

PINK LADIES #1
w/ Sandy
-1-

GREASE

RIZZO

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

START

JAN

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

RIZZO

Pretty Cheap

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 broad 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.

GREASE

SANDY

Hi. Pleased to meet you.

FRENCHY

(To Sandy) Come on, sit down. Hey, Marty, those new glasses?

MARTY

Yeah, I just got 'em for school. Do they make me look smarter?

RIZZO

Nah. We can still see your face.

MARTY

Howdja like rice pudding down your bra?

JAN

I'll take it!

(Jan reaches over and takes the pudding)

RIZZO

How long you been livin' around here?

SANDY

Since July. My father just got transferred here.

MARTY

Hey, French, what'dja' do to your hair. It looks really tough.

FRENCHY

Ah, I just got it touched up a little.

JAN

You gonna eat your cole-slaw, Sandy?

GREASE

SANDY

It smells kinda funny.

FRENCHY

(Diverting Sandy's attention. Jan grabs Sandy's cole-slaw)
Wait'll you have the chipped beef. Better known as "Barf on a bun"

MARTY

Don't mind her, Sandy. *Some* of us like to show off and use scurvy words.

RIZZO

Some of us? Check out Miss Toiletmouth over here.

END

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'!

Start

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. AHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

FRENCHY. Jeez! Engaged to a Marine!

RIZZO. Endsville.

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

FRENCHY. Ya got a picture?

MARTY. Yeah, but it's not too good. He ain't in uniform.
(MARTY takes her wallet out of the dresser. It's one of those fat bulging ones with rubber bands around it. She swings wallet and accordion picture folder drops to floor.) Oh, here it is ... next to Paul Anka.

JAN. How come it's ripped in half?

MARTY. Oh, his old girlfriend was in the picture.

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

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

JAN. Strulka. Is that Polish?

MARTY. Naah. I think he's Irish.

FRENCHY. Do you write him a lot, Marty?

MARTY. Pretty much. Every time I get a present.

JAN. Whattaya say to a guy in a letter, anyway?

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

GREASE

START

DOODY

Hey, Rump, I'll trade ya 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 in 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, 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

ROGER

Hey, Knicks where were you all summer?

KENICKIE

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

GREASER BOYS #1

-2-

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

ROGER

You getting' 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 outta 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.

END

Doody . 1 .

Danny,
Marty,
Frenchy

GREASE

Doody Sides

Side 1 of 1

Page 1 of 2

SCENE 3

SCENE: School bell rings and class change begins. Greasers, Patty, and Eugene enter, go to lockers, get books, etc. Danny sees Doody with guitar.

START

DANNY

Hey, Doody, where'dja get the guitar?

DOODY

I just started takin' lessons this summer.

DANNY

Can you play anything on it?

DOODY

Sure. *(He fumbles with the frets and strikes a sour chord.)* That's a "C."

MARTY *(Baffled)*

Hey, that's pretty good.

DOODY

Then I know an A minor, and an F, and I've been workin' on a G

FRENCHY

Hey! Can you play "Tell Laura I Love Her"?

DOODY

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

DANNY

Hey, come on; let's hear a little, Elvis.

GREASE

Doody Sides

Side 1 of 1

Page 2 of 2

DOODY

(Pulls out an instruction book) ... "Magic Changes," by Ronny Dell...

(Sings off-key)

C-C-C-C-C-C

A-A-A-A MINOR

F-F-F-F-F-F

G-G-G-G SEVENTH

DANNY

That's terrific.

DOODY

Thanks - want to hear it again?

END

GREASE

Danny Sides

Side 2 of 2

Page 1 of 4

START

(Danny enters)

DANNY

Hiya, Sandy. *(Sandy turns her head and Danny sees the bandage on her ear.)* Hey, what happened to your ear?

SANDY

Huh? Oh, nothing. Just an accident.

DANNY

Hey, look, uh, I hope you're not bugged about that first day of 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 you talkin' to a chick and right away they think she ... well, you know what I mean.

SANDY

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

DANNY

Are you kiddin'? 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?

GREASE

Danny Sides

Side 2 of 2

Page 2 of 4

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 getting' salty with ya when I'm around. Uh-uhhh!

SANDY

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

PATTY

(Rushing on stage with two batons and wearing a cheerleader outfit.)
HIIIIiiii, Danny! Oh, don't let me interrupt. *(Gives Sandy baton.)* Here, why don't you twirl this 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! 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,
Rizzo,
Kenickie,
Roger
Doody

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

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

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

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

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

DANNY. Hey, cool it, huh?

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

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

RIZZO. Okay, you creep!

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

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

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

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

RIZZO. Well, he started it!

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

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

DOODY. Jeez, nice couple.

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

VINCE'S VOICE. ... 'cause tomorrow night yours truly, the main-brain, Vince Fontaine, will be M.C.ing the big dance bash out at Rydell High School—in the boys' gym. And along with me will be Mr. T.N.T. himself, Johnny Casino and the Gamblers. So, make it a point to stop by the joint, Rydell High, 7:30 tomorrow night.

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

DANNY. I don't think so.

RIZZO. No? Aww, you're all broke up over little Gidget!

DANNY. Who?

RIZZO. Ahh, c'mon, Zuko, why don'tcha take me to the

Roger / Jan

MARTY. Are you serious? With those bird legs?

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

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

DANNY. Hey, better hobby than yours. Rump.

ALL. Rump, Rump, Rump, Rump.

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

ROGER. Why should I?

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

~~GUYS. Rump, Rump, Rump, Rump.~~

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

~~GUYS. Rump, Rump, Rump, Rump.~~

JAN. Whattaya mean?

ROGER. I'm king of the mooners.

