We call him The Radiator: he just **radiates** charm. You'll see.

BIFF Come on, Danny boy, we can't be late tonight. The Radiator has just got in a new shipment of crates from Mexico. It's the newest drink in town - Rocket Brew.

JO And we can be the first to try it.

BIFF *(Pulling Danny up)* Come on, man, let's split! *(He exits with Jo.)*  
*(Biff sings the beginning of Crazy For Me.)*

DANNY Oh no, Biff, not that song again. You promised you wouldn't. *(Exiting)*

BIFF *(Off-stage)* Alright, Danny, alright. Man you just don't appreciate real talent!

*End of scene*

## Scene 4 The Boiler Room

*The scene opens with the gang playing cards with forfeits. Antonia is preparing copy on an old printing press for the Beechwood Bugle.*

GRANT Six of clubs.  
LARA Seven of spades.  
GARY Five of clubs.  
STEW Ace of hearts - aces high!  
*(Yelps of delight from the others.)*

GRANT Gary, you lose, Buddy.  
CARRIE Bad luck, chum!  
GARY No, that's not fair! I've not played before; I didn't know the rules.  
STEW Stop squealing! Loser has to take a forfeit - you know that.  
GARY No, please, let me off! This can be a practice game.  
LARA Rules is rules, Gary. Either you take a forfeit or you're out of the gang.  
BONEY Yea, and that means an exit ritual and a roasting.  
OTHERS Roast, roast, roast ....  
*(They grab Gary and stretch him around the warm boiler.)*

GARY *(In great alarm)* No, no, I'll do it. I'll do the forfeit.  
CARRIE Good on ya, Gary. We knew you'd see sense.  
BONEY Well, go on then. Take a card.  
*(Gary takes a forfeit card and at first dares not look at it.)*

ANTONIA *(Leaving the printing press)* What's it say, Gary, what's it say?  
GRANT *(Snatching the card from Gary)* Oh yea, man, this is just outa sight, man!

GARY W-w-what does it say, Grant?  
GRANT *(Straight-faced at first)* No great shakes, buddy. It just says we gotta gel your hair for you..... *(Others utter expressions of disappointment)* .....with ENGINE GREASE! *(A big reaction of joy to this.)*

GARY No, no, please, no!  
*(They pull Gary to the floor and a very large tin of grease is produced. Amid great protests from Gary, his hair is well-greased.)*  
*(Enter Lewis.)*

LEWIS Hey, you guys, what's cookin' here?  
BONEY Nothin', Lew, just a forfeit, that's all.  
LEWIS Gary, just look at you. You're all greased up, like a hot-dog.  
*(Others laugh.)*  
Well, have you got the print set up? *(Looks around at their faces.)*  
Like hell you have! Well, what're you waiting for? We have a deadline to meet here. Let's get movin'.  
*(A flurry of activity follows.)*

LARA Here, Lew, we've got the front page. D'ya like it, huh?  
LEWIS *(Snatching the page, he reads)*  
"Dancing competition doomed to failure. Beechwood High's first-time entry into the state dance competition seems certain to end in failure after rows blow up between the principle dancers. Intense rivalry between two dancing schools has blown Beechwood's chances. The talented members of the Bela Galatsi School of Dance today walked out of rehearsals, refusing to co-operate with the South Coast Academy

dancers. Personal intervention by Miss Bela herself has not been enough to repair the rift. Fierce disagreements will ensure that the school is not able to participate in the competition."

Well done, Lara. That's bang on!

CARRIE Old Dollarbuch'll go ballistic when he reads this.

ANTONIA Yea, and they are certain to close down the school.

BONEY For good.

OTHERS Sure as hell, right on..... *etc.*

LEWIS But we can't be sure of that. We gotta go further than that. We gotta see that the school is shaken by a seismic eruption of such magnitude that it is shaken to its very foundations.

CARRIE Get that. Kids. He's talkin' like old Dollarbunch now.

GRANT Lewis is right though, gang. We must rock the school - and let's do it tonight.

### SONG 3 Rock the School

GARY I got it, Lewis. I know how we can do it.

LEWIS Well, go on, grease-ball, tell me about it.

GARY O.k., well you know how Sam's crowd do what Sam tells them.....

LARA Yea, go on.

GARY And Mel's gang jump to Mel's tune.

LEWIS Get to the point, man.

GARY Well, suppose Sam and Mel both had some sort of tragic accident. The chicks would be real lost without them.

GRANT Hey, that's cool, dude! Like an army without a general.

LEWIS So what d'ya have in mind? We ain't gonna risk the finger pointing' at us.

BONEY I say we put a contract out on them.

STEW Shut ya mouth, Boney. This ain't Chicago, ya know.

CARRIE Why don't we set fire to the school and frame the girls.

ANTONIA Forget it. They don't have a motive.

LEWIS Say, don't Sam come to school on her push-bike?

LARA Yea, right Lew.

LEWIS And she cycles down Independence Hill, right.

OTHERS Yea.

LEWIS Well, supposin' her brakes ain't workin' too well. She could be heading for a long stay in hospital.

BONEY Or worse!

*(Evil laughter. Lewis fetches the wire-cutters.)*

ANTONIA But maybe her brakes is o.k.

STEW Not when we've finished they won't be.

LEWIS *(Brandishing the wire-cutters)* See to it, Lara.

LARA I'm already gone, Boss. *(Exits)*

LEWIS And Mel will be even easier to dispose of; like filchin' candy from a baby. You know how she likes her drink. Carrie, get me the powder. *(Carrie fetches the wallpaper paste.)*

Well, here's one drink with a hell of a kick. She sure won't forget this in a hurry.

ANTONIA No, Lewis, you can't! You might ... might kill her.

LEWIS Sure it might - but not if I get the dose right. Wallpaper paste, with added fungicide, guarantees one hell of a gut-ache. Should last a week - at least until the competition is over.

CARRIE *(Sucking up to Lewis)* Oh Lewis, you're so clever. You always know what to do.  
*(He throws her off.)*

LEWIS Lay off that cutie stuff, Carrie. That sort of thing is for the marshmallows in the football team.

