

GREASE

Book, music and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey
had its premiere performance February 14, 1972
at the Eden Theatre, New York City.
It was presented by Kenneth Waissman and Maxine Fox
in association with Anthony D'Amato.

Cast

(in order of appearance)

Miss Lynch.....Dorothy Leon
Patty Simcox.....Ilene Kristen
Eugene Florczyk.....Tom Harris
Jan.....Garn Stephens
Marty.....Katie Hanley
Betty Rizzo.....Adrienne Barbeau
Doody.....James Canning
Roger.....Walter Bobbie
Kenickie.....Timothy Meyers
Sonny LaTierri.....Jim Borrelli
Frenchy.....Marya Small
Sandy Dumbrowski.....Carole Demas
Danny Zuko.....Barry Bostwick
Vince Fontaine.....Don Billett
Johnny Casino.....Alan Paul
Cha-Cha DiGregorio.....Kathi Moss
Teen Angel.....Alan Paul

Musical Supervision and Orchestrations by Michael Leonard

Musical Direction/Vocal and Dance Arrangements by Louis St. Louis

Scenery by Douglas W. Schmidt

Costumes by Carrie F. Robbins

Lighting by Karl Eigsti

Sound by Jack Shearing

Production Stage Manager Joe Calvin

Musical Numbers and Dances Staged by Patricia Birch

Directed by Tom Moore

*Revisions to the original play
written expressly for this version by
Jim Jacobs*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES AND MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

Scene 1: Reunion	
"Alma Mater"	Miss Lynch, Patty and Eugene
"Alma Mater" Parody	Pink Ladies and Burger Palace Boys
Scene 2: Cafeteria and School Steps	
"Summer Nights"	Sandy, Danny, Pink Ladies and Burger Palace Boys
Scene 3: School	
"Those Magic Changes"	Doody, Burger Palace Boys and Pink Ladies
Scene 4: Pajama Party	
"Fredly, My Love"	Marty and Pink Ladies
Scene 5: Street Corner	
"Greased Lightnin'"	Kenickie and Burger Palace Boys
Scene 6: Schoolyard	
Scene 7: Park	
"Mooning"	Roger and Jan
"Look At Me, I'm Sandra Dee"	Rizzo
"We Go Together"	Pink Ladies and Burger Palace Boys

ACT II

Scene 1: Sandy's Bedroom and School Gym	
"It's Raining on Prom Night"	Sandy and Girl's Radio Voice
"Shakin' at the High School Hop"	Johnny Casino and Company
"Born to Hand-Jive"	Johnny Casino and Company
Scene 2: In Front of the Burger Palace	
"Beauty School Dropout"	Teen Angel and Chorus
Scene 3: Drive-In Movie	
"Alone at a Drive-In Movie"	Danny and Burger Palace Boys
Scene 4: Jan's Party	
"Rock 'n Roll Party Queen"	Doody and Roger
"Look At Me, I'm Sandra Dee"	
Reprise	Sandy
Scene 5: Inside the Burger Palace	
"All Choked Up"	Sandy, Danny, Pink Ladies and Burger Palace Boys
Finale	
"We Go Together" Reprise	Company

CHARACTERS

DANNY: The leader of the "Burger Palace Boys." Well-built, nice-looking, with an air of cool, easy-going charm. Strong and confident.

SANDY: Danny's love interest. Sweet, wholesome, naive, cute, like Sandra Dee of the "Gidget" movies.

THE PINK LADIES: The club-jacketed, gum-chewing, hip-swinging girls' gang that hangs around with the Burger Palace Boys.

RIZZO: Leader of the Pink Ladies. She is tough, sarcastic and outspoken but vulnerable. Thin, Italian, with unconventional good looks.

FRENCHY: A dreamer. Good-natured and dumb. Heavily made-up, fussy about her appearance—particularly her hair. She can't wait to finish high school so she can be a beautician.

MARTY: The "beauty" of the Pink Ladies. Pretty, looks older than the other girls, but betrays her real age when she opens her mouth. Tries to act sophisticated.

JAN: Chubby, compulsive eater. Loud and pushy with the girls, but shy with boys.

THE BURGER PALACE BOYS: A super cool, D.A.-haired, hard-looking group of high school wheeler-dealers ... or so they think.

KENICKIE: Second-in-command of the Burger Palace Boys. Tough-looking, tattooed, surly, avoids any show of softness. Has an off-beat sense of humor.

