GREASE GREASE

ACT ONE Scene I

SONG "GREASE IS THE WORD"

ALL:

I SOLVE MY PROBLEMS AND I SEE THE LIGHT.

WE GOT A LOVIN' THING WE GOTTA FEED IT RIGHT

THERE AIN'T NO DANGER WE CAN GO TOO FAR

WE START BELIEVIN' NOW THAT WE CAN BE WHO WE ARE

GREASE IS THE WORD.

THEY THINK OUR LOVE IS JUST A GROWIN' PAIN,

WHY DON'T THEY UNDERSTAND IT'S JUST A CRYIN' SHAME

THEIR LIPS ARE LYIN' ONLY REAL IS REAL

WE STOP THE FIGHT RIGHT NOW, WE GOTTA BE WHAT WE FEEL

GREASE IS THE WORD

GREASE IS THE WORD, IS THE WORD, THAT YOU HEARD.

IT'S GOT GROOVE IT'S GOT MEANING

GREASE IS THE TIME, IS THE PLACE, IS THE MOTION

AND GREASE IS THE WAY WE ARE FEELIN'

WE TAKE THE PRESSURE AND WE THROW AWAY

CONVENTIONALITY BELONGS TO YESTERDAY

THERE IS A CHANCE THAT WE CAN MAKE IT SO FAR

WE START BELIEVIN' NOW THAT WE CAN BE WHO WE ARE

GREASE IS THE WORD

GREASE IS THE WORD, IS THE WORD, THAT YOU HEARD

IT'S GOT GROOVE IT'S GOT MEANING

GREASE IS THE TIME, IS THE PLACE, IS THE MOTION

AND GREASE IS THE WAY WE ARE FEELIN'

GREASE GREASE

THIS IS A TIME OF ILLUSION, WRAPPED UP IN TROUBLE

LACED IN CONFUSION, WHAT ARE WE DOIN' HERE?

GREASE IS THE WORD, IS THE WORD, THAT YOU HEARD
IT'S GOT GROOVE IT'S GOT MEANING
GREASE IS THE TIME, IS THE PLACE, IS THE MOTION
AND GREASE IS THE WAY WE ARE

GREASE IS THE WORD, IS THE WORD, IS THE WORD, IS THE WORD

Scene 2

FEELIN'

The Greasers stalk off as the scene shifts to the high school cafeteria. Jan and Marty enter, wearing their Pink Ladies jackets and carrying trays loaded, with food.

As each female character enters she joins the others at one large table.

Jan

Jeez, I wish it was still summer. God, it's only a quarter after twelve and I feel like I been here a whole year already.

Marty

Yeah, what a drag. Hey, you wanna sit here?

Jan

Yeah. Rizzo's comin', and Frenchy's bringin' that new Chick. Hey, Marty, who'd ya get for Economics? Old Man Drusker?

Marty

Yeah, what a drag. He keeps makin' passes.

Jan

For real? He never tried nothin' with me!

Marty

Huh. You want my coleslaw?

Jan

I'll see if I have room for it.

(takes coleslaw.)

Marty

Hey, Rizzo, over here!

(Rizzo enters carrying tray.)

GREASE

Rizzo

Hey, hey, hey! Hey, where's all the guys?

Jan

Those slobs. You think they'd spend a dime on their lunch? They're baggin' it.

Rizzo

Pretty cheap.

(Lights fade on the cafeteria, come up on Roger and Doody sitting on the school steps.)

Doody

Hey, Rump, I'll trade ya a sardine for a liver sausage.

Roger

I ain't eatin' one of those things. You had 'em in your ice box since last Easter.

Doody

Nah, this was a fresh can. My ma just opened it this morning.

Roger

You mean your old lady dragged her carcass out of bed for ya?

Doody

Sure, She does it every year on the first day of school.

(Kenickie enters.)

GREASE

Kenickie

Hey, where ya' at?

Roger

Hey, Kenickie What's happening?

Doody

Hey, Kenickie, whatcha got in the bag? I'll trade ya half a sardine.

Kenickie

Get outta here with that dog food. I ain't messin' up my stomach with none of that crud.

(Kenickie pulls a pack of Hostess Sno-Balls out of the bag and starts unwrapping it.)

Roger

Hey, Kenicks, where were ya all summer?

Kenickie

What are you, the F.B.I.?

Roger

I was just askin'.

Kenickie

I was workin'. Which is more than either of you two skids can say.

Roger

Workin!! Yeah? Where?

Kenickie

Luggin' boxes at Bargain City.

Roger

Nice job!

Kenickie

Hey, crammit! I'm savin' up to get me some wheels. That's the only reason I took the job.

Roger

You gettin' a car, Kenick?

Doody

Hey, cool! What kind?

Kenickie

I don't know what kind yet, moron. But I got a name all picked out. "Greased Lightning"!

Roger

(Putting him on.) Oh, nifty!

Doody

Yeah. Maybe you oughtta get a hamster instead.

(Doody and Roger laugh.)

Kenickie

Go ahead, laugh it up. When I show up in that baby, you suckers'll be laughin' out the other end.

Roger

Will we ever! (Sonny enters, with wraparound sunglasses. As he enters, he pulls a class schedule out of his pocket.)

Kenickie

Hey, whattaya say, Sonny?

Sonny

Son of a "Bee." I got Old Lady Lynch for English again. She hates my guts.

Roger

Nah, she's got the hots for ya, Sonny That's why she keeps puttin' ya back in her class.

Kenickie

Yeah, she's just waitin' for ya to grow up.

Sonny

Yeah, well, this year she's gonna wish she never seen me.

Kenickie

Yeah? What are ya gonna do to her?

Sonny

I'm just not gonna take any of her crap, that's all. I don't take no crap from nobody. (*Miss Lynch enters*.)

Miss Lynch

What's all the racket out here?

Doody

Hi, Miss Lynch, did you have a nice summer?

Sonny

Hello, Miss Lynch, we was... uh...

Miss Lynch

Dominic, aren't you supposed to be in class right now?

Sonny

I... I...

Miss Lynch

You're just dawdling, aren't you? That's a fine way to start the new semester, Mr. LaTierri. Well? Are you going to stand there all day?

Sonny

No, Ma'am.

Doody

No, Ma'am.

Miss Lynch

Then move!

Sonny

Yes, Ma'am.

(Miss Lynch exits.)

Roger

I'm sure glad she didn't give you no crap, Son. You would have really told her off, right?

Sonny

Shaddup.

(Lights fade on steps, come up again on Girls in the cafeteria.)

Marty

(*Squinting and putting her rhinestone glasses on.*) Hey, Jan, who's that chick with Frenchy? Is she the one you were tellin' me about?

Jan

Yeah, her name's Sandy She seems pretty cool. Maybe we could let her in the Pink Ladies.

Rizzo

Just what we need. Another broad around

(Frenchy and Sandy enter, carrying trays.)

Frenchy

Hi, you guys, this is my new next-door neighbor, Sandy Dumbrowski. This here's Rizzo and that's Marty and you remember Jan

Jan

Sure. Hi.

Sandy

Hi. Pleased to meet you.

Frenchy

GREASE

(*To Sandy*) Come on, sit down. Hey, Marty, those new glasses?

Marty

Yeah, I just got 'em for school. Do they make me look smarter?

Rizzo

Nah. We can still see your face.

Marty

Howdja like rice pudding down your bra?

Jan

I'll take it (Jan reaches over and grabs the pudding.)

Rizzo

How long you been livin' around here?

Sandy

Since July. My father just got transferred here.

Marty

Hey, French, what'dja' do to your hair. It really looks tough.

Frenchy

Ah, I just touched it up a little.

Jan

You gonna eat your cole-slaw, Sandy?

Sandy

It smells kinda funny.

Frenchy

(Diverting Sandy's attention. Jan grabs Sandy's cole slaw.)

Wait'll you have the chipped beef. Better known as "Barf on a Bun."

Marty

Don't mind her, Sandy Some of us like to show off and use scurvy words.

Rizzo

Some of us? Check out Miss Toiletmouth over here.

Marty

Up yours, Rizzo!

Jan

(Trying to change the subject.)

How do ya like the school so far, Sandy?

Sandy

Oh, it seems real nice. I was going to go to Immaculata, but my father had a fight with the Mother Superior over my patent leather shoes.

Jan

What do va' mean?

Sandy

She said boys could see up my dress in the reflection.

Marty

Swear to God?

Jan

Hey, where do ya get shoes like that?

Patty

(off-stage.) Hi kids!

Rizzo

Hey, look who's comin'. Patty Simcox, the Little Lulu of Rydell High.

Marty

Yeah. Wonder what she's doin' back here with us slobs?

Rizzo

Maybe they're fumigating the library again.

(Patty enters.)

Patty

Well, don't say hello.

Rizzo

We won't.

Patty

Is there room at your table?

Marty

(Surprised.) Oh, yeah, move over, French.

Patty

Oh, I just love the first day of school, don't you?

Rizzo

It's the biggest thrill of my life. (Frenchy starts doing Rizzo's hair.)

Patty

You'll never guess what happened this morning.

Rizzo

Prob'ly not.

Patty

Well, they announced this year's nominees for the Student Council, and guess who's up for Vice-President?

Marty

(Knowing what's coming.) Who?

Patty

Me! Isn't that wild?

Rizzo

Wild.

Patty

GREASE

I just hope I don't make too poor a showing.

Rizzo

Well, we sure wish ya all the luck in the world

Patty

Oh, uh, thanks. Oh, you must think I'm a terrible clod! I never even bothered to introduce myself to your new friend.

Sandy

Oh, I'm Sandy Dumbrowski.

Patty

It's a real pleasure, Sandy We certainly are glad to have you here at Rydell.

Sandy

Thank you.

Patty

I'll bet you're going to be at the cheerleader tryouts next week, aren't you?

Sandy

Oh. no. I'd be too embarrassed.

Patty

Don't be silly. I could give you a few pointers if you like.

Marty

Aaaaaahhh CRUD!

Patty

Goodness gracious!

Rizzo

Nice language. What was that all about?

Marty

(Examining her glasses.) One of my diamonds fell in the macaroni.

(Lights fade on Girls, come up on Guys on the steps.)

Doody

Hey, ain't that Danny over there?

Sonny

Where?

Kenickie

Yeah! What's he doin' hangin' around the girls' gym entrance?

Roger

Maybe he's hot for some chick!

Sonny

One of those tramps we've seen around since kindergarten? Not quite. .

Doody

HEY, DANNY! WHATCHA DOIN7?

Roger

That's good, Dood. Play it real cool.

Kenickie

Aw leave him alone. Maybe he ain't gettin' any.

(Danny enters, carrying books and lunch.)

Danny

Hey you. guys, what's shakin'? (Fakes Sonny out with a dummy punch)

Sonny

Whattaya say, Zuko — 'dja see any good-lookin' stuff over there?

Danny

Nah, just the same old chicks!

Doody

Where ya been all summer, Danny?

Danny

Well, I spent a lot of time down at the beach,

Kenickie

Hey, 'dja meet any new broads?

Danny

Nah. Just met this one who was sorta cool, ya know?

Sonny

Ya mean she's... easily persuaded?

Danny

Is that all you ever think about, Sonny?

Sonny

(Looking around at the other guys.) Duh!

Roger

Aahh, come off it, Zuko, Ya got "a little", right?

Danny

Look, man. That's none of you guys' business. -

GREASE

Kenickie

Okay, if that's, the way you're gonna be

Danny

You don't want to hear all the steamy details, anyway.

Sonny

(Starts tickling Danny) Sure we do! Let's hear a little!

