



SCHOOL VERSION

Book, Music and Lyrics by

**Jim & Warren
Jacobs & Casey**

SAMUEL FRENCH

Blue
wash-full
stage

ACT I

Scene 1

SCENE: Lights come up on the singing of the Rydell Alma Mater. Enter three people: MISS LYNCH, an old maid English teacher who leads the singing; PATTY, a former high school cheerleader and honor student [now a professional married career woman] and EUGENE FLORCZYK, former class valedictorian and honor student [now a vice president of an advertising agency]. There is a large sign trimmed in green and brown behind them that reads: "WELCOME BACK: RYDELL HIGH, CLASS OF '59."

ALL.

AS I GO TRAV'LING DOWN LIFE'S HIGHWAY
WHATEVER COURSE MY FORTUNES MAY FORETELL
I SHALL NOT GO ALONE ON MY WAY
FOR THOU SHALT ALWAYS BE WITH ME, RYDELL

WHEN I SEEK REST FROM WORLDLY MATTERS
IN PALACE OR IN HOVEL I MAY DWELL
AND THOUGH MY BED BE SILK OR TATTERS
MY DREAMS SHALL ALWAYS BE OF THEE, RYDELL

(EUGENE, PATTY and MISS LYNCH enter.)

THROUGH ALL THE YEARS, RYDELL
AND TEARS, RYDELL
WE GIVE THREE CHEERS, RYDELL, FOR THEE
THROUGH EV'RYTHING, RYDELL
WE CLING, RYDELL
AND SING, RYDELL, TO THEE

(As the songs ends, MISS LYNCH introduces EUGENE and then takes her seat.)

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 run 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.)

GREASERS.

I SAW A DEAD SKUNK ON THE HIGHWAY
AND I WAS GOING CRAZY FROM THE SMELL
'CAUSE WHEN THE WIND WAS BLOWIN' MY WAY
IT SMELLED JUST LIKE THE HALLS OF OLD RYDELL
AND IF YOU GOTTA USE THE LUNCH ROOM *TOILET*
AND LATER ON YOU START TO PUKE AND SMELL
WELL YOU HAD BETTER SEE A DOCTOR
'CAUSE YOU GOT MEMORIES OF OLD RYDELL

girls [I CAN'T EXPLAIN, RYDELL, THIS PAIN, RYDELL
IS IT PTOMAIN, RYDELL, GAVE ME?
IS IT T.B. RYDELL? COULD BE RYDELL.
YOU OUGHTTA 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!!!!!!

Scene 2

SCENE: 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, JAN's loaded with food. As each female character enters, she joins the others at one large table.

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

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

JAN. Yeah, Rizzo's coming and Frenchy's bringing that new chick.

MARTY. Huh. You want my coleslaw?

(JAN grabs it.) - *Rizzo Enter SR*

JAN. I'll see if I have room for it.

(RIZZO enters.)

MARTY. Hey, Rizzo, over here!

RIZZO. 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.) *Walking in from USR*

DOODY. Hey, Rump, I'll trade you a sardine for a peanut butter and jelly.

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

(KENICKIE enters.) *USR*

KENICKIE. Hey! Where you at?

ROGER. Hey, Kenickie. What's happening?

DOODY. Hey, Kenickie!

ROGER. Hey, Knicks, where were ya all summer?

KENICKIE. Luggin' boxes at Bargain City

DOODY. WOOOO!

ROGER. Nice Job!

KENICKIE. Hey, cram it! I'm saving up to get me some wheels.

ROGER. You gettin' a car, Knicks?

DOODY. Hey, cool! What kind?

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

ROGER. Oh, nifty!

(ROGER does pig snorts, DOODY laughs, SONNY enters wearing wraparound sunglasses. As he enters, he pulls a class schedule out of his pocket.)

KENICKIE. Hey, whattaya say, Sonny?

SONNY. Drop dead! I got Old Lady Lynch for English again. She hates my guts.

ROGER. Nah, she thinks you're cute, Sonny. *(GUYS laugh.)* That's why she keeps puttin' ya back in her class.

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

KENICKIE. Oh, Yeah?!

SONNY. I'm just not gonna take any of her lip, that's all. I don't take that jive from nobody.

(MISS LYNCH enters.)

MISS LYNCH. What's all the racket out here?

DOODY. Hi, Miss Lynch.

ROGER. Hello, Miss Lynch.

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

SONNY. Yes, Ma'am.

DOODY and ROGER. Yes, Ma'am.

MISS LYNCH. That's a fine way to start the new semester, Mr. LaTierri.

DOODY and ROGER. Mr. LaTierri.

MISS LYNCH. Well? Are you going to stand there all day?

SONNY. No, Ma'am.

DOODY and ROGER. No, Ma'am.

MISS LYNCH. Then move!

(LYNCH exits)

SONNY. Yes, Ma'am.

DOODY and ROGER. Yes, Ma'am.

ROGER. I'm sure glad she didn't give you any "lip," Son. You would have really told her off, right?

SONNY. Shaddup!

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

MARTY. 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 chick hangin' 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. Come on, sit down. *- Sandy sits*

RIZZO. How long you been livin' around here?

SANDY. Since July. My father just got transferred here.

JAN. You gonna eat your coleslaw, Sandy?

SANDY. It smells kinda funny.

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

JAN. How do you 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 ya' 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. *(Offstage.)* Hi kids!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

RIZZO. Look who's comin. Patty Simcox, the little Lulu of Rydell High.

ALL. Oh no!!!!!!!!!!!!!! There is a fungus among-gus.

(PATTY enters in cheerleader outfit.)

PATTY. Well, don't say hello.

RIZZO. We won't.

PATTY. Is there room at your table?

MARTY. 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. 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. Thanks.

MARTY. Aaaaaaaahhh, shoo-oot!

PATTY. Goodness gracious.

RIZZO. Oooo. Naughty-naughty. What was that all about?