JAN. The what?

ROGER. I'm the mooning champ of Rydell High

JAN. You mean showin' off your bare behind to people? That's pretty raunchy.

ROGER. Nah, it's neat! I even mooned Old Lady Lynch once. I hung one on her right out the car window. And she never even knew who it was.

JAN. Too much! I wish I'd been there. I mean ... y'know what I mean.

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

JAN. You do?

Song: "MOONING"

ROGER.

I SPEND MY DAYS JUST MOONING

SO SAD AND BLUE

I SPEND MY NIGHTS JUST MOONING

ALL OVER YOU.

JAN.

ALL OVER WHO?

ROGER.

OH, I'M SO FULL OF LOVE

Frenchy
monologue

a little?

SONNY. Listen, Blubber Boy, you're gonna look real funny cruisin' around the neighborhood in an iron lung.

ROGER. Well, why don'tcha use that thing, then? You got enough rubber bands there to start three paper routes.

KENICKIE. (Grabbing DOODY's baseball bat.) Hey, Rump! C'mon let's see ya try that again.

ROGER. What'sa matter, Kenicks? What happened to your big bad pipe? Huh!? Huh!?

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

(Miscellaneous adlibs! Hoots and hollers! "Get 'em!" etc. SONNY and KENICKIE leap on ROGER and get his pants off. DOODY helps with the shoes. SONNY and KENICKIE run off with ROGER'S pants as DOODY gathers up weapons.)

DOODY. Hey, you guys, wait up!

(DOODY starts to run off, then goes back to hand ROGER his antenna. DOODY exits.)

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

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

FRENCHY. Jeez! What am I gonna do? I mean, I can't just tell everybody I dropped out of beauty school. I can't get a job in the Burger Palace. Not with those guys always hangin' around. Boy, I wish I had one of those Guardian Angel things like in that Debbie Reynolds movie. Would that be neat. Somebody always there to tell you what's the best thing to do.

(Spooky angelic guitar chords. FRENCHY's GUARDIAN TEEN ANGEL appears swinging in quietly on a rope. He is a Fabian-like rock singer. White Fabian sweater with the collar turned up, white chinos, white boots, a large white comb sticking out of his pocket. He sings "Beauty School Dropout." After the first verse, a chorus of ANGELS appears: a group of girls in white plastic sheets and their hair in white plastic rollers in a halo effect. They

(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. 10:46. (Sound of ricocheting bullet.) Sharpshooter pick hit of the week. A brand new one shootin' up the charts like a rocket by "The Vel-doo Rays"—goin' out to Ronnie and Sheila, the kids down at Mom's school store, and especially to Little Joe and the LaDons—listen in while I give it a spin!

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARTY. Hey, how about my circle pin?

SANDY. Uh ... maybe ... uh

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

- VINCE - 1 -
Side #2

ACT II

Scene 1

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

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

Song: "IT'S RAINING ON PROM NIGHT"

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

RADIO VOICE.

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

SANDY.

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

start **SONNY.** That's the babe. I thought she was one of the cafeteria ladies.

CHA-CHA. *(Standing near EUGENE.)* Hey, did you come here to dance or didn't ya?

EUGENE. Of course, but I never learned how to do this dance.

CHA-CHA. Ahh, there's nothing to it. I'm gonna teach "ballroom" at the CYO. *(She grabs EUGENE in dance position.)* Now, one-two-cha-cha-cha, three-four-cha-cha-cha-very good-cha-cha-cha-keep-it-up-cha-cha-cha.....

EUGENE. You certainly dance well.

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

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

JOHNNY CASINO. Thank you. This is Johnny Casino telling you when you hear the tone it will be exactly one minute to HAND-JIVE TIME!

(Excited murmurs and scrambling for partners takes place on the dance floor as the band's guitarist makes a "twang" sound on his "E" string.)

EUGENE. Excuse me, it was very nice meeting you.

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

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

PATTY. That's right. I almost forgot.

start *(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. Jeez, nice time to get here. Look, the joint's half empty already

KENICKIE. Ahh, knock it off! Can I help it if my car wouldn't start?

CHA-CHA. Jeez, what crummy decorations!

KENICKIE. Where'd ya think you were goin', American Bandstand?

CHA-CHA. We had a sock-hop at St. Bernadette's once. The sisters got real pumpkins and everything.

KENICKIE. Neat. They probably didn't have a Bingo game that night.

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

Cha/Cha
Kenieke

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

DANNY. I didn't!

(Other GUYS laugh.)

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

(KIDS react.)

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

(Mixed reaction from CROWD.)

EUGENE. Yay, Patty!

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

VINCE. Comin' right up!

MISS LYNCH. As most of you know, Mr. Fontaine is an announcer for radio station WAXX. *(VINCE, on the bandstand, whispers in her ear.)* ... uh ... *(Uncomfortably.)* "Dig the scene on big fifteen." *(Cheer goes up.)* Now for the rules! One: All couples must be boy-girl.

ROGER. Too bad, Eugene!

MISS LYNCH. Two: If Mr. Fontaine taps you on the shoulder, you must clear the dance floor immediately....

VINCE. *(Grabbing the mike from MISS LYNCH.)* I just wanna say, truly in all sincerity, Miss Lynch, that you're doing a really, really terrific job here, terrific. And I'll sure bet these kids are lucky to have you for a teacher, 'cause I'll bet in all sincerity that you're really terrific. **IS SHE TERRIFIC KIDS?** *(The KIDS cheer.)* And some lucky guy and gal is gonna go boppin' home with a stack of terrific prizes. But don't feel bad if I bump yuzz out, 'cause it don't matter if you win or lose, it's what ya do with those dancing shoes.