GARY We don't go in for that. We're real hard.  
*(Antonia gives him a shove and he falls over.)*

ANTONIA Hey, what d'ya do that for, ya dumb broad?  
Yea, well you're not so smart. I've had small fry like you for breakfast. Come to think of it, you're so greasy I could cook my breakfast on you.  
*(Gary takes a swipe at Antonia but she floors him with a right hook.)*

OTHERS *(Laughing and chanting)* Punk, punk, punk .. *etc.*

LEWIS You don't look so smart now, ya dumb punk.  
Cool it, cool it all of you. Save your energy - we've got it all to do yet! Grant, get out the repeat Math paper.  
*(Grant takes some papers out from behind the boiler pipes and shuffles through them.)*

BONEY Gary, get along to the Radiator's place with the pretty powder. As the newest recruit to the Boiler Room Gang you can slip in without being recognised. We would not get past the door.  
*(Gary reluctantly takes the powder and begins to exit.)*

GARY Mel's the one with the mouth - ya can't miss her. And, Gary - don't screw this up or we'll grease you up again and set fire to you this time.  
Ha, ha, ha, you sure are funny, Boney Brushwood.  
*(He looks around at the others but realises that Boney is not joking and he exits hurriedly.)*

GRANT O.k. man, I'm gone, see!  
I can't find the repeat Math paper, Lew. I'm sure it should be here. Here's the last Math paper, and the one before.

LEWIS You amateurs, I might have known you'd screw this up. We can't risk breaking into old Dollarbunch's office again. It's too risky. We gotta take the exam alongside the rest of the class. We can't louse it up this time.

GRANT It's o.k. Lew - I found it here. I'll go and photostat this. One copy each, right?

LEWIS We gotta get this right, guys. We all want this school to close down - right?

OTHERS *(Words of agreement.)*

LEWIS Then we've really gotta rock this school - and do it tonight.

OTHERS Right on, yo man, rated *etc.*

### REPRISE OF SONG 3 **Rock the School**

## Scene 5 The Pizza Parlour

*(The scene opens on an empty pizza house. There are a number of tables with brightly coloured cloths with a long counter one side and a juke box the other. Ravinelli moves around straightening the table cloths and humming to himself. Enter Biff, Danny and a few other boys and girls, including Gary, who tries to act inconspicuously. Some of these are carrying books.)*

- RAVINELLI Ah, ciao bimbi. Benevenuti a la piccolo pizza casa di Ravinelli.  
*(This is accompanied by a grand gesture of welcome.)*
- ARTHUR Hey, what's wrong with him? Does he have something wrong with his mouth?
- BEN Italian, ignoramus. It's just Italian.
- BIFF Ciao, Mr Ravinelli. How're ya doin'?
- RAVINELLI Fine, fine, couldn't be better. Hey, what's with the books, kids? Are you gonna turn old Ravinelli's pizza house into a library, or what?
- STEVIE No sir, we're just havin' a few problems with our Math homework.
- BEN We gotta put in some extra time.
- BIFF Say, Mr Ravinelli, I almost forgot. Allow me to introduce a new friend, Daniel Fellini, the coolest guy in town - after me, that is!
- DANNY How d'ya do, sir? Pleased to meet you.  
*(They shake hands.)*
- RAVINELLI The pleasure is all mine, young man. Any friend of Biff's is well in with me before ever he opens his mouth.
- DANNY Why, thank you, sir.
- RAVINELLI And as a gesture of friendship, you can be the first kid in town to taste the new brew. *(Produces a bottle.)*
- LISA What's in the bottle, Mr Ravinelli?
- RAVINELLI Until you taste this, you have not lived kids. This is a genuine product brought to you especially from across the border in Mexico. Rocket Brew they call it. It sure does send you into orbit.  
*(Pours a glass and offers it to Danny.)*
- DANNY Gee, thank you, sir.
- BIFF Say, Radiator, can I help you serve tonight? There'll be a big crowd in later.
- RAVINELLI Sure you can, son. I'll be glad of some help behind the bar.  
*(Biff goes behind the bar. Danny takes a gulp of drink and desperately tries not to choke.)*
- LISA *(Moving closer)* Hey, Danny, you o.k.? You don't look too good right now.
- BIFF What's wrong, man? Is it the brew? Here, let me try.  
*(Tastes some and nearly chokes.)*
- RAVINELLI *(Pretending to try some)* Keep calm, kids. There's something not right here. Don't go away - I'll get another bottle. Here Biff, give an old guy a hand, won't you.
- BIFF Sure thing.
- RAVINELLI *(Discretely to Biff)* You gotta help me. Son. I just bought a thousand bottles of this stuff. A job lot!
- BIFF Fret not, my Roman friend. Biff Bertolini to the rescue.

*(The others become bored with this and begin to chat in groups in the background. Biff grabs a huge bottle of rum, empties some of the rocket brew out of a bottle and replaces it with the rum. He tries it and it knocks him back.)*

- HEY man, this is the real thing. This is dynamite!
- RAVINELLI Quick, bring that crate out the back and help me.  
*(Biff takes the crate and they exit. At first, Ravinelli forgets the rum but he swiftly re-enters and grabs the rum bottle.)*  
Don't go away now kids. Uncle Ravinelli will be back right away.  
*(He exits with a grin.)*
- CINDY *(Spotting Danny and crossing to him.)* Hi Danny, how're ya doin'?  
D'ya want some help with ya Math homework. *(Getting very close.)*
- DANNY N..n..no, Cindy. Thanks all the same.  
*(Enter Mel and her gang. Gary looks nervous.)*
- STEFFIE Well look who's here girls; if it isn't the Beechwood Ballerinas themselves.
- BABS And I thought they'd be practising for the competition. They surely need the practice.
- JO Get lost, Babs. You know the rules; the Radiator's place is neutral ground. We don't fight here.
- MAISY No, but we are entitled to give our opinion.
- AL What's keeping those guys with the brew? I got a ragin' thirst.
- STEVIE Say, where's Sam? She should be here by now.
- MEL Didn't ya notice, Honey? Kurt ain't here either.
- GLORIA They're probably sharing Sam's lipstick behind the gym!
- DANNY I hope Sam's alright - I mean there are some really weird people around in this city.
- STEFFIE Yea, and most of them are here right now!
- BEN Say, Danny, you're rather protective of Sam tonight. You're not sweet on her are you?
- JO What's it to you? She's not your girl.
- DANNY Sure, I think she's o.k. That's all.
- DUANE Come on, Danny. You don't think we ain't noticed how you stare after her.
- AL Yea, even Kurt's noticed but he ain't bothered. Sam's real hot on him.
- DANNY Yea, you're right fellas. It's just that some things a guy can't control - and I just can't help the way I feel right now.
- STEVIE Dream on, man. Dream on.