DOODY: Youngest of the guys. Small, boyish, open, with a disarming smile and a hero-worshipping attitude toward the other guys. He plays the guitar.

ROGER: The "anything-for-a-laugh" stocky type. Full of mischief, half-baked schemes and ideas. A clown who enjoys putting other people on.

SONNY: Italian-looking with shiny black hair and dark, oily skin. A braggart and wheeler-dealer who thinks he's a real lady-killer.

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS

PATTY: A typical cheerleader at a middle-class American public high school. Attractive and athletic. Aggressive, sure of herself, given to bursts of disconcerting enthusiasm. Catty, but in an All-American Girl sort of way. She can twirl a baton.

CHA-CHA: A blind date. Slovenly, loud-mouthed and homely. Takes pride in being "the best dancer at St. Bernadette's."

EUGENE: The class valedictorian. Physically awkward, with weak eyes and a high-pitched voice. An apple-polisher, smug and pompous but gullible.

VINCE FONTAINE: a typical "teen audience" radio disc jockey. Slick, egotistical, fast-talking. A veteran "greaser."

JOHNNY CASINO: A "greaser" student at Rydell who leads a rock 'n roll band and likes to think of himself as a real rock 'n roll idol.

TEEN ANGEL: A good-looking, falsetto-voiced Fabian-look-alike. A singer who would have caused girls to scream and riot back in 1958.

MISS LYNCH: An old maid English teacher.

GIRL SINGER: sings "IT'S raining ON Prom Night"

Act 1

Scene 1

Stage curtains are closed. In front of curtain is a podium and a banner reading "Welcome Back: Rydell High, Class of '59". House lights are on as Eugene Florczyk, former class valedictorian and honor student (now in advertising) and Patty Simcox Honeywell, former high school cheerleader (now a professional married career woman) walk in from the back of the house. They interact with the audience members as if the audience is the class of '59, saying things like: 'Oh look, the cheerleaders are here', Didn't I sit behind you in Algebra 2? We were in Mr. Jones' 3rd period gym class together – you were the best in class for pull-ups' 'Yes, Miss Lynch is going to be here' etc... After chatting with the audience they go on stage to the podium.

Patty. (*waving and beaming*) Hello class of '59. Could you join me in calling our very own Miss Lynch to the stage? On the count of three I want everyone to say 'Good Evening Miss Lynch!' Ready...one,two,three, 'Good Evening Miss Lynch!' Wonderful! But remember, Miss Lynch's hearing isn't what it used to be. Let's try that again one more time, really loud, as if you were shouting across the football field. One, two, three...'Good Evening Miss Lynch!'

(*Miss Lynch enters from the center curtain, walks to podium. Patty and Eugene lead audience in clapping madly.*)

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-hooters" Unlimited, Research and Marketing.

Patty. Thank you Miss Lynch. Everyone, please look in your programs and you'll see the words to the Rydell High School Song. Can you have them in the air so that I know everyone has them? Great!

(*Rydell High Chorus enters from stage left and stands in group formation ready to sing*)

Please join the Rydell High Chorus in a rousing rendition of the school song.

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 through my bed be silk or tatters
My dreams shall always be of thee, Rydell

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.

Miss Lynch: Weren't they just wonderful. Such talented young people.

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 bells rings – "Chuck Berry" guitar run is heard. Greasers run in creating havoc, one throws paper airplane at Miss Lynch, one pinches Patty, one does a Three Stooges slapstick number with Eugene's tie. Choir flees the stage; Miss Lynch, Eugene, Patty leave stage also. Greasers push podium off stage. Curtain opens on the parody of the school song)

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
AND LATER ON YOU START TO PUKE AND SMELL
WELL YOU HAD BETTER SEE A DOCTOR
'CAUSE YOU GOT MEMORIES OF OLD RYDELL

I CAN'T EXPLAIN, RYDELL, THIS PAIN, RYDELL
IS IT PTOMAINÉ, 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.)

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.)

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.)

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, Kenicks?

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!

BENC#

(Lights fade on 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.

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. Aaaaaaahhh, 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.

(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

I met a girl crazy for me

Sandy

Met a boy cute as can be

Both

Summer days driftin' away, to those oh summer nights

Guys

well-a well-a omm

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

She swam by me, she got a cramp

Sandy

He ran by me, got my suit damp

Danny

Saved her life, she nearly drowned

Sandy

He showed off, splashing around

Both

Summer sun, something's begun, then oh-oh those summer nights

Girls

Uh well-a well-a well-a huh

Tell me more, tell me more

Frenchy

Was it love at first sight?

