

SCENE 1 – Reunion (deleted)

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 career woman] and **EUGENE FLORCZYK**, former class valedictorian and honor student [now a vice-president of an agency]. There is a large sign trimmed in green and brown behind them that reads: “WELCOME BACK: RYDELL HIGH, CLASS OF ’59.”

Song # 1 RYDELL ALMA MATER (plus underscore) ...

...

AND SING, RYDELL, TO THEE.

As the song 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.) **EUGENE (CONT’D):** 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.)

Song #2 Alma Mater Parody

GREASERS : I SAW A DEAD SKUNK ON THE HIGHWAY

SCENE 2 – Rydell High Cafeteria (or Exterior)

SCENE: The **GREASERS** leave 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 table. Roger & Doody go to the other table. Spotlight is on girls.

JAN: Jeez, I wish it was still summer. Gee, 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 coming, and Frenchy's bringing that new chick. Hey Marty. Who'd ya get for economics? Old man Drucker?

MARTY: Yeah. What a drag. He keeps making passes.

JAN: For real? He never tried nothing with me.

MARTY: Huh. You want my coleslaw?

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.

Light fades on the girls, comes up on **ROGER** and **DOODY**.

DOODY: Hey, Rump, I'll trade you a sardine for a liver sausage.

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

DOODY: Naw. This is a fresh can. My ma just opened it this morning.

ROGER: You mean your old lady dragged her carcass out of bed for you?

DOODY: Sure she did. She does it every year on the first day of school.

(**Kenickie** enters)

KENICKIE: Hey! Where you at?

ROGER: Hey, Kenickie. What's happening?

DODDY : Hey, Kenickie!

ROGER : Hey, Knicks, where were ya' all summer?

KENICKIE : What are you the FBI? I was Luggin' boxes at WT Grants.

DODDY : 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.

ROGER: Hey, whattaya say, Sonny?

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

ROGER : Nah, she got the hots for you, Sonny. 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 : Yeah. I'm just not gonna take any of her crap, that's all. I don't take that crap from nobody.

(**MISS LYNCH** enters)

LYNCH : What's all the racket out here?

DOODY : Hi, Miss Lynch.

ROGER : Hi, Miss Lynch. Did ya have a nice summer?

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

SONNY : Yes, Ma'am.

DOODY AND ROGER : Yes, Ma'am.

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

DODDY AND ROGER : (mumble) Mr. LaTierri

LYNCH: Well? Are you just going to stand there all day?

SONNY : No, ma'am.

DOODY AND ROGER. : No, ma'am

MISS LYNCH : Then move!

SONNY : Yes, Ma'am.

DOODY AND ROGER: Yes, Ma'am.

(**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 guys and up again on girls

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: Great. 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 (to Sandy) Come on Sandy, sit down. Hey Marty. Those new glasses?

MARTY: Yeah. They make me look smarter.

RIZZO: Nah, we can still see your face.

MARTY: How'd ya like rice pudding down your bra?

JAN: I'll take it.

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 that boys could see up my dress in the reflection.

MARTY: Swear to God?

JAN : Hey, where do I get shoes like that?

MARTY : Aaaaaahhh, son of a bee!

PATTY : Goodness gracious!

RIZZO : Oooo. Naughty-naughty. 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.

DODDY : Hey, ain't that Danny over there?

SONNY : Where?

DOODY : (Yells.) HEY, **DANNY!** WHATCHA DOIN'?

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

(**DANNY** enters, carrying books and lunch bag.)

DANNY : 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 broads?

DANNY : Nah.

ALL : Come on, Zuko...

DANNY : Well. I met this one chick that was sorta cool, ya know?

ALL : Oh, yeah.

(Adlib nods and giggles)

DANNY : You don't want to hear any of the mushy details, anyway.

SONNY AND GUYS : Sure we do! Let's hear a little!

GUYS join in playfully mauling **DANNY** as the lights fade on them and come back up on the **GIRLS**.

SANDY: I spent most of my 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 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 come up on both guys and girls

Song #3 Summer Nights

DANNY : SUMMER LOVIN'! HAD ME A BLAST

...

BOYS AND GIRLS : TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE

JAN : Gee, he sounds wonderful, Sandy

DODDY : 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?

DODDY : Boy, 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.

(Confidentially.)

JAN : 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.

GIRLS cross toward **GUYS** on steps.

MARTY : Well, speaking of the devil!

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

MARTY : (Pushing **SONNY** away.) Not you, greaseball! Danny!