Roger

(Joining in.) C'mon, Zuko, koochee koochee! (All Guys join in playfully attacking Danny as the lights fade on them and come back up on the Girls at the cafeteria table.)

Sandy

I spent most of the summer at the beach.

Jan

What for? We got a brand new pool right in the neighborhood. It's real nice.

Rizzo

Yeah, if ya like swimmin' in Clorox.

Sandy

Well — actually, I met a boy there.

Marty

You hauled your cookies all the way to the beach for some guy?

Sandy

This was sort of a special boy.

Rizzo

Are you kiddin'? There ain't no such thing. (Lights stay up on Girls, come up on Guys.)

Danny

Okay, you guys, ya wanna know what happened? (Guys say: Yeah/Lets' hear it, Etc.)

Sandy

No, he was really nice. It was all very romantic.

(Danny rises and sings "SUMMER NIGHTS" to the Guys. Sandy sings her version to the Girls.)

SONG: "SUMMER NIGHTS"

Danny

SUMMER LOVIN' HAD ME A BLAST

Sandy

SUMMER LOVIN' HAPPENED SO FAST.

Danny

MET A GIRL CRAZY FOR ME

Sandy

MET A BOY CUTE AS CAN B

Both.

SUMMER DAYS, DRIFTING AWAY, TO UHOH. THOSE SUMMER NIGHTS.

Guys.

TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE, DIDJA GET VERY FAR?

Girls.

TELL ME MORE. TELL ME MORE

Marty

LIKE DOES HE HAVE A CAR?

Danny

SHE SWAM BY ME. SHE GOT A CRAMP

Sandy

HE RAN BY ME, GOT MY SUIT DAMP

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Danny

SAVED HER LIFE, SHE NEARLY DROWNED

Sandy

HE SHOWED OFF, SPLASHING AROUND

Both

SUMMER SUN, SOMETHING BEGUN, THEN UH-OH, THOSE SUMMER NIGHTS

Girls

TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE

Frenchy

WAS IT LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT?

Guys.

TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE

Kenickie

DID SHE PUT UP A FIGHT?

Danny

TOOK HER BOWLING, IN THE ARCADE

Sandy

WE WENT STROLLING, DRANK LEMONADE

Danny

WE MADE OUT, UNDER THE DOCK

Sandy

WE STAYED OUT TILL TEN O'CLOCK

Both

SUMMER FLING, DONT MEAN A THING, BUT UH-OH, THOSE SUMMER NIGHTS

Guys.

TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE, BUT YA DON'T HAVE TO BRAG

Girls

TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE.

Rizzo

'CAUSE HE SOUNDS LIKE A DRAG

Sandy

HE GOT FRIENDLY, HOLDING MY HAND

Danny

WE GOT FRIENDLY, DOWN ON THE SAND

Sandy

HE WAS SWEET, JUST TURNED EIGHTEEN

Danny

SHE WAS GOOD, YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

Both.

SUMMER HEAT, BOY AND GIRL MEET, THEN UH-OH, THOSE SUMMER NIGHTS!

Girls.

GREASE

TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE

Jan

HOW MUCH DOUGH DID HE SPEND?

Guvs.

TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE

Sonny

COULD SHE GET ME A FRIEND?

Sandy

IT TURNED COLDER, THAT'S WHERE IT ENDS

Danny

SO I TOLD HER WE'D STILL BE FRIENDS

Sandy

THEN WE MADE OUR TRUE LOVE VOW

Danny

WONDER WHAT SHE'S DOIN' NOW

Both.

SUMMER DREAMS, RIPPED AT THE SEAMS, BUT, UH-OOH! THOSE SUMMER NIGHTS!

(Lights stay up on both groups after song.)

Patty

Gee, he sounds wonderful, Sandy.

Doody

She really sounds cool, Danny

Rizzo

A guy doesn't touch ya and it's true love. Maybe he was a pansy. (*Sandy gives Rizzo a puzzled look.*)

Roger

Was she a knockout?

Frenchy

Hey, nice talk, Rizzo!

Kenickie

She Catholic?

Jan

What if we said that about Danny Zuko?

Sonny

Hot stuff; huh, Zuko?

Sandy

Did you say Danny Zuko?

Danny

I didn't say that, Sonny!

Rizzo

Hey, was he the guy?

Doody

Hey, you get all the "neats"!

Sandy

Doesn't he go to Lake Forest Academy? (*Pink Ladies laugh.*)

Kenickie

She doesn't go to Rydell, does she? (Danny shakes his head "no.")

Marty

That's a laugh!

Sonny

Too bad, I'd bet she'd go for me.

Patty

(Confidentially) Listen Sandy, forget Danny Zuko. I know some really sharp boys.

Rizzo

So do I. Right you guys? C'mon, let's go.

(PINK LADIES get up from the table, SANDY following them. The GUYS all laugh together)

Frenchy

See ya 'round, Patty!

Rizzo

Yeah, maybe we'll drop in on the next Student Council Meeting.

GREASE

(Rizzo nudges Marty in the ribs. Lights go down on the lunchroom. GIRLS cross towards GUYS on the steps.)

Marty

Well, speaking of the devil!

Sonny

(To GUYS.) What'd I tell ya, they're always chasin' me

Marty

Not you greaseball! Danny!

Rizzo

Yeah we got a surprise for ya. (PINK LADIES shove SANDY towards DANNY)

Sandy

(Surprised and nervous.) Hello, Danny

Danny

(Uptight.) Oh hi - how are ya?

Sandy

Fine.

Danny

Oh yeah... I... uh... thought you were going to Immaculata?

Sandy

I changed my plans.

Danny

Yeah! Well, that's cool. I'll see ya around. Let's go you guys. (*Pushes GUYS out*)

Doody

Where do you know her from, Danny?

Danny

Huh? Oh, just an old friend of my family's.

GREASE

Sonny

(To DANNY) She's pretty sharp. I think she's got eyes for me, didja notice? (DANNY gives SONNY "a look", pulls him off. ALL GUYS exit)

Jan

(*Picking up DANNY'S lunch*) Gee, he was so glad to see ya, he dropped his lunch.

Sandy

I don't get it, he was so nice this summer.

Frenchy

Don't worry about it, Sandy

Marty

Hey, listen, how'd you like to come over to my house tonight? It'll just be us girls.

Jan

Yeah, those guys are all a bunch of creeps. (DANNY returns for his lunch)

Rizzo

Yeah, Zuko's the biggest creep of all. (RIZZO, seeing DANNY, exits. Other GIRLS follow.)

Scene 3

School bell rings and class change begins. GREASERS, PATTY and EUGENE enter, go to locker, get books etc

DANNY sees DOODY with guitar.

Danny

Hey, Doody, where'dja get the guitar?

Doody

I just started takin' lessons this summer.

Danny

Can you play anything on it?

Doody

Sure. (He fumbles with the frets and strikes a sour chord.) That's a "C." (Doody sits and waits for approval.)

Marty

(Baffled.) Hey, that's pretty good.

Doody

(Hitting each chord badly) Then I know an A minor, and an F, and I've been workin' on a G.

Frenchy

Hey! Can you play "Tell Laura I Love Her"?

Doody

I don't know. Has it got a "C" in it?

Danny

Hey, come on; let's hear a little, Elvis.

Doody

GREASE

(Pulling out instruction book.)... "Magic Changes," by Ronny Dell... (Sings off-kev.)

C-C-C-C-C

A-A-A-A MINOR

F-F-F-F-F

G-G-G SEVENTH

Danny

That's terrific.

Doody

Thanks — want to hear it again?

All

Sure! Yeah! (Etc.)

(Doody starts to sing and other kids transform into rock 'n roll, 'doo-wop' group backing him as he suddenly becomes a teen idol rock 'n roll star.)

SONG: "THOSE MAGIC CHANGES"

Doody and Group

C-C-C-C-C A-A-A-A MINOR F-F-F-F-F-F G-G-G-G SEVENTH

WHAT'S THAT PLAYING ON THE RADIO? WHY DO I START SWAYING TO AND FRO? I HAVE NEVER HEARD THAT SONG GREASE GREASE

BEFORE

BUT IF I DONT HEAR IT ANY MORE IT'S STILL FAMILIAR TO ME SENDS A THRILL RIGHT THROUGH ME 'CAUSE THOSE CHORDS REMIND ME OF THE NIGHT THAT I FIRST FELL IN LOVE TO

THOSE MAGIC CHANGES.
MY HEART ARRANGES A MELODY
THAT'S NEVER THE SAME
A MELODY
THAT'S CALLING YOUR NAME
AND BEGS YOU, PLEASE, COME BACK TO
ME
PLEASE RETURN TO ME
DONT GO AWAY AGAIN
OH, MAKE THEM PLAY AGAIN
THE MUSIC I LONG TO HEAR
AS ONCE AGAIN YOU WHISPER IN MY
EAR

I'LL BE WAITING BY THE RADIO
YOU'LL COME BACK TO ME SOME DAY I
KNOWBEEN SO LONESOME STNCE YOUR LAST
GOODBYE
BUT I'M SINGING AS I CRY-Y-Y
WHILE THE BASS IS SOUNDING
WHILE THE DRUMS ARE POUNDING
THE 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-A MINOR 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.)

Scene 4

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 rock-et by "The Vel-doo Rays — goin' out to Ronnie and Sheila, the kids down at Morn'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

Hey, it says here that Fabian is in love with some Swedish movie star and might be gettin' married.

Jan

Oh. no!

Marty

Who cares, as long as they don't get their hooks into Brando

Rizzo

Jeez, you guys I almost forgot! (She removes a gallon of wine from her overnight bag.) A little Sneaky Pete to get the party goin'.

Jan

Italian Swiss Colony. Wow, it's imported!

(Rizzo passes bottle to MARTY)

Frenchy

Hey, we need some glasses.

Rizzo

GREASE

Just drink it out of the bottle, we ain't got cooties.

Marty

It's kind of sweet - I think I like Thunderbird better

Rizzo

Okay, Princess Grace. (Takes bottle away from MARTY)

Marty

(Grabbing bottle back.) I didn't say I didn't want any, it just don't taste very strong, that's all. (Marty passes bottle to Sandy, who quickly passes it to Jan)

Jan

Hey, I brought some Twinkies, anybody want one?

Marty

Twinkies and wine? That's real class, Jan

Jan

(*Pointing to label on bottle.*) It says right here, It's a dessert wine! (*Passes wine to Frenchy*)

Rizzo

Hey, Sandy didn't get any wine. (Hands bottle to Sandy)

Sandy

Oh, that's okay. I don't mind.

Rizzo

Hey, I'll bet you never had a drink before, either...

Sandy

Sure I did. I had some champagne at my cousins wedding once.

Rizzo

Oh Ring-a-ding-ding. (Hands her wine. Sandy sips wine cautiously.) Hey, no! Ya gotta chug it. Like this! (Rizzo takes a big slug from, the bottle.) Otherwise you swallow air bubbles and that's what makes you throw up.

GREASE

Jan

I never knew that

Marty

Sure, Rudy from the Capri Lounge told me the same thing (Sandy takes a slug from the bottle and holds it in her mouth trying to swallow it.)

Jan

Hey, Sandy, you ever wear earrings? I think they'd keep your face from lookin' so skinny.

Marty

Hey! Yeah! I got some big round ones made out of real mink, They'd look great on you.

Frenchy

Wouldja like me to pierce your ears for ya, Sandy? I'm gonna be a beautician, y'know.

Jan

Yeah, she's real good. She did mine for me.

Sandy

Oh no, my father'd probably kill me.

Marty

You still worry about what your old man thinks?

Sandy

Well... no. But isn't it awfully dangerous?

Rizzo

(Leans down to Sandy) You ain't afraid are ya?

Sandy

Of course not!