Guys

Tell me more, tell me more

Kenickie

Did she put up a fight?

Everyone

Uh-huh-uh-huh-uh-huh-uh-huh

Danny

Took her bowling in the arcade

Sandy

We went strolling, drank lemonade

Danny

So we kissed under the dock

Sandy

We stayed out 'till ten o'clock

Both

Summer fling, don't mean a thing, but oh-oh those summer nights

Guys

Woh who oh. Tell me more, Tell me more.

Sonny

But you don't gotta brag

Girls

Tell me more, tell me more

Rizzo

Cos he sounds like a drag

Everyone

shoo-bop bop, shoo-bop bop, shoo-bop bop,shoo-bop bop, shoo-bop

bop, shoo-bop bop, shoo-bop bop, YEH

Sandy

He got friendly, holding my hand

Danny

While she got friendly out on sand

Sandy

He was sweet, just turned eighteen

Danny

She was sharp making the scene

Both

Summer heat, boy and girl meet, then uh-oh those summer nights

Girls

woo, woo, woo

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

BothSummer dreams ripped at the seams,
bu-ut oh, those su-ummer nights....**Everyone**

Tell me more, tell me more!

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. *(Upright.)* Oh, hi. How are ya?

SANDY. Fine.

DANNY. Oh yeah ... I ... ough ... 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.)

(BELL RINGS) School bell rings and class change begins. GREASERS, PATTY and EUGENE enter, go to lockers, get books, etc. DANNY sees DOODY with guitar.

SONNY: Hey, Doody, where 'dja get the guitar?

DOODY: I just started takin' lessons this summer.

SONNY: Can you play anything on it?

DOODY: Sure. *(He fumbles with the frets and strikes a sour cord)*

That's a "C". *(Doody sits and waits for approval.)*

GIRL 1: 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.

GIRL 2: Hey! Can you play "Tell Laura I love Her"?

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

SONNY: Hey, common. Let's hear a little, Elvis.

DOODY: How about "Magic Changes" by Ronny Dell.....

C c-c-c-c-c

A a-a-a-a Minor

F f-f-f-f-f

G G-G-G-G Seven

SONNY: That's terrific.

DOODY: Thanks – want to hear it again?

ALL: Sure! Yeah! *(Etc....)*

(DOODY starts to sing and other GIRLS sing along like rock 'n roll, 'doo-wop' group backing him up as he waddles to become 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-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 WANNA HEAR
AS ONCE AGAIN YOU WHISPER IN MY EAR, "MY DARLIN'."

* (REPEAT OF CHORUS)

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
OHHH, MY HEART ARRANGES
OHHH, THOSE MAGIC CHANGES

C-C-C-C-C-C
A-A-A-A MINOR
F-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: 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,
10-10. (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.) Urghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!

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 a cordion picture folder drops to floor.) Oh, here it is ... next to Paul Auka.

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: "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.

Freddy you know your absence makes me feel so blue.
That's ok though your presents make me think of you.
My mom will have a heart attack when she catches,
Those petal pushers with the black leather patches.
Oh how I wish I had a jacket that matches.

Freddy my love, Freddy my love, Freddy my love, Freddy my love.
Don't keep your letters from me, I thrill to every line.
Your spellings kinda crummy, but honey, so is mine.
I treasure every gift, the ring is really nifty.
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 a lovely brides bouquet
Thinking about it, my heart's pounding already
Knowing when you come home we're bound to go steady
And throw your service pay around like confetti

Freddy my love,
Freddy my love, Freddy my love, Freddy my love,
Freddy my love, Freddy my love, Freddy my love,
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
Freddy may 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. **IT WAS A JOKE - GET IT !?!**

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'll be really peelin' 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')
 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'!

DANCE BREAK

* REPEAT

(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!

(Off stage, angry man's voice yelling:

"Hey, what happened to my car? WHERE'S THAT NO-GOOD SON OF MINE!")

KENICKIE: My dad! You guys better hide those hubcaps!

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

(The boys grab the hubcaps and start running off stage)

KENICKIE: Oh no, they're not. I "borrowed" 'em from my dad's car!

(As the boys run off, "Dad" with Tshirt & suspenders charges across stage yelling:

"Hey, come back here!")