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

Jan. Oh! Are you gonna eat that?
(Lights fade on GIRLS, come up on GUYS on the steps.)

DOODY. Hey, ain't that Danny over there?

SONNY. Where?

DOODY. HEY, DANNY! WHATCHA DOIN?

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

DANNY. *(Crossing to GUYS, carrying books and lunch bag.)*

Hey, you guys, what's shakin'?

DOODY. Where ya been all summer, Danny?

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

KENICKIE. Hey, didja meet any new chicks?

DANNY. Nah.

ALL. Come on, Zuko *(Adlibs.)*

DANNY. Just met this one that was sorta cool, ya know?

ALL. Oh, yeah. *(Adlib nods and giggles.)*

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

SONNY and GUYS. Sure we do! Let's hear a little!

(Miscellaneous adlibs. GUYS join in playfully mauling 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 down at the beach.

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

RIZZO. Yeah, if you 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.)

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 BE

BOTH.

SUMMER DAY, DRIFTING AWAY, TO

UH-OH, THOSE SUMMER NIGHTS.

GUYS.
TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE,
C'MON LET'S HEAR THE DIRT!
GIRLS.
TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE
MARTY.
DOES HE DRIVE A CONVERT?
DANNY.
TOOK HER BOWLING, IN THE ARCADE
SANDY.
WE WENT STROLLING, DRANK LEMONADE
DANNY.
WE TOLD JOKES UNDER THE DOCK
SANDY.
WE STAYED OUT TILL TEN O'CLOCK
BOTH.
SUMMER FLING, DON'T 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.
SHE GOT FRIENDLY, OUT ON THE SAND
SANDY.
HE WAS SWEET, JUST TURNED EIGHTEEN
DANNY.
SHE WAS SHARP, LIKE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN
BOTH.
SUMMER HEAT, BOY AND GIRL MEET,
THEN UH-OH, THOSE SUMMER NIGHTS!
GIRLS.
TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE
JAN.
HOW MUCH DOUGH DID HE SPEND?

GUYS.
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 DOING NOW?
BOTH.
SUMMER DREAMS, RIPPED AT THE SEAMS,
BUT, UH-OOH! THOSE SUMMER NIGHTS!
GIRLS and GUYS.
TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE - OR- ORE!!!!!!!!!!!!

(Lights stay up on both groups after song.)

PATTY. Gee, he sounds wonderful, Sandy.
DOODY. She really sounds cool, Danny.
RIZZO. This guy sounds like a drip.
KENICKIE. She Catholic?
JAN. What if we said that about Danny Zuko?
SONNY. Hot stuff, huh, Zuker?
SANDY. Did you say Danny Zuko?
DANNY. I didn't say that, Sonny!
RIZZO. Hey, was he the guy?
DOODY. Boy, you get all the "neats!"
SANDY. Doesn't he go to Lake Forest Academy?
KENICKIE. She doesn't go to Rydell, does she?
MARTY. That's a laugh!
SONNY. Too bad, I bet she'd go for me.
PATTY. Listen, Sandy, forget Danny Zuko. I know some really nice 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.

(RIZZO nudges MARTY in the ribs.

Lights go down on the lunchroom, GIRLS cross toward GUYS on steps.)

MARTY. Well, speaking of the devil!

SONNY. 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 toward DANNY.)

SANDY. *(Nervous.)* Hello, Danny!

DANNY. *(Uptight.)* Oh, hi. How are ya?

SANDY. Fine.

DANNY. Oh yeah ... I ugh ... thought you were goin' to Immaculata.

SANDY. I changed my plans.

DANNY. Yeah! Well, that's cool. I'll see ya around. Let's go you guys!

(He pushes GUYS out.)

JAN. *(Picking up DANNY's brown paper lunch bag.)* 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 be just us girls.

JAN. Yeah, those guys are all a bunch of creeps.

(DANNY returns for his lunch. JAN is eating his apple.)

RIZZO. Yeah, Zuko's the biggest creep of all!

(RIZZO, seeing DANNY, exits. Other GIRLS follow pulling SANDY off with them.)

Scene 3

→ Scene Change #2
SCENE: School bell rings and class change begins. GREASERS, PATTY and EUGENE enter, go to lockers, 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. Hey, that's pretty good.

DOODY. *(Hitting each chord badly.)* Then I know an A Minor, and an F, and I've been working 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. *(Pulling out instruction book.)* ... "Magic Changes" by Ronny Dell..... *(He sings off-key.)*

C-C-C-C-C-C

A-A-A-A MINOR

F-F-F-F-F-F

G-G-G-G SEVEN

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-C

A-A-A-A MINOR

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 BEFORE
BUT IF I DON'T 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
DON'T 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 KNOW
BEEN SO LONESOME SINCE YOUR LAST GOODBYE
BUT I'M SINGING AS I CRY-Y-Y
WHILE THE BASS IS SOUNDING
WHILE THE DRUMS ARE POUNDING
BEATING OF MY BROKEN HEART
WILL CLIMB TO FIRST PLACE ON THE CHART
OH HH, MY HEART ARRANGES
OH HH, THOSE MAGIC CHANGES

C-C-C-C-C
A-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.)

Scene 4

"Scene Change
#3"

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 RADIO 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.)

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.

FRENCHY. Hey, Marty, you got a needle around?

MARTY. Hey, how about my circle pin?

SANDY. Uh ... maybe ... uh

(MARTY reaches for her Pink Ladies jacket, takes off "circle pin")

and hands it to FRENCHY.)

FRENCHY. Hey, would ya hold still!

(FRENCHY begins to pierce SANDY's ears. SANDY yelps.)

MARTY. 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. Aaawww! We miss all the fun!

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.

(SANDY exits slowly.)

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!

(FRENCHY exits.)

RIZZO. That chick's getting to be a real pain.

JAN. Ah, lay off, Rizzo

SANDY. (Offstage.) Urghhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!

RIZZO. What was that?

FRENCHY. (Running back into room.) Hey, Marty, Sandy's sick. She's heavin' all over the place.