#### **SONG 4 Dream On**

- ARTHUR Don't you worry, Danny. It's just like being sick. Ya put up with it for a while but it'll go away in the end.
- DANNY Thanks Arthur.
- BIFF *(Entering with bottles)* O.k. folks, the lubrication has arrived. Biff Bertolini won't disappoint you. You need thirst no longer.
- RAVINELLI We solved the little problem with the rocket brew. Ya see, them bottles was an old batch. I should never have been sold them.
- BIFF And these here are the reeel McCoy. Just waiting to titillate your taste buds.

RAVINELLI Come on. At ten cents a bottle there ain't no better drink around.  
*(He opens a bottle and pours himself a drink. All gaze at him in great expectation to see his reaction.)*  
 Hey man, that is theeee business! Come on, Biff, you try it.  
*(Biff takes a prolonged drink in great confidence an then does an acrobatic routine of spinning and gesturing, accompanied by whoopee's etc. There is immediate interest in buying the drink and the demand is rapid as the kids jostle for a place at the bar.)*  
 Alright kids, keep cool. There's plenty for everybody. I've got a thousand bottles of the stuff.  
*(Biff pours drinks very fast and takes a tray around. The kids put their ten cent bits on the tray.)*

MEL Come on Ravinelli, we're thirsty.  
*(One at a time Mel's friends try the drink.)*

BABS Wow! This is so cool gang. Real cool!

DUANE It sure has got a kick to it. You sure this ain't got brandy in it, Mr Radiator.

RAVINELLI Quite sure, young man. Now, would I sell you a drink containing brandy? How could you ever suggest it? *(He winks at Biff.)*

BETSY Are you sure we're allowed this Mr Ravinelli? I mean, my Mom says I shouldn't accept drinks from strangers.

MEL Then go home to your mummy, little chick! It's time for your diaper change.  
*(All laugh. Betsy storms upstage, throws herself onto a chair and sulks. When the laughter and comments continue, Betsy plucks up her Math book and exits with her nose in the air.)*

JO *(Slipping an arm around Biff)* Gee, I'm sure glad I came along tonight. Aren't you, Biff?

BIFF Sure I am, babe. Tomorrow the word will be out on the street that Ravinelli has a new brew. Rocket juice; the hottest drink in town.

### SONG 5 Who Put the Fizz?

*(During the song, Gary repeatedly tries to spike Mel's drink, without success. Finally, at the end of the song, he succeeds.)*

KURT *(Entering)* What's with these broads that they can't keep a date? I don't get stood up that easily. *(Looking around)* Where is she?

DANNY But Kurt, we thought Sam was with you. What can have happened to her?

MEL It's obvious, ain't it? She has found herself a new boy. Probably one of Lewis's gang. *(Gary tries to hide his face.)*  
*(Mel goes to drink but stops short.)*  
*(Getting up.)* Never mind, big boy, I'll comfort you. *(Gets up.)*

DANNY Shut it, Mel. You're not taking this seriously.

MEL Ooh sorry, lover boy!  
 Well, I ain't stickin' around here no longer.  
*(She tips her drink into a plant pot and the plant promptly wilts and keels over.)*  
 Come on girls, time to split.  
*(Mel's gang exit dramatically, noses in the air.)*

DUANE *(Noticing the wilted plant)* Wow, what the hell happened to that?  
ARTHUR *(Noticing Gary)* Hey, ain't this creep one of Lewis's gang? *(Goes to look closer.)*

DUANE Sure he is. I saw him coming out of the boiler room yesterday. He's gotta be one of them.

GARY No, no, you're wrong. I don't know what you're talking about. Who's Lewis?

BIFF Nice try, Gary, but you're rumbled, man.  
ARTHUR Perhaps he can tell us what happened in the Math exam. All those creeps got high grades and most of us flopped.

BIFF Yea, tell us, Gary. How d'ya do it, chum?  
LISA He ain't about to tell you, boys. He needs persuadin'!  
DUANE O.k. then. Mr Radiator, one of your ice cream specials, if you please.  
CINDY What ya doin' buying ice cream for a creep like that? He don't deserve it.

DUANE Oh he ain't gonna eat it, Cindy. No siree, we're gonna decorate him with it. *(Gary sneers.)*

GARY You can do what ya like to me - I won't tell ya nothin'.  
*(Radiator hands over the ice cream.)*

DUANE Come on then guys, let's give him a treat.  
*(Biff holds Gary's hands behind his back while the others lather his face with the ice cream.)*

GARY Alright, alright, I'll tell ya what I know - but I had nothing to do with stealing them exam papers. *(Others gasp.)* Don't tell Dollarbunch on me.

LISA Not so brave now, are you, screwball?  
GARY I didn't want nothing to do with cheating in tests.  
DUANE Ya could've walked away from it anytime.  
GARY No, Lewis would have killed me if I did.  
BIFF Can you believe those pinheads would go so far as to burgle old Dollarbunch's office.

DANNY Sure, I can believe that.  
BIFF Well, Gary, you can go back to your cheating bunch of hoodlums and tell them they're in for a real good hiding when we catch 'em.

DUANE Yea, naff off, creep!  
*(Duane finishes the job by lathering Gary's hair with the rest of the ice cream. Much laughter as he retreats ungracefully.)*

BETSY *(Entering hurriedly)* Help, you lot! You gotta help me!  
JO Why Betsy? What's happened?  
BETSY It's Sam - she's had an accident. She's hurt - real bad!  
DANNY No! Oh my God, no!  
BIFF Where? *(Shaking Betsy)* Where is she, Betsy? Where?  
BETSY Bottom of the hill. She came off her bike...into a tree. Come quickly - the paramedics are trying to bring her round. *(She bursts into tears.)*

JO Oh God!  
BETSY Please hurry!  
*(Kids start to exit hurriedly.)*

DANNY Quickly, Betsy, you show us the place.  
RAVINELLI *(Calling after them)* Stati bene, bimbi! Take care, now!

*End of scene*

## Scene 6 The Drama Studio

*(The South Coast Academy Girls are warming up for a dance session, using some of their ballet warm-ups. Jo is leading the session. Danny is sitting at the edge of the dance floor with Al, Stevie, Ben, Kurt and some other lads, but no-one from the boiler room gang.)*

**DANCE 2** Ballet warm-ups. Taped piano music.

JO Come on, Cindy, stop dragging your feet. What's happened to your straight lines? Betsy, keep your chin up girl and stop staring at your feet. Lisa, you've gotta turn your left foot out more - it looks deformed!

