

ROSALIE: And there's no other coffee shops? Not even a Starbucks?

DEWEY finishes chugging his beer.

DEWEY: Noooo! Hey, can I get a pitcher!

ROSALIE: Mr Schneeibly -

DEWEY: I'm having another and you wouldn't want me to drink alone, would you?

ROSALIE: I don't think either of us should be drinking at all.

(a beat)

ROSALIE (CONT'D): Mr Schneeibly, I've been thinking -

DEWEY: I wish you'd call me Dewey.

ROSALIE: Why would I call you Dewey?

DEWEY: Ned! Dewey's my other name. My middle name. Ned Dewey Schneeibly.

ROSALIE: Some people are born lucky. So is there a Mrs. Ned Dewey?

DEWEY: Noooo! No! I'm not really in the financial position to date right now. Most girls end up wanting me to be something that I'm not. Like handsome... You know what, I'm going to put on a random song.

DEWEY goes to the jukebox. A rough looking man walks by ROSALIE, she drinks, perhaps too quickly. (Sound Cue - EDGE OF SEVENTEEN) EDGE OF SEVENTEEN begins playing.

ROSALIE: You know this is the first time a teacher has ever asked me to do anything outside of school.

DEWEY: Really?

ROSALIE: It's true. Not in six years.

DEWEY: I bet they're just intimidated.

ROSALIE: It's not that. They hate me.

DEWEY: They do not.

ROSALIE, enraptured by the song finds moments to sing along through the following:

ROSALIE: Yes, they do OOH OOH. You know, I was fun once. Funny even. But you can't be funny and a principal because when it comes to their kids, people have nooo sense of humour.

DEWEY: You'd think that's when it matters the most.

ROSALIE: I know, but *(sings)* NOTHING ELSE MATTERS!

ROSALIE half laughs, but she is baring her soul.

ROSALIE (CONT'D): But I've got to be perfect. And - I'm not kidding - that pressure has turned me into... Well, you know what it's turned me into.

DEWEY: No, I don't. What?

ROSALIE: A bitch.... a bitch! I love this song.

DEWEY: Wait. You love Stevie Nicks?

ROSALIE: Who doesn't! *(sings)* EYES ON HIM

WAITRESS: Shut-up!