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Grease
School Version

*Book, Lyrics & Music by*
Jim Jacobs & Warren Casey
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**GREASE**

Book, Music and Lyrics by

Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey
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 Calvan
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
“Freddy, 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”  Sandy
Reprise

Scene 5: Inside the Burger Palace
“All Choked Up”  Sandy, Danny, Pink Ladies and Burger Palace Boys

Finale
“We Go Together” Reprise  Company
CHARACTERS


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.


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.
ACT I

Scene 1

SCENE: Lights come up on the singing of the Rydell Alma Mater. Enter three people: MISS LYNCH, an old maid English teacher who leads the singing; PATTY, a former high school cheerleader and honor student [now a professional married career woman] and EUGENE FLORCYK, former class valedictorian and honor student [now a vice president of an advertising agency]. There is a large sign trimmed in green and brown behind them that reads: “WELCOME BACK: RYDELL HIGH, CLASS OF '59.”

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 WORL'DLY MATTERS
IN PALACE OR IN HOVEL I MAY DWELL
AND THOUGH MY BED BE SILK OR TATTERS
MY DREAMS SHALL ALWAYS BE OF THEE, RYDELL

(EUGENE, PATTY and MISS LYNCH enter.)

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

(As the songs ends, MISS LYNCH introduces EUGENE and then takes her seat.)
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-Shooters” Unlimited, Research and Marketing.

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 bell rings—“Chuck Berry” guitar run is heard. The 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 PTOMAINE, 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!

(Lights fade on steps, 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. Aaaaaaaahhh, shoo-ooot!
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.** MET A GIRL CRAZY FOR ME

**SANDY.** MET A BOY CUTE AS CAN BE

**BOTH.** SUMMER DAY, DRIFTING AWAY, TO UH-OH, THOSE SUMMER NIGHTS.
GUYS.
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.
TOOK HER BOWLING, IN THE ARCADE

SANDY.
WE WENT STROLLING, DRANK LEMONADE

DANNY.
WE TOLD JOKES UNDER THE DOCK

SANDY.
WE STAYED OUT TILL TEN O’CLOCK

BOTH.
SUMMER FLING, DON’T MEAN A THING,
BUT UH-OH THOSE SUMMER NIGHTS

GUYS.
TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE,
BUT YA DON’T HAVE TO BRAG

GIRLS.
TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE

RIZZO.
’CAUSE HE SOUNDS LIKE A DRAG

SANDY.
HE GOT FRIENDLY, HOLDING MY HAND

DANNY.
SHE GOT FRIENDLY, OUT ON THE SAND

SANDY.
HE WAS SWEET, JUST TURNED EIGHTEEN

DANNY.
SHE WAS SHARP, LIKE YOU’VE NEVER SEEN

BOTH.
SUMMER HEAT, BOY AND GIRL MEET,
THEN UH-OH, THOSE SUMMER NIGHTS!

GIRLS.
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?
BOTH.
SUMMER DREAMS, RIPPED AT THE SEAMS,
BUT, UH-OOH! THOSE SUMMER NIGHTS!
GIRLS and GUYS.
TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE - OR- ORE!!!!!!!!!

(Lights stay up on both groups after song.)

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. (Uptight.) Oh, hi. How are ya?
SANDY. Fine.
DANNY. Oh yeah … I …. ugh … 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.)
SCENE: School bell rings and class change begins. GREASERS, PATTY and EUGENE enter, go to lockers, get books, etc. DANNY sees DOODY with guitar.

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.”

(DOODY sits and waits for approval.)

MARTY. 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.
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.
DOODY. *(Pulling out instruction book.)* ... “Magic Changes” by Ronny Dell.................. *(He sings off-key.)*
C-C-C-C-C-C
A-A-A-A MINOR
F-F-F-F-F-F-F
G-G-G-G SEVEN

DANNY. That’s terrific.
DOODY. Thanks—want to hear it again?
ALL. Sure! Yeah! *(Etc....)*

(DOODY starts to sing and other KIDS transform into rock ’n roll, ‘doo-wop’ group backing him as he suddenly becomes 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 LONG TO HEAR
AS ONCE AGAIN YOU WHISPER IN MY EAR

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, 10:46. (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”
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.) Urrghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!
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’dda 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. AHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!
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
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.

DON'T KEEP YOUR LETTERS FROM ME
I THRILL TO EVERY LINE
YOUR SPELLING'S KINDA CRUMMY
BUT HONEY, SO IS MINE
I TREASURE EVERY GIFTIE
THE RING IS REALLY NIFTIE
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 MY BRIDAL BOUQUET
THINKING ABOUT IT, MY HEARTS POUNDING ALREADY
KNOWING WHEN YOU COME HOME WE'LL START GOING
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 MY LOOOOOOOOVE!!!!!!

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.

DANNY. Kenickie, whaddaya doin’ with this hunk-ah-junk, anyway?