Frenchy

Good! Hey, Marty, you got a needle around? (Frenchy rummages in dresser for needle.)

Marty

Hey, how about my purity pin! (Marty reaches for her Pink Ladies jacket and takes off "circle pin" handing it to Frenchy)

Jan

Nice to know it's good for somethin'.

Marty

What's that crack supposed to mean?

GREASE

Jan

Forget it, Marty, I was just teasing ya'.

Marty

Yeah, well, tease somebody else. Its my house. (Frenchy begins to pierce Sandy's ears. Sandy yelps.)

Frenchy

Hey, would ya hold still!

Marty

(*To the rescue*.) Hey, French... why don't you take Sandy in the john? My old lady'd kill me if we got blood all over the rug.

Sandy

Huh?

Frenchy

It only bleeds for a second. Come on.

Jan

Aaaww! We miss all the fun! (Jan opens a second package of Twinkies as Frenchy begins to lead Sandy off.)

Frenchy

Hey, Marty, I need some ice to numb her earlobes,

Marty

(Exasperated.) Ahh... look, why don'tcha just let the cold water run for a little while, then stick her ear under the faucet?

Sandy

Listen, I'm sorry, but I'm not feeling too well, and I...

Rizzo

Look, Sandy, if you think you're gonna be hangin' around with the Pink Ladies - you gotta get with it! Otherwise, forget it... and go back to your hot cocoa and Girl Scout cookies!

Sandy

Okay, come on... Frenchy

Jan

Hey, Sandy, don't sweat it. If she screws up, she can always fix your hair so your ears won't show.

Frenchy

Har-dee-har-har!

Rizzo

That chick's gettin' to be a real nerd.

Jan

Ah, lay off, Rizzo

Marty

Yeah, she can't help it if she ain't been around.

Rizzo

Yeah, well, how long are we supposed to play babysitter for her? (Suddenly a loud "urp" sound is heard offstage.) What was that? (The girls all look at each other, bewildered for a couple of seconds, then Frenchy runs back into the room.)

Frenchy

Hey, Marty, Sandy's sick. She's heavin' all over the place!

Jan

D'ja do her ears already?

Frenchy

Nah. I only did one. As soon as she saw the blood she went BLEUGH!

Rizzo

God! What a Party Poop! (Marty pulls out a gaudy kimono. She makes a big show of putting it on.)

Marty

Jeez, it's gettin' kinda chilly. I think I'll put my robe on

Jan

Hey, Marty, where 'dja' get that thing?

Marty

Oh, you like it? It's from Japan.

Rizzo

Yeah, everything's made in Japan these days.;

Marty

No, this guy I know sent it to me.

Frenchy

No kiddin'

Jan

You goin' with a Japanese?

Marty

He ain't a Japanese, stupid. He's a Marine. And, a real doll. too.

Frenchy

Oh, wow! Hey, Marty, can he get me one of those things?

GREASE

Jan

You never told us you knew any Marines.

Rizzo

How long you known this guy?

Marty

Oh ... just a couple of months. I met him on a blind date at the roller rink... and the next thing I know, he joins up. Anyway, right off the bat he starts sendin' me things—and then today I got this kimono. (*Trying to be cool.*) Oh yeah, look what else! (*Marty takes a ring out of her cleavage.*)

Frenchy

Oh, neat!

Marty

It's just a tiny bit too big. So I gotta get some angora for it.

Frenchy

Jeez! Engaged to a Marine!

Rizzo

(Sarcastically.) Endsville.

Jan

What's this guy look like, Marty?

Frenchy

You got a picture?

Marty

Yeah, but it's not too good. He ain't in uniform.

(Marty takes her wallet out of the dresser. It's one of those fat bulging ones with rubber bands around it. She swings wallet and accordion picture, folder drops to floor.) Oh, here it is... next to Paul Anka.

Jan

How come it's ripped in half?

Marty

Oh, his old girl friend was in the picture.

Jan

What's this guy's name, anyway?

Marty

Oh! It's Freddy. Freddy Strulka.

Jan

He's Polish?

GREASE

Marty

Naah, I think he's Irish.

Frenchy

Do you write him a lot, Marty?

Marty

Pretty much. Every time I get a present.

Jan

Whattaya say to a guy in a letter, anyway? (Marty and GIRLS suddenly become a rock'n roll singing quartet.)

SONG: FREDDY MY LOVE

Marty

FREDDY, MY LOVE, I MISS YOU MORE THAN WORDS CAN SAY FREDDY, MY LOVE, PLEASE KEEP IN TOUCH WHILE YOU'RE AWAY HEARING FROM YOU CAN MAKE THE DAY SO MUCH BETTER GETTING A SOUVENIR OR MAYBE A LETTER I REALLY FLIPPED OVER THE GREY CASHMERE SWEATER FREDDY, MY LOVE (FREDDY, MY LOVE, FREDDY MY LO-OOVE)

GREASE

FREDDY, YOU KNOW, YOUR ABSENCE MAKES ME FEEL SO BLUE THAT'S OKAY, THOUGH, YOUR PRESENTS MAKE ME THINK OF YOU MY MA WILL HAVE A HEART ATTACK WHEN SHE CATCHES THOSE PEDAL PUSHERS WITH THE BLACK LEATHER PATCHES OH, HOW I WISH I HAD A JACKET THAT MATCHES FREDDY, MY LOVE

(FREDDY, MY LOVE, FREDDY, MY LOVE, FREDDY MY LO-OOVE)

DONT KEEP YOUR LETTERS FROM ME
I THRILL TO EVERY LINE
YOUR SPELLING'S KINDA CRUMMY
BUT HONEY, SO IS MINE
I TREASURE EVERY GIFTIE
THE RING IS REALLY NIFTY
YOU SAY IT COST YOU FIFTY
SO YOU'RE THRIFTY, I DONT MIND

FREDDY, YOU'LL SEE, YOU'LL HOLD ME
IN YOUR ARMS SOMEDAY
AND I WILL BE WEARING YOUR LACY
LONJERAY
THINKING ABOUT IT, MY HEART'S
POUNDING ALREADY
KNOWING WHEN YOU COME HOME
WE'RE BOUND TO GO STEADY
AND THROW YOUR SERVICE PAY

AROUND LIKE CONFETTI FREDDY, MY LOVE (FREDDY, MY LOVE, FREDDY, MY LOVE, FREDDY, MY LO-OOVE)

GREASE

(On the last few bars of song the girls fall asleep one by one, until Rizzo is the only one left awake. She pulls pants on over her pajamas and climbs out. the window. Just at that moment, Sandy comes back into the room unnoticed by Rizzo. Sandy stands looking after her.)

Scene 5

Guys come running on out of breath, and carrying quarts of beer and four hubcaps. Danny has a tire iron.

Danny

I don't know why I brought this tire iron! I coulda yanked these babies off with my bare hands.

Sonny

Sure ya could, Zuko! I just broke six fingernails!

Roger

Hey, you guys, these hubcaps ain't got a scratch on 'em. They must be worth two beans a piece easy.

Doody

No kiddin'? Hey, how much can we get for these dice? (*Pulls out foam rubber dice*.)

Roger

Hey, who the hell would put brand new chromers on a second-hand Dodgem car!

Danny

Probably some real tool!

Sonny

Hey, cmon, let's go push these things off on somebody!

Danny

Eleven o'clock at night? Sure, maybe we could go sell 'em at a police station!

Doody

A police station, what a laugh! They don't use these kinda hubcaps on cop cars.

(A car horn is heard.)

Sonny

Hey, here comes that car we just hit? Let's make tracks! Ditch the evidence. (Guys run, dropping hubcaps. Sonny tries to scoop them up as Kenickie drives on in "Greased lightning.")

Danny

Hey, wait a minute — it's Kenickie!

Kenickie

All right, put those things back on the car, dipstick!

Sonny

Jeez, whatta grouch! We was only holdin' 'em for ya so nobody'd swipe 'em.

GREASE

Doody

(Handing back dice.) Hey, where dja get these cool dice?

Danny

Kenickie, whattaya doin' with this hunk-ah-junk, anyway?

Kenickie

Whattaya mean? This is "Greased Lightning"!

("Whats" and puzzled looks go up from Guys.)

Sonny

What? You really expect to make out in this sardine can?

Kenickie

Hey, get bent, LaTierri!

Roger

Nice color, what is it? Candy Apple Primer?

Kenickie

That's all right - wait till I give it a paint job and soup up the engine — she'll work like a champ!

Danny

(*Looking at car and picking up mike.*) The one and only Greased Lightning!

Song: Greased Lightning

Kenickie

WHY THIS CAR IS AUTOMATIC
IT'S SYSTEMATIC
IT'S HYDROMATIC
WHY IT'S GREASED LIGHTNING!!!

I'LL HAVE ME OVERHEAD LIFTERS AND FOUR-BARREL QUADS, OH YEAH A FUEL-INJECTION CUT-OFF AND CHROME-PLATED RODS, OH YEAH WITH A FOUR-SPEED ON THE FLOOR, THEY'LL BE WAITIN' AT THE DOOR YA KNOW WITHOUT A DOUBT, I'LL BE REALLY MAKIN' OUT IN GREASED LIGHTNIN'

Kenickie and Guvs.

GO, GREASED LIGHTNIN', YOU'RE BURNIN' UP THE OUARTER MILE

(GREASED LIGHTNIN', GO, GREASED LIGHTNIN')

YEAH, GREASED LIGHTNIN', YOU'RE COASTIN' THROUGH THE HEAT-LAP TRIALS

(GREASED LIGHTNIN', YEAH, GREASED LIGHTNIN')

YOU ARE SUPREME THE CHICKS'LL DREAM 'BOUT GREASED LIGHTNIN'!

Kenickie

GREASE

I'LL HAVE ME PURPLE FRENCHED TAIL-LIGHTS AND THIRTY-INCH FINS, OH YEAH

A PALOMINO DASHBOARD AND DUAL MUFFLER TWINS, OH YEAH. WITH NEW PISTONS, PLUGS, AND SHOCKS, SHE CAN BEAT THE SUPER-STOCKS

YA KNOW THAT I AINT BRAGGIN', SHE'S A REAL DRAGGIN' WAGON. GREASED LIGHTNIN'!

Kenickie and Guvs.

GO, GREASED LIGHTNIN', YOU'RE BURNIN' UP THE OUARTER MILE

(GREASED LIGHTNIN', GO, GREASED LIGHTNIN')

YEAH, GREASED LIGHTNIN', YOU'RE COASTTN' THROUGH THE HEAT-LAP TRIALS

(GREASED LIGHTNIN', YEAH, GREASED LIGHTNIN')

YOU ARE SUPREME THE CHICKS'LL SCREAM FOR GREASED LIGHTNIN'!

(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 an Ice-cream van!

Kenickie

Okay, Rizzo, if that's how you feel, why don'tcha go back to the pajama party? Plenty of chicks would kiss my feet to ride around in this little number.

Rizzo

Sure they would! Out! What do ya think this is, a frat party? (*Rizzo opens the passenger door, shoving Guys out.*)

Hey, Danny! I just left your girl friend at Marty's house, pukin all over the place.

Danny

Whattaya talkin' about?

Rizzo

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

Kenickie

Be cool, you guys. (Rizzo immediately embraces him)

Danny

Hey, you better tell that to Rizzo! (Siren sounds.)

Kenickie

The fuzz! Hey, you guys better get ridda those hub-caps.

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 Lightnin' etc., as the lights change to new scene.)

Scene 6

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 girl friend 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, tellya 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.

Danny

Listen, Sandy Nobody's gonna put you down 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

(Running onstage with two batons and wearing cheerleader outfit)

Hiiiiii, 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.

