

SANDY / DANNY
GREASE
P. 40 - 41

Scene Six

(Scene: SANDY runs on with pom poms, dressed in a green baggy gym suit. She does a Rydell cheer.)

SANDY. Do a split, give a yell

Throw a fit for old Rydell

Way to go, green and brown

Turn the foe upside down.

(SANDY does awkward split. DANNY enters.)

DANNY. Hiya, Sandy.

(SANDY gives him a look and turns her head so that

DANNY sees the Band-Aid on her ear.)

Hey, what happened to your ear?

SANDY. Huh? (She covers her ear with her hand, answers coldly.)

Oh, nothing. Just an accident.

DANNY. Hey, look, uh, I hope you're not bugged about that first day at school. I mean, couldn't ya tell I was glad to see ya?

SANDY. Well, you could've been a little nicer to me in front of your friends.

DANNY. Are you kidding? Hey, you don't know those guys. They just see ya talkin' to a chick and right away they think she puts... well, you know what I mean.

SANDY. I'm not sure. It looked to me like maybe you had a new girlfriend or something.

DANNY. Are you kiddin'! Listen, if it was up to me, I'd never even look at any other chick but you.

(SANDY blushes.)

Hey, tell ya what. We're throwin' a party in the park tomorrow night for Frenchy. She's gonna quit school before she flunks again and go to Beauty School. How'dja like to make it on down there with me?

SANDY. I'd really like to, but I'm not so sure those girls want me around anymore.

GREASE

DANNY. Listen, Sandy. Nobody's gonna start gettin' salty with ya when I'm around. Uh-uhh!

SANDY. All right, Danny, as long as you're with me. Let's not let anyone come between us again, okay?

PATTY. (rushing onstage with two batons and wearing cheer-leader outfit) HHHiiiiiii, Danny! Oh, don't let me interrupt. (gives SANDY baton) Here, why don't you twirl this for awhile.

(talking DANNY aside) I've been dying to tell you something. You know what I found out after you left my house the other night? My mother thinks you're cute. (to SANDY) He's such a lady-killer.

SANDY. Isn't he, though! (out of corner of mouth, to DANNY) What were you doing at her house?

DANNY. Ah, I was just copying down some homework.

PATTY. Come on, Sandy, let's practice.

SANDY. Yeah, let's! I'm just dying to make a good impression on all those cute lettermen.

DANNY. Oh, that's why you're wearing that thing - gettin' ready to show off your skivvies to a bunch of horny jocks?

SANDY. Don't tell me you're jealous, Danny.

DANNY. What? Of that bunch ah meatheads! Don't make me laugh. Ha! Ha!

SANDY. Just because they can do something you can't do?

DANNY. Yeah, sure, right.

SANDY. Okay, what have you ever done?

DANNY. (to PATTY, twirling baton) Stop that! (blinking a moment) I won a Hully-Gully contest at the "Teen-Talent" record hop.

SANDY. Aaahh, you don't even know what I'm talking about.

DANNY. Whattaya mean, look, I could run circles around those jerks.

SANDY. Don't put too many records on, Frenchy. I'm going to leave in a couple of minutes.

KENICKIE. Aahh, come on! You ain't takin' your record player already! The party's just gettin' started.

RIZZO. *(moving to SANDY at steps.)* Yeah, she's cuttin' out 'cause Zuko

SANDY. No, I'm in.

RIZZO. No? What

SANDY. Uh...be-

RIZZO. We only

JAN. *(Trying to out to the k*

FRENCHY. *(Coming over her hand on*

SANDY's arm.) Don't mind her, Sanay. Soon, let's go help Jan fix the food.

(The guys all gather together at the couch looking at a View Master.)

MARTY. *(moving to RIZZO, who is sitting alone on steps)* Jesus, you're really a barrel of laughs tonight, Rizzo... You havin' your friend?

RIZZO. Huh?

MARTY. Your friend. Your period.

RIZZO. Don't I wish! I'm about five days late.

MARTY. You think maybe you're p.g.?

RIZZO. I don't know - big deal.

MARTY. How'd you let a thing like that happen anyway?

RIZZO. It wasn't my fault. The guy was usin' a thing, but it broke.

MARTY. Holy cow!

RIZZO. Yeah. He got it in a machine at a gas station. Y'know, one of those four-for-a-quarter jobs.

MARTY. Jeez, what a cheapskate!

(KENICKIE gets can of beer; near MARTY and RIZZO.)

Hey, it's not Kenickie, is it?

RIZZO

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RIZZO. Nah! You don't know the guy.

MARTY. Aahh, they're all the same! Ya remember that disc jockey I met at the dance. I caught him puttin' aspirin in my Coke.

RIZZO. Hey, promise you won't tell anybody, huh?

MARTY. Sure, I won't say nothin'.

RIZZO. *(moves to guys at couch)* Hey, what happened to the music? Why don't you guys sing another song?

~~ROGER. Okay. Hey, Dude, let's do that new one by the Tinkle-tones?~~

~~JAN, FRENCHY and SANDY come on to hear song.)~~

~~DOODY & ROGER. *(sing)*~~

~~EACH NIGHT I CRY MYSELF TO SLEEP
THE GIRL I LOVE IS GONE FOR KEEPS...
OOO-WA OOO-OOO-WA...~~

~~*(During the start of song, MARTY whispers to KENICKIE, who angrily goes over to RIZZO.)*~~

KENICKIE. *(loud)* Hey, Rizzo, I hear you're knocked up. *(Song stops.)*

RIZZO. *(glaring at MARTY)* You do, huh? Boy, good news really travels fast!

KENICKIE. Hey, listen, why didn't you tell me?

RIZZO. Don't worry about it, Kenickie. You don't even know who the guy is.

KENICKIE. Huh? Thanks a lot, kid.

