

COACH

(blowing his whistle)

McCormack! You and your friends are late.

ARIEL

Coach, Ren is hurt. Look at his eye!

WILLARD

And his hand! He's all banged up.

ARIEL

After Ren walked me home last night, some guys jumped him.

WILLARD

They just started wailing on him! There was, like, six of them!

REN

Willard! Willard, it was three guys.

COACH

Anybody you know?

REN

Well, I didn't take names, if that's what you mean.

COACH

McCormack, it seems that when you're not making trouble, it finds you anyway. And Ariel, I would encourage you to stay away from this guy. I've been asked to keep my eye on you—

ARIEL

Oh! My father called you. Surprise, surprise.

REN

Gee, if my daddy makes a phone call, will you get offa my back?

COACH

That mouth of yours is probably what made your daddy walk out in the first place.

REN starts to lunge at COACH; before he can connect, WILLARD grabs him.

WILLARD

Count to ten, man! Mama says just count to ten.

COACH

You'd be wise to take your friend's advice. Now, get down and give me thirty.

REN
(holds up his bandaged hand)
You're joking!

COACH
You're right. Make it fifty.

A few KIDS notice this.

WILLARD
He's not faking, Coach. He's really hurting.

COACH
Thank you for your diagnosis, Dr. Willard. You can give me fifty as well.
(some GUYS laugh; to everyone:)
As a matter of fact, you can all give me fifty. Courtesy of Mr. McCormack.
Everyone grumbles.
Just do it.

All get down into position and do push-ups as
COACH counts.
And one, two ... I can't hear you!

ALL
Three, four ...

COACH
Only forty-six more.

He exits; everyone continues to do pushups.

BOY 1
Is he gone?

BOY 2
Yeah.
(all collapse)
Hey, Ren, thanks a lot.

REN
Sorry. It's just that this whole town is so wound up. You guys have no place to blow off any steam. At least in Chicago we could go to the clubs.

WILLARD
Hey! Maybe we oughta take the Coach dancing.

REN
(chuckling)
Willard, you are so ...