

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, sits apart from the others.

FRENCHY is looking at a fan magazine that has a big picture of Fabian.

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*). AAAH!!!!!!

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. 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,

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.

JAN: 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!!!

Song #13 - Look At Me I'm Sandra Dee

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

...

SANDY enters near end of song

SANDY: You makin fun of me Riz?

RIZZO: Some people are so touchy

lights off

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

Revision

6 Move *Freddy* part to beginning, add *Look At Me I'm Dandra Dee*