~~*(He walks away, hurt, leaves the party. The group urges him to stay. RIZZO, upset, sits looking after him.)*~~

SONNY. *(coming over to RIZZO)* Hey, Rizz, how's tricks? Look, if you ever need somebody to talk to...

RIZZO. All of a sudden you think you can get a little. Get lost, Sonny.

DOODY. Tough luck, Rizzo.

ROGER. Listen, Rizz, I'll help you out with some money if you need it.

KENICKIE/

KENICKIE.
FOR GRI
GUYS.

RIZZO p. 38

LIGHTN
(As song ends, RIZZO enters.)

RIZZO. What is that thing?

KENICKIE. Hey, what took you so long?

RIZZO. Never mind what took me so long. Is that your new custom convert?

KENICKIE. This is it! Ain't it cool?

RIZZO. Yeah, it's about as cool as a Good Humor truck.

KENICKIE. Okay, Rizzo, if that's how you feel, why don'tcha go back to the pajama party? Plenty of chicks would get down on their knees to ride around in this little number.

RIZZO. Sure they would! Out! What do ya think this is, a gang bang?

(RIZZO opens the passenger door, shoving GUYS out.)

Hey, Danny! I just left your girlfriend at Marty's house, flashin' all over the place.

~~DANNY-Whattaya-talkin' about?~~

~~RIZZO. Sandy Dumbrowski! Y'know... Sandra Dee.~~

~~KENICKIE. Be cool, you guys.~~

~~(RIZZO immediately starts crawling all over KENICKIE.)~~

~~DANNY. Hey, you better tell that to Rizzo I -~~

~~(siren sounds)~~

~~KENICKIE. The fuzz! Hey, you guys better get ridda those hubcaps.~~

~~DANNY. Whattaya mean, man? They're yours!~~

~~(GUYS throw hubcaps on car hood.)~~

~~KENICKIE. Oh no, they're not. I stole 'em.~~

~~(KENICKIE starts to drive off. Siren sounds again. All GUYS leap on car, drive off, singing: "Go Greased Lightning," etc., as the lights change to new scene.)~~

~~[MUSIC NO. 6A: GREASED LIGHTNIN' - RIZZO'S ENTRANCE]~~

~~KENICKIE & GROUP:~~

~~GREASED LIGHTNIN'! GO GREASED LIGHTNIN'~~

~~GREASED LIGHTNIN'! GO GREASED LIGHTNIN'~~

~~GREASED LIGHTNIN'! GO GREASED LIGHTNIN'~~

SONNY: I was just lookin' at Shelley Farberay's jugs.

(FRENCHY leans over to look at picture.)

FRENCHY. (primping) Y'know, lotsa people think I look just like Shellee.

SONNY. Not a ... hers.

FRENCHY. I ha

SONNY. You o

JAN. You wan

ROGER. Nah

JAN. You shc

ROGER. Thamus,

JAN. I ain't kiddin'. Somebody told me that this scientist once who knocked out one of his teeth and dropped it in this glass of Coke, and after a week, the tooth rotted away until there was nothing left.

ROGER. For Christ sake, I ain't gonna carry a mouthful of Coke around for a week. Besides, what do you care what I do with my teeth? It ain't your problem.

JAN. No, I guess not.

MARTY. (wearing extra-large college letterman sweater and modeling for DANNY) Hey, Danny, how would I look as a college girl?

DANNY. (pulling sweater tight) Boola-Boola...

MARTY. Hey, watch it! It belongs to this big Jock at Holy Contrition.

DANNY. (indicating MARTY's sweater) Wait'll ya see me wearin' one of those things. I tried out for the track team today.

(Several heads turn and look at DANNY. Ad libs of: What? Zuhoo, noh, etc.)

MARTY. Are you serious? With those bird legs?

(Kids all laugh. ROGER does funny imitation of DANNY as a grung-ho track star.)

DANNY. Hey, better hobby than yours, Rump.

(Other guys laugh at remark, all giving ROGER calls of "Rump-Rump?")

JAN. (after a pause) How come you never get mad at those guys?

ROGER. Why should I?

JAN. Well, that name they call you. Rump!

ROGER. That's just my nickname. It's sorta like a title.

JAN. Whattaya mean?

ROGER. I'm king of the mooners.

JAN. The what?

ROGER. I'm the mooning champ of Rydell High.

JAN. You mean showin' off your bare behind to people? That's pretty raunchy.

ROGER. Nah, it's neat! I even mooned old Lady Lynch once. I hung one on her right out the car window. And she never even knew who it was.

JAN. Too much! I wish I'd been there. (quickly) I mean... y'know what I mean.

ROGER. Yeah. I wish you'd been there, too.

JAN. (seriously) You do?

(ROGER answers her by singing.)

[MUSIC NO. 8: MOONING]

ROGER.

I SP

SO S

I SPE

ALL

JAN.

ALL

ROGER.

OH, I

AS AN

'CAUSE ANGELS UP ABOVE

HAVE HUNG A MOON ON ME.

JAN / ROGER p. 45

meath.)

DANNY. Nine o'clock, huh? I'll be back if I can get away.
 Later! *(Silence, DANNY stands glaring at the guys for a moment and then he runs off, cigarette in his mouth.)*

SONNY. Neat guy, causes a ruckus and then he cuts out on us!

KENICKIE. gettin' a crew-

cut!

DOODY. He

KENICKIE. ' *p. 68*

ee.

SONNY. He -buger?

KENICKIE. ' *p. 68*

SONNY. Good. Lend me a half a buck.

(SONNY and KENICKIE exit into Burger Palace slashing their weapons in a painted oil drum used for garbage.)

DOODY. Hey, Frenchy, maybe I'll come down to your beauty school some night this week...we can have a Coke or somethin'.