*(During the warm-up Mel enters with her friends.)*

MEL Can you believe this girls? They're doin' ballet warm-ups now. Now I've seen everything.

STEFFIE Say Jo, you ain't gonna win no competition doin' that ya know. This ain't the Metropolitan Ballet.

JO You're just jealous of our versatility.

BABS *(Mockingly)* You're just jealous of our versatility.

GLORIA Bet ya can't spell versatility.

DANNY Leave it out, girls. I think they're doin' just fine.

STEFFIE Oh yea? And what do you know about dancing, lover boy?

MEL How comes you ain't visitin' Sam to see how she is.

*(Sam enters, arm in plaster.)*

SAM Sam's just fine! Don't you worry yourselves on her account.

*(She drops all her books and Danny rushes to help her pick them up.)*

GIRLS Hi Sam, How're ya doin', good to see ya etc.

*(Cindy goes and throws her arms around Sam.)*

SAM I'm o.k, apart from a few bruises and a headache - but I can't dance with a broken arm.

*(The reaction is both dismay and delight.)*

JO Let's carry on, girls. We have this space booked for longer yet. Betsy, start the tape.

*(Betsy fumbles with the tape machine.)*

STEFFIE Here, let me do that.

*(She starts the tape and it plays at double speed. Mel's gang break into hysterical laughter.)*

JO Girls, be professional. Stay calm.

*(Sam goes and starts the tape.)*

**DANCE 3 Celtic Dream** (Ballet-style)

*(During the dance several girls slip, go the wrong way and bump. Mel's crowd laugh loudly each time. Sam moves a few bodies into position and straightens a few limbs. After the dance there is feeble sarcastic applause from Mel's group.)*

JO O.k., let's go shower, girls, and leave them to it. They need the practice.

(*Sam's group begin to exit, mumbling.*)  
SAM (*Exiting*) You know, you girls have talent, but you've got attitude, man, real attitude.  
MEL Run along now, Sammy, and let your new lover boy take care of you!  
STEFFIE And mind you don't break the other arm or it'll ruin your love life real good. (*Others laugh.*)  
MEL O.k. girls, positions and ready for action.  
MAISY Ain't we gonna warm up, Mel?  
MEL Don't be pathetic, Maisy! Do you warm up when you go to a dance? Pardon me for one moment, gentlemen, while I do my stretching exercises! (*Much laughter.*)  
BABS Let's go for it. We'll show them Beechwood Ballerinas a trick or two.

**DANCE 4 Friday Night Blues** (Jazz-style)

*End of Scene*

## Scene 7 The Pizza Parlour

*(The Radiator moves around wiping tables and straightening cloths, humming 'Who Put the Fizz' as he goes. Jo, Sam, Biff and Danny are at one table and Mel's group at another. Sam struggles to cut a pizza with her good hand. Danny assists her.)*

MEL That's it, lover boy, you get right in there and help her.  
STEFFIE Ooh, ain't that so cute! What else d'ya think he does for her?  
*(Laughter from the gang. Danny stands up swiftly to confront Steffie, sending his chair flying.)*  
SAM Let it go, Danny. It ain't worth getting rattled about.  
JO *(Purposefully changing the subject)* How's the preparations for the competition going gals? Been able to agree on a routine yet?  
GLORIA Sure we have, Jo. Hows about you? Got past the warm-ups yet?  
*(Others laugh. Danny sits.)*  
BIFF *(Standing up quickly)* Hey you guys, ain't that Gary, the boiler room baby? *(Goes to look closer. Gary cowers.)*  
DUANE It sure is him. Say Gary, have you not got wise yet?  
GARY Have ya come to get creamed again?  
I ain't having nothing to do with that gang no more. When I hang around with them I get in too deep, man.  
ARTHUR *(Getting brave)* Well, you'll be deeper in it if you stick around here.  
*(Gary steps towards Arthur and he retreats behind Biff.)*  
BIFF Yea, go on then!  
SAM Stop it, Biff! Give him a chance. Perhaps he really wants to break with those creeps. I say let him stay.  
CINDY Yea, perhaps he's not so bad after all. *(Fondling Gary's jacket)* He's really quite good-looking, ya know.  
LISA Cut it out, Cindy, you flirt!  
BETSY If it moves and it's male it's gotta be Cindy's.  
*(Cindy gets cross and barges her way past Lisa and Betsy.)*  
BIFF Hey, Radiator, another glass of rocket brew por favor.  
RAVINELLI Comin' right up, young sir. *(Pours drink for Biff.)*  
*(Enter the footballers, dressed in their sports kit, except for Buddy, who wears his karate gear. They are carrying surfboards.)*  
KURT Howdy pardners, how're ya doin'!  
SAM Hi Kurt, hi fellas.  
OTHERS *(Join in greetings)*  
STEVIE Well?  
DANNY Well?  
BIFF Well?  
STEVIE Ain't ya goin' to congratulate us then?  
MAISY What for?  
BABS What've ya done? *(Realising)* Oh my God, the football game!  
*(Jumping up and down)* What happened? Who won?  
KURT Bet ya can't guess!  
BIFF Let me see! Judging by the way you guys came in just then and the expression on your faces now *(sarcastically)* I'd say - you lost!  
STEVIE 13 - 21  
JO I'm so sorry guys.

KURT No, 21 - 13 to us, ya butthead. We won - and it was the final.  
Beechwood High actually got to lift the cup!

SAM Whoopee! *(Jumps up and down, squealing.)*  
*(Others react with delight, even Gary, but not Mel's gang.)*

KURT And to celebrate we're gonna ride the surf.

STEVIE Cruise the strip.

AL Stir up the strand.

BEN Any of you guys want to come along?

CINDY *(Jumping up excitedly)* Oh yes, please! I wanna come with you.

STEVIE *(After a moment's pause)* Perhaps you don't hear too good, chick. I said **guys!** *(Looking her up and down)* You sure ain't built like a guy.  
*(Shakes his head. Cindy sinks back into a chair looking embarrassed and dejected.)*

KURT Well what do ya know fellas, there ain't no-one gonna take us up on our generous offer. Can you believe it? They just do not know what they're missing.

STEVIE The exhilaration of the rising tide....

BEN The sound of the surf pounding in your ears....

AL The power of the wave breaking against your body....