RIZZO : Yeah. We got a surprise for ya'.

PINK LADIES shove **SANDY** toward **DANNY**.

(Surprised and nervous.)

SANDY : Hi, Danny!

DANNY : Oh hi, How are ya?

SANDY : Fine!!!

DANNY: I... uh... thought you were goin' to Immaculata.

SANDY : I changed my plans.

DANNY : Yeah! Well, that's cool. I'll see ya' around. Come on guys, let's go.

Pushes GUYS out, drops lunch and leaves.

FRENCHY: Hey Danny. Where do you know her from?

DANNY: Just a friend of the family.

JAN: (Picking up **DANNY**'S 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, why don't you guys come over to my house tonight? It'll be just us girls.

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

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

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

RIZZO exits. **OTHER GIRLS** follow pulling **SANDY** off with them.

Fontaine voice: Welcome back to the hours of wax, the big 15. We are playing the best and you can forget the rest. We're trying a newcomer from Memphis Tenn. The young and talented Elvis Presly. He'll never get anywhere with a name like that.

SCENE 3 – Lockers/Corridor

SCENE: School bell rings and class change begins. **GREASERS** 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?

ALL : Sure! Yeah!

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 #4 Those Magic Changes

C-C-C-C-C A-A-A-A MINOR F-F-F-F-F G-G-G-G SEVEN C-C-C-C-C A-A-A-A MINOR F-F-F-F-F G-G-G-G SEVEN

...

ZHOOT DOO WAH BOM

THE CHARTS

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.

Fontaine voice: Hey, It's the main brain, Vince Fontaine, spinning the stacks of wax, here at the house of **WAX**. That's **W A X X**. Cruising time at 10:46 here. 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—so listen in while I give it a spin! Oh yeah.

SCENE 4 – PAJAMA PARTY

SCENE: A pajama party in **MARTY'S** bedroom. **MARTY, FRENCHY, JAN** and **RIZZO** are in pink 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.

(Ricocheting bullet SFX.) Radio fades. **FRENCHY** is looking at a fan magazine that has a big picture of Fabian.

RIZZO: Hey Frenchie. Loan me a ciggy butt, will ya?

MARTY: Me too while ya got the pack out.

FRENCHY: Here Marty. And Rizzo.

RIZZO: Thanks.

FRENCHY: Ya want one Sandy?

SANDY: No thanks, I don't smoke.

FRENCHY: Ya don't. Did ya ever try it? Aint gonna kill ya.

SANDY: No but...

MARTY: (with bottle) Hey, we need some glasses.

RIZZO: Just drink it out of the bottle. We aint got cooties.

MARTY: Kinda sweet. I think I like Thunderbird better.

JAN: Hey. I brought Twinkies. Anyone want one?

MARTY: Twinkies and wine? That's real class Jan.

JAN: Hey. (looking at bottle) It says right here. It's a dessert wine.

RIZZO: Hey. (takes bottle) Sandy didn't get any wine.

SANDY: Oh. No thanks I don't want any.

RIZZO: I'll bet you never had a drink before either.

SANDY: No. Sure I did. I had some Champagne at my cousin's wedding once.

RIZZO: Ring a ding ding.

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 and 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.

LORI : Aaaww! 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.

RIZZO: How long are we supposed to play baby sitter for her?

SANDY : (Offstage) Urghhhhhhhhhhh!!!!

RIZZO : What was that?

FRENCHY : (Running back into the 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 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. 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 got this kimono. Oh yeah, and look what else! (**MARTY** pulls out a ring). AHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

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.)

MARTY: Oh, here he 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?

Song #6 Freddy My Love

FREDDY, MY LOVE,

...

last few bars of song the **GIRLS** fall asleep one by one.

SCENE 5 – Garage

SCENE: GUYS come running on out of breath, and carrying flashlights and two hubcaps. **DANNY** has tire iron.

SONNY: Check out these hubcaps. They must be worth at least 5 beans.

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, as **KENICKIE** drives on in “Greased Lightning.”

DANNY: Hey, it's Kenickie!

KENICKIE: All right, put those things back on the car, dip-stick!

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”!

“Whats” and puzzled looks go up from GUYS.

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: (Looking at car and picking up mike.) Ladies and gentlemen, the one and only “Greased Lightning!” Driving guitar begins playing.

KENICKE: This car can be automatic, systematic, hydromatic. Why it's greased lightning.

Song #8 Greased Lightning

KENICKIE

I'LL HAVE ME OVERHEAD LIFTERS AND FOUR BARREL QUADS, OH,
YEAH

...

