

Side #1

DANNY, SANDY, PATTY

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GREASE

Danny Sides

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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 puts...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?

DANNY, SANDY, PATTY

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GREASE

Danny Sides

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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.

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Danny Sides

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DANNY

Oh, that's why you're wearing that thing - getting' 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 of 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 the 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 try-outs for any of those teams I'll show you what I can do.

DANNY, SANDY, PATTY

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GREASE

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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 try-outs were?

PATTY

Tomorrow, tenth period on the football field.

DANNY

Good, I'll be there. You're gonna come watch me, aren't you?

PATTY

Oooohh, I can't wait!

DANNY

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

END

KENICKIE and SONNY (or DOODY)

[Kenickie enters]

KENICKIE: Hey, where ya' at?

SONNY: Hey, Kenickie! What's happening? Where were ya all summer?

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

SONNY: I was just askin'.

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

SONNY: Workin'? Yeah? Where?

KENICKIE: Luggin' boxes at Bargin City.

SONNY: Nice job!

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

SONNY: You getting' a car, Kenick? What kind?

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

SONNY *(putting him on)*: Oh, nifty! *(Laughs)*

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

SONNY: Will we ever!

RIZZO and PATTY

RIZZO: Hey, look who's comin'. Patty Simcox, the Little Lulu of Rydell High. Wonder what she's doin' back here with us slobs?

[Patty enters.]

PATTY: Hi kids!! . . . Well, don't say hello.

RIZZO: We won't.

PATTY: Is there room at your table?

RIZZO: Oh, yeah, move over, French.

PATTY: Oh, I just love the first day of school, don't you?

RIZZO (*sarcastically*): It's the biggest thrill of my life.

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?

RIZZO: Who?

PATTY: Me! Isn't that wild?

RIZZO: Wild.

PATTY: I just hope I don't make too poor a showing.

RIZZO: Well, we sure wish ya all the luck in the world.

PATTY: Oh, uh, thanks. Oh, you must think I'm a terrible clod! I never even bothered to introduce myself to your new friend.

MARTY and FRENCHY

MARTY: Jeez, it's getting' kinda chilly. I think I'll put my new robe on. *[She pulls out a gaudy kimono and makes a big show of putting it on.]*

GIRL: Hey, Marty, where'dja get that thing?

MARTY: Oh, you like it? It's from Japan.

GIRL: Yeah, everything's made in Japan these days.

MARTY: No, this guy I know sent it to me.

GIRL: No kiddin'? You goin' with a Jap?

MARTY: He ain't a Jap, stupid. He's a Marine. And, a real doll, too.

GIRL: You never told us you knew any Marines. How long you known this guy?

MARTY: Oh . . . just a couple of months. I met him on a blind date at the roller rink . . . and the next thing I know, he joins up. Anyway, right off the bat he starts sendin' me things - and then today I got this kimono. *(Trying to be cool.)* Oh yeah, look what else! *(She pulls a ring out of her cleavage.)*

GIRL: Oh, neat!

MARTY: It's just a tiny bit too big. So I gotta get some angora for it.

GIRL: Jeez! Engaged to a Marine! What's this guy look like, Marty? You got a picture?

MARTY: Yeah, but it's not too good. He ain't in uniform. *(She produces a big, bulging wallet, opens it, and an accordion picture folder opens to the floor.)* Oh, here it is . . . next to Paul Anka.

GIRL: How come it's ripped in half.

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

GIRL: What's the guy's name, anyway?

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

GIRL: He's a Polack!?

MARTY: Nah, I think he's Irish.

**JAN
ROGER**

ACT ONE SCENE SEVEN

Rydell Senior High School – 'The Park'

JAN

How come you never get mad at those guys?

ROGER

Why should I?

JAN

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

ROGER

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

JAN

Whattaya mean?

ROGER

I'm the 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. *(Quickly)* I mean, y'know what I mean.

ROGER

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

JAN

You do, how come?

LYNCH

ACT ONE - SCENE ONE

Rydell High School - Office

MISS LYNCH

Now, a few short announcements. We have a new rocket club starting up for our space enthusiasts, led by our own Eugene Felsnick. And speaking of explosives, the school district has decided this year to suspend our duck-and-cover exercises at the high school level since most of you are too big to fit under the desks. But please note we're actively looking for a place to build a new bomb shelter with enough room for almost everyone. Next Friday will be our first pep rally, and everyone knows you can't have pep without the cheer. So don't forget to sign up for cheerleading, girls, unless of course you've had a previous head injury. I want to see plenty of support for coach Calhoun and the Rydell Rangers. Remember, if you can't be an athlete, be an athletic supporter. And finally, the national bandstand television show is considering Rydell as a representative American High School to broadcast live from our gym. If chosen, we will have the chance to show the entire nation what bright, clean, wholesome students we have here at Rydell. Good luck to us all.

VINCE FONTAINE

VINCE: (*Grabbing the microphone*) 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.*] Only thing I wanna say, in all sincerity, is enjoy yourselves, have a ball, 'cause like we always say at "BIG FIFTEEN" where the jocks hang out - "If you're having fun, you're number one!" 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 you do with those dancing shoes. So, okay, cats, throw your mittens around your kittens...and AWAY WE GO!