FRENCHY. *(uncertain)* Yeah...yeah, sure.

(DOODY smiles and, depositing his baseball bat in the same oil can, exits into the Burger Palace. To her movie magazine.)

Jeez! What am I gonna do? I mean, I can't just tell everybody I dropped out of beauty school. I can't go in the Palace for a job...with all the guys sittin' around. Boy, I wish I had one of those Guardian Angel things like in that Debbie Reynolds movie. Would that be neat...somebody always there to tell ya' what's the best thing to do.

(Spooky angelic guitar chords. FRENCHY's guardian TEEN ANGEL appears swinging in quietly on a rope. He is a Fabian-like rock singer. White Fabian sweater with the collar turned up, white chinos, white boots, a large white comb sticking out of his pocket. He sings "BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUT." After the first verse,

a chorus of ANGELS appears: a group of GIRLS in white plastic sheets and their hair in white plastic rollers in a halo effect. They provide background Doo-wahs. The TEEN ANGEL sings.)

[MUSIC NO. 14: BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUT]

TEEN ANGEL

YOUR STORY'S SAD TO TELL

A TEENAGE NE'ER-DO-WELL

MOST MIXED-UP NON-DELIQUENT ON THE BLOCK

YOUR FUTURE'S SO UNCLEAR NOW

WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR CAREER NOW

CAN'T EVEN GET A TRADE-IN ON YOUR SMOCK.

(GIRLS enter, dressed in plastic beautician's robes and curlers. They sing "Ya, ya" backup throughout.)

BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUT

NO GRADUATION DAY FOR YOU

BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUT

MISSED YOUR MID-TERMS AND FLUNKED SHAMPOO

WELL, AT LEAST YOU COULD HAVE TAKEN TIME

TO WASH AND CLEAN YOUR CLOTHES UP

AFTER SPENDING ALL THAT DOUGH TO HAVE

THE DOCTOR FIX YOUR NOSE UP

BABY, GET MOVIN'

WHY KEEP YOUR TEEBLE HOPES ALIVE?

WHAT ARE YOU PROVIN'?

YOU GOT THE DREAM BUT NOT THE DRIVE

IF YOU GO FOR YOUR DIPLOMA YOU COULD JOIN A STENO

POOL

TURN IN YOUR TEASING COMB AND GO BACK TO HIGH

SCHOOL.

BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUT

HANGIN' AROUND THE CORNER STORE

BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUT

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU KNEW THE SCORE

WELL, THEY COULDN'T TEACH YOU ANYTHING

YOU THINK YOU'RE SUCH A LOOKER

SANDY
P. 40-41

GREASE

Scene Six

(Scene: SANDY runs on with pom poms, dressed in a green baggy gym suit. She does a Rydell cheer.)

SANDY. Do a split, give a yell

Throw a fit for old Rydell

Way to go, green and brown

Turn the foe upside down.

(SANDY does awkward split. DANNY enters.)

DANNY. Hiya, Sandy.

(SANDY gives him a look and turns her head so that

DANNY sees the Band-Aid on her ear.)

Hey, what happened to your ear?

SANDY. Huh? (She covers her ear with her hand, answers coldly.)

Oh, nothing. Just an accident.

DANNY. Hey, look, uh, I hope you're not bugged about that first day at school. I mean, couldn't ya tell I was glad to see ya?

SANDY. Well, you could've been a little nicer to me in front of your friends.

DANNY. Are you kidding? Hey, you don't know those guys. They just see ya talkin' to a chick and right away they think she puts...well, you know what I mean.

SANDY. I'm not sure. It looked to me like maybe you had a new girlfriend or something.

DANNY. Are you kiddin'? Listen, if it was up to me, I'd never even look at any other chick but you.

(SANDY blushes.)

Hey, tell ya what. We're throwin' a party in the park tomorrow night for Frenchy. She's gonna quit school before she flunks again and go to Beauty School. How'dja like to make it on down there with me?

SANDY. I'd really like to, but I'm not so sure those girls want me around anymore.

PATTY
P-41

GREASE

DANNY. Listen, Sandy. Nobody's gonna start gettin' salty with ya when I'm around. Uh-uhh!

SANDY. All right, Danny, as long as you're with me. Let's not let anyone come between us again, okay?

PATTY. (rushing onstage with two batons and wearing cheer-leader outfit) HHHHHHHH, Danny! Oh, don't let me interrupt. (gives SANDY baton) Here, why don't you twirl this for awhile.

(taking DANNY aside) I've been dying to tell you something. You know what I found out after you left my house the other night? My mother thinks you're cute. (to SANDY) He's such a lady-killer.

SANDY. Isn't he, though! (out of corner of mouth, to DANNY) What were you doing at her house?

DANNY. Ah, I was just copying down some homework.

PATTY. Come on, Sandy, let's practice.

SANDY. Yeah, let's! I'm just dying to make a good impression on all those cute lettermen.

DANNY. Oh, that's why you're wearing that thing - gettin' ready to show off your skivvies to a bunch of horny jocks?

SANDY. Don't tell me you're jealous, Danny.

DANNY. What? Of that bunch ah meateheads! Don't make me laugh. Ha! Ha!

SANDY. Just because they can do something you can't do?

DANNY. Yeah, sure, right.

SANDY. Okay, what have you ever done?

DANNY. (to PATTY, twirling baton) Stop that! (thinking a moment) I won a Hulley-Gully contest at the "Teen-Talent" record hop.

SANDY. Aaahh, you don't even know what I'm talking about.

DANNY. Whattaya mean, look, I could run circles around those jerks.

ENSEMBLE.

BORN TO HAND-JIVE, BABEEEEEE!
BORN TO HAND-JIVE, BABY!

(dance)

JOHNNY CASINO.