KURT There ain't nothin' on this earth that'll beat surfin' off the south coast strand.

### SONG 6 Surfin' off the Strand

*(Using the song as a diversion, Gary slips the powder into Mel's drink.)*

STEVIE Come on guys, let's go. I can't resist the call of the ocean no longer.

KURT Can't ya just hear the surf breakin' from here?

ARTHUR No, I don't believe I can.

KURT Catch ya later guys and babes.  
*(The footballers exit, singing a last raucous chorus of the surfing song. Buddy stays behind. Mel takes a long drink from the poisoned chalice and winces at the taste.)*

MEL Say, Ravinelli, I reckon ya sold me one of them old bottles. I want my money back. *(Grabs her tummy and winces in pain.)*  
I gotta get outa here! *(Standing and knocking her chair flying.)*  
Come on girls, let's split!

GLORIA But Mel, we only just arrived. We're having fun.

MAISY Mel, are you o.k?

MEL *(Almost doubled up in pain)* Course I'm o.k., ya stupid bitch! Now move ya butts! *(Exits swiftly.)*

STEFFIE So long, suckers. Enjoy ya Math homework.  
*(Mel's gang exit and Gary slinks off, smirking.)*

BIFF Mel sure is acting strange today. I don't know what's eating her up. She seems real sore about something.

JO Just forget it, Biff, it's just a little girl's problem.

ARTHUR Hey Buddy, why have you got your pyjamas on.

BUDDY These ain't pyjamas, wise guy. This is my karate gear.

DANNY *(Explosively)* Karate! Of course, what a great idea. Why didn't I think of this before. Thanks Buddy, *(Shaking Buddy's hand)* thanks very much chum. *(Sits as if deep in thought.)*

RAVINELLI What's with the new kid? Mel ain't the only one who's acting strange tonight.

SAM I dunno, but he'll get over it.

RAVINELLI Hey Biff, give old Uncle Ravinelli a helping hand won't you. You kids are drinking me dry. Three hundred bottles of this rocket brew you've drunk already. Help me bring some more from out the back.

BIFF Sure thing, man. *(They exit through a door behind the bar.)*

BETSY Look girls, I really should be getting along now. I've still got loads of swotting to do for the Math exam.

LISA God, you're so wet, Betsy! Why can't you let your hair down, just for once?

JO No Lisa, I think she's right. We've all got some crammin' to do. We can't afford to flop the test. I'm gonna turn in early too.  
*(Jo and Betsy get up to leave. All the others get up, reluctantly, and join them. Cindy is left sitting between Sam and Danny. She shuffles nearer to Danny and innocently drapes her arm around him.)*  
Cindy! *(clicking her fingers)* CINDY, to us girl! *(Firmly)* It's time to go! *(They exit, noiselessly)*  
*(Danny sits deep in thought. Suddenly, both he and Sam realise simultaneously that they are alone together. Sam moves further away from Danny.)*

DANNY Sam.

SAM Yes Danny.

DANNY There's something I've been meaning to tell ya.

SAM Oh yea? Well go on then.

DANNY It's just that I've been feeling kinda strange just lately. I've never felt this way before.  
*(Sam moves even further away from him.)*  
You see, whenever you're around I feel - well, sort of contented and relaxed.

SAM I guess it must be that rocket brew.

DANNY No Sam, I think the girls are right. I believe I am in love ..... In love with you!

SAM But Danny, ya can't be. You hardly know me.

DANNY Ever since I saw you in that first dance class back in the fall I knew that you and I were just meant for each-other.

SAM Look Danny, I think you're a real sweet guy but we have nothing in common, do we?

DANNY But Sam, you're so wrong. We do have things in common - more than you know.  
*(Danny puts his arm around Sam's shoulders.)*  
Couldn't we just give it a try, I mean - walkin' out together? We can make it work. I just know we can.

SAM No, Danny! I'm sorry - but it's just out of the question.  
*(Stands as if to leave.)*

DANNY Sam, please don't go. At least hear me out.

SAM Oh alright Danny! The least I can do is listen. But I don't want to see you disappointed.  
DANNY Could you not just love me for this evening? Then I'll at least always have the memory to live with.

### SONG 7 Love Me For This Evening

*(During the song Danny and Sam get closer to one-another.)*

SAM Oh Danny, I'm so sorry. I never knew you felt this way.  
*(They embrace and are about to kiss when... enter Biff)*  
BIFF I've got something that'll really fire your rocket!  
*(He stops in his tracks when he realises that he is interrupting something. He tries to exit again but is pushed back into the room by Ravinelli entering. Sam breaks swiftly apart from Danny with a nervous giggle and flicks back her hair.)*  
RAVINELLI Fear not my young friends, you lubrication has arrived.  
*(Looks around, confused)*  
Say, where in hell's name have all the kids gone? Was it something I said?  
SAM *(Standing)* Look, I gotta go cram the Math .... I..I..I'll see you guys tomorrow....sorry!  
DANNY *(Standing)* Let me walk you home, Sam - please!  
SAM *(Forcefully)* No! .....No, thanks Danny. I'm a big girl now. I can look after myself. *(Softening)* Look, I'll catch you in school tomorrow, o.k.;  
DANNY *(Dejected)* Sure Sam, ciao.  
*(Exit Sam)*  
BIFF Danny, I'm real sorry, man. I never knew you had nothing goin' man, believe me.  
DANNY It's o.k., Biff. You couldn't have known.  
*(Ravinelli tries to speak but looks on in awe and incomprehension.)*  
BIFF I owe you now, man. I sure owe you.  
DANNY Forget it, Biff. You'll find a way to repay me - real soon. *(With emphasis)* Sooner than you know.  
BIFF Look, why don't we go find my cousin Antonio. We can borrow his wheels and cruise the strip. See if we can't locate Kurt and the other guys.  
DANNY *(Miserably)* Sure, why not! I sure don't feel like revising for the test anyhow.  
BIFF Arriverderci, Senor Ravinelli. Grazie tanti. *(He does a deep mock bow.)*  
RAVINELLI Ciao, so long kids. Ci vediamo domani. *(See you tomorrow.)*  
BIFF Prendila con calma. *(Take it easy.)*  
*(Exit Danny and Biff.)*  
RAVINELLI Buona fortuna con l'exam. *(Good luck with the test.)*  
And give the gals my best wishes for the dance competition. I dunno, kids sure act strange these days. Sure weren't like this in my day.  
*(He clears away the empty glasses.)*

*End of Scene*

## Scene 8 The Drama Studio

*(Sam's gang are busy preparing for a dance session, tying up their shoes etc. Ben, Al, Stevie, Arthur and others are lounging around, drinking coke. Some of the boys are looking at a car magazine.)*

JO Say, Sam, you sure you ain't gonna be fit to dance next week? I mean, I know you busted your arm but your legs are o.k. ain't they?

