

~~THE~~ CHA-CHA 1

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GREASE

are drinking and smoking in corner. CHA-CHA is dancing around EUGENE at bench.)

DOODY. *(pointing to 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.

ROGER. Jesus, is she a gorilla!

SONNY. I thought she was one of the cafeteria ladies.

(The guys crack up.)

START

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, ya 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. *(to CHA-CHA)* Excuse me, it was nice meeting you.

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

END

CHA - CHA 2

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GREASE

CHA-CHA. God, 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.

(KENICKIE walks away from her and she trails behind him.)

VINCE. *(coming up to MARTY)* Pardon me, weren't you a contestant in the Miss Rock 'N' Roll Universe Pageant?

MARTY. Yeah, but I got disqualified 'cause I had a hickey on my neck.

(The song ends and kids cheer. JOHNNY CASINO looks for VINCE FONTAINE on the dance floor.)

JOHNNY CASINO. Hey, Vince...any more requests?

VINCE. *(irritated, still looking at MARTY. Motions JOHNNY with his hand.)* Yeah, play anything!

JOHNNY CASINO. Okay, here's a little tune called "Anything"!

(Band plays instrumental "Stroll." MARTY, JAN and FRENCHY, VINCE, ROGER and DOODY form lines as DANNY and PATTY come through center.)

PATTY. I can't imagine you ever having danced with Sandy like this.

DANNY. Whataya mean?

PATTY. I mean her being so clumsy and all. She can't even twirl a baton right. In fact, I've been thinking of having a little talk with the coach about her.