SO I GREW UP DANCIN' ON THE STAGE
DOIN' THE HAND-JIVE BECAME THE RAGE
BUT A JEALOUS STUF PULLED A GUN
AND SAID "LET'S SEE HOW FAST YOU RUN?"
YEAH, NATURAL RHYTHM KEPT ME ALIVE
OUTDODGIN' BULLETS WITH THE O' HAND-JIVE!

optional
Verse

NOW,
OH, G.
BORN
BORN
OH, YE.
(Event
DANNY
stand a
FONTAL...
tries to hog the spotlight from DANNY and CHA-CHA. At
the end of the dance, MISS LYNCH, out of breath, returns
to the bandstand, VINCE FONTAINE right behind her.)

I AND JIVE!
ated except
us, the kids
ime. VINCE

MISS LYNCH

CHA-CHA



MISS LYNCH. My goodness! Well, we have our winners. Will you step up here for your prizes? Daniel Zuko and...

(DANNY and CHA-CHA, swamped by the other kids, battle their way to the bandstand.)

CHA-CHA. Cha-Cha DiGregorio.

MISS LYNCH. (taken aback at having to repeat the first name)

Uh... Cha-Cha DiGregorio.

CHA-CHA. (grabbing mike) They call me Cha-Cha 'cause I'm the best dancer at St. Bernadette's.

(mixed reaction and ad-libs from crowd)

MISS LYNCH. Oh...that's very nice. Congratulations to both of you, and here are your prizes: two record albums. "His from the House of WAXX" autographed by Mr. Vince Fontaine.

(She holds up album with large letters: WAXX. Kids cheer.)

Two free passes to the Twi-Light Drive In Theatre... good on any week night.

(Kids cheer.)

A coupon worth ten dollars off at Robert Hall. (Kids boo.)

And last but not least, your trophies, prepared by Mrs. Schneider's art class.

(Cheers and applause. MISS LYNCH presents DANNY and CHA-CHA with two hideous ceramic nebbishes in dance positions, mounted on blocks of wood.)

VINCE. (grabbing the mike from MISS LYNCH) Weren't they terrific? C'mon, let's hear it for these kids! (Kids cheer.)

Only thing I wanna say before we wrap things up is that you kids at Rydell are the greatest!

KENICKIE. Friggin' A!

VINCE. Last dance, ladies' choice.

(Band plays slow instrumental. DANNY takes record album from CHA-CHA, in exchange giving her his trophy and he exits. Couples leave dance, one by one until CHA-CHA is left alone, as PAITY, EUGENE and MISS LYNCH clean after dance. Each exits, as the lights change to new scene.)

[MUSIC NO. 13A: CROSSOVER ("LAST DANCE")
OUT OF HOP]

DOODY.

I'LL BE WAITING BY THE RADIO

(GUYS and GIRLS underscore.)

YOU'LL COME BACK TO ME SOME DAY I KNOW
BEEN SO LONESOME SINCE OUR LAST GOODBYE
BUT I'M SINGING AS I CRYYY

WHILE THE BASS IS SOUNDING

WHILE THE DRUMS APE POUNDING

BEATING OF MY BROKEN HEART

WILL CLIMB TO FIRST PLACE ON THE CHART

OHHH, MY HEART ARRANGES

OHHH, THOSE MAGIC CHANGES

C-C-C-C-C

A-A-A MINOR

F-F-F-F-F

G-G-G SEVENTH

SHOOP DOO WAH!

(At the end of the song, MISS LYNCH enters to break up the group. All exit, except GUYS and SONNY.)

MISS LYNCH. (to SONNY) Mr. LaTierri, aren't you due in Detention Hall right now?

(Guys all make fun of SONNY and lead him off to Detention hall.)

[MUSIC NO. 4A: SCENE CHANGE 3]

Scene Four

(Scene: A pajama party in MARTY'S bedroom. MARTY, FRENCHY, JAN and RIZZO are in pastel baby doll pajamas, SANDY in a quilted robe buttoned all the way up to the neck. The WAXX jingle for The Vince Fontaine Show is playing on the radio.)

VINCE'S VOICE. Hey, hey, this is the main-brain, Vince Fontaine, at Big Fifteen! Spinnin' the stacks of wax, here at the House of Wax - W-A-X-X. (OOO-ga horn sound) Cruisin' time, 10:46. (sound of ricocheting bullet) Sharpshooter pick hit of the week. A brand new one shootin' up the charts like a rocket by "The Vel-doo Rays" - goin' out to Ronnie and Sheila, the kids down at Mom's school store, and especially to Little Joe and the LaDons - listen in while I give it a spin!

(Radio fades. FRENCHY is looking at a fan magazine that has a big picture of Fabian on the cover.)

FRENCHY. Hev. it says here that Fabian is in love with some Swedish and might be gettin' married.

JAN. Oh, no'

MARTY. Wh

into "F

RIZZO. He

(FREN

MARTY. N

FRENCHY. Ya want

SANDY. Oh, no thanks. I don't smoke.

FRENCHY. Ya-don't? Didja ever try it?

SANDY. Well, no, but...

RIZZO. Go on, try it. It ain't gonna kill ya. Give her a Hit Parade!

(FRENCHY throws SANDY a Hit Parade.)

Now, when she holds up the match, suck in on it.

VINCE
P-27

SANDY/DANNY
GREASE
P. 40-41

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DANNY. Hiya, Sandy.

(SANDY gives him a look and turns her head so that DANNY sees the Band-Aid on her ear.)

Hey, what happened to your ear?

SANDY. Huh? (She covers her ear with her hand, answers coldly.)
Oh, nothing. Just an accident.

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(SANDY blushes.)

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SANDY. Isn't he, though! (out of corner of mouth, to DANNY) What were you doing at her house?