JAN. Ja do her ears already?

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

MARTY. (Making a big show of putting on a gaudy kimono.) Jeez, it's getting kinda chilly. I think I'll put my robe on.

JAN. Hey, Marty. Wher'dja get that thing?

MARTY. Oh, you like it? It's from Japan. This guy I know sent it to me.

FRENCHY. No kiddin'!

MARTY. He's a Marine. And, a real doll too!

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

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 get this kimono. Oh yeah, and look what else!

(MARTY pulls out ring.)

ALL. AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

FRENCHY. Jeez! Engaged to a Marine!

RIZZO. Endsville.

JAN. What's this guy look like, Marty?

FRENCHY. Ya 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 girlfriend was in the picture.

JAN. What's this guy's name anyway?

MARTY. Oh! It's Freddy. Freddy Strulka.

JAN. Strulka. Is that Polish?

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?

Lighting—full stage
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 LOVE,
FREDDY MY LOVE.

DON'T 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 NIFTIE
YOU SAY IT COST YOU FIFTY
SO YOU'RE THRIFTY
I DON'T MIND

FREDDY YOU'LL SEE, YOU'LL HAVE ME IN YOUR ARMS
SOMEDAY
AND I'LL BE HOLDING MY BRIDAL BOUQUET
THINKING ABOUT IT, MY HEART'S POUNDING ALREADY
KNOWING WHEN YOU COME HOME WE'LL START GOING
STEADY
AND THROW YOUR SERVICE PAY AROUND LIKE CONFETTI

FREDDY MY LOVE,
FREDDY MY LOVE, FREDDY MY LOVE, FREDDY MY LOVE,
FREDDY MY LOVE, FREDDY MY LOVE, FREDDY MY LOVE,
OOH, OOH, OOH, OOH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
FREDDY MY LOOOOOOOVE!!!!!!!!!!

RIZZO.
FREDDY MY LOVE, FREDDY MY LOVE, FREDDY MY LOVE

(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

SCENE: Guys come running on out of breath, and carrying flashlights 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, what idiot would put brand new hubcaps on some old, beat-up jalopy?!

DANNY. Probably some real tool!

(A car horn is heard.)

SONNY. Hey, here comes that car we just hit! Ditch the evidence!

(GUYS run, dropping hubcaps. SONNY tries to scoop them up as KENICKIE drives on in "Greased Lightning.")

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

DANNY. Hey, it's Kenickie!

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

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

KENICKIE. Whattaya mean? This is "Greased Lightning."

(All the GUYS jaws drop.)

ROGER. What? You really expect to pick up chicks in this sardine can?

KENICKIE. *(Shakes fist.)* Hey, right here, Rump! Wait till I give it a paint job and soup up the engine—she'll work like a champ.

DANNY. Ladies and gentlemen, the one and only "Greased Lightning!"

Song: "GREASED LIGHTNIN"

KENICKIE.
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'M GONNA PEEL OUT
 IN GREASED LIGHTNIN'

KENICKIE and GUYS.
 GO, GREASED LIGHTNIN', YOU'RE BURNING UP THE
 QUARTER MILE
 (GREASED LIGHTNIN', GO GREASED LIGHTNIN')
 GO, GREASED LIGHTNIN', YOU'RE COASTIN' THROUGH THE
 HEAT-LAP TRIALS
 (GREASED LIGHTNIN', GO GREASED LIGHTNIN')
 YOU ARE SUPREME
 THE CHICKS'LL SCREAM
 FOR GREASED LIGHTNIN'

KENICKIE.
 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 AIN'T BRAGGIN', SHE'S A REAL DRAGGIN'
 WAGON.
 GREASED LIGHTNIN'!

KENICKIE and GUYS.
 GO, GREASED LIGHTNIN', YOU'RE BURNIN' UP THE
 QUARTER 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 SCREAM
 FOR GREASED LIGHTNIN'!

(As song ends, RIZZO enters.)

RIZZO. What the heck is that ugly lookin' thing?!

KENICKIE. This is "Greased Lightnin'" Ain't it cool?

RIZZO. Yeah. About as cool as a garbage truck. Out! *(RIZZO opens the passenger door, shoving GUYS out.)* Hey Danny, I just left your girlfriend over at Marty's house, heavin' all over the place.

DANNY. Whattaya' talkin' about?

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

KENICKIE. Be cool, you guys.

DANNY. Hey, you better tell that to Rizzo!

(Sirens sound.)

KENICKIE. The Fuzz! 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.)

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 startled look.*) Hey, what happened to your ear?

SANDY. (*She turns her head downstage so that the audience sees the big white Band-Aid on her ear.*) 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've could've been a little nicer to me in front of your friends.

DANNY. Are you kiddin'!? You don't know those guys! I mean.... (*Awkward pause*) Listen, if it was up to me. I'd never even look at any other chick but you. 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.

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 cheerleader outfit.*) HIIIIiiii, 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! 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 in front of a bunch of lame-brain 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! I won a Hully-

Gully contest at the "Teen Talent" record hop.

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

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

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. Oh, I can't wait!

DANNY. Solid. I'll see ya there, baby doll.

(*DANNY exits.*)

PATTY. Toodles! Ooohh, I'm so excited, aren't you?

SANDY. Come on, let's practice!!!!!!

(*Twirling batons, SANDY just missing PATTY'S head with each swing.*)

SANDY, PATTY and 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, FIGHT, TEAM FIGHT

CHEW 'EM UP — SPIT 'EM OUT

FIGHT TEAM, FIGHT

(*SANDY and PATTY exit doing majorette march step.*)

Scene 7

SCENE: A deserted section of the park. JAN and ROGER on picnic table. RIZZO and KENICKIE 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. 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, French, when do ya start beauty school?

FRENCHY. Next week. I can hardly wait. No more dumb books and boring 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.

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. Drop dead!

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

SONNY. Yeah. Yeah, like Ricky Nelson really knows you exist.