GREASE

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 dumb jocks?

Sandy

Don't tell me you're jealous, Danny

Danny

What? Of that bunch a 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

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

Danny

Whattaya mean? Look, I could run circles around thosejerks.

Sandy

But you'd rather spend your time copying other people's homework.

Danny

Listen, the next time they have tryouts for any of those teams I'll show you what I can do.

Patty

Oh, what a lucky coincidence! The track team's having tryouts tomorrow.

Danny

(Panic.) Huh? Okay, I'll be there.

Sandy

Big talk.

Danny

You think so, huh. Hey, Patty, when'dja say those tryouts were?

Patty

Tomorrow, tenth period on the football field.

Danny

Good, I'll be there. You're gonna come watch me, aren't you?

Patty

Oooohh, I can't wait!

Danny

Solid! I'll see ya there, sexy. (Danny exits.)

Patty

Toodles! (Elated, turns to Sandy) Ooohh, I'm so excited, arent you?

Junior Cheerleader

(leading on other cheerleaders) Come on, let's practice!

SONG: "RYDELL FIGHT SONG"

Cheerleaders

HIT 'EM AGAIN, RYDELL RINGTAILS TEAR 'EM APART, GREEN AND BROWN BASH THEIR BRAINS OUT, STOMP 'EM ON THE FLOOR FOR THE GLORY OF RYDELL EVER MORE. FIGHT TEAM, FIGHT, TEAM FIGHT CHEW 'EM UP - SPIT 'EM OUT FIGHT TEAM. FIGHT.

(All exit doing majorette march step)

Scene 7

A deserted section of the park. JAN and ROGER on picnic table. RIZZO and KENICKIE making out on bench. MARTY sitting on other bench. FRENCHY and SONNY on blanket reading fan magazines. DANNY pacing. DOODY sitting on a trash can. A portable radio is playing "The Vince Fontaine Show."

Vince's Radio Voice

GREASE

Hey, gettin' back on the rebound here for our second half. (*Cuckoo sound*.) Dancin' Word Bird Contest comin' up in a half hour, when maybe I'll call you. Hey, I think you'll like this little ditty from the city, a new group discovered by Alan Freed. Turn up the sound and stomp on the ground. Ohhh yeah! (*Radio fades*.)

Danny

Hey, Frenchy, when do ya start beauty school?

Frenchy

Next week. I can hardly wait. No more dumb books and stupid teachers.

Doody

Hey, Rump. You shouldn't be eatin' that cheeseburger. It's still Friday, y'know!

Roger

Ah, for cryin' out loud. What'dja remind me for? Now I gotta go to confession. (*He takes another bite of the cheese-burger*.)

Jan

Well, I can eat anything. That's the nice thing about bein' a Lutheran

Roger

Yeah, that's the nice thing about bein' Petunia Pig.

Jan

Look who's talkin', Porky!

Frenchy

Hey, Sonny, don't maul that magazine. There's a picture of Ricky Nelson in there I really wanna save...

Sonny

I was just looking at Shelley Farberay...

(Frenchy leans over to look at picture.)

Frenchy

(*Primping*.) Y'know, lotsa people think I look just like Shelley Farberries.

Sonny

Not a chance. You ain't got a "set" like hers.

Frenchy

I happen to know she wears falsies.

Sonny

You oughtta know, Foam-Domes. (Cut for school shows)

Jan

You want another cheeseburger?

Roger

Nah, I think I'll have a Coke.

Jan

You shouldn't drink so much Coke. It rots your teeth.

GREASE

Roger

Thank you, Bucky Beaver.

Jan

I ain't kiddin'. Somebody told me about 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

Jeez Louise, 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? Zuko, no!, 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?

GREASE

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.

SONG: "MOONING"

Roger

I SPEND MY DAYS JUST MOONING SO SAD AND BLUE

Jan

SO SAD AND BLUE

Roger

I SPEND MY NIGHTS JUST MOONING ALL OVER YOU.

Jan

ALL OVER WHO?

Roger

OH, I'M SO FULL OF LOVE

Jan

GREASE

AS ANY FOOL CAN SEE 'CAUSE ANGELS UP ABOVE

Roger

HAVE HUNG A MOON ON ME.

Jan

WHY MUST YOU GO?

Roger

WHY MUST I GO ON MOONING SO ALL ALONE THERE WOULD BE NO MORE MOONING IF YOU WOULD CALL ME

Jan

UP ON THE PHONE

Roger

I GUESS I'LL KEEP ON STRIKING POSES TILL MY CHEEKS HAVE LOST THEIR ROSES. MOONING OVER YOU I'LL STAND BEHIND YOU MOONING FOREVER MORE.

Jan

FOR EVER MORE

Roger

SOMEDAY YOU'LL FIND ME MOONING AT YOUR FRONT DOOR

Jan

AT MY FRONT DOOR

Roger

OH, EVERY DAY AT SCHOOL I WATCH YA ALWAYS WILL UNTIL I GOTCHA MOONING, TOO.

THERE'S A MOON OUT TONIGHT.

Doody

(Loudly.) Hey, Danny, there's that chick ya know. (Sandy and Eugene enter. Eugene wearing Bermuda shorts and argyle socks. They both have

GREASE

bags with leaves. Rizzo and Kenicky sit up to look. Danny moves to Eugene and stares him down.)

Eugene

Well, Sandy, I think I have all the leaves I want. Uh... why don't I wait for you with Dad in the station wagon.

(Danny looking at Eugene outlines a square with jerking head movement. Eugene exits. As Danny walks away, Sonny crosses to Sandy)

Sonny

Hi ya, Sandy What's shakin'? How 'bout a beer?

Sandy

(Giving Danny a look.) No, thanks, I can't stay,

Danny

Ok, yeah? Then whattaya doin' hangin' around? (Danny casually puts his hand on Marty's shoulder and Marty looks at him, bewildered.)

Sandy

I just came out to collect some leaves for Biology.

Sonny

Oh, yeah? There's some really neat yellow ones over by the drainage canal. C'mon, I'll show ya'!

(Sonny grabs Sandy and goes offstage.)

Kenickie

(*Shouting*.) That ain't a drainage canal – it's a broken sewer pipe!

Doody

Hey, Danny... ain't you gonna follow 'em?

Danny

Why should I? She don't mean nothin' to me.

Rizzo

(*To Danny*) Sure, Zuko, every day now! Ya mean you ain't told 'em?

Kenickie

Told us what?

Rizzo

Oh, nothin'. Right, Zuko?

Kenickie

Come off it, Rizzo. Whattaya' tryin' to do, make us think she's like you?

Rizzo

GREASE

What's that crack supposed to mean? I ain't heard you complainin'.

Kenickie

That's 'cause ya been stuck to my face all night.

Danny

Hey, cool it, huh?

Rizzo

Yeah, Kenickie, if you don't shut up you're gonna get a knuckle sandwich.

Kenickie

Ohh, I'm really worried, scab!

Rizzo

O.K, you slimeball! (She pushes him off bench and they fight on ground.)

Roger and Doody

Fight! Fight! Yaaayy! (Etc.)

Danny

(Separating them.) Come on, cut it out! (Rizzo and Kenickie stop fighting and glare at each other.) What a couple of fruitcakes!

Rizzo

Well, he started it.

Kenickie

God, what a yo-yo! Make one little joke and she goes tutti-fruitti (*Kenickie sulks over to garbage can.*)

Doody

Jeez, nice couple. (Jan turns the radio on to break the awkward silence)

Vince's Voice.

.... 'cause tomorrow night yours truly.. the mainbrain, Vince Fontaine, will be M.C.ing the big dance bash out at Rydell High School in the boys' gym, and along with me will be that dynamite duo, Johnny & Joannie Casino. So, make it a point to stop by the joint, Rydell High, 7:30 tomorrow night.

(Jan turns off the radio)

Rizzo

Hey, Danny, you goin' to the dance tomorrow night?

Danny

GREASE

I don't think so

Rizzo

Awww, you're all broke up over little Gidget!

Danny

Who?

Rizzo

Ahh, c'mon, Zuko, why don'tcha take me to the dance — I can pull that Sandra Dee crap, too. Right, you guys?

(Roger and Doody do MGM lion. Rizzo sings.)

SONG: "LOOK AT ME, I'M SANDRA DEE'

Rizzo

LOOK AT ME, I'M SANDRA DEE POSTER GIRL FOR PURITY WON'T GO TO BED TILL I'M LEGALLY WED I CAN'T, I'M SANDRA DEE

WATCH IT, HEY, I'M DORIS DAY I WAS NOT BROUGHT UP THAT WAY WON'T COME ACROSS, EVEN ROCK HUDSON LOST HIS HEART TO DORIS DAY

I DONT DRINK OR SWEAR I DONT RAT MY HAIR I GET ILL FROM ONE CIGARETTE KEEP YOUR FILTHY PAWS OFF MY SILKY

GREASE

DRAWERS WOULD YOU PULL THAT STUFF WITH ANNETTE?

(Sandy and Sonny enter, hearing the last part of the song. Sonny is behind her)

AS FOR YOU, TROY DONAHUE
I KNOW WHAT YOU WANNA DO
YOU GOT YOUR CRUST, I'M NO OBJECT
OF LUST
I'M JUST PLAIN SANDRA DEE.

NO, NO, NO, SAL MINEO
I WOULD NEVER STOOP SO LOW
PLEASE KEEP YOUR COOL,
NOW YOU'RE STARTING TO DROOL

FONGOOL I'M SANDRA DEE!

(Sandy crosses to Rizzo)

Sonny

Hey, Sandy, wait a minute... hey...

Sandy

(To Rizzo) Listen, just who do you think you are? I saw you making fun of me. (Sandy leaps on Rizzo and the two girls start fighting. Danny pulls Sandy off.)

LET GO OF ME! YOU DIRTY LIAR! DON'T TOUCH ME!

(Sonny and Roger hold Rizzo)

Rizzo

Aaahh, let me go. I ain't gonna do nothin' to her. That chick's flipped her lid!

Sandy

(*To Danny*) You tell them right now... that all those things you've been saying about me were lies. Go on. tell 'em.

Danny

Whattaya talkin' about? I never said anything about you.

Sandy

You creep! You think you're such a big man, don't ya'? Trying to make me look like just another tramp.

(Rizzo charges at her. The guys hold Rizzo back.)

I don't know why I ever liked you, Danny Zuko.

(Sandy runs off in tears, stepping on Frenchy's fan magazine. Danny starts after her... gives up. Frenchy sadly picks up torn Rick Nelson picture.)

Danny

(*Turning to the others*.) Weird chick! (*Pause*.) Hey, Rizzo You wanna go to the dance with me?

Rizzo

Huh? Yeah, sure. Why not?

Roger

Hey, Jan. You got a date for the dance tomorrow night?

Jan

Tomorrow? Let me see— (*She takes out a little notebook and thumbs through it.*) No, I don't. Why?

Roger

You wanna go with me?

Jan

You kiddin' me? (Roger shakes his head "no") Yeah, sure, Rog!

Doody

(*Very shy, moving to Frenchy*) Hey, Frenchy, can you still go to the dance, now that you quit school?

Frenchy

Yeah. I guess so. Why?

Doody

Oh... Ahh, nothin'... I'll see ya there.

GREASE

Sonny

Hey, Kenickie, how 'bout givin' me a ride tomorrow, and I'll pick us up a couple ah broads at the dance.

Danny

With what? A meat hook?

Kenickie

Nah, I got a blind date from 'cross town. I hear she's a real bombshell

Marty

Gee, I don't even know if I'll go.

Danny

Why not, Marty?

Marty

I ain't got a date.