"Greased Lightnin'" music as lights go down, come up on 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* *TIME for PRACTISE girls..*
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 Hulley-

Hulley 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 jocks.

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! Oooohh, 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
FEAR '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?

(GUESS 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!

GUESS. Rump, Rump, Rump, Rump.

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

GUESS. 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 ... (gestures vaguely to her rear end) Wow, that's pretty raunchy!

ROGER. Nah, it's neat! I even mooned Old Lady Lynch once. I bump one on her right out the car window. And she never even knew what 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, 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 ages up above, have hung the moon on me
Jan
Why must you go
Roger
why must I go on mooning, so all alone
Jan
so all alone
Roger
There would be no
Jan
there would be no
Jan & Roger
more mooning,
Roger
if you would call me
Jan
up on the phone
Roger
I guess I'll keep on striking poses, till my cheeks have lost their roses,
Jan & Roger
Mooning over you,
Roger
I'll stay behind you
Jan
you'll stay behind me
Roger
mooning forevermore
Jan
mooning forevermore
Roger
Someday you'll find
Jan:
someday I'll find
Jan & Roger
me mooning
Roger
at your front door
Jan
at my front door
Roger
Oh, everyday at school I watch ya, always will until I got cha
Jan & Roger
Mooning too
Roger
there's a moon up 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. Jh ... why don't I wait for you with dad in the station wagon.

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 her your feelings?

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

RIZZO: What's that crack supposed to mean?

DANNY: Hey, cool it, huh?

RIZZO: Shut up Kenickie or you're gonna get it.

KENICKIE: Oh, I'm really worried.

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

RIZZO. Well, he started it!

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

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

DOODY. Jeez, nice couple.

Uncomfortable pause. VINCE FONTAINE's voice comes on radio

VINCE'S VOICE. ... 'cause tomorrow night yours truiy, the gym 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 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?

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

Watch it! Hey I'm Doris Day
I was not brought up that way
I know who's boss,
Even Rock Hudson lost
His heart to Doris Day

I don't lie (no) or swear (no)
I don't rat my hair
I hang out with a clean living set)
Clear your filthy mind
Cause I'm pure and kind
Would you pull that stuff with Annette?

As for you Troy Donahue,
I know what you wanna do
You got your nerve
I'm not dating a perv
I can't I'm Sandra Dee

No, no, no, Sal Mineo
I would never stoop so low,
Please keep you 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.

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.)* Would 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 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
 from 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
 he can't love you. Here's one for the lonely from your one and only.
 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"***Radio Voice**

I was deprived of a young girl's 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 wilting and quilting,
 on my maiden form.
 And mascara flows right down my nose
 because of the storm
 I don't even have my corsage, oh gee
 It fell down a sewer with my sisters 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. Light 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 yellin they're shoutin for more
My baby likes to rock, my baby likes to roll
My baby does the chicken and she does the stroll

Well shake it
Yeah shake it
Yeah shake it
Everybody shakin'
Shakin' it at the high school hop

Boys:

Well Sock-hop baby

Girls:

Roll up her crazy jeans

Boys:

Gonna rock to the music

All:

gonna dig the scene
Shimmy to the left
Cha-cha to the right
We're gonna do the walk till broad daylight

Well shake it
Yeah shake it
Yeah shake it
Everybody shakin'
Shakin' it at the high school hop

Girls:

We're gonna alley-oop on blueberry hill

Boys:

Hully-Gully with Lucille we won't be standin' still

All:

Hand-jive baby, do the stomp with me
A calypso- do the sloppa, gonna bop with Mr. Lee
Well shake it
Shake, Rock and Roll
Rock, Roll and Shake
Shake, Rock and Roll
Rock, Roll and Shake
Shake, Rock and Roll
Shake it 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 ~~new~~ How about it, Johnny Casino? ~~fox~~ **fox-trot**

JOHNNY CASINO. Okay, Vince, here's a little number I wrote called "ROCK + ROLL PARTY QUEEN."

VINCE. And don't forget, only ten more minutes 'til the big school five 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!

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 on 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' **60** 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 h 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', America Bandstand?

CHA-CHA. We had a sock-hop at St. Bernadette's once. All 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)

(VINCE 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 danced with Sandy like this.

DANNY. Whattaya mean?

PATTY. I mean her being so clumsy and all. She can't even throw her pompoms 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 top. 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 HANDED 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 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 bumping 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 judging this dance contest. *(Few KIDS cheer.)*

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!