(*FRENCHY sticks her tongue out at SONNY.*)

MARTY. Hey, Danny, how do I look as a college girl?

DANNY. (*Pulling her letterman sweater.*) Boola-Boola

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

DANNY. Oh, yeah. Wait'll ya see me wearin' one of those things. I tried out for the track team today.

MARTY. Are you serious? With those bird legs?

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

ROGER. WHUP, WHUP, WHUP.... WOAHH WHUP, WHUP, WHUP.... WAOH.

DANNY. Hey, better hobby than yours. Rump.

ALL. Rump, Rump, Rump, Rump.

JAN. How come you never get mad at those guys?

ROGER. Why should I?

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

GUYS. Rump, Rump, Rump, Rump.

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

GUYS. Rump, Rump, Rump, Rump.

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. I mean ... y'know what I mean.

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

JAN. You do?

Song: "MOONING"

ROGER.

I SPEND MY DAYS JUST MOONING

SO SAD AND BLUE

I SPEND MY NIGHTS JUST MOONING

ALL OVER YOU.

JAN.

ALL OVER WHO?

ROGER.

OH, I'M SO FULL OF LOVE

AS ANY FOOL CAN SEE
'CAUSE ANGELS UP ABOVE HAVE HUNG A MOON ON ME.
I'LL STAND BEHIND YOU MOONING
FOR EVERMORE

JAN.

FOR EVERMORE

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. Hey, Danny, there's that chick you know.

(SANDY and EUGENE enter. EUGENE wearing Bermuda shorts and argyle socks. They both have fishnet bags with leaves. RIZZO and KENICKIE 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 Coke?

SANDY. No, thanks, I can't stay.

DANNY. Oh yeah? Then whattaya doin' hangin' around?

SANDY. I just came out to collect some leaves for biology.

SONNY. There's some really neat yellow ones over by the drainage canal. Come on, I'll show you.

(SONNY grabs SANDY and goes offstage.)

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

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

RIZZO. Sure, Zuko, every day now! Ya mean you ain't told 'em?

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

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

KENICKIE. That's 'cause you never stop flappin' your gums!

DANNY. Hey, cool it, huh?

RIZZO. Shut up Kenickie or you're gonna get a knuckle sandwich.

KENICKIE. Oh, I'm really worried, scab!

RIZZO. Okay, you creep!

(She pushes him off bench and they fight on ground.)

ROGER and DOODY. Fight! Fight! Yaaayy! *(Etc.)*

(Various adlibs from GUYS and GIRLS: "Fight!" "What's happening?" "Crazy!" "Jeez" ... etc.)

DANNY. *(Separating them.)* Come on, cut it out! What a couple of fruitcakes!

RIZZO. Well, he started it!

KENICKIE. Man, what a yo-yo! Make one little joke, the chick goes tutti-fruitti!

DANNY. *(Glaring at RIZZO and KENICKIE.)* Cool it!

DOODY. Jeez, nice couple.

(There is an uncomfortable pause onstage as the kids hear VINCE FONTAINE on radio.)

VINCE'S VOICE. ... 'cause tomorrow night yours truly, the main-brain, 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 Mr. T.N.T. himself, Johnny Casino and the Gamblers. So, make it a point to stop by the joint, Rydell High, 7:30 tomorrow night.

RIZZO. Hey, Danny, you going to the dance tomorrow night?

DANNY. I don't think so.

RIZZO. No? Aww, 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 routine too. Right, you guys?

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

RIZZO.

LOOK AT ME, I'M SANDRA DEE
GODDESS OF ALL PURITY
WON'T BE MISLED
TRUST MY HEART, USE MY HEAD
I MUST, I'M SANDRA DEE
I DON'T LIE OR SWEAR
I DON'T RAT MY HAIR
I GET ILL AT THE SIGHT OF BLOOD
WELL, I DON'T CARE ...
IF YOU THINK I'M SQUARE
FAIL IN SCHOOL
MY NAME WOULD BE MUD

(SANDY and SONNY enter, hearing the last part of the song. SONNY is behind her.)

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

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

(SONNY and ROGER hold RIZZO.)

SANDY. 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 cheap in front of your friends. I don't know why I ever liked you, Danny Zuko!

(SANDY runs off in tears. DANNY starts after her ... gives up.)

DANNY. Sandy!!!!!!!!!!!! *(Slowly turning to the others— Pause.)* 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? Yeah, sure, Roge!

DOODY. Hey, French?

FRENCHY. Yeah?

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.

SONNY. Hey, Kenickie, how 'bout givin' me a ride tomorrow, and I'll pick us up a couple of dames 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. Right you guys!

(They yell offstage.)

ALL GUYS. Hey, Eugene!

(MARTY starts to chase DANNY, hitting him with magazine.)

*Song: "WE GO TOGETHER"***ALL.**

WE GO TOGETHER, LIKE
 RAMA-LAMA-LAMA, KA-KINGA DA DING-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-DO
 WOP-SHE-BOP
 CHANG CHANG-A CHANGITTY CHANG SHOO BOP
 WE'LL ALWAYS BE LIKE ONE (WHAA-WHA-WHA-
 WHAAAAAH)

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-AH-OVE!

(Riff chorus.)

WE'RE FOR EACH OTHER, LIKE
 A WOP BABA LU MOP AHH WOP BAM BOOM!
 JUST LIKE MY BROTHER, IS
 SHA NA NA NA NA NA YIPPITY DIP DE DOOM
 CHANG CHANG-A 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 II****Scene 1**

VINCE FONTAINE'S RADIO VOICE. Hey, it's the Main Brain Vince Fontaine. Got my umbrella 'cause it's starting to rain. If it's cloudy and blue where you are too, 'cause the boy you love doesn't love you. Here's one for the lonely from your one and only. Yep. It's Raining on Prom Night.

(Lights come up and SANDY, in her bathrobe, is revealed in her bedroom. She turns up the volume on radio.)