Danny

Hey, I know just the guy. (*Pause. Yells offstage.*) Hey, Eugene!

(Marty starts to chase Danny hitting him with magazine.)

SONG: "WE GO TOGETHER"

All

WE GO TOGETHER, LIKE RAMA-LAMA-LAMA, KA-DINGA DA DING-

GREASE

DONG REMEMBERED FOREVER, AS SHOO-BOP SHA WADDA WADDA YIPPITY BOOM-DE-BOOM

CHANG CHANG CHANGITTY-CHANG SHOO BOP THAT'S THE WAY IT SHOULD BE (WHAA-OOHH! YEAH!)

WE'RE ONE OF A KIND, LIKE DIP-DA-DIP-DA-DIP DOO WOP DA DOOBY DOO OUR NAMES ARE SIGNED BOOGEDY, BOOGEDY, BOOGEDY, BOOGEDY, SHOOBY-DOO WOP-SHE-BOP CHANG CHANG-A CHANGITTY CHANG SHOO BOP WE'LL ALWAYS BE LIKE ONE (WHAA-WHA-WHA WHAAAAAAH)

WHEN WE GO OUT AT NIGHT AND STARS ARE SHINING BRIGHT UP IN THE SKIES ABOVE

OR AT THE HIGH SCHOOL DANCE WHERE YOU CAN FIND ROMANCE MAYBE IT MIGHT BE LA-A-A-H-OVE!

(Riff chorus.)

WE'RE FOR EACH OTHER, LIKE A WOP BABA LU WOP AND WOP BAM BOOM! JUST LIKE MY BROTHER, IS SHA NA NA NA NA NA YIPPITY DIP DE DOOM CHANG CHANG CHANGITTY CHANG SHOO BOP WE'LL ALWAYS BE TOGETHER!

(At the end of the song, the lights fade on the kids as they go off laughing and horsing around.)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene I

The Greasers run on and sing

SONG: "SHAKIN' AT THE HIGH SCHOOL HOP."

Johnny

WELL, HONKY-TONK BABY, GET ON THE FLOOR

Joannie

ALL THE CATS ARE SHOUTIN', THEY'RE YELLIN' FOR MORE

Johnny

MY BABY LIKES TO ROCK, MY BABY LIKES TO ROLL

Joannie

MY BABY DOES THE CHICKEN AND SHE DOES THE STROLL

All

WELL, SHAKE IT
OHH, SHAKE IT
YEAH, SHAKE IT
EVERYBODY SHAKIN'
SHAKIN' AT THE HIGH SCHOOL HOP

Johnny

WELL, SOCK-HOP BABY, ROLL UP YOUR CRAZY JEANS

Joannie

GONNA ROCK TO THE MUSIC,

GONNA DIG THE SCENE

Girls

SHIMMY TO THE LEFT,

Guys

CHA-CHA TO THE RIGHT

All.

WE GONNA DO THE WALK TILL BROAD DAYLIGHT

(Repeat Chorus.)

Girls.

WELL, WE'RE GONNA ALLEY-OOP ON BLUEBERRY

HILL

Guvs.

HULLY-GULLY WITH LUCILLE, WONT BE STANDIN' STILL

Girls

HAND-JIVE BABY

All

DO THE STOMP WITH ME I CA-LYPSO, DO THE SLOP A GONNA BOP WITH MR. LEE

WELL SHAKE IT OHH, SHAKE IT YEAH, SHAKE IT EVERYBODY'S SHAKIN' SHAKIN' AT THE HIGH SCHOOL HOP

(Instrumental chorus and dance. During instrumental section.

the Greasers move into the High School gym and are framed

by Patty, Eugene and Miss Lynch, all dancing wildly.)

SHAKE, ROCK AND ROLL ROCK, ROLL AND SHAKE SHAKE, ROCK AND ROLL ROCK, ROLL AND SHAKE SHAKE, ROCK AND ROLL LONG LIVE ROCK AND ROLL

(Lights fade on dance and Sandy is revealed in her bedroom. She turns up the volume on radio.)

Announcer

...continuing lovely dreamtime music on WLDL with a popular success from last summer: "It's Raining on Prom Night"

(Song comes on radio. Sandy sings lead vocal with the radio voice in harmony.)

GREASE

Radio Voice.

SHE WAS DEPRIVED OF A YOUNG GIRL'S DREAM
BY THE CRUEL FORCE OF NATURE FROM THE BLUE

Sandy and Radio Voice.

INSTEAD OF A NIGHT FULL OF ROMANCE SUPREME
ALL SHE GOT WAS A RUNNY NOSE AND ASIATIC FLU

IT'S RAINING ON PROM NIGHT YOUR HAIR IS A MESS IT'S RUNNING ALL OVER YOUR TAFFETA DRESS

IT'S WILTING THE QUILTING IN YOUR MAIDENFORM AND MASCARA FLOWS, RIGHT DOWN YOUR NOSE BECAUSE OF THE STORM

YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE A CORSAGE, OH GEE
IT FELL DOWN A SEWER WITH YOUR

IT FELL DOWN A SEWER WITH YOUR SISTER'S LD.

(Sandy talks verse while Radio Voice continues to sing.)

GREASE GREASE

YES, IT'S RAINING ON PROM NIGHT OH, WHAT CAN I DO? I MISS YOU IT'S RAINING RAIN FROM THE SKIES IT'S RAINING REAL TEARS FROM MY EYES OVER YOU.

Dear God, let him feel the same way I do right now. Make him want to see me again! (*Sandy resumes singing*)

IT'S RAINING ON PROM NIGHT OH, WHAT CAN I DO? IT'S RAINING, RAIN FROM THE SKIES IT'S RAINING, TEARS FROM MY EYES OVER YOU - OOO-OOO-OOO- RAIN-ING.

(After song, "SHAKIN' AT THE HIGH SCHOOL HOP" continues. Lights fade out on SANDY, come up on the high school dance. The couples are: DANNY and RIZZO, JAN and ROGER, FRENCHY and DOODY MISS LYNCH is overseeing the punch-bowl. MARTY is alone and SONNY is drinking from a half-pint in the corner. At the end of "Shakin" the kids cheer and yell. JOHNNY CASINO, with guitar on bandstand, introduces VINCE FONTAINE, announcer for radio station WAXX.)

Johnny Casino

Hang loose, everybody—here he is, the Main Brain—Vince Fontaine. (*Vince Fontaine dashes on and grabs mike.*)

Vince

I've had a lot of requests for a slow one. How bout it, Johnny Casino?

Johnny Casino

(*Grabbing mike*.) Okay, Vince, here's a little number I wrote called "Enchanted Guitar."

Vince

(*Grabbing mike back.*) And don't forget, only ten more minutes 'til the big Hand-Jive Contest. (*Cheers and excited murmurs from the Crowd.*) So. if you've got a steady get her ready.

(Johnny Casino and the Band do slow two-step instrumental as Vince leaves bandstand and mills among kids.)

Rizzo

Hey, Danny, you gonna be my partner for the dance contest?

Danny

Maybe, if nothing better comes along.

Rizzo

Drop dead!

Jan

(Stumbling on Roger's feet.) Sorry.

Roger

Why don'tcha let me lead, for a change?

Jan

I can't help it. I'm used to leading.

Frenchy

(Dancing with Doody, who is rocking back and forth in one spot.) Hey, Doody, can't you at least turn me around or somethin'?

Doody

Don't talk, I'm tryin' to count.

(Patty dances near Danny with Eugene, who is pumping her arm vigorously.)

Patty

Danny, Danny!

Danny

Yeah, that's my name, don't wear it out.

Patty

How did the track tryouts go?

Danny

(Nonchalantly.) I made the team.

Patty

Oh, wonderful! (Patty starts signaling in pantomime for Danny to cut in.)

Rizzo

Hey, Zuko, I think she's tryin' to tell ya somethin'!

(Patty's pantomime becomes more desperate as Eugene pumps harder.) Go on, dance with her. You ain't doin' me no good.

Danny

(*Going up to Eugene*) Hey, Euuu-gene, Betty Rizzo thinks you look like Pat Boone.

Eugene

Oh? (Eugene walks over and stands near Rizzo, staring. He polishes his white bucks on the backs of his pants legs. Danny dances with Patty)

Rizzo

Whataya say Fruit Boots?

Eugene

I understand you were asking about me?

Rizzo

Yeah! I was wondering where you parked your hearse.

(Eugene sits next to Rizzo and Rizzo offers him Sonny's half-pint. Sonny grabs it back. Patty and Danny in close dance clinch, not moving.)

Patty

I never knew you were such a fabulous dancer, Danny. So sensuous and feline.

Danny

Huh? Yeah. (Music tempo changes to Cha-Cha. Kenickie and Cha-Cha DeGregorio enter.)

Cha-Cha

God, nice time to get here. Look, the joint's half empty already.

Kenickie

Ahh, knock it off! Can I help it if my car wouldn't start?

Cha-Cha

Jeez, what crummy decorations!

Kenickie

Where'd ya think you were goin', American Bandstand?

Cha-Cha

We had a sock-hop at St. Bernadette's once. The Sisters got real pumpkins and everything.

Kenickie

Neat. They probably didn't have a bingo game that night. (Kenickie walks away from her and she trails behind him.)

Vince

(Coming up to Marty) Pardon me, weren't you a contestant in the Miss Rock 'N' Roll Universe Pageant?

Marty

Yeah, but I got disqualified 'cause I had a hickey on my neck. (*The song ends and kids cheer. Johnny Casino looks for Vince Fontaine on the dance floor.*)

Joannie Casino

Hey, Vince... any more requests?

Vince

(Irritated, still looking at Marty Motions Johnny with his hand.) Yeah, play anything!

Joannie Casino

Okay, here's a little tune called "Anything"!

(Band plays instrumental "stroll." Marty, Jan and Frenchy, Vince, Roger and Doody form lines as Danny and Patty come through center.)

Patty

I can't imagine you ever having danced with Sandy like this.

Danny

Whattaya mean?

Patty

I mean her being so clumsy and all. She can't even twirl a baton right. In fact, I've been thinking of having a little talk with the coach about her

Danny

Why? Whattayou care?

Patty

Well, I mean... even you have to admit she's a bit of a drip, I mean... isn't that why you broke up with her?

Danny

Hey, listen ... y'know she used to be a halfway decent chick before she got mixed up with you and your brown-nose friends. (*Danny walks away from her. Patty, stunned, runs to the punch table.*Kenickie walks up to Rizzo)

Rizzo

Hey, Kenickie, where ya been, the submarine races?

Kenickie

Naa. I had to go to Egypt to pick up a date.

Rizzo

You feel like dancin'?

Kenickie

Crazy. (He starts to dance off with Rizzo)

Eugene

It's been very nice talking to you, Betty.

Rizzo

Yeah, see ya around the Bookmobile. (Cha-Cha moves to Eugene, hoping Eugene might ask her

to dance, as band continues. Sonny gets up and crosses dance floor.)

Doody

(Dropping out of the stroll line.) Hey, Rump, let's go get a drink.

Roger

Yeah, OK.

Jan

Oh, Roger, would ya get me some punch?

Roger

Whatsa matter? You crippled? (Doody and Roger start off. Jan sticks her tongue out at Roger.
Doody and Roger bump into Sonny)

Vince

(Doing cha-cha with Marty) I'm Vince Fontaine. Do your folks know I come into your room every night? Over WAXX, that is! I'm gonna judge the dance contest. Are you gonna be in it?

Marty

I guess not. I ain't got a date.

Vince

What? A knockout like you? Things sure have changed since I went to school... last year. Ha-Ha! (Marty stares at him dumbly for a few seconds, then starts laughing. Doody, Sonny, Roger and Danny are drinking and smoking in

corner. Cha-Cha is dancing around Eugene at bench.)