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.

matter if you win or lose, it's what ya do with those dancing shoes.

REMEMBER, IT

don't

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, BABEEEEEEEEEE??!!
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!

... We have our winners. Will you step up here for your prizes.
DANNY 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
...

RYDELL KIDS. Boooooooooooooo!

MISS LYNCH. Oh that's very nice. Congratulations to the
... and here are your prizes: Two free passes to the Twi-
... Theatre ... good on any week night. (KIDS cheer.) A
... worth ten dollars off at Robert Hall. (KIDS boo.) And last but
... your trophies, prepared by Mrs. Schneider's art class.

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

VINCE. (Grabbing the mike from MISS LYNCH.) Weren't they
... let's hear it for these kids! (KIDS cheer.) Only thing I
... before we wrap things up is that you kids at Rydell are
...!

RYDELL KIDS. YEAH! YAY! etc.

VINCE. Last dance, ladies choice.

... plays slow instrumental. Couples leave dance, one by one
and CHA-CHA is left alone as PATTY, EUGENE and MISS
LYNCH clean after dance. Each exits as the lights change to
... scene.)

Scene 2

TEXT. 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

KENICKIE: Hey, what's shakin', Frenchy!

SONNY: You get outta beauty school already?

FRENCHY: Oh, well, uh....I cut tonight. Those beauty teachers they got workin' there don't know nothin'. So..uh...what's up with you guys?

DOODY: Ah, we gotta check out the new auto body shop. Kenickie needs some new hubcaps.

FRENCHY: No lie? What happened to those slick caps you had before?

KENICKIE: Uh, well....Hey, look!.....ain't that Danny?

DOODY: Hey, Danny! Over here!

FRENCHY: What's he doin' 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 checkin' out that new auto body shop's big opening tonight.

DANNY: What time?

KENICKIE: Nine o'clock.

DANNY: Nice play! Ah, but 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!?

KENICKIE: Ahh, c'mon, Zuko, whaddaya tryin' to prove with this track team garbage?

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

(Danny turns to run off.)

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

(Danny stops, turns to stare Sonny down, then EXITS.)

Some guy, causes a ruckus, then cuts out on us!

KENICKIE: Jeez, next thing you know, he'll be getting' a crew cut!

DOODY: Nah, he'd look neater with a flat-top!

FRENCHY: Yeah, with a DA in the back and some Brillcreme smoothed through it. "A Little Dab'll Do Ya!"

KENICKIE: Hey Frenchy, you better scram.

FRENCHY: *(looking at Doody)* I guess I am getting' kinda hungry.

(Doody nods and motions for her to go inside the Burger Palace. She EXITS.)

DOODY: Uh-oh, what time is it?

SONNY: *(looking at his watch)* It's almost five after....C'mon, let's split. Time for a little.... "window shopping", eh fellas?

(Boys EXIT laughing and punching each other in the arms)

(Frenchy walks out of the Burger Palace and sees the boys leaving. She stands dejectedly holding the "HELP WANTED" flyer, then balls it up and throws it)

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

*Drum 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

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

TEEN ANGEL:
 Unless it was your father
 Baby, don't sweat it
 You're not cut out to hold a brush
 Better forget it
 Who wants their hair turned into mush?
 Now your bangs are curled, your lashes twirled,
 But still the world is cruel
 Wipe off that angel face and go back to Hi-igh Scho-ol!

FRENCHY:

*Maybe I blew it
 I put your good advice to shame
 How could I do it?
 Betcha Dear Abby'd say the same
 Guess there's just one way, I gotta say
 Just one more chance for me
 Find me a job and then
 Go ear-n my G-Eee-De-e-e!*

ACT 2
 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 were-wolf.

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?

 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

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.)

END SCENE

Scene 4

SCENE: A party in JAN's basement. 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.

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 cutting 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.

MARTY: Man, you're really a barrel of laughs, tonight, Rizzo. What's buggin' you anyway? *(Walks over to Kenickie and starts flirting with him. He flirts back)*

RIZZO: Huh? Ah, never mind...it's just my long, sorry life. *(Awkward pause.)* Hey, what happened to the music? This party's a real drag. In fact, all a yous are drags!

KENICKIE: *(Grabbing Marty around the waist)* Yeah, sez you. What a crab! Guess Miz Rizzo needs some new guys to hang around. C'mon, Marty, boys, let's leave the "freezer" here and cruise for some fun, eh? Later, Rizzo!