Song: "IT'S RAINING ON PROM NIGHT"

(Song comes on radio. SANDY sings lead vocal with the FEMALE RADIO VOICE in harmony.)

RADIO VOICE.

I WAS DEPRIVED OF A YOUNG GIRLS DREAM
 BY THE CRUEL FORCE OF NATURE FROM THE BLUE ...

SANDY.

INSTEAD OF A NIGHT FULL OF ROMANCE SUPREME
 ALL I GOT WAS A RUNNY NOSE AND ASIATIC FLU
 IT'S RAINING ON PROM NIGHT
 MY HAIR IS A MESS
 IT'S RUNNING ALL OVER MY TAFFETA DRESS
 IT'S RAINING, AND STAINING
 MY WHITE SATIN PUMPS
 AND MASCARA FLOWS, RIGHT DOWN MY NOSE
 I'M DOWN IN THE DUMPS
 I DON'T EVEN HAVE MY CORSAGE, OH GEE
 IT FELL DOWN THE SEWER WITH MY SISTER'S ID

(SANDY talks verse while RADIO VOICE continues to sing.)

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 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 the lead.)

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 the song ends "Shakin' at the High School Hop" begins. Lights fade out on SANDY and come up on the high school dance. The couples are: DANNY and RIZZO, JAN and ROGER, FRENCHY and DOODY. MISS LYNCH is overseeing the punchbowl. MARTY is alone and SONNY is in the corner. JOHNNY CASINO, with guitar, on bandstand.)

Song: "SHAKIN' AT THE HIGH SCHOOL HOP"

JOHNNY CASINO and ENSEMBLE:

WELL, HONKY-TONK BABY, GET ON THE FLOOR
ALL THE CATS ARE SHOUTIN', THEY'RE YELLIN' FOR MORE
MY BABY LIKES TO ROCK, MY BABY LIKES TO ROLL
MY BABY DOES THE CHICKEN AND SHE DOES THE STROLL
WELL THEY SHAKE IT
OH, SHAKE IT
YEAH, SHAKE IT
EVERYBODY SHAKIN'
SHAKIN' AT THE HIGH SCHOOL HOP

GIRLS.

WELL, WE'RE GONNA ALLEY-OOOP ON BLUEBERRY HILL

GUYS.

HULLY-GULLY WITH LUCILLE, WON'T BE STANDING STILL

GIRLS.

HAND-JIVE BABY

ALL.

DO THE STOMP WITH ME
I CHA-LYPSO, DO THE SLOP, GONNA BOP WITH MR. LEE
WELL, THEY SHAKE IT
OH, SHAKE IT
YEAH, SHAKE IT,
EVERYBODY'S SHAKIN'
SHAKIN' AT THE HIGH SCHOOL HOP

SHAKE, ROCK AND ROLL
ROCK, ROLL AND SHAKE
SHAKE, ROCK AND ROLL
ROCK, ROLL AND SHAKE
SHAKE, ROCK AND ROLL
SHAKIN' AT THE HIGH SCHOOL HOP

(DANCE BREAK.)

SHAKE, ROCK AND ROLL
ROCK, ROLL AND SHAKE
SHAKE, ROCK AND ROLL
ROCK, ROLL AND SHAKE
SHAKE, ROCK AND ROLL
SHAKIN' AT THE HIGH SCHOOL HOP

(At the end of "Shakin'" the KIDS cheer and yell.)

VINCE. (Enters and grabs microphone.) Alright, Johnny Casino and the Gamblers! I've had a request for a slow one. How about it, Johnny Casino?

JOHNNY CASINO. Okay, Vince, here's a little number I wrote called "Enchanted Guitar."

VINCE. And don't forget, only ten more minutes 'til the big Hand-Jive dance contest. So, if you've got a steady, get her ready.

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

DANNY. Maybe, if nothing better comes along.

RIZZO. Drop dead!

ROGER. OW!

GREASE

JAN. Sorry.

ROGER. Why don'tcha let me lead for a change?

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

FRENCHY. 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.)

PATTY. Danny! Danny!

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

PATTY. How did the track tryouts go?

DANNY. I made the team.

PATTY. Oh, wonderful!

RIZZO. Hey, Zuko, I think she's tryin' to tell ya somethin'! Go on, dance with her. You ain't doin' me no good.

DANNY. Hey, Eugene, 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. Whattaya say, Fruit Boots?

(Music tempo changes to cha-cha. KENICKIE and CHA-CHA DeGREGORIO enter.)

CHA-CHA. Jeez, 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.

(The song ends and KIDS cheer. JOHNNY CASINO looks for VINCE

GREASE

FONTAINE on the dance floor.)

JOHNNY CASINO. Hey, Vince any more requests?

VINCE. Yeah, play anything!

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

PATTY. *(Still dancing with DANNY.)* 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? Whatta you 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 half-way 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. Nah. I had to go to Egypt to pick up a date.

RIZZO. You feel like dancin'?

KENICKIE. Crazy.

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

RIZZO. Yeah, see ya around the Bookmobile.

(KENICKIE and RIZZO dance off.)

VINCE. *(Doing the cha-cha with MARTY.)* I'm Vince Fontaine. Do your folks know that I come into your room every night??? Over WAXX, that is! *(VINCE laughs.)* 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.

DOODY. *(Pointing at 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. I thought she was one of the cafeteria ladies.

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. 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, you can hold me a little tighter. I won't bite cha.

(*CHA-CHA grabs EUGENE in a bear hug. Music ends and KIDS applaud.*)

JOHNNY CASINO. Thank you. This is Johnny 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. Excuse me, it was very nice meeting you.

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

EUGENE. (*Crosses to PATTY.*) Patty, you promised to be my partner for the dance contest, remember?

PATTY. That's right. I almost forgot.

(*EUGENE pulls her away.*)

DANNY. Hey, Rizzo. I'm ready to dance with you now.

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

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

CHA-CHA. (*She crosses over.*) Yeah? Whattaya want?