KENICKIE. What’aya 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’M GONNA PEEL 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’)
YEAH, GREASED LIGHTNIN’, YOU’RE COASTIN’ THROUGH
THE HEAT-LAP TRIALS
(GREASED LIGHTNIN’, YEAH, GREASED LIGHTNIN’)
YOU ARE SUPREME
THE CHICKS’LL SCREAM
FOR GREASED LIGHTNIN’!
(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. Whataya’ talkin’ about?
RIZZO. Sandy Dumbrowski! Y’know ............... Sandra Dee.
HA!
KENICKIE. Be cool, you guys.
DANNY. Hey, you better tell that to Rizzo!

(Sirens sound.)

KENICKIE. The Fuzz! You guys better get ridda those hubcaps!
DANNY. Whataya mean, man? They’re yours!

(GUYS throw hubcaps on car hood.)

KENICKIE. Oh no, they’re not. I stole ’em.

(KENICKIE starts to drive off. Siren sounds again. All GUYS leap on car, drive off, singing: “Go Greased Lightning” etc., as the lights change to 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 with two batons and wearing cheerleader outfit.) HIIIIIIIII, 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 Hully-
Gully contest at the “Teen Talent” record hop.  
**SANDY.** Ahhhh, 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.** Oh, I can’t wait!  
**DANNY.** Solid. I’ll see ya there, baby doll.

*(DANNY exits.)*

**PATTY.** Toodles! Ooohh, 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  
TEAR ‘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?

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

ROGER. WHUP, WHUP, WHUP.... WOAH 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
AS ANY FOOL CAN SEE
'CAUSE ANGELS UP ABOVE HAVE HUNG A MOON ON ME.
I'LL STAND BEHIND YOU MOONING
FOR EVERMORE
   JAN.
FOR EVERMORE
   ROGER.
SOMEDAY YOU’LL FIND ME MOONING
AT YOUR FRONT DOOR
   JAN.
AT MY FRONT DOOR
   ROGER.
OH, EVERY DAY AT SCHOOL I WATCH YA
ALWAYS WILL UNTIL I GOTCHA
MOONING, TOO
THERE’S A MOON OUT 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.
Uh ... why don’t I wait for you with dad in the station wagon.

(DANNY looking at EUGENE outlines a square with jerking head
movement. 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 ’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-frutti!

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

DOODY. Jeez, nice couple.

(There is an uncomfortable pause onstage as the kids hear VINE 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
dance—I can pull that Sandra Dee routine too. Right, you guys?

**Song: “LOOK AT ME, I’M SANDRA DEE”**

**RIZZO.**
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
I DON’T LIE OR SWEAR
I DON’T RAT MY HAIR
I GET ILL AT THE SIGHT OF BLOOD
WELL, I DON’T CARE . . .
IF YOU THINK I’M SQUARE
FAIL IN SCHOOL
MY NAME WOULD BE MUD

*(SANDY and SONNY enter, hearing the last part of the song. SONNY is behind her.)*

OH, NO, NO SAL MINEO
I WOULD NEVER STOOP SO LOW
PLEASE KEEP YOUR 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. *(SANDY leaps on RIZZO and the two girls start fighting. DANNY pulls SANDY off.)* LET GO OF ME! YOU DIRTY LIAR! DON’T TOUCH 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.) Weird 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 a 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

(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 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
(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. Lights 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 SHOUTIN’, THEY’RE YELLIN’ FOR MORE
MY BABY LIKES TO ROCK, MY BABY LIKES TO ROLL
MY BABY DOES THE CHICKEN AND SHE DOES THE STROLL
WELL THEY SHAKE IT
OH, SHAKE IT
YEAH, SHAKE IT
EVERYBODY SHAKIN’
SHAKIN’ AT THE HIGH SCHOOL HOP

GIRLS.
WELL, WE’RE GONNA ALLEY-OOP ON BLUEBERRY HILL GUYS.
HULLY-GULLY WITH LUCILLE, WON’T BE STANDING STILL
GIRLS.
HAND-JIVE BABY
ALL.
DO THE STOMP WITH ME
I CHA-LYPSO, DO THE SLOP, GONNA BOP WITH MR. LEE
WELL, THEY SHAKE IT
OH, SHAKE IT
YEAH, SHAKE IT,
EVERYBODY’S SHAKIN’
SHAKIN’ AT THE HIGH SCHOOL HOP

SHAKE, ROCK AND ROLL
ROCK, ROLL AND SHAKE
SHAKE, ROCK AND ROLL
ROCK, ROLL AND SHAKE
SHAKE, ROCK AND ROLL
SHAKIN’ AT THE HIGH SCHOOL HOP

(DANCE BREAK.)

SHAKE, ROCK AND ROLL
ROCK, ROLL AND SHAKE
SHAKE, ROCK AND ROLL
ROCK, ROLL AND SHAKE
SHAKE, ROCK AND ROLL
SHAKIN’ 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 slow one. How about it, Johnny Casino?

JOHNNY CASINO. Okay, Vince, here’s a little number I wrote called “Enchanted Guitar.”

VINCE. And don’t forget, only ten more minutes ’til the big Hand-Jive 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 or 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’! Go 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 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 VINC
FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

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