(Boys and Marty exit, laughing.)

RIZZO: Yeah, go on, who needs you anyway?

JAN: *(entering with Frenchy)* Hey! Where'd everybody go?

RIZZO: Ain't I somebody? Some party this is, with just you **LOSERS!**

FRENCHY: Well! If that's how you feel! C'mon, Jan, ^{ROGER+} I'll help you clean up.

^{ROGER}
(Jan and Frenchy exit.)

(Sandy walks out of the shadows with her record player, by Rizzo)

RIZZO: Hey, wait a minute, Miss Goody Two Shoes! Where do you think you're going?

SANDY: *(shaking her head, running and crying)* Stop it! I'm going home! I can't stand it! *(Sandy exits, leaving Rizzo alone on stage)*

RIZZO: *(calling after Sandy)* Hey, how come I didn't see Zuko here tonight? You listening, Miss Sandra Dee?

RIZZO'S SONG: "**WORSE THINGS I COULD DO**"

There are worse things I could do
Than to date a boy or two,
Even though the neighborhood
Thinks I'm fickle and no good.
I suppose it could be true
But there are worse things I could do.

I could flirt with all the guys
Smile at them and bat my eyes,
Promise love forever more,
Then just kick them out the door,
Make their heart drop to their shoes.
That's a thing I'll never do.

I could stay home every night,
Wait around for Mr. Right,
Hum old love songs night and day,
And throw my life away,
For a dream that won't come true.

I could hurt someone like me
Out of spite or jealousy
I don't steal and I don't lie
But I can feel and I can cry
A fact I'll be you never knew.
But to cry in front of you—
That's the worst thing I could do.

(At finish of song, Rizzo hangs her head. Then she looks in the direction of Frenchy and Jan off stage)

At finish of song, Rizzo hangs her head. Then she looks in the direction of Frenchy and Jan off stage)

RIZZO: Hey! Frenchy? Hey, uh...wait up! *(Rizzo exits)*

(Lights up in Sandy's bedroom)

[SANDY'S REPRISE OF "SANDRA DEE"]

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

Look at me, there has to be
Something more than what they see
Wholesome and pure, also scared and unsure
A poor man's Sandra Dee

When they criticize and make fun of me
Can't they see the tears in my smile?
Don't they realize there's just one of me
And it has to last me a while

(Frenchy & Rizzo enter light SC. Sandy picks up phone, calls Frenchy)

SANDY: Hey, French? Can you come over to my house for a while?
And bring your makeup case, OK? Yeah, Rizzo can come too.

(Rizzo and Frenchy look at each other and sing:)

Sandy, you must start anew
Don't you know what you must do?
Hold your head high, take a deep breath and cry

(Sandy raises head, reaches a decision & sings with Rizzo & Frenchy):

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? Sandy'd like it... I mean, I think I look

GUYS. (Not convinced.) Right. cool! 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, ^{SANDY,} 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. She takes off her scarf, then she strolls over to Patty, studies her calmly, and stuffs the scarf in Patty's mouth.)

PINK LADIES: YAA-AAAY!

PATTY: Oh my God, my lipstick's all smeared!

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. Come on over here.

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

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

You're The One that I Want

Danny: I got chills, they're multiplyin', and I'm losin' control
Cause the power you're supplyin', it's electrifyin'

Sandy: You better shape up, cause I need a man,
and my heart is set on you
You better shape up, you better understand,
to my heart I must be true

Sandy & Danny: Nothing left, nothing left for me to do

Chorus:

You're the one that I want
(you are the one I want), ooh ooh ooh, honey
The one that I want (you are the one I want),
ooh ooh ooh, honey
The one that I want (you are the one I want),
ooh ooh ooh, honey
The one I need (the one I need),
oh yes indeed (yes indeed)

Sandy: If you're filled with affection,
You're too shy to convey
Meditate my direction, feel your way

Danny: I better shape up,
cause you need a man

Sandy: I need a man,
Who can keep me satisfied

Danny: I better shape up, if I'm gonna prove

Sandy: You better prove, that my faith is justified

Danny: Are you sure?

Danny & Sandy: Yes I'm sure down deep inside

[chorus repeats out]

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!

DANNY: A-wop-ba-ba-lu-bop!

ALL: A Wop-Bam-Boom!

Bows

We Go Together reprise

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