DANNY. Are you kiddin' me?

KENICKIE. How'dja like to dance this next one with Danny Zuko?

CHA-CHA. The big wheel of the Burger Palace Boys. I didn't even know he saw me here.

DANNY. I didn't!

(*Other GUYS laugh.*)

JOHNNY CASINO. Okay, alligators, here it is. The big one the Hand Jive Dance Contest. (*KIDS cheer.*) Let's get things under way by bringing up our very own Miss Lynch.

(*KIDS react.*)

MISS LYNCH. Thank you, Clarence. (*CROWD starts laughing and yelling.*) Whenever you're finished. Before we begin, I'd like to welcome you all to "Moonlight in the Tropics." And I think we all owe a big round of applause to Patty Simcox and her committee for the wonderful decorations.

(*Mixed reaction from CROWD.*)

EUGENE. Yay, Patty!

MISS LYNCH. Now, I'm sure, you'll be glad to know that I'm not judging this dance contest. (*Few KIDS cheer.*) All right. I'd like to present Mr. Vince Fontaine. Mr. Fontaine? Mr. Fontaine?

VINCE. 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: 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.*) 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 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
THE DOCTOR LAUGHED WHEN MA LAID DOWN
WITH HER STOMACH BOUNCIN' ALL AROUND
'CAUSE A BE-BOP STORK WAS 'BOUT TO ARRIVE
AND MAMA GAVE BIRTH TO THE HAND-JIVE

I COULD BARELY WALK WHEN I MILKED A COW
WHEN I WAS THREE I PUSHED A PLOW
WHILE CHOPPIN' WOOD I'D MOVE MY LEGS
AND STARTED DANCIN' WHILE I GATHERED EGGS
TOWN FOLK CLAPPED, I WAS ONLY FIVE
HE'LL OUT DANCE 'EM ALL, HE'S A BORN "HAND-JIVE"

(DANCE BREAK.)

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

(DANCE BREAK.)

NOW, CAN YOU HAND-JIVE, BABEEEEEEEEEEEE??!!
OH, CAN YOU HAND-JIVE, BABY?
OH YEAH, OH YEAH, OH YEAH.

JOHNNY CASINO and COMPANY.
BORN TO HAND-JIVE, OH YEAH!!!!!!!

MISS LYNCH. (Out of breath on bandstand.) My Goodness!

Well, we have our winners. Will you step up here for your prizes. Daniel Zuko and

CHA-CHA. Cha-Cha DiGregorio

MISS LYNCH. Uh Cha-Cha DiGregorio.

CHA-CHA. They call me Cha-Cha 'cause I'm the best dancer at St. Bernadettes.

RYDELL KIDS. Boooooooooooooo!

MISS LYNCH. Oh that's very nice. Congratulations to the both of you, and here are your prizes: Two free passes to the Twilight 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!

RYDELL KIDS. YEAH! YAY! etc.

VINCE. Last dance, ladies choice.

(Band plays slow instrumental. 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.)

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 boots.

KENICKIE. Hey, Sonny, what Cracker-Jack box ja' get that zip gun out of, anyway?

SONNY. What do you mean, I made it in shop. Hey, what's shakin', French? You get out of beauty school already?

FRENCHY. Oh I cut tonight. Those beauty teachers they got workin' 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 scuzzy chick I took to the dance?

DOODY. Godzilla!

DOODY and KENICKIE. (*Imitating EUGENE and CHA-CHA dancing.*) "One-two-Cha-Cha-Cha!"

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

KENICKIE. If he did, he musta been makin' a bug collection for Biology.

FRENCHY. (*Seeing DANNY.*) Hey, look ain't that Danny?

DOODY. Hey, Danny!

FRENCHY. What's he doing in his underwear?

(*DANNY enters in a white track suit carrying a relay race baton.*)

DOODY. That's a track suit! Hi ya, Danny.

KENICKIE. Whoa, Zuko! Where do you keep your "Wheaties?"

DANNY. Ha, ha! Big joke!

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

DANNY. What time?

KENICKIE. 9:00.

DANNY. Nice play! I got field training 'til 9:30.

KENICKIE. Can't you sneak away, man?

DANNY. Not a chance! The coach'd give me a boot in the keyster.

SONNY and KENICKIE. 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 garbage.

DANNY. Why? Whattaya care? Look, I gotta cut. I'm in the middle of a race right now. See ya later.

(*DANNY starts off.*)

SONNY. You got "the hots" for that cheerleader or somethin'? (*DANNY stops, turns head and stares SONNY down. DANNY exits.*)

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

KENICKIE. Jeez, next thing ya' know he'll be gettin' a crew cut!

DOODY. Nah. He'd look neater with a flat top!

FRENCHY. Yeah, with a D.A. in the back and some Brillcreme going through it. "A little dab'll do ya!"

KENICKIE. Hey Frenchy, you better scram. Before you get hurt.

FRENCHY. (*Looking at DOODY.*) I am getting kinda hungry.

(*DOODY nods and motions for her to go inside the Burger Palace. She exits.*)

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.*) It's almost five after c'mon let's split.

KENICKIE. Give 'em time, they'll be here. Hey, whatever happened to Rump?

SONNY. Who cares about Tubby? Who'da ever thought Zuko'd punk out on us.

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

ROGER. (*Charging on with car antenna in hand.*) OHHHHHHH, KAY! Where the heck are they? Hey, where's Zuko?

SONNY. Well, look who's here. Where you been, Pizza Face?

ROGER. Hey, right here, Rum-Dum! My old man made me help him paint the stupid basement. I couldn't even find my bullwhip. I had to bust off an aerial.

KENICKIE. Ha, whattaya expect to do with that thing?

ROGER. Oh yeah, Kenickie. I'll take this over any of those Tinker Toys!

(*He lashes the air above KENICKIE's head, almost hitting SONNY behind him.*)

SONNY. Hey, watch it with that thing, Pimple Puss!

ROGER. Hey, whatsa matter, LaTierri, afraid you might get hurt

a little?