SAM Sure, Jo. I feel like I should do something to help out but the doctor says I have to leave off the dancing for six weeks to give the bones time to knit.

JO That's real bad news for us. You're the best we've got and we've not long left to perfect this routine.

BEN Don't worry girls - we've seen you practising and we reckon you're pretty hot property, even without Sam.  
*(Enter Biff with Danny and Kurt.)*

BIFF Hi gang. How's it going?

KURT Got your footwork sorted yet, babes?

SAM Give them a chance, Kurt.

KURT Well it's only one dance you've got to prepare. It can't take that long, surely.

SAM *(Becoming aggressive)* What would you know about it? Stick to kicking a ball around. It's all you know!

DANNY *(Clearing his throat)* Ahem! Biff and I have something we would like to discuss with you guys. We've come to a decision.

BIFF Well, I'm not so sure about this now, Danny.

DANNY Biff, unless you've something important to say, shut it!!  
*(Everyone gathers round.)*  
We've been doing some thinking and we think that the girls should have some guys in the dance routine!  
*(Hoots of delight from the girls. The footballers look non-plussed.)*  
Biff! *(Biff does not respond.)* BIFF!

BIFF Well, you see babes, we're volunteering our services. If you want us ... to dance that is! *(Relieved to have said his piece.)*

KURT Oh no, man! Wise up.

LISA Say, that's real sweet of you guys.

JO I've seen Danny dance, girls, and he's good. Real good!

DANNY But what's the use of two guys in the routine? We need more. Any of you guys want to join us?

BEN Well I dunno. It's not our usual style.

BIFF Come on, man. There's dancin' - and there's dancin'! If you do it right it can be cool. Real cool. It can buy you street cred., man, and I know what I'm talkin' about.

DANNY Trust us, guys. We've been talking to Buddy here, and we've some great ideas for a sequence. When we enter that competition - we'll be the hottest property in the state. You gotta take our word.  
*(Silence)*

SAM Kurt?

KURT Oh what the hell! We ain't got nothin' to lose. Let's go for it.

OTHERS Let's do it. *etc.*

SAM Guys, I always knew you wouldn't let us down.  
DANNY What are we waiting' for? Let's get to it right now.  
STEFFIE *(Entering distraught with Maisy.)* Now we're landed right in it!  
CINDY In what?  
MAISY We got no chance.  
*(The other girls in Mel's gang enter.)*  
GLORIA Ain't you guys heard about Mel?  
SAM *(Concerned)* What's happened, Steffie? What is it?  
STEFFIE *(Sniffing)* She's been poisoned. She's half way dead with it.  
*(Reaction of horror from the others.)*  
BABS In hospital - since last night.  
*(More reaction.)*  
BIFF Hey man, I knew she was acting real strange - even for Mel.  
JO But how did this happen?  
GLORIA I'm thinking it was them boiler room boys. They must have poisoned her drink or something.  
ARTHUR I bet it was Gary. I knew we shouldn't trust him.  
SAM We must go to the precinct right away and tell sergeant Krubky. He'll know what to do.  
KURT No, leave this to me. The time has come for a meeting with Dollarbunch. We have to expose those slimeballs and their low-down scams once and for all.  
SAM Alright Kurt, if that's what you want. Good luck!  
KURT Catch ya later. *(Exit Kurt.)*  
STEFFIE But what about the competition? Our routine'll never hold together without Mel. What're we gonna do?  
*(Silence. Sam looks at Jo who gives her an encouraging nod.)*  
JO Well Steffie, it seems to me that you have two choices. Either you drop out of the competition ...or...you join us and the boys in our routine.  
*(Reaction of surprise from all the girls.)*  
MAISY Let's get together with them, Steffie - please! We wanna do the competition.  
BABS Yea, let's do it, Steff. The boys have already joined up.  
*(Others join in cajoling her.)*  
STEFFIE Well, I suppose we don't really have a choice. O.k., we'll do it.  
*(Big cheer.)*  
SAM Well let's not waste any more time now. Betsy, the music! No, on second thoughts I'll start it myself this time.  
JO *(To Steffie and gang)* You girls just watch this first bit. You'll soon pick it up.

### **DANCE 5 Part of Kung Fu Fighting**

*(The dance starts and Steffie puts her head in her hands when she sees some of the ballet-derived steps. During the dance Danny joins in. To the surprise of all the boys he introduces some karate movements. Miss Steinway enters part way through and stops the tape.)*

MISS S Well. Well, well, things are looking up! Now gather round class.  
*(They form a group around her.)*

D'ya know, I can see great potential here. A routine which fuses elements of dance from different styles and traditions. A type of Fusion! What a fantastic idea.

SAM Do you really think so Miss? Actually it was Danny's idea.

MISS S *(Putting her arm around Sam)* Sure I do, Sam, and this just could be the magic ingredient that'll win the competition for Beechwood High. Full marks to Daniel for providing the spark that will surely set the competition on fire.

DANNY Will you help us then, Miss Steinway? We need another pair of eyes. This routine's gotta be just so slick!

MISS S Sure, Danny, I'll be pleased to help. And what about the other girls? *(Looks towards Steffie and her group.)*

JO Oh, they're with us, Miss.

MISS S Right then. All of you must assemble here straight after class this afternoon. We have a great deal of work to do and we don't have a lot of time.

