

Danny, T-Birds  
& Miss. Lynch

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GREASE

Scene Two

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

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

JAN. Yeah. Rizzo's coming and Frenchy's bringin' that new chick. Hey, Marty, who'd ya get for Economics? Old Man Drucker?

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

JAN. For real? He never tried nothin' with me!

MARTY. Huh. You want my coleslaw?

JAN. I'll see if I have room for it. (JAN takes coleslaw.)

MARTY. Hey, Rizzo, over here!

(RIZZO enters carrying tray.)

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

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

RIZZO. Pretty cheap.

(Lights fade on the cafeteria, come up on ROGER and DOODY sitting on the school steps.)

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

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

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

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

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

(KENICKIE enters.)

KENICKIE. Hey, where ya at?

ROGER. Hey, Kenickie. What's happening?

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

KENICKIE. Get outta here with that dog food. I ain't messin' up my stomach with none of that crap. (KENICKIE pulls a pack of Hostess Sno-Balls out of the bag and starts unwrapping it.)

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

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

ROGER. I was just askin'.

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

ROGER. Workin'! Yeah? Where?

KENICKIE. Luggin' boxes at Bargain City.

ROGER. Nice job!

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

ROGER. You gettin' a car, Kenick?

DOODY. Hey, cool! What kind?

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

ROGER. (putting him on) Oh, nifty!

DOODY. Yeah. Maybe you oughtta get a hamster instead.

(DOODY and ROGER laugh.)

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

ROGER. Will we ever!

(SONNY enters, with wraparound sunglasses. As he enters, he pulls a class schedule out of his pocket.)

KENICKIE. Hey, whattaya say, Sonny?

SONNY. Son of a "Bee." I got Old Lady Lynch for English again. She hates my guts. (SONNY *lights a cigarette.*)

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

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

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

KENICKIE. Yeah? What are ya gonna do to her?

SONNY. I'm just not gonna take any of her crap, that's all. I don't take no crap from nobody.

(MISS LYNCH *enters.*)

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

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

(SONNY *hides his cigarette by cupping it in his hand and shoving his hand in his pocket.*)

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

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

SONNY. I... I...

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

SONNY. No, Ma'am.

DOODY. No, Ma'am.

MISS LYNCH. Then move! (MISS LYNCH *exits.*)

SONNY. Yes, Ma'am. (SONNY *takes his hand out of his pocket and inhales on the still-burning cigarette.*)

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

SONNY. Shaddup.

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

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Scene Four

(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 VOICE. Hey, hey, this is the main-brain, Vince Fontaine, at Big Fifteen! Spinnin' the stacks of wax, here at the House of Wax - W-A-X-X. (OOO-ga horn sound) Cruisin' time, 10:46. (sound of ricocheting bullet) Sharpshooter pick hit of the week. A brand new one shootin' up the charts like a rocket by "The Vel-doo Rays" - goin' out to Ronnie and Sheila, the kids down at Mom's school store, and especially to Little Joe and the LaDons - listen in while I give it a spin!

(Radio fades. FRENCHY is looking at a fan magazine that has a big picture of Fabian on the cover.)

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

JAN. Oh, no!

MARTY. Who cares, as long as they don't get their hooks into "Kookie."

RIZZO. Hey, Frenchy, throw me a ciggie-butt, will ya?

(FRENCHY throws RIZZO a cigarette.)

MARTY. Me too, while ya got the pack out.

FRENCHY. Ya want one, Sandy?

SANDY. Oh, no thanks. I don't smoke.

FRENCHY. Ya don't? Didja ever try it?

SANDY. Well, no, but...

RIZZO. Go on, try it. It ain't gonna kill ya. Give her a Hit Parade!

(FRENCHY throws SANDY a Hit Parade.)

Now, when she holds up the match, suck in on it.

(FRENCHY lights the cigarette, SANDY inhales and starts coughing violently.)

RIZZO. (cont.) Oh, I shoulda told ya, don't inhale if you're not used to it.

MARTY. That's okay. You'll get better at it.

FRENCHY. Yeah, then I'll show ya how to French inhale. That's really cool. Watch. (She demonstrates French inhaling.)

JAN. Phyyaaagghh! That's the ugliest thing I ever saw!

FRENCHY. Nah, the guys really go for it. That's how I got my nickname, Frenchy.

RIZZO. Sure it is. Jeez, you guys, I almost forgot! (She removes 1/2 gallon of wine from her overnight bag.) A little Sneaky Pete to get the party goin'.

JAN. Italian Swiss Colony. Wow, it's imported!

(RIZZO passes bottle to MARTY.)

FRENCHY. Hey, we need some glasses.