SONNY. Listen, Blubber Boy, 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'sa matter, Kenicks? What happened to your big bad pipe? Huh!? Huh!?

KENICKIE. No Sonny, don't shoot! (*ROGER turns and KENICKIE knocks the antenna from his hand.*) Okay, Rump, how's about mooning the Flaming Dukes? Pants 'em!

(*Miscellaneous adlibs! Hoots and hollers! "Get 'em!" etc. 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 off, then goes back to hand ROGER his antenna. DOODY exits.*)

FRENCHY. (*Walks out of Burger Palace and sees ROGER in loud silly boxer shorts. She screams.*) AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

ROGER. (*Turns and in embarrassment runs off after GUYS.*) AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

FRENCHY. Jeez! What am I gonna do? I mean, I can't just tell everybody I dropped out of beauty school. I can't get a job in the Burger Palace. Not with those guys always hangin' 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 you 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.)

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

(*Scrim rises slowly with music as a spotlight bumps on TEEN ANGEL and the heavenly CHORUS.*)

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 IT'S SUCH A BOTHER
BUT NO CUSTOMER WOULD GO TO YOU

UNLESS IT WAS YOUR FATHER
 BABY, DON'T SWEAT IT
 YOU'RE NOT CUT OUT TO HOLD A JOB
 BETTER FORGET IT
 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 verse 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.)

Scene 3

SCENE: Scene comes up on Greased Lightning at the Twi-Light Drive-In Theatre. SANDY and DANNY are sitting alone wearing 3-D glasses at opposite ends of the front seat staring straight ahead in awkward silence. Movie music is coming out of a portable speaker. Dialogue from the movie begins to come out of the speaker over eerie background music.

GIRL'S VOICE. It was like an animal with awful clawing hands and and hideous fangs oh, it was like a nightmare!

HERO'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 werewolf.

SHEILA'S VOICE. But, doctor, he ... he's my brother. And his big stock car race is tomorrow!

(Werewolf howl.)

HERO'S VOICE. Great Scott! It's a full moon!

DANNY. *(Removing his glasses.)* Why don'tcha move over a little closer?

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 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? *(Pause.)* Hey, you ain't goin' with another guy, are ya?

SANDY. No. Why?

DANNY. Err ... oh, ah ... nothin' well, yeah.... *(DANNY tries to take off his ring.)* I was gonna ask ya to take my ring.

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

DANNY. Well, don'tcha want it?

SANDY. Uh-huh.

(He puts it on her finger. She kisses him on the cheek.)

DANNY. All right! *(Beeps car horn.)* I shoulda gave it to ya' a long time ago. I really like you, Sandy.

(He attempts to kiss her on the lips.)

SANDY. Danny, take it easy! What are you trying to do?

DANNY. Whattsa' matter?

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

DANNY. Well, whattaya' think going steady is, anyway? C'mon Sandy!

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

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 you can do whatever you want.

(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 tries to give DANNY his ring back. When he refuses, she leaves it on car's hood. She exits.)

DANNY. Hey, Sandy, where you goin'? You can't just walk out of a drive-in!

HERO'S VOICE. Look Sheila! The full moon is sinking behind "Dead Man's Curve."

(DANNY gets out of car to get ring.)

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** offstage singing background doo-wops in **DANNY's** mind.)

Song: "ALONE AT A DRIVE-IN MOVIE"

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

(Offstage howls.)

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

WHEN THERE'S ONE MINUTE TO GO
TILL THE LIGHTS GO DOWN LOW
I'LL BE HOLDING THE SPEAKER KNOBS
MISSING YOU SOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT
UNSTEAMED WINDOWS I CAN SEE THROUGH
MIGHT AS WELL BE IN AN IGLOO
'CAUSE THE HEATER DOESN'T WORK
AS ... GOOD ... AS ... YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!

OFFSTAGE GUYS.
BABY, COME BACK !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(Lights fade on DANNY as he drives off in car.)

Scene 4

SCENE: 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 the couch tapping feet and drinking Cokes. **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 QUEEN

FRIDAY NIGHT AND SHE'S GOT A DATE
GOIN' PLACES—JUSTA STAYIN' OUT LATE
DROPPIN' DIMES IN THE RECORD MACHINE
AH-HO-HO, ROCK 'N ROLL PARTY QUEEN.

PA-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)

OH ROCKIN' AND AH ROLLIN' LITTLE PARTY QUEEN
WE GONNA DO THE STROLL, HEY PARTY QUEEN
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. Aah, come on! You ain't takin' your record player already! The party's just getting' started.

RIZZO. Yeah, she's cuttin out because 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' because we needed a record player.

JAN. (*Trying to avoid trouble, motions to FRENCHY.*) Hey, French!

FRENCHY. Don't mind her, Sandy. C'mon. Let's go help Jan fix the food.

MARTY. Man, you're really a barrel of laughs tonight, Rizzo. What's buggin' you, anyway?

RIZZO. Huh? Ah, never mind ... it's a long story. (*Awkward pause.*) Hey, what happened to the music? Why don't you guys sing another song?

ROGER. O.K. Hey, hey, back by popular demand! Doody, let's do that new one by the Tinkletones.

DOODY and ROGER.
EACH NIGHT I CRY MYSELF TO SLEEP
THE GIRL I LOVE IS GONE FOR KEEPS

OOO-WA OOO-OOO-WA

(*SANDY crosses with record player.*)

RIZZO. Hey! Just a minute, Miss Goody-Two-Shoes! Where do you think you're going? (*SANDY looks around frightened then exits. RIZZO shouts after her.*) Hey, how come I didn't see Zuko here tonight?! You listening, Miss Sandra Dee.....?!

(*Lights fade out on party. Lights up on SANDY.*)

Song: "LOOK AT ME, I'M SANDRA DEE" (Reprise)

SANDY.
LOOK AT ME, THERE HAS TO BE
SOMETHING MORE THAN WHAT THEY SEE
WHOLESONE 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

(*FRENCHY enters light.*)

Hey, French? Can you come over to my house for awhile? And bring your makeup case, O.K.?