Doody

(Pointing to Cha-Cha) Hey, ain't that the chick Kenickie walked in with?

Sonny

Where?

Doody

The one pickin' her nose over there.

Sonny

That's the baby.

Roger

Gee, ain't she an oil painting!

Sonny

D'ya think Frenchie did her makeup? With a trowel?

Cha-Cha

(Standing near Eugene) Hey, did you come here to dance or didn't ya?

Eugene

Of course, but I never learned how to do this dance.

Cha-Cha

GREASE

Ahh, there's nothing to it. I'm gonna teach "ballroom" at the CYO. (She grabs Eugene in dance position.) Now; one-two-cha-cha-cha! Three-four-cha-cha-cha-very-good-cha-cha-cha-keep-it-up-cha-cha-cha

Eugene

You certainly dance well.

Cha-Cha

Thanks, ya can hold me a little tighter. I won't bite cha. (*Cha-Cha grabs Eugene in a bear-hug. Music ends, and kids applaud.*)

Joannie Casino

Thank you. This is Joannie Casino telling you when you hear the tone it will be exactly one minute to "Hand-Jive" Time! (Excited murmurs and scrambling for partners takes place on the dance floor as the band's guitarist makes a "twang" sound on his E string.)

Eugene

(To Cha-Cha) Excuse me, it was nice meeting you.

Cha-Cha

Hey, wait a minute... don'tcha want my phone number or somethin'?

Eugene

(Over by Patty) Patty, you promised to be my partner for the dance contest, remember?

Patty

That's right. I almost forgot. (She looks longingly toward Danny as Eugene pulls her away.)

Danny

(Walking over to Rizzo and Kenickie) Hey. Rizzo. I'm ready to dance with you now.

Rizzo

Don't strain yourself... I'm dancin' with Kenickie

Kenickie

That's alright, Zuko, you can have my date. (He yells.) Hey, Charlene! Come 'ere.

Cha-Cha

(Walking over.) Yeah, whattaya want?

Kenickie

How'dja like to dance this next one with Danny

Cha-Cha

The big rod of the T-Birds? I didn't even know he saw me here.

Danny

(Giving Cha-Cha a dismayed look.) I didn't. (Cha-Cha looks around in ecstasy.)

Johnny Casino

Okay, alligators, here it is. The big one... (Drumroll.) ... the Hand-Jive Dance Contest. (The kids enter.) Let's get things under way by bringing up our own Miss Lynch. (The kids react. Guitar player in band plays a few chords of Rydell fight song as Miss Lynch comes up to the mike.)

GREASE

Miss Lynch.

Thank you, Clarence. (All the kids break up.") Whenever you're finished (Noise subsides a little.) Before we begin, I'd like to welcome you all to "Moonlight in the Tropics." And I think we all to we a big round of applause to Patty Simcox and her committee for the wonderful decorations. (Mixed reaction from crowd.)

Cha-Cha

They should got real coconuts!

Miss Lynch

Now, I'm sure you'll be glad to know that I'm not judging this dance contest. (*A few kids cheer.*) All right. All right. I'd like to present Mr, Vince Fontaine... (Kids cheer, as she looks around.)... Mr Fontaine?

Vince

(Busy flirting with Marty, yells to Miss Lynch) Comin' right up!

Miss Lynch

As most of you know, Mr. Fontaine is an announcer for radio station WAXX. (Vince, on the bandstand, whispers in her ear.)... uh... (Uncomfortably.) "Dig the scene on big fifteen," (Cheer goes up.) Now for the rules! One: All couples must be boy-girl.

Roger

Too bad, Eugene!

Miss Lynch

Two: anyone using tasteless or vulgar movements will be disqualified.

Rizzo

(Loud to Kenickie) That lets us out!

Miss Lynch

Three: If Mr. Fontaine taps you on the shoulder, you must clear the dance floor immediately ...

Vince

(Grabbing the mike from Miss Lynch.) I just wanna say, truly in all sincerity. Miss Lynch, that you're doing a really, really terrific job here, terrific. And I'll sure bet these kids are lucky to have you for a teacher, 'cause I'll bet in all sincerity that you're really terrific. IS SHE TERRIFIC, KIDS? (The kids cheer.) Only thing I wanna say, in all sincerity, is enjoy your-selves, have a ball, 'cause like we always say at "BIG FIFTEEN" where the jocks hang out—"If you're having fun, you're number one!" And some lucky guy and gal is gonna go boppin' home with a stack of terrific prizes. But don't feel bad if I bump yuzz out, 'cause it don't matter if you win or lose, it's what ya do with those dancing shoes. So, okay, cats, throw your mittens around your kittens ... and AWAY WE GO! (Vince does

GREASE

Jackie Gleason pose. Johnny Casino sings "BORN TO HAND-JIVE." During the dance, couples are eliminated one by one as Vince Fontaine mills through the crowd, tapping each couple.)

SONG: "BORN TO HAND-JIVE"

JOHNNY CASINO

BEFORE I WAS BORN, LATE ONE NIGHT MY PAPA SAID, EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT

JOANNIE CASINO

THE DOCTOR LAUGHED, WHEN MA LAID DOWN WITH HER STOMACH BOUNCIN' ALL AROUND

JOHNNY CASINO

'CAUSE A BE-BOP STORK WAS 'BOUT TO ARRIVE

JOANNIE CASINO

AND MAMA GAVE BIRTH TO THE "HAND-JIVE"!

JOHNNY CASINO

I COULD BARELY WALK WHEN I MILKED A COW

AND WHEN I WAS THREE I PUSHED A PLOW

JOANNIE CASINO

WHILE CHOPPIN' WOOD HE'D MOVE HIS LEGS AND STARTED DANCIN' WHILE HE GATHERED EGGS

JOHNNY CASINO

THE TOWN-FOLK CLAPPED, I WAS ONLY FIVE

JOANNIE CASINO

HE'LL OUTDANCE 'EM ALL, HE'S A BORN "HAND-IIVE"!

(Short guitar solo. Dance Chorus.)

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

NOW, CAN YOU HAND-JIVE, BABY? OH. CAN YOU HAND-JIVE. BABY?

OH, YEAH, OH, YEAH, OH, YEAH. BORN TO HAND-JIVE!

(Eventually, all the couples are eliminated except Danny and Cha-Cha. On the final chorus, the kids stand around in a half circle and clap in time. Vince Fontaine pulls Miss Lynch onto the dance floor and 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.)

GREASE

Miss Lynch

My goodness! Well, we have our winners. Will you step up here for your prizes? Daniel Zuko and ... and... (Danny and Cha-Cha, swamped by the other kids, battle their way to the bandstand. Sandy appears at the back of the room.)

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 "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 K-Mart (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

GREASE GREASE

on blocks of wood. Cha-Cha enthusiastically embraces Danny)

Vince

(*Grabbing the mike from Miss Lynch*.) Weren't they terrific? C'mon, lets 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! Last dance, ladies' choice.

SONG: "HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU"

Sandy

GUESS MINE IS NOT THE FIRST HEART BROKEN

MY EYES ARE NOT THE FIRST TO CRY I'M NOT THE FIRST TO KNOW THERE'S JUST NO GETTING OVER YOU

YOU KNOW I'M JUST A FOOL WHO'S WILLING
TO SIT AROUND AND WAIT FOR YOU BUT, BABY, CAN'T YOU SEE
THERE'S NOTHING ELSE FOR ME TO DO?
I'M HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU

BUT NOW THERE'S NOWHERE TO HIDE SINCE YOU PUSHED MY LOVE ASIDE I'M OUT OF MY HEAD HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU

MY HEAD IS SAYING, "FOOL, FORGET HIM."

MY HEART IS SAYING, "DON'T LET GO. HOLD ON TILL THE END."

AND THAT'S WHAT I INTEND TO DO I'M HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU

GREASE

BUT NOW THERE'S NOWHERE TO HIDE SINCE YOU PUSHED MY LOVE ASIDE I'M OUT OF MY HEAD HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU

Scene 2

Scene: It is evening a few days later- in front of the Burger Palace. Frenchy is pacing around, magazine in hand, looking at sign on Burger Palace window: "Counter Girl Wanted" After a few moments Sonny, Kenickie and Doody enter with weapons: Doody with a baseball bat, Sonny with a zip-gun, Kenickie with a lead pipe and chain. They wear leather jackets and engineer hoots.

Kenickie

Hey, Sonny, what cracker-jack box ja' get that zip gun out of, anyway?

Sonny

What do ya mean - I made it in shop. (Seeing Frenchy) Hey, what's shakin', French? You get out of Beauty School already?

Frenchy

Oh ... I cut tonight. Those beauty teachers they got working there don't know nothin'. Hey, what's with the arsenal?

Doody

We gotta rumble with the Flaming Dukes.

Frenchy

No lie! How come?

Kenickie

Remember that grungey broad I took to the dance? (*Frenchy looks blank*.)

Doody

(Helpfully.) Godzilla!

Doody and Kenickie

(They do imitation of Cha-Cha and Eugene dancing. While Kenickie imitates picking his nose.) "One-two—cha-cha-cha!"

Frenchy

Oh!. Y'mean Cha-Cha Dee Garage-io ... the one Danny won the dance contest with?

Sonny

Well, it turns out she goes steady with the leader of the Flaming Dukes. And, she told this guy Danny tried to put his hands all over her.

Kenickie

If he did, he musta been makin' a bug collection for Biology. (All guys laugh, Kenickie joins in laughing at his own joke. Danny enters jogging, wearing a white track suit with a brown and green number "4" on his back. The trunks are white with a thin green and brown stripe running vertically on each side. He has a relay-race baton.)

Frenchy

(Seeing Danny) Hey look... ain't that Danny?

Doody

Hey, Danny!

Frenchy

What's he doing in his underwear?

Doody

That's a track suit! Hi'ya, Danny (*Danny stops*. *He's panting*. *Guys gather around him*.)

Kenickie

Jeez, Zuko, where do you keep your "Wheaties?"

GREASE

Danny

Ha-ha. Big joke.

Sonny

Hey, it's a good thing you're here. We're supposed to rumble the Dukes tonight!

Danny

(Alarmed.) What time?

Kenickie

Nine o'clock.

Danny

(Annoved.) Nice play! I got field training till 9:30.

Kenickie

Can't ya' sneak away, man?

Danny

Not a chance! The coach'd kick my butt.

Sonny

The coach!

Danny

Besides, what am I supposed to do, stomp on somebody's face with my gym shoes?

Kenickie

Ahh, c'mon, Zuko, whattaya tryin' to prove with this track team crap!?

Danny

Why? Whatta you care? Look, I gotta cut. I'm in the middle of a race now. See ya' later. (*Danny starts off.*)

Sonny

You got "the hots" for that cheerleader or somethin'?

Danny

(Runs back angry.) How'd you like a fat lip Sonny?

Sonny

Zuko, we're gonna get creamed without you.

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)

Sonny

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

Kenickie

Jeez, next thing y'know he'll be gettin' a crewcut!

Doody

He'd look neater with a flat top.

Kenickie

GREASE

C'mon, let's go eat. (He and Sonny start towards Burger Palace.)

Sonny

Hey, Kenicks, you wanna split a super-burger?

Kenickie

Yeah, All right.

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 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.

GREASE GREASE

(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.)

SONG: "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.)

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'VE GOT IT DOWN

BUT NO CUSTOMER WOULD GO TO YOU EXCEPT A CIRCUS CLOWN

BABY, DONT SWEAT IT YOU'RE NOT CUT OUT TO HOLD A JOB BETTER FORGET IT

GREASE

WHO WANTS THEIR HAIR DONE BY A SLOB?

