

I-4-26

RUSTY

You don't know Bomont.

(As the number continues, TOWNSPEOPLE fill the stage and frame the following vignettes.)

ALL

SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY'S EYES
 WHOA OH
 SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY'S EYES
 WHOA-OH

(A COP steps out of the crowd, writing a ticket for REN.)

START

COP

You're gonna have to learn that in Bomont, a stop sign means stop.

REN

I thought I did.

COP

And that radio music of yours was blasting pretty loud.

REN

Oh. So you pulled me over because my music's too loud.

COP

Hey! Watch that attitude, boy.

(CHUCK, LYLE and TRAVIS enter.)

CHUCK

Book 'im, Jim!

COP

This a friend of yours, Chuck?

CHUCK

The city kid? I wouldn't let him kiss my ass!

(CHUCK, LYLE and TRAVIS howl with laughter and exit; REN watches them go.)

REN

(To COP, sarcastically cheery.)

END

They seem nice.

(Stone-faced, the COP slaps a ticket into REN'S hand.)

URLEEN

CAREFUL HOW YOU SPEAK
 TURN THE OTHER CHEEK