(*Lights down on FRENCHY.*)

**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**

(*On last line of song she pulls the ribbon from her pony-tail and shakes her hair down.*)

Scene 5

SCENE: Lights come up inside of the Burger Palace. ROGER, DOODY, KENICKIE and SONNY are sitting at the counter.

ROGER. Hey, you guys wanna come over to my house and watch the Mickey Mouse club?

(PATTY enters in cheerleader costume dragging pom poms dispiritedly.)

KENICKIE. Hey, it's little Miss Pom-Poms! Why don't ya make ME a big track star too?

SONNY. Nah, get me out on that field—by the cheerleaders—I got WAY better moves than Zuko.

PATTY. You're disgusting, all of you!

(DANNY enters in letterman sweater, he wears horn-rimmed glasses.)

DANNY. Hey, you guys!

SONNY. Whoa! Look at this!

DOODY. Hi ya, Danny!

KENICKIE. Zuko what happened to you?!!!!!!!

DANNY. Wadda ya mean? I think I look cool! Right?

GUYS. *(Not convinced.)* Right.

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

DANNY. Cool. Let's go.

PATTY. Danny, you look wonderful!!

(DANNY is momentarily distracted by PATTY.)

ROGER. Ahh, come on Zuko! Nobody's home.

DANNY. 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 Greaser's "Dream Girl." A wild new hair style, black leather motorcycle

jacket with silver studs on the back that spell "BIG D," skin-tight slacks, gold hoop earrings. Yet, she actually looks prettier and more alive than she ever has.)

RIZZO. Remember, play it cool.

DANNY. Hey, Sandy! Wow, what a total! Wick-ed!

SANDY. What's it to ya, Zuko?

DANNY. Hey, we were 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 RIZZO for her next move. Then she strolls over to PATTY, studies her calmly, and punches her in the eye. PATTY falls.)

PINK LADIES. YAA-AAY!

PATTY. Oh, my God, I'm going to have a black eye!

FRENCHY. *(Opening her purse.)* Don't sweat it, Patty. I'll fix it up. I just got a new job, demonstrating this miracle make-up at Woolworth's.

DANNY. Hey, Sandy, you're somethin' else!

SANDY. Oh, so ya' noticed, huh? Tell me about it ... Big Boy!

Song: "ALL CHOKED UP"

DANNY.

WELL, I FEEL SO STRANGE

WELL, UPON MY WORD

NOW MY BRAIN IS REELING

AND MY EYESIGHT'S BLURRED

I TREMBLE A LOT

I'M NERVOUS AND I'M HOT

UH-HUH! I'M ALL CHOKED UP

THERE'S A FIRE ALARM WAILIN' IN MY HEAD

AND MY CIRCULATION SAYS CONDITION RED

I'M IN A COLD SWEAT

MY T-SHIRTS ALL WET

UH-HUH! I'M ALL CHOKED UP

PINK LADIES.
NOW LISTEN HERE

SANDY.
SO YOU'RE SPINNIN' ROUND IN A DIZZY SPELL
IT'S A SITUATION I KNOW PRETTY WELL
YEAH, I'VE BEEN THERE TOO
SO I FEEL FOR YOU
UH-HUH! I'M ALL CHOKED UP!

OH, BABY, TAKE IT SLOW AND DON'T COMPLAIN
MY POOR HEART JUST CAN'T STAND THE STRAIN
HEY, I CAN CURE YOUR DISEASE
LET'S HEAR YOU SAY PRETTY PLEASE
AND TAKE YOUR MEDICINE DOWN ON YOUR KNEES!

DANNY.
OH, BABY, TAKE MY RING 'CAUSE YOU'RE MY MATCH

SANDY.
WELL, I STILL THINK THERE'S STRINGS ATTACHED

DANNY.
YOU'RE WRITIN' MY EPITAPH

SANDY.
WELL THAT'S JUST TOUGH AND A HALF

DANNY.
YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME DIE!

SANDY.
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!

DANNY and SANDY.
WELL, I MIGHT FORGIVE WHAT YOU PUT ME THROUGH
CAUSE I DO BELIEVE YOU REALLY LOVE ME TOO
I LOOK IN YOUR EYES
THE SUFFERING DIES
UH-HUH! I'M ALL CHOKED UP

ALL KIDS.
HEY, HEY, HEY, YEAH
I'M ALL CHOKED UP

DANNY and SANDY.
HEY, HEY, HEY, YEAH
I'M ALL CHOKED UP

EVERYBODY.
HEY, HEY, HEY, YEAH
I'M-ALL-CHOKED-UP!!!!!!!!!!!!!! OW!

DANNY. Hey, Sandy, I still got my ring! I guess you're still kinda mad at me, huh?

SANDY. Nah. Forget about it! Gimme that thing!

(They hug quickly.)

ROGER. Hey, we just gonna stand around here all day? Let's get outta here!

DOODY. Yeah, we're missin' "Anything Can Happen" Day!

SONNY. Hey, Marty, did I tell ya I'm gettin' a new Impala?

MARTY. Ohh, would you paint my name on it?

(SONNY nods "sure." He puts his arm around her.)

RIZZO. Hey, Kenickie, can we stop by the Dairy Queen? How's about a little party? Black Cows all around. My treat!

SANDY. Hey, Patty, you wanna come?

PATTY. Well, thanks, but I wouldn't want to be in the way. Plus, I don't really have a date.

DANNY. Hey, I know just the guy. Right you guys!

ALL. Hey, Eugene!

EUGENE. *(Entering in black leather motorcycle jacket with his hair in a greased-up pompadour.)* A-wop-ba-ba-lu-bop!

ALL. A Wop-Bam-Boom!

(The kids all have their arms around each other as they sing a reprise of "We Go Together" and then go off dancing and singing.)

CURTAIN