

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.

START

END

DANNY 2

GREASE

41

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

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

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

~~(gives baton to Danny) Here, why don't you twirl this~~

~~(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. Hal Hal

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.

END

DANNY 3

GREASE

67

~~(All guys laugh, KENICKIE joins in laughing at his own joke. DANNY enters jogging, wearing a white track suit with a brown and green number "4" on his back. The trunks are white with a thin green and brown stripe running vertically on each side. He has a relay-race baton.)~~

~~FRENCHY. (Seeing DANNY.) Hey look...ain't that Danny?~~

~~DOODY. Hey, Danny!~~

~~FRENCHY. What's he doing in his underwear?~~

~~DOODY. That's a track suit! Hi ya, Danny.~~

~~(DANNY stops. He's panting. Guys gather around him.)~~

KENICKIE. Jesus, Zuko, where do you keep your "Wheaties?"

DANNY. (reaching in front of jock strap and pulling out a crumpled pack of Luckies) Ha-ha. Big joke. (DANNY lights a cigarette and holds pack in his hand.)

SONNY. Hey, it's a good thing you're here. We're supposed to rumble the Dukes tonight!

DANNY. (alarmed) What time?

KENICKIE. Nine o'clock.

DANNY. (annoyed) Nice play! I got field training till ninety.

KENICKIE. Can't ya sneak away, man?

DANNY. Not a chance! The coach'd kick my butt.

SONNY. The coach!

DANNY. Besides, what am I supposed to do, stomp on somebody's face with my gym shoes? (He puts cigarettes back in jock.)

KENICKIE. Aah, c'mon, Zuko, whattaya tryin' to prove with this track team crap?!

DANNY. Why? Whatta you care? Look, I gotta cut. I'm in the middle of a race now. See ya' later. (DANNY starts off.)

SONNY. You got "the hots" for that cheerleader or somethin'?

DANNY. (runs back angry) How'd you like a fat lip, Sonny?

SONNY. Zuko, we're gonna get creamed without you.

START

END

DANNY

REH. PNO / COND.

~ 206 ~

DRIVE-IN MOVIE

20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28

TOO NEAT AT THE PAS-SION PIT WANT-ING

Or.

Gb Bbm7 Cb Db7

30 31 32

YOU. AND WHEN THE

sim.

Gb Cb Gb Gb7

34 35 36

IN - TER - MIS - SION ELF MOVES THE CLOCK'S HANDS - WHILE HE'S

BOYS: LA LA LA LA LA LA LA

tr. w. tr. tr.

tr. tr. Perc. w. B. Gb Db/Cb Gb Db/Gb

37
EAT- ING - EV - 'RY THING SOLD AT THE STAND _____ WHEN THERE'S

38 39 40

LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA

FL. *fl.* *tr*

TPT. 1/2M W/KB

D/CB (w. B.) GR1 D/CB

41
ONE MIN-UTE TO GO 'TIL THE LIGHTS GO DOWN LOW I'LL BE

42 43 44

AH

(A. WOOD)

Cb D/Cb Ebm7 Ebm7

45
HOLD-ING THE SPEAK-ER KNOBS _____ MIS-SING YOU SO _____ I CAN'T BE-

46 47 48

OO OO OO OO AH

Cmas7 Db

(A TEMPO)

50 51 52

LIEVE IT. UN-STEAMED WIN-DOWS I CAN

trns

(A TEMPO)

53 54 55

SEE THRU MIGHT AS

G^b B^bm⁷ C^b D^b

56 57 58

WELL BE IN AN IG-LOO

rit...

59 60 61

rit...

D^b G^b B^bm⁷

(FREELY)

'CAUSE THE HEAT-ER DOES-NT WORK AS GOOD AS

trills

(FREELY)

Chords: Cb, Db7

(A TEMPO)

you.

(A TEMPO)

Chords: f Gb, Cb

EE OO

Chords: Gb, F#2

ATTACCA

END