NOW YOUR BANGS ARE CURLED, YOUR LASHES TWIRLED, BUT STILL THE WORLD IS CRUEL WIPE OFF THAT ANGEL FACE AND GO BACK TO HIGH SCHOOL.

(At the end of the song the Teen Angel hands Frenchy a high school diploma, which she uncurls, looks at, crumples up and throws away. The Teen Angel and Choir look on. Frenchy walks away.)

BABY, YA BLEW IT YOU PUT OUR GOOD ADVICE TO SHAME HOW COULD YOU DO IT? BETCHA DEAR ABBY'D SAY THE SAME.

GUESS THERE'S NO WAY TO GET THROUGH TO YOU NO MATTER WHO MAY TRY MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO THAT MALT SHOP IN THE SKY.

(Choir exits and Teen Angel swings off on rope. Frenchy exits. Doody, Kenickie and Sonny come out of Burger Palace as the place is closing. The Guys retrieve their weapons from the trash can.)

Sonny

Looks like they ain't gonna show. They said they'd be here at nine.

Doody

What time is it?

Sonny

(Looking at his watch.) Hey man, it's almost five after... c'mon. let's split.

Kenickie

Give em another ten minutes. Hey, what happened ta Rump?

Sonny

Who cares about Dumbo. Who'da ever thought Zuko'd punk out on us.

Kenickie

Nice rumble! A herd of Flaming Dukes against you, me and Howdy Doody.

Doody

Hey, I heard about this one time when the Dukes pulled a sneak attack by drivin' up in a stolen laundry truck. That really musta been cool.

Sonny

(Suddenly.) Hey, you guys, watch out for a cruisin' laundry truck. (Sonny and Kenickie tense up looking around—Doody stares blankly. Roger comes charging on in a frenzy, with a car antenna in his hand and-shouting.)

Roger

Okay, where are they? Lemme at 'em! (Looking around.) Hey, where's Zuko?

GREASE GREASE

Sonny

Well, look who's here. Where you been, meat ball?

Roger

Hey, cram it moron. My old man made me help him paint the basement, I couldn't even find my bullwhip. I had to bust off an aerial.

Sonny

Ha, whattaya expect to do with that thing?

Kenickie

(*Grabbing Roger's antenna and imitating a news-caster*.) This is Dennis James bringing you the play-by-play of Championship Gangfighting!

Roger

(*Grabbing antenna back.*) Hey, listen, I'll take this over any of those tinker toys!

Kenickie

Oh, yeah? O.K., Rump, how 'bout if I hit' ya over the head with that thing and then I hit ya over the head with my lead pipe and you can tell me which one hurts more — okay?

Roger

Okay. C'mon and get it! C'mon, Kenickie! (He holds out the antenna. As Kenickie reaches for it he lashes the air above Kenickie's head and almost hits Sonny behind him.)

Sonny

Hey, watch it with that thing, Pimple Puss!

Roger

Hey, whatsa matter, LaTierri, afraid ya might get hurt a little?

Sonny

Listen, Chicken Fat, you're gonna look real funny cruisin' around the neighborhood in an iron lung.

Roger

Well, why don'tcha use that thing, then? You got enough rubber bands there to start three paper routes.

Kenickie

(*Grabbing Doody's baseball bat.*) Hey. Rump! C'mon, let's see ya try that again.

Roger

What's a matter, Kenicks? What happened to your big bad pipe? (Sonny, Doody, Kenickie and Roger begin circling. Kenickie knocks antenna out of Roger's hand with bat. Kenickie and Sonny close in on Roger, now defenseless.)

Kenickie

Okay, Rump, how's about mooning the Flaming Dukes? Pants 'im! (Sonny and Kenickie leap on Roger: and get his pants off. Doody helps with the shoes. Sonny and Kenickie run off with Roger's pants as Doody gathers up weapons.)

Doody

Hey, you guys, wait up! (Doody starts to run on, then goes back to hand Roger his antenna. Doody exits.)

Roger

Oh, crap! (Roger stands a moment bewildered, holding antenna and his shoes, then exits disgusted.)

Scene 3

Scene comes up on Greased lightning at the Twilight Drive-In Theatre. Sandy and Danny are sitting alone at opposite ends of the front seat staring straight ahead in awkward silence. Movie music is coming out of a portable speaker. Danny is sipping a quart of beer. Dialogue from the movie begins to come out of the speaker over eerie background music.

Sheila's Voice

It was... like an animal... with awful clawing hands and... and... hideous fangs... oh it was like a nightmare!

Lance's Voice

There, there, you're safe now, Sheila.

Scientist's Voice

Poor Todd. The radiation has caused him to mutate. He's become half-man, half-monster... like a were-wolf

Sheila's Voice

But, doctor... he... he's my brother. And his big stock car race is tomorrow! (A werewolf cry is heard.)

Lance's Voice

Great Scott! It's a full moon! (Silence. Danny stretches, puts arm across Sandy's shoulder. Danny tries to get arm around her. She moves away.)

Danny

Why don'tcha move over a little closer? (Removes arm from across the back of seat.)

Sandy

This is all right.

Danny

Well, can't ya at least smile or somethin'? Look Sandy I practically had to bust Kenickie's arm to get his car for tonight. The guys are really P.O.'ed at me. I mean, I thought we were gonna forget all about that scene in the park with Sonny and Rizzo and everything. I told ya' on the phone I was sorry.

Sandy

I know you did.

Danny

Well, you believe me, don't ya'?

Sandy

I guess so. It's just that everything was so much easier when there was just the two of us.

Danny

Yeah, I know... but... (*Suddenly*.)... Hey, you ain't goin' with another guy, are ya?

Sandy

No. Why?

Danny

(Taking off his high school ring.) Err ... oh, ah. .. nothin' ... well, yeah... uh... ahhh, (Has trouble removing ring - runs ring.through hair, and it comes off.) I — was gonna ask ya' to take my ring. (He holds out the ring.)

Sandy

Oh, Danny... I don't know what to say.

Danny

Well, don'tcha want it?

Sandy

(Smiles shyly.) Uh-huh. (Danny puts ring on Sandy's finger. She kisses him lightly.)

Danny

I should gave it to ya' a long time ago. (*They kiss.*) I really like you, Sandy (*They kiss again. Danny getting more aggressive and. passionate as the kiss goes on.*)

Sandy

Danny, take it easy! What are you trying to do? (Sandy squirms away from him.)

Danny

Whattsa matter?

Sandy

Well, I mean ... I thought we were just gonna—you know—be steadies.

Danny

Well, whattaya' think goin' steady is, anyway? (*He grabs her again*.) C'mon, Sandy!

Sandy

Stop it! I've never seen you like this.

Danny

Relax, will ya, nobody's watchin' us!

Sandy

Danny, please, you're hurting me. (Danny lets go and Sandy breaks away.)

Danny

Whattaya' gettin' so shook up about? I thought I meant somethin'to ya.

Sandy

You do. But I'm still the same girl I was last summer. Just because you give me your ring doesn't mean we're gonna go all the way. (*Sandy* opens the car door, gets out.)

Danny

Hey, Sandy, wait a minute. (Sandy slams car door on Danny's hand.)

Sandy

I'm sorry, Danny ...

Danny

(In pain, falsetto voice.) It's nothing!

Sandy

Maybe we better just forget about it. (Sandy gives Danny his ring back. When he refuses, she leaves it on car hood. She exits.)

Danny

(Yelling.) Hey, Sandy, where you goin? You can't just walk out of a drive-in! (Movie voices are heard again.

Lance's Voice

Look, Sheila! The full moon is sinking behind "Dead Man's Curve." (Danny gets out of car to get ring.)

GREASE

Sheila's Voice

Yes, Lance ... and with it ... all our dreams. (Werewolf howl. Danny sings "ALONE AT A DRIVE-IN MOVIE" with werewolf howls coming from movie and the Burger Palace Boys singing background doo-wops in Danny's mind offstage.)

SONG: "ALONE AT A DRIVE-IN MOVIE

Danny (Sings.)

I'M ALL ALONE AT THE DRIVE-IN MOVIE IT'S A FEELIN' THAT AIN'T TOO GROOVY WATCHIN' WEREWOLVES WITHOUT YOU;

(Offstage wolf howl.)

GEE, IT'S NO FUN DRINKIN' BEER IN THE BACK SEAT ALL ALONE JUST AIN'T TOO NEAT AT THE PASSION PIT, WANTING YOU.

AND WHEN THE INTERMISSION ELF MOVES THE CLOCK'S HANDS WHILE HE'S EATING EVERYTHING SOLD AT THE STAND

(Danny gets into car.)

WHEN THERE'S ONE MINUTE TO GO TILL THE LIGHTS GO DOWN LOW

I'LL BE HOLDING THE SPEAKER KNOBS MISSING YOU SO

I CANT BELIEVE IT -UNSTEAMED WINDOWS I CAN SEE THROUGH MIGHT AS WELL BE IN AN IGLOO 'CAUSE THE HEATER DOESNT WORK, AS GOOD AS YOU

(Lights fade on Danny after song as he drives off in car.)

Scene 4

A party in Jan's basement. Roger and Doody sitting: on barstools singing "ROCK 'N ROLL PARTY QUEEN" accompanied by Doody's guitar. Kenickie and Rizzo are dancing. Sonny and Marty are on couch tapping feet and drinking beer. Frenchy is sitting on floor next to record player keeping time to the music. Jan is swaying to the music. Sandy sits alone on stairs trying to fit in and enjoy herself. Danny is not present.

SONG: "ROCK 'N ROLL PARTY QUEEN"

Doody and Roger

LITTLE GIRL - Y'KNOW WHO I MEAN PRETTY SOON SHE'LL BE SEVENTEEN

THEY TELL ME HER NAME'S BETTY JEAN THE- HA-HA ROCK 'N ROLL PARTY OUEEN

FRIDAY NIGHT AND SHE'S GOT A DATE GOIN' PLACES — JUSTA STAYIN' OUT LATE DROPPIN' DIMES IN THE RECORD MACHINE

PA-PA-PA-PA, OH, NO CAN I HAVE THE CAR TONIGHT? BAY-BA BAY-BEE, CAN I BE THE ONE TO LOVE YOU WITH ALL MY MIGHT (I-YI-YI-YI-YI)

AH-HO-HO, ROCK 'N ROLL PARTY QUEEN.

SHE'S THE GIRL--THAT ALL THE KIDS KNOW TALK ABOUT HER WHEREVER SHE GOES I COULD WRITE A FAN MAGAZINE ABOUT—THAT ROCK 'N ROLL PARTY OUEEN.

BOMP-BA—BOMP-BA-BOMP, YOU SHOULD SEE HER SHAKE TO THE LATEST DANCE BAY-BA BAY-BEE NO, DONT CALL IT PUPPY LOVE DONTCHA WANNA TRUE ROMANCE? (I-YI-YI-YI)

OH ROCK'N' AND AH ROLLIN' LITTLE PARTY QUEEN WE GONNA DO THE STROLL, HEY PARTY QUEEN

GREASE

KNOW I LOVE YOU SO, MY PARTY QUEEN YOU'RE MY ROCKIN' AND MY ROLLIN'... PARTY QUEE-EEN

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 ain't here.

Sandy

No. I'm not! I didn't come here to see him.

Rizzo

No? What'dja come for, then?

Sandy

Uh... because I was invited.

Rizzo

We only invited ya 'cause we needed a record player.

Jan

(Trying to avoid trouble, she motions to Frenchy to come out to the kitchen.) Hey, French!