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SANDY. Yeah, let's! I'm just dying to make a good impression on all those cute lettermen.

DANNY. Oh, that's why you're wearing that thing - gettin' ready to show off your skivvies to a bunch of horny jocks?

SANDY. Don't tell me you're jealous, Danny.

DANNY. What? Of that bunch ah meatheads! Don't make me laugh. Hal Ha!

SANDY. Just because they can do something you can't do?

DANNY. Yeah, sure, right.

SANDY. Okay, what have you ever done?

DANNY. (to PATTY, twirling baton) Stop that! (blinking a moment) I won a Hully-Gully contest at the "Teen-Talent" record hop.

SANDY. Aaahh, you don't even know what I'm talking about.

DANNY. Whattaya mean, look, I could run circles around these jerks.

SANDY. Don't put too many records on, Frenchy. I'm going to leave in a couple of minutes.

KENICKIE. Aahh, come on! You ain't takin' your record player already! The party's just gettin' started.

RIZZO. (*moving to SANDY at steps.*) Yeah, she's cuttin' out 'cause Zuko

SANDY. No, I'm in.

RIZZO. No? Who

SANDY. Uh... bet

RIZZO. We only

JAN. (*Trying to out to the k*

FRENCHY. (*Coming ...*

SANDY's arm.) Don't mind her, Sanay. ...ion, let's go help Jan fix the food.

(*The guys all gather together at the couch looking at a View Master.*)

MARTY. (*moving to RIZZO, who is sitting alone on steps.*) Jesus, you're really a barrel of laughs tonight, Rizzo... You havin' your friend?

RIZZO. Huh?

MARTY. Your friend. Your period.

RIZZO. Don't I wish! I'm about five days late.

MARTY. You think maybe you're p.g.?

RIZZO. I don't know - big deal.

MARTY. How'd you let a thing like that happen anyway?

RIZZO. It wasn't my fault. The guy was usin' a thing, but it broke.

MARTY. Holy cow!

RIZZO. Yeah. He got it in a machine at a gas station. Y'know, one of those four-for-a-quarter jobs.

MARTY. Jeez, what a cheapskate!

(*KENICKIE gets can of beer; near MARTY and RIZZO.*)

Hey, it's not Kenickie, is it?

RIZZO. Nah! You don't know the guy.

MARTY. Aahh, they're all the same! Ya remember that disc jockey I met at the dance. I caught him puttin' aspirin in my Coke.

RIZZO. Hey, promise you won't tell anybody, huh?

MARTY. Sure, I won't say nothin'.

RIZZO. (*moves to guys at couch.*) Hey, what happened to the music? Why don't you guys sing another song?

~~ROGER. Okay. Hey, Dudes, let's do that new one by the Tinkle-tones?~~

~~(JAN, FRENCHY and SANDY come on to hear song.)~~

~~DOODY & ROGER. (*sing*)~~

~~EACH NIGHT I CRY MYSELF TO SLEEP~~

~~THE GIRL I LOVE IS GONE FOR KEEPS...~~

~~OOO-WA OOO-OOO-WA...~~

~~(*During the start of song, MARTY whispers to KENICKIE, who angrily goes over to RIZZO.*)~~

~~KENICKIE. (*loud*) Hey, Rizzo, I hear you're knocked up. (*Song stops.*)~~

~~RIZZO. (*glaring at MARTY*) You do, huh? Boy, good news really travels fast!~~

~~KENICKIE. Hey, listen, why didn't you tell me?~~

~~RIZZO. Don't worry about it, Kenickie. You don't even know who the guy is.~~

~~KENICKIE. Huh? Thanks a lot, kid.~~

~~(*He walks away, hurt, leaves the party. The group urges him to stay. RIZZO, upset, sits looking after him.*)~~

~~SONNY. (*coming over to RIZZO*) Hey, Rizz, how's tricks? Look, if you ever need somebody to talk to...~~

~~RIZZO. All of a sudden you think you can get a little. Get lost, Sonny.~~

~~DOODY. Tough luck, Rizzo.~~

~~ROGER. Listen, Rizz, I'll help you out with some money if you need it.~~

KENICKIE/

KENICKIE.

FOR GRI
GUYS.

LIGHTN

RIZZO p. 30

(As song ends, RIZZO enters.)

RIZZO. What is that thing?

KENICKIE. Hey, what took you so long?

RIZZO. Never mind what took me so long. Is that your new custom convert?

KENICKIE. This is it! Ain't it cool?

RIZZO. Yeah, it's about as cool as a Good Humor truck.

KENICKIE. Okay, Rizzo, if that's how you feel, why don'tcha go back to the pajama party? Plenty of chicks would get down on their knees to ride around in this little number.

RIZZO. Sure they would! Out! What do ya think this is, a gang bang?

(RIZZO opens the passenger door, shoving GUYS out.)

Hey, Danny! I just left your girlfriend at Marty's house, flashin' all over the place.

~~DANNY. Whattaya-talkin' about?~~

RIZZO. Sandy Dumbrowski! Y'know... Sandra Dec.

KENICKIE. Be cool, you guys.

(RIZZO immediately starts crawling all over KENICKIE.)

DANNY. Hey, you better tell that to Rizzo I -

(siren sounds)

KENICKIE. The fuzz! Hey, you guys better get ridda those hubcaps.

DANNY. Whattaya mean, man? They're yours!

(GUYS throw hubcaps on car hood.)

~~KENICKIE. Otr no, they're not. I stole 'em.~~

(KENICKIE starts to drive off. Siren sounds again. All GUYS leap on car, drive off, singing: "Go Greased Lightnin'," etc., as the lights change to new scene.)