SAM Thanks Miss.  
*(Others join in with expressions of gratitude as they drift off. Danny comes to Sam and they exit hand-in-hand.)*

*End of Scene*

## Scene 9 The Principal's Study

*(The scene opens with all the boiler room gang present, some pacing up and down, most looking seriously worried.)*

- GRANT How long is old Dollarbunch going to keep us waiting? I can't stand this suspense.
- LARA Why do you think he's called us in? Do you think he wants to congratulate us on the latest edition of The Bugle?
- STEW Or perhaps he's heard about our brilliant Math results and wants to give us merit awards.
- LEWIS Shut it, all of you! Do you suckers really believe we've all been summoned here to have praise heaped on us? You're crazy - all of you!
- BONEY Well, I figure Gary screwed up with the poison. The other creeps must have seen him spike Mel's drink.
- CARRIE You stupid little punk! Can't you do something right just for once. It was a simple job.
- GARY Who says it's about that? Perhaps Lara loused up with trashing Sam's bike, or maybe it was you, Lewis, with the exam paper scam. Maybe you got rumbled!
- ANTONIA Yea, you're not so smart yourself. Really fancy yourself as a cat burglar, don't ya? Breaking in here in the dead of night and cracking Dollarbunch's safe.
- STEW Cool it, cool it all of you guys. There ain't no use now in blaming each-other. It won't change nothin'
- BONEY Well I ain't worried! Dollarbunch don't scare me none.  
*(Dollarbunch enters unseen by the kids, holding the offending exam papers.)*  
He can't touch us. He can't do nothing to us.  
*(Mimicking Dollarbunch.)*  
*(To Gary)* You boy, come here! Stop chewing when your principal is addressing you - and stand up straight.  
*(One by one the others notice Dollarbunch. Gary tries to warn Boney.)*
- GARY B...B...Boney...
- BONEY How dare you address me in that tone, young man! You are the epitome of insolence, the essence of perfunctoriness, the substantiality of effrontery. Stop blubbering, you inconsequential scrap of humanity. You have dared to offend his royal high-and-mightiness, Lord Dollarbunch.  
*(As himself again. The others are now resigned to the inevitable, heads in hands.)*  
Dollarbunch is nothing but a crackpot failed businessman who knows absolutely nothing about education. He's a geriatric joke. He don't scare me none. In fact if he was .....
- (He turns and notices Dollarbunch, who roars with the beginning of a rage, working up to a crescendo.)*
- PRINCIPAL You .... You .... You dare to take my name in vain, you worthless heap of compost. You are a disgrace to you school and your parents. Don't think for one moment that I don't know all about you and your

despicable hoodlum friends. I can list each and every one of your felonies: *(Counting them off on his fingers)*  
Causing bodily harm by sabotaging a pedal-powered road vehicle, attempted murder by introducing a lethal poison into the beverage of a fellow student, and ... the most unforgivable...bringing the name of our glorious academic institution into disrepute through the theft of confidential exam papers and the deceptive use of the same in order to gain high grades in an exam. *(Waving the exam papers at them.)*  
*(By now the kids' heads are hung in shame, except for Boney, who is scowling.)*

Well? What have you to say in answer to these accusations I have placed before you?

BONEY You can shove your exam papers right up ya .....argh!  
*(Antonia silences Boney with a swift and discrete kick in the groin.)*

LEWIS Nothing! Nothing, Sir! There ain't no excuse for what we did - and we ain't really sorry either.

PRINCIPAL Well, you're fired - all of you. Excluded, expelled, cast out.  
*(Pointing to the door)* Remove yourselves from this scholastic emporium and do not ever darken its hallowed portals again!  
*(The kids exit muttering curses and threats under their breath. Boney is limping badly.)*

Woe is me! What will become of this noble institution and its shining example of the youth of America.  
*(Thinks)*

Get a grip on yourself, Ed. All is not yet lost. We still have a trump card to play: the State Dance Championships.  
But only a few days hence - and so much left to be done.  
So what am I waiting for? Miss Steinway! Miss Steinway!  
*(Exits)*

*End of Scene*

## Scene 10 The Street Outside the Dance Hall

*(Danny is sitting on a wall, kicking his heels.)*

### Reprise of SONG 4 Dream On

*(Enter Sam)*

SAM Say, what have you got to be so cheerful about? Ain't ya worried about the competition?

*(Sits next to Danny on the wall.)*

DANNY Oh, hi Sam. Sure I'm worried, but you've gotta put it outa ya mind.

SAM Imagine you're someplace else. Sing a song - it's a great stress-beater. Do ya really think it'll work, Danny? Our dance routine, I mean. It's a good sequence, I know, but there's a lot of competition and there's some real good performing arts schools in this state.

DANNY Have some faith, girl. We've got a good crowd of kids behind us and we've all worked really hard at this routine. It'll work, babe! It has to!

SAM I only wish I had your confidence, Danny. I worry about things too much, you know. Like you and me - I worry about us!

DANNY What on earth do you mean Sam, you worry about us?

SAM Well, you know what I mean - about you and me.

DANNY I just don't get where you're coming from, girl. What's eatin' you?

SAM Well, you moved house once, didn't ya? From New York State down south to here. Supposin' your old man's business takes him up north again - then you'll have to go to. And what about poor old Sam? What will she do then?

DANNY *(Putting his arm around Sam to comfort her.)*

Hey, easy there, babe. We ain't about to move on. We've only just settled in here.

SAM But how can you be so sure? This has all happened so fast. One minute you're just the new kid on the block, the next you're the most important person in my life.

DANNY And you're really special to me too, Sam. I ain't about to leave you. You're a part of my life now and you always will be. When you're not with me there ain't a minute in the day goes by without me thinking about you. Listen, and I'll tell you what I mean.

*(During the song Jo and Biff enter and take their places on the wall beside the others. They join in the song.)*

### SONG 8 I'll Be Walkin' On Air

BIFF Hey, Danny, Sam, how ya doin' guys. Wow, that's a cool song, man! It could be a hit, ya know!

JO Don't be a sucker, Biff. It's about life, that's all.

BIFF *(Jumping off the wall.)* O.k. gang, we'd better get along now or we'll be late for the competition. *(Pause)*

Well, what're you waiting for?

SAM I guess we're not all as keen as you to get there early, Biff.

BIFF Oh, I get ya - performance nerves is it?

JO Sure. Don't you get nervous too?

BIFF Nah! When you're as cool as Biff Bertolini, nerves of steel and used to being in the public eye, performing becomes a way of life. Remember guys, the world is a stage. Some-one famous said that, I think.  
*(Begins to exit.)*

JO I'm sorry about him. Some people will never change. *(Starts to follow.)*

BIFF Come on, Jo. We ain't got all day ya know. Let's split!  
*(He returns to take Jo's hand and pull her off-stage.)*

DANNY Don't wait on us, Jo. We'll see ya shortly.

JO Ciao.

DANNY *(Jumping off the wall)* Just take a leaf out of Biff's book. He hasn't a care in the world - he takes everything in his stride.

SAM I wish I could be like him, Danny, but it's not in my nature, is it?  
*(Danny does not answer and looks distracted.)*  
Danny, Danny are you o.k?