Frenchy

(Coming over to Sandy and putting her hand on Sandy's arm.) Don't mind her, Sandy C'mon, 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.) Jeez you're really a barrel of laughs tonight, Rizzo... That time of the month?

Rizzo

I wish

Marty

.... No...! (Rizzo shrugs) 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 nothing

Rizzo

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

Roger

O.K. Hey, Dude, let's do that new one by the Twinkletones? (Jan, Frenchy and Sandy come on to hear song.)

Doody and 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 the guy.

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.

Rizzo

Forget it, I don't want any handouts

Frenchy

It ain't so bad, Rizz - you get to stay home from school

Jan

Hey, you want to stay over tonight, Rizz?

Rizzo

Hey you guys, why don't you just flake off and leave me alone? (*There is an awkward silence*.)

Jan

It's getting late, anyway—I guess it might be better if everybody just went home. C'mon let's go! (JAN pushes SONNY DOODY and FRENCHY exit)

Marty

Hey, French... Wait up! (MARTY gets her purse, which is near RIZZO, avoiding eye contact. RIZZO glares viciously at her.)

Roger

See ya, Rizz. (ROGER looks at her a moment and exits)

Sonny

(To JAN) Tell her I didn't mean anything, willya? (He exits. RIZZO begins to clean up)

GREASE

Jan

Just leave that stuff, Rizzo I'll get it

Rizzo

Look it's no bother. I don't mind. (JAN exits. SANDY collects her record player and purse)

Sandy

I'm sorry to hear you're in trouble, Rizzo

Rizzo

Bull! What are you gonna do, give me a whole sermon about it?

Sandy

No. But doesn't it bother you that you're pregnant?

Rizzo

Look, that's my business. It's nobody else's problem

Sandy

Do you really believe that? Didn't you see Kenickie's face when he left here? (Rizzo turns away.) It's Kenickie isn't it. (Awkward pause.) Well, I guess I've said too much already. Good luck, Rizzo (She starts to leave. Rizzo turns and glares at her.)

Rizzo

Just a minute, Miss Goody-Goody! Who do you think you are? Handing me all this sympathy

crap? Since you know all the answers, how come I didn't see Zuko here tonight? You just listen to me, Miss Sandra Dee... (sings)

SONG: THERE ARE WORSE THINGS I COULD DO

Rizzo

THERE ARE WORSE THINGS I COULD DO THAN GO WITH A BOY OR TWO EVEN THOUGH THE NEIGHBORHOOD THINKS I'M TRASHY AND.NO GOOD I SUPPOSE IT COULD BE TRUE BUT THERE'S WORSE THINGS I COULD DO.

I COULD FLIRT WITH ALL THE GUYS SMILE AT THEM AND BAT MY EYES PRESS AGAINST THEM WHEN WE DANCE MAKE THEM THINK THEY STAND A CHANCE THEN REFUSE TO SEE IT THROUGH

I COULD STAY HOME EVERY NIGHT WAIT AROUND FOR MISTER RIGHT TAKE COLD SHOWERS EVERY DAY AND THROW MY LIFE AWAY FOR A DREAM THAT WON'T COME TRUE.

THAT'S A THING I'D NEVER DO.

I COULD HURT SOMEONE LIKE ME OUT OF SPITE OR JEALOUSY I DONT STEAL AND I DONT LIE

BUT I CAN FEEL AND I CAN CRY A FACT I'LL BET YOU NEVER KNEW

BUT TO CRY IN FRONT OF YOU THAT'S THE WORST THING I COULD DO.

(Lights fade out on Rizzo as Sandy exits, crying carrying ,her record player, going into her bedroom. Sandy sits down on her bed, dejectedly. She sings a reprise of "LOOK AT ME, I'M SANDRA DEE.")

SONG: LOOK AT ME, I'M SANDRA DEE-REPRISE

Sandy

LOOK AT ME, THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING MORE THAN WHAT THEY SEE
WHOLESOME AND PURE, ALSO SCARED AND UNSURE
A POOR MAN'S SANDRA DEE
WHEN THEY CRITICIZE AND MAKE FUN OF ME
CAN'T THEY SEE THE TEARS IN MY SMILE?
DON'T THEY REALIZE THERE'S JUST ONE OF ME
AND IT HAS TO LAST ME A WHILE.

(She picks up the phone and dials.) Hello, Frenchy? Can you come over for a while? And bring your make-up case. (She hangs up.)

GREASE

SANDY, YOU MUST START ANEW DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT YOU MUST DO? HOLD YOUR HEAD HIGH TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND CRY GOODBYE TO SANDRA DEE.

Scene 5

Lights come up inside of the Burger Palace. Roger, Doody, Kenickie and Sonny are sitting at counter.

Roger

Hey, you guys wanta come over to my house to watch the Mickey Mouse Club? (*Patty enters in cheerleader costume, dragging pom poms dispiritedly.*) Hey, whattaya say, Mary Hartline? (*Patty ignores them.*)

Sonny

(Loudly.) She ain't talkin'

Doody

Maybe she had a fight with Danny

Kenicky.

Hey, pom-poms! Why don't ya make me a track star too?

Sonny

Nah, get me out on that field. I'm a better broadjumper than Zuko. (*The guys laugh*.)

Patty

(*Turning on them.*) You're disgusting, all of you! You can have your Danny Zuko, you worthless bums.

Roger

Nice talk!

GREASE

Doody

What's amatter? Don't you like Danny anymore?

Patty

As if you didn't know... he quit the track team!

All the Guys

Huh?

Patty

I just found out. The other day the coach asked Danny, perfectly nicely, to get a hair cut. Danny made a shamefully crass gesture and walked off the field

Roger

What's a shamefully crass gesture?

Sonny

He gave him "the finger!" (Guys crack up.)

Roger

What a neat!

Patty

Not only that, before he left the locker room, he... he... smeared Deep Heat in the team captain's athletic supporter. (*The guys double up with laughter. Danny enters. The guys immediately crowd around him.*)

Danny

Hey, you guys!

Kenickie

Hey, Zuko!

Sonny

Whattaya say, Zuke? Where ya been?

Doody

Hi, Danny (Danny stands open-mouthed, bewildered by all the sudden attention. Patty looks on disapprovingly.)

Danny

I guess you got the word, huh?

Roger

Hey, come on, we were just goin' over to my house to watch Mickey Mouse Club.

Danny

(Enthusiastically.) Yeah?

Patty

Danny! I want to talk to you. (Danny motions to guys to be cool for a second as he crosses to Patty)

Danny

Ease off, Patty!

Patty

(Dagger eyes.) It's very important, Danny! (Guys all crowd around Danny again.)

Sonny

Aahh, come on Zuko it'll be neat. Annette's looking better every week!

Danny

(Smiles.) Solid! Later, Patty. (Guys start to leave. Marty, Frenchy, Rizzo and Jan in Pink Ladies jackets enter silently, gesturing the guys to "be cool' as they take up defiant positions. Sandy enters, now a Greasers' Dream Girl! A wild new hair style, black leather motorcycle jacket with silver studs on the back that spell "BIG D," skin light slacks, gold hoop earrings. Yet, she actually looks prettier and more alive than she ever has. She is chewing gum.)

Rizzo

(Aside, to Sandy) Remember, play it cool. (Danny turns and sees Sandy)

Danny

Hey, Sandy! Wow, what a total! Wicked!

Sandy

(Tough and cool.) What's it to ya', Zuko?

Danny

Hey, we was just goin' to check out "The Mouseketeers." How would you like to come along?

Patty

Danny, what's gotten into you? You couldn't possibly be interested in that... that floozy. (Sandy looks to Rjzzo for her next move. Then she strolls over to Patty, studies her calmly, and punches her in the eye. Patty falls.)

Rizzo, Frenchy, Marty and Jan

YAA-AAY!

Patty

Oh, my God, I'm going to have a black eye: (*Patty bawls*.)

Frenchy

(*Opening purse*.) Don't sweat it. I'll fix it up. I just got a job demonstrating this new miracle makeup at Woolworth's.

Danny

Hey, Sandy, you're somethin' else!

Sandy

Oh, so ya' noticed, huh? (She looks him calmly in the eye and walks coolly over to microphone, picks it up, walks back to Danny and then, making classic gesture with right hand striking left inner elbow; her left forearm swings up with mike in hand. Better known as an "up yours" gesture.) Tell me about it, stud!

SONG "THE ONE THAT I WANT"

Danny

I GOT CHILLS
THEY'RE MULTIPLYIN'
AND I'M LOSIN' CONTROL
CAUSE THE POWER YOU'RE SUPPLYIN',
IT'S ELECTRIFYIN'!

Sandy

YOU BETTER SHAPE UP, CAUSE I NEED A MAN AND MY HEART IS SET ON YOU.
YOU BETTER SHAPE UP; YOU BETTER UNDERSTAND TO MY HEART I MUST BE TRUE.

Danny

NOTHIN' LEFT, NOTHIN' LEFT FOR ME TO DO.

Both

YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT (YOU ARE THE ONE I WANT), OOH, OOH, OOH, HONEY.

THE ONE THAT I WANT. (YOU ARE THE ONE I WANT), OOH, OOH, OOH, HONEY.

THE ONE THAT I WANT (YOU ARE THE ONE I WANT WANT), O,O, OOOOO THE ONE I NEED. OH. YES INDEED.

Sandy

IF YOU'RE FILLED WITH AFFECTION YOU'RE TOO SHY TO CONVEY, MEDITATE IN MY DIRECT FEEL YOUR WAY.

Danny

I BETTER SHAPE UP, 'CAUSE YOU NEED A MAN

Sandy

I NEED A MAN WHO CAN KEEP ME SATISFIED.

Danny

I BETTER SHAPE UP IF I'M GONNA PROVE

Sandy

YOU BETTER PROVE THAT MY FAITH IS JUSTIFIED.

Danny

ARE YOU SURE?

Both

YES, I'M SURE DOWN DEEP INSIDE.

YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT.
(YOU ARE THE ONE I WANT WANT), OOH, OOH, OOH, HO
THE ONE THAT I WANT.

GREASE

(YOU ARE THE ONE I WANT WANT), OOH, OOH, OOH, HO THE ONE THAT I WANT (YOU ARE THE ONE I WANT), OOH, OOH, OOH THE ONE I NEED. OH, YES INDEED.

Danny

Hey, I still got my ring! I guess you're still kinda mad at me, huh? (*He holds out his ring*.)

Sandy

Nah. The hell with it! (*They kiss and hug quickly*.)

Roger

(*Crossing to Jan*) Hey, we just gonna stand around here all day? Let's get outta here!

Doody

Yeah, we're missin' "Anything-Can-Happen" Day! (Frenchy joins Doody)

Danny

Yeah, let's cut! You comin', "Big D"?

Sandy

Solid! Hey, Patty, you wanna come?

Patty

Oh. Well, thanks, but I wouldn't want to be in the way.

Sandy

Nah. It don't matter. Right?

Danny

Hell no, c'mon, Patty! (Patty crosses up to door near Danny)

Sonny

(Goes over to Marty) Hey, Marty, did I tell ya I'm gettin' a new Impala?

Marty

Ohh, would you paint my name on it? (Sonny nods "sure" and puts arm around her. They head for door area.)

Rizzo

(Crossing to Kenickie) Hey, Kenickie Turns out I just got my weeks mixed up. Sorry I gave you such a hard time before... (Kenickie puts arm around her as all kids smile and cheer for Rizzo)

Frenchy

Gee the whole crowd's together again. I could cry.

Jan

Gee, me too!

Sandy

Yeah. A wop-baba-lu-bop!

(The kids all have their arms around each other as they sing a one verse reprise of "WE GO

TOGETHER" and then go off dancing and singing.)

GREASE