[MUSIC NO. 6A: GREASED LIGHTNIN' - RIZZO'S ENTRANCE]

KENICKIE & GROUP:

GREASED LIGHTNIN'! GO GREASED LIGHTNIN'

GREASED LIGHTNIN'! GO GREASED LIGHTNIN'

GREASED LIGHTNIN'! GO GREASED LIGHTNIN'

SONNY. I was just lookin' at Shelley Farberay's jugs.

(FRENCHY leans over to look at picture.)

FRENCHY. (primping) Y'know, lotsa people think I look just like Shellee.

SONNY. Not a bit like hers.

FRENCHY. I ha

SONNY. You o

JAN. You wan

ROGER. Nah

JAN. You shc

ROGER. Thain,

JAN. I ain't kiddin'. Somebody told me that this scientist once who knocked out one of his teeth and dropped it in this glass of Coke, and after a week, the tooth rotted away until there was nothing left.

ROGER. For Christ sake, I ain't gonna carry a mouthful of Coke around for a week. Besides, what do you care what I do with my teeth? It ain't your problem.

JAN. No, I guess not.

MARTY. (wearing extra-large college letterman sweater and modeling for DANNY) Hey, Danny, how would I look as a college girl?

DANNY. (pulling sweater tight) Boola-Boola...

MARTY. Hey, watch it! It belongs to this big Jock at Holy Contrition.

DANNY. (indicating MARTY's sweater) Wait'll ya see me wearin' one of those things. I tried out for the track team today.

(Several heads turn and look at DANNY. Ad libs of: What? Zukko, not, etc.)

MARTY. Are you serious? With those bird legs?

(Kids all laugh. ROGER does funny imitation of DANNY as a gung-ho track star.)

DANNY. Hey, better hobby than yours, Rump.

(Other guys laugh at remark, all giving ROGER calls of "Rump-Rump?")

JAN. (after a pause) How come you never get mad at those guys?

ROGER. Why should I?

JAN. Well, that name they call you. Rump!

ROGER. That's just my nickname. It's sorta like a title.

JAN. Whattaya mean?

ROGER. I'm king of the mooners.

JAN. The what?

ROGER. I'm the mooning champ of Rydell High.

JAN. You mean showin' off your bare behind to people? That's pretty raunchy.

ROGER. Nah, it's neat! I even mooned old Lady Lynch once. I hung one on her right out the car window. And she never even knew who it was.

JAN. Too much! I wish I'd been there. (quickly) I mean... y'know what I mean.

ROGER. Yeah. I wish you'd been there, too.

JAN. (seriously) You do?

(ROGER answers her by singing.)

[MUSIC NO. 8: MOONING]

ROGER.

I SPT...

SOS

I SPE

ALL!

JAN.

ALL!

ROGER.

OH, I'

AS AN... ..

'CAUSE ANGELS UP ABOVE

HAVE HUNG A MOON ON ME.

JAN /
ROGER p.45
meath..)

DANNY. Nine o'clock, huh? I'll be back if I can get away.

Later! (Silence, DANNY stands glaring at the guys for a moment and then he runs off, cigarette in his mouth.)

SONNY. Neat guy, causes a ruckus and then he cuts out on us!

KENICKIE. gettin' a crew-cut!

FRENCHY

DOODY. He

KENICKIE.

(He an

p. 68

SONNY. He

KENICKIE.

SONNY. Good. Lend me a half a buck.

(SONNY and KENICKIE exit into Burger Palace stashing their weapons in a painted oil drum used for garbage.)

DOODY. Hey, Frenchy, maybe I'll come down to your beauty school some night this week...we can have a Coke or something.

FRENCHY. *(uncertain)* Yeah...yeah, sure.

(DOODY smiles and, depositing his baseball bat in the same oil can, exits into the Burger Palace. To her movie magazine.)

Jeez! What am I gonna do? I mean, I can't just tell everybody I dropped out of beauty school. I can't go in the Palace for a job...with all the guys sittin' around. Boy, I wish I had one of those Guardian Angel things like in that Debbie Reynolds movie. Would that be neat...somebody always there to tell ya' what's the best thing to do.

(Spooky angelic guitar chords. FRENCHY's guardian

TEEN ANGEL appears swinging in quietly on a rope.

He is a Fabian-like rock singer. White Fabian sweater with the collar turned up, white chinos, white boots, a large white comb sticking out of his pocket. He sings "BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUT." After the first verse,

a chorus of ANGELS appears: a group of GIRLS in white plastic sheets and their hair in white plastic rollers in a halo effect. They provide background Doo-wahs. The TEEN ANGEL sings.)

[MUSIC NO. 14: BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUT]

TEEN ANGEL

YOUR STORY'S SAD TO TELL

A TEENAGE NE'ER-DO-WELL

MOST MIXED-UP NON-DELINQUENT ON THE BLOCK

YOUR FUTURE'S SO UNCLEAR NOW

WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR CAREER NOW

CAN'T EVEN GET A TRADE-IN ON YOUR SMOCK

(GIRLS enter, dressed in plastic beautician's robes and curlers. They sing "Ya, ya," backup throughout.)

BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUT

NO GRADUATION DAY FOR YOU

BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUT

MISSED YOUR MID-TERMS AND FLUNKED SHAMPOO

WELL, AT LEAST YOU COULD HAVE TAKEN TIME

TO WASH AND CLEAN YOUR CLOTHES UP

AFTER SPENDING ALL THAT DOUGH TO HAVE

THE DOCTOR FIX YOUR NOSE UP

BABY, GET MOVIN'

WHY KEEP YOUR FEEBLE HOPES ALIVE?

WHAT ARE YOU PROVIN'?

YOU GOT THE DREAM BUT NOT THE DRIVE

IF YOU GO FOR YOUR DIPLOMA YOU COULD JOIN A STENO

POOL

TURN IN YOUR TEASING COMB AND GO BACK TO HIGH

SCHOOL.

BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUT

HANGIN' AROUND THE CORNER STORE

BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUT

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU KNEW THE SCORE

WELL, THEY COULDN'T TEACH YOU ANYTHING

YOU THINK YOU'RE SUCH A LOOKER

~~SANDY~~
P. 40-41

GREASE

Scene Six

~~(Scene: SANDY runs on with pom poms, dressed in a green baggy gym suit. She does a Rydell cheer.)~~

~~SANDY. Do a split, give a yell~~

~~Throw a fit for old Rydell~~

~~Way to go, green and brown~~

~~Turn the foe upside down.~~

~~(SANDY does awkward split. DANNY enters.)~~

~~DANNY. Hiya, Sandy.~~

~~(SANDY gives him a look and turns her head so that~~

~~DANNY sees the Band-Aid on her ear.)~~

~~Hey, what happened to your ear?~~

~~SANDY. Huh? (She covers her ear with her hand, answers coldly.)~~

~~Oh, nothing. Just an accident.~~

~~DANNY. Hey, look, uh, I hope you're not bugged about that first day at school. I mean, couldn't ya tell I was glad to see ya?~~

~~SANDY. Well, you could've been a little nicer to me in front of your friends.~~

~~DANNY. Are you kidding? Hey, you don't know those guys. They just see ya talkin' to a chick and right away they think she puts... well, you know what I mean.~~

~~SANDY. I'm not sure. It looked to me like maybe you had a new girlfriend or something.~~

~~DANNY. Are you kiddin'! Listen, if it was up to me, I'd never even look at any other chick but you.~~

~~(SANDY blushes.)~~

~~Hey, tell ya what. We're throwin' a party in the park tomorrow night for Frenchy. She's gonna quit school before she flunks again and go to Beauty School. How'dja like to make it on down there with me?~~

~~SANDY. I'd really like to, but I'm not so sure those girls want me around anymore.~~

~~PATTY~~

P. 41

GREASE

DANNY. Listen, Sandy. Nobody's gonna start gettin' salty with ya when I'm around. Uh-uhh!

SANDY. All right, Danny, as long as you're with me. Let's not let anyone come between us again; okay?

PATTY. ~~(rushing onstage with two batons and wearing cheer-leader outfit) HHHiiiiiii, Danny! Oh, don't let me interrupt. (gives SANDY baton) Here, why don't you twirl this for awhile.~~

~~(taking DANNY aside) I've been dying to tell you something. You know what I found out after you left my house the other night? My mother thinks you're cute. (to SANDY) He's such a lady-killer.~~

~~SANDY. Isn't he, though! (out of corner of mouth, to DANNY) What were you doing at her house?~~

~~DANNY. Ah, I was just copying down some homework.~~

~~PATTY. Come on, Sandy, let's practice.~~

~~SANDY. Yeah, let's! I'm just dying to make a good impression on all those cute lettermen.~~

~~DANNY. Oh, that's why you're wearing that thing - gettin' ready to show off your skivvies to a bunch of horny jocks?~~

~~SANDY. Don't tell me you're jealous, Danny.~~

~~DANNY. What? Of that bunch ah meatheads! Don't make me laugh. Ha! Ha!~~

~~SANDY. Just because they can do something you can't do?~~

~~DANNY. Yeah, sure, right.~~

~~SANDY. Okay, what have you ever done?~~

~~DANNY. (to PATTY, twirling baton) Stop that! (thinking a moment) I won a Hully-Gully contest at the "Teen-Talent" record hop.~~

~~SANDY. Aaahh, you don't even know what I'm talking about.~~

~~DANNY. Whattaya mean, look, I could run circles around those jerks.~~

ENSEMBLE.

BORN TO HAND-JIVE, BABEEEEEE!
BORN TO HAND-JIVE, BABY!

(dance)

JOHNNY CASINO.

SO I GREW UP DANCIN' ON THE STAGE
DOIN' THE HAND-JIVE BECAME THE RAGE
BUT A JEALOUS STUB-PULLED A GUN
AND SAID "LET'S SEE HOW FAST YOU RUN!"
YEAH, NATURAL RHYTHM KEPT ME ALIVE
OUTDODGIN' BULLETS WITH THE OI' HAND-JIVE!

optional
Verse

NOW,

OH, G,

BORN

BORN'

OH, YE,

(Event

DANNY

stand a

FONTAL

tries to hog

the end of the

to the bandstand,

MISS LYNCH.

you step up here

and...

(DANNY and

battle their way

CHA-CHA. Cha-Cha

MISS LYNCH. (taken

Uh... Cha-Cha

CHA-CHA. (grabbing

the best dancer

(mixed reaction

and ad-libs

from crowd)



MISS LYNCH

CHA-CHA

(AND-JIVE!

ated except

us, the kids

ime. VINCE

time. VINCE

tries to hog

the end of the

to the bandstand,

MISS LYNCH.

you step up here

and...

(DANNY and

battle their way

CHA-CHA. Cha-Cha

MISS LYNCH. (taken

Uh... Cha-Cha

CHA-CHA. (grabbing

the best dancer

(mixed reaction

and ad-libs

from crowd)

MISS LYNCH. Oh...that's very nice. Congratulations to both of you, and here are your prizes: two record albums. "Hits from the House of WAXX" autographed by Mr. Vince Fontaine.

(She holds up album with large letters: WAXX. Kids cheer.)

Two free passes to the Twi-Light Drive In Theatre... good on any week night.

(Kids cheer.)

A coupon worth ten dollars off at Robert Hall.

(Kids boo.)

And last but not least, your trophies, prepared by Mrs. Schneider's art class.

(Cheers and applause. MISS LYNCH presents DANNY and CHA-CHA with two hideous ceramic nebbishes in dance positions, mounted on blocks of wood.)