DANNY Uh, oh yes, sure. It's just that.....

SAM *(Still on the wall)* What is it, Danny? What's the problem?

DANNY Well, I...I was going to do this after the competition...  
Oh what the heck! It's just that I got you a little present.

SAM Oh Danny, how sweet of you.  
*(Danny takes a small box from his pocket and opens it.)*  
Oh my God, it's a ring!

DANNY I know what it is, Sam. I chose it - remember?

SAM But, but surely this is an engagement ring, Danny.

DANNY You got it in one, sweetheart.

SAM *(Jumping off the wall and putting on the ring)*  
Oh Danny! *(Throws her arms around him.)*

DANNY Well? What do you say?

SAM I've put it on, Danny, ain't I? And I sure ain't gonna take it off again in a hurry.

DANNY Oh Sam, This is my lucky night. *(He slips his arm around Sam.)*  
I can feel it in the air. Now I've got you, all I have to do is to help Beechwood High win the trophy, and we can do it, Sam. Together we can do it - I just know we can.

SAM I hope you're right, Danny. I sure hope you're right.

*(Danny turns to look at Sam. Their eyes meet and, after a prolonged gaze into each-others eyes, they begin slowly to embrace and their lips meet.... Blackout)*

*End of Scene*

## Scene 11 The Dance Hall

*(The scene opens on the dance hall. The hall is full of audience and participants, including the kids from Beechwood High. Dollarbunch, Ravinelli, Hogan and Mel are standing at the back of the audience. Some of the Beechwood dancers are standing, leaning against the walls F.O.H., some on the left and some on the right. The compere stands one side with a microphone in his hand and the adjudicator is sitting at a small table the other side. The first dance routine is by Westgate High.)*

### **DANCE 6 Westgate High**

- COMPERE Thank you. Thank you to the young people of Westgate High. What a fantastic routine ladies and gentlemen - and I'm sure you'll agree that each and every one of the nine schools we've seen so far this evening has presented a truly professional performance.  
*(More applause as the compere goes to speak to the adjudicator.)  
(These kids are F.O.H. stage left)*
- KURT Oh my God, did ya see that, Danny? We can never follow that.
- DANNY Keep cool, Kurt. We can do it, but we've got to stay focused. It ain't no good getting into a cold sweat about it.
- BEN Just our luck to be last in the draw. Means we gotta sit and watch all these other guys first.
- KURT Yea, but look on the bright side - at least we won't have to wait long for the result.
- COMPERE *(Ahem)* Ladies and gentlemen, if I could just have your attention, please! I can confirm for you that the results at this moment in time are veery, veery close. No more than a few marks separate all the nine schools you've seen so far tonight. This is outa this world, ladies and gents. I don't remember a competition being this close in all my fifteen years as your M.C. Now, let me see, who's next?  
*(He consults his clip-board.)  
(These kids are F.O.H. stage right)*
- BIFF Come on, let's get this show on the road, man.
- LISA Biff, not so loud. These folks'll hear ya.
- BETSY Jo, I'm scared. I don't think I can go through with this. I've never performed in public before.
- STEVIE Quit belly-aching and grow up, chick! Do ya think the rest of us ain't nervous as well?  
*(Betsy breaks down in tears and runs out of the hall.)*
- JO Well done, Stevie. Now you've really done it. I'll go get her back.
- COMPERE Yes, here we are folks, the next entry on tonight's programme is .....The Florida State Youth Theatre's very own dance company. Put your hands together folks and make some noise for the Florida State Youth Theatre .....Yes!
- ARTHUR Here we go. I can't even bear to look. *(Hides his eyes.)*

### **DANCE 7 Florida State Youth Theatre**

*(During the dance, some of our kids slump to the floor, dejected. Others turn their backs and hide their eyes. Biff seems unconcerned. After the dance there is enthusiastic applause from the audience. At the last minute, Jo enters up the side aisle arm in arm with a tearful Betsy.)*

DANNY O.k. guys and gals, it's our turn now. Show 'em what we're made of!  
SAM Let's go for it.  
COMPERE Ladies and gentlemen, it is my great pleasure to introduce you to a school entering this competition for the first time. And if the rehearsals are anything to go by....you sure ain't gonna be disappointed. Ladies and gentlemen, from way down in the south of our sunny little state, I give you - BEECHWOOD HIGH SCHOOL.  
*(The kids F.O.H. run confidently onto stage as the music starts. They are joined by two further groups entering from the wings, stage left and right.)*

### **DANCE 8, Beechwood High, Kung Fu Fighting**

COMPERE *(After the applause has died down)*  
Fantastic! Thank you very much Beechwood High School for that show-stopping performance.  
*(Kids melt into the wings for the result.)*  
And now, it gives me the greatest pleasure to ask our judge, Mr Rip Rawlings from the Vaudeville Theatre, to give us his adjudication. Ladies and gents, put your hands together for - Mr Rip Rawlings.  
*(During the applause, other dancers creep onto the stage and join the Beechwood kids.)*

ADJUD Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Well, what an evening's entertainment we've had tonight; one outstanding performance after the other. And I'm the poor guy who has to sort it all out!  
*(There is a ripple of laughter at this.)*  
Well now, I'm sure you have no wish to hear me procrastinating all night, so rather than practising circumlocution, here are the results. In third place, I have chosen - Westgate High School.  
*(Applause and cheers from the audience.)*  
In second place, folks - the Florida State Youth Theatre.  
*(More reaction and applause.)*  
And finally, in first place, the very deserving winners after their terrific performance are ..... BEECHWOOD HIGH SCHOOL!  
*(He is hardly able to complete the sentence for the cheering, cat-calls and applause from the audience and screams from some of the Beechwood girls. Some of the Beechwood pupils are stunned and can not take it in. Others are jumping up and down in delight and hugging one-another. Ravinelli, Dollarbunch, Miss Steinway and Hogan rush down the aisle and onto the stage to congratulate the kids. The compere steps forward with the trophy and hands it to Rip Rawlings. He presents it with great ceremony to Sam and Danny who come forward to receive it amidst wild applause and cheering, even from the other schools' dancers. The music starts for the reprise of Beechwood's dance. At this point, the adults exit except for Miss Steinway, who joins*

*in the dance routine. Some of the dancers from the other schools also join in.)*

**REPRISE DANCE 8**

**SONG 9, Finale leading to REPRISE SONG 1**

*The End*