LIGHTNIN', LIGHTNIN', 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.)

RIZZO: Hey, Danny! I just left your girlfriend 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!

Siren sounds.

KENICKIE : The fuzz! You guys better get ridda those hubcaps.

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

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

KENICKIE drives off. Siren sounds again. All GUYS exit.

SCENE 6 – School exterior (deleted)

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 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.

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

SANDY : I'd love 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 Pom Poms and wearing cheerleader outfit.) HIIIIiiiiii, Danny! Oh, don't let me interrupt. Sandy, why don't you go Pom Pom for a while.

(Taking **DANNY** aside.) I've been dying to tell you something. You know what I found out after you left my house the other night? My mother thinks you're cute.

(To **SANDY**.) He's such a lady-killer.

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

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

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

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

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 : Of what? 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?

(To **PATTY**, Pom Poming.)

DANNY : Stop that! (Thinking a moment.) I won a Hully-Gully contest at the "Teen-Talent" record hop.

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

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

SANDY : Oh really, 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, baby doll.

DANNY exits.

PATTY Toodles! (Elated, turns to **SANDY**.) Ooohh, I'm so excited, aren't you?

SANDY : Come on, let's practice.

They sing Rydell Fight Song, twirling Pom Poms,

Song #11 Rydell Fight Song

SANDY & PATTY

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.

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

SCENE 7 – School

SCENE.: **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 WAXX, our second half. (Cuckoo SFX.) 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 brand new group discovered by Alan Freed. Turn up the sound and stomp on the ground. Ohhh, yeah!!!

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: What’dja remind me for? Now I gotta go to confession. (He takes another bite of the cheeseburger).

JAN: Well, I can eat anything I want. That’s the nice thing about bein’ a Lutheran.

ROGER: Yeah, that’s the nice thing about bein’ Petunia Pig.

JAN: Drop Dead!!

(**SONNY** grabs magazine from **FRENCHY**)

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 : (Wearing extra-large college letterman sweater and modeling for Danny.) 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 a funny imitation of DANNY as a gung-ho track star)

ROGER : WHUP, WHUP, WHUP...WOAH WHUP, WHUP, WHUP...WAOH.

DANNY: Hey, better hobby than yours, Rump.

ALL : 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!

ALL: Rump, Rump, Rump.

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

ALL: 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?

(Seriously.)

Song #12 - Mooning

...

(Loudly.)

DOODY: Hey, Danny, aint that the chick you know?

(**SANDY** enters with leaves. **RIZZO** and **KENICKIE** sit up to look.)

(**SONNY** crosses to **SANDY**.)

SONNY: Hey, Sandy. What's shakin'? How 'bout a beer?

SANDY: (Giving **DANNY** a look.) 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 your face has been stuck to mine all night!

DANNY : Hey, cool it, huh?

RIZZO : Shup up Kenickie, or you're gonna get a knuckle sandwich.

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

RIZZO : O.K., you creep! (She pushes him off bench and they fight.)

ROGER AND DOODY : Fight! Fight! Yaaayy!

DANNY : (Separating them.) Come on, cut it out!

(**RIZZO** and **KENICKIE** stop fighting and glare at each other.)

DANNY: What a couple of fruitcakes!

RIZZO: Well, he started it.

KENICKIE: Man, what a yo-yo! Crack 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 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? 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 routine, too. Right, you guys?

#13 Look At Me I'm Sandra Dee

RIZZO

LOOK AT ME, I'M SANDRA DEE - LOUSY WITH VIRGINITY

...

(SONNY and SANDY enter at end of song)

I'M SANDRA DEE!

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

SANDY: Listen, just who do you think you are? I saw you making fun of me.

(they fight)

RIZZO: 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 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!!!!!! (Turning to the others - Pause.) Weird chick! 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, are you still allowed to go to the dance, now that you quit school?

FRENCHY : Yeah. I guess so. Why?

DOODY : Oh... Ahh, nothin'... I'll see ya' there. (he leaves)

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

(Pause. Yells offstage.)

ALL: YEAH!! Hey, **EUGENE!**

Song #14 - We Go Together Payout

END OF ACT I

----- Revision History -----

Revision

Initial	Initial conversion from pdf file
1	put script on same line as speaker (shorten from 85 pages to 56)
2	adjust script to match Manville play
3	remove songs
4	adjust script to match Hauppauge play (Manville play removed from YouTube), separate acts
5	Eliminate Patty and Eugene, add section breaks, misc fixes