VINCE. (grabbing the mike from MISS LYNCH) Weren't they terrific? C'mon, let's hear it for these kids! (Kids cheer.)

Only thing I wanna say before we wrap things up is that you kids at Rydell are the greatest!

KENICKIE. Friggin' A!

VINCE. Last dance, ladies' choice.

(Band plays slow instrumental. DANNY takes record album from CHA-CHA, in exchange giving her his trophy and he exits. Couples leave dance, one by one until CHA-CHA is left alone, as PATTY, EUGENE and MISS LYNCH clean after dance. Each exits, as the lights change to new scene.)

[MUSIC NO. 13A: CROSSOVER ("LAST DANCE") OUT OF HOP]

DOODY.

I'LL BE WAITING BY THE RADIO

(GUYS and GIRLS underscore.)

YOU'LL COME BACK TO ME SOME DAY I KNOW
 BEEN SO LONESOME SINCE OUR LAST GOODBYE
 BUT I'M SINGING AS I CRY-Y
 WHILE THE BASS IS SOUNDING
 WHILE THE DRUMS APE POUNDING
 BEATING OF MY BROKEN HEART
 WILL CLIMB TO FIRST PLACE ON THE CHART
 OHHH, MY HEART ARRANGES
 OHHH, THOSE MAGIC CHANGES
 C-C-C-C-C
 A-A-A MINOR
 F-F-F-F-F
 G-G-G-G SEVENTH
 SHOOP DOO WAH!

(At the end of the song, MISS LYNCH enters to break up the group. All exit, except GUYS and SONNY.)

MISS LYNCH. *(to SONNY)* Mr. LaTierri, aren't you due in Detention Hall right now?

(Guys all make fun of SONNY and lead him off to Detention hall.)

[MUSIC NO. 4A: SCENE CHANGE 3]

Scene Four

(Scene: A pajama party in MARTY'S bedroom. MARTY, FRENCHY, JAN and RIZZO are in pastel baby doll pajamas, SANDY in a quilted robe buttoned all the way up to the neck. The WAXX jingle for The Vince Fontaine Show is playing on the radio.)

VINCE'S VOICE. Hey, hey, this is the main-brain, Vince Fontaine, at Big Fifteen! Spinnin' the stacks of wax, here at the House of Wax - W-A-X-X. *(OOO-ga horn sound)* Cruisin' time, 10:46. *(sound of ricocheting bullet)* Sharpshooter pick hit of the week. A brand new one shootin' up the charts like a rocket by "The Vel-doo Rays" - goin' out to Ronnie and Sheila, the kids down at Mom's school store, and especially to Little Joe and the LaDons - listen in while I give it a spin!

(Radio fades. FRENCHY is looking at a fan magazine that has a big picture of Fabian on the cover.)

FRENCHY. Hev. it says here that Fabian is in love with some Swedish and might be gettin' married.

JAN. Oh, no'

MARTY. Wh into "F

RIZZO. He

(FREN

MARTY. N

FRENCHY. Ya wain

SANDY. Oh, no thanks. I don't smoke.

FRENCHY. Ya don't? Didja ever try it?

SANDY. Well, no, but...

RIZZO. Go on, try it. It ain't gonna kill ya. Give her a Hit Parade!

(FRENCHY throws SANDY a Hit Parade.)

Now, when she holds up the match, suck in on it.

VINCE /

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~~MISS LYNCH~~. Thank you. It is my pleasure at this time to introduce Mrs. Patricia Simcox Honeywell, your class yearbook editor, and Mr. Eugene Florczyk, class valedictorian and today vice-president of "Straight-Shooters" Unlimited, Research and Marketing.

EUGENE. Miss Lynch, fellow graduates, honored guests, and others. Looking over these familiar faces really takes me back to those wonderful bygone days. Days of working and playing together, days of cheering together for our athletic teams - Yay, Ringtails! - and days of worrying together when examination time rolled around. Perhaps some of those familiar faces of yesteryear are absent this evening because they thought our beloved Miss Lynch might have one of her famous English finals awaiting us. (to MISS LYNCH) I was only joking. (to audience) However, the small portion of alumni I notice missing tonight are certainly not missing from our fond memories of them...and I'm sure they'd want us to know that they're fully present and accounted for in spirit, just the way we always remember them.

(School bell rings - "Chuck Berry" guitar riff is heard.)
 The GREASERS are revealed in positions of laziness, defiance, boredom and amusement. They sing a parody of the "Alma Mater" as they take over the stage.)

[MUSIC NO. 2: RYDELL ALMA MATER PARODY]

GREASERS.

I SAW A DEAD SKUNK ON THE HIGHWAY
 AND I WAS GOIN' CRAZY FROM THE SMELL
 'CAUSE WHEN THE WIND WAS BLOWIN' MY WAY
 IT SMELLED JUST LIKE THE HALLS OF OLD RYDELL
 AND IF YA' GOTTA USE THE TOILET
 AND LATER ON YOU START TO SCRATCH LIKE HELL
 TAKE OFF YOUR UNDERWEAR AND BOIL IT
 'CAUSE YOU GOT MEMORIES OF OLD RYDELL.

I CAN'T EXPLAIN, RYDELL, THIS PAIN, RYDELL
 IS IT PTOMAINE RYDELL GAVE ME?
 IS IT V.D., RYDELL? COULD BE, RYDELL
 YOU OUGHTA SEE THE FACULTY
 IF MR. CLEAN, RYDELL, HAD SEEN RYDELL
 HE'D JUST TURN GREEN AND DISAPPEAR
 I'M OUTTA LUCK, RYDELL, DEAD DUCK, RYDELL
 I'M STUCK, RYDELL, RIGHT HERE!

EUGENE

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