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

MARTY. It's kind of sweet. I think I like Thunderbird better.

RIZZO. Okay, Princess Grace.

(RIZZO takes bottle away from MARTY)

MARTY. (grabbing bottle back) I didn't say I didn't want any, it just don't taste very strong, that's all.

(MARTY passes bottle to SANDY, who quickly passes it to JAN.)

JAN. Hey, I brought some Twinkies, anybody want one?

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

JAN. (pointing to label on bottle) It says right here, it's a dessert wine!

(JAN passes wine to FRENCHY.)

RIZZO. Hey, Sandy didn't get any wine.

(RIZZO hands bottle to SANDY.)

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

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

SANDY. Sure I did. I had some champagne at my cousin's wedding once.

RIZZO. Oh, Ring-a-ding-ding,

*(RIZZO hands her wine. SANDY sips wine cautiously.)*

Hey, no! Ya gotta chug it. Like this! *(RIZZO takes a big slug from the bottle.)* Otherwise you swallow air bubbles and that's what makes you throw up.

JAN. I never knew that.

MARTY. Sure, Rudy from the Capri Lounge told me the same thing.

*(SANDY takes a slug from the bottle and holds it in her mouth trying to swallow it.)*

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

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

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

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

SANDY. Oh no, my father'd probably kill me.

MARTY. You still worry about what your old man thinks?

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

RIZZO. *(leans down to SANDY)* You ain't afraid, are ya?

SANDY. Of course not!

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

*(FRENCHY rummages in dresser for needle.)*

MARTY. Hey, how about my virgin pin!

*(MARTY reaches for her Pink Ladies jacket and takes off "circle pin" handing it to FRENCHY.)*

JAN. Nice to know it's good for somethin'.

MARTY. What's that crack supposed to mean?

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

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GREASE

Scene Six

*(Scene: SANDY runs on with pom poms, dressed in a green baggy gym suit. She does a Rydell cheer.)*

SANDY. Do a split, give a yell  
Throw a fit for old Rydell  
Way to go, green and brown  
Turn the foe upside down.

*(SANDY does awkward split. DANNY enters.)*

DANNY. Hiya, Sandy.

*(SANDY gives him a look and turns her head so that DANNY sees the Band-Aid on her ear.)*

Hey, what happened to your ear?

SANDY. Huh? *(She covers her ear with her hand, answers coldly.)*  
Oh, nothing. Just an accident.

DANNY. Hey, look, uh, I hope you're not bugged about that first day at school. I mean, couldn't ya tell I was glad to see ya?

SANDY. Well, you could've been a little nicer to me in front of your friends.

DANNY. Are you kidding? Hey, you don't know those guys. They just see ya talkin' to a chick and right away they think she puts...well, you know what I mean.

SANDY. I'm not sure. It looked to me like maybe you had a new girlfriend or something.

DANNY. Are you kiddin'? Listen, if it was up to me, I'd never even look at any other chick but you.

*(SANDY blushes.)*

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

SANDY. I'd really like to, but I'm not so sure those girls want me around anymore.

DANNY. Listen, Sandy. Nobody's gonna start gettin' salty with ya when I'm around. Uh-uhh!

SANDY. All right, Danny, as long as you're with me. Let's not let anyone come between us again, okay?

PATTY. (*rushing onstage with two batons and wearing cheer-leader outfit*) HHHiiiiiii, Danny! Oh, don't let me interrupt.

(*gives SANDY baton*) Here, why don't you twirl this for awhile.

(*taking DANNY aside*) I've been dying to tell you something. You know what I found out after you left my house the other night? My mother thinks you're cute. (*to SANDY*) He's such a lady-killer.

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

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

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

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

DANNY. Oh, that's why you're wearing that thing - gettin' ready to show off your skivvies to a bunch of horny 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! (*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. 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. Ooohh, I can't wait!

DANNY. Solid. I'll see ya there, sexy. (*DANNY exits.*)

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

SANDY. Come on, let's practice.

*(They sing "Rydell Fight Song," twirling batons, SANDY just missing PATTY's head with each swing.)*

**[MUSIC NO. 7: 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  
OR 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.)*

GREASE

Scene Seven

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

VINCE'S RADIO VOICE. Hey, gettin' bark 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. Ooohh, yeah!!!  
(Radio fades.)

DANNY. Hey, Frenchy, when do ya start beauty school?

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

MARTY. (holding out a package of Vogues) Hey, anybody want a Vogue?

FRENCHY. Yeah, you got any pink ones left?

SONNY. Yeah, give me one. (puts it in his mouth) How about one for later?

MARTY. (throwing him another cigarette) God, what a mooch!

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

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

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. (giving ROGER the finger) Look who's talkin' Porky.

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