

Scene Seven

~~(Scene: A deserted section of the park. JAN and ROGER on picnic table. RIZZO and KENICKIE making out 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' bark 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. Ooohh, yeah!!!~~

~~(Radio fades.)~~

START

DANNY. Hey, Frenchy, when do ya start beauty school?

FRENCHY. Next week. I can hardly wait. No more dumb books and stupid teachers.

MARTY. (holding out a package of Vogues) Hey, anybody want a Vogue?

FRENCHY. Yeah, you got any pink ones left?

SONNY. Yeah, give me one. (puts it in his mouth) How about one for later?

~~MARTY. (Holding out a package of Vogues) Hey, anybody want a Vogue?~~

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~~FRENCHY. Yeah, you got any pink ones left?~~

ROGER. Yeah, that's the nice thing about bein' Potemkin Pig.

JAN. (giving ROGER the finger) Look who's talkin' Porky.

FRENCHY. Hey, Sonny, don't maul that magazine. There's a picture of Ricky Nelson in there I really wanna save.

SONNY. I was just lookin' at Shelley Farberay's jugs.

(FRENCHY leans over to look at picture.)

FRENCHY. (*primping*) Y'know, lotsa people think I look just like Shelley Farberries.

SONNY. Not a chance. You ain't got a "set" like hers.

FRENCHY. I happen to know she wears falsies.

END

SONNY. You oughtta know, Foam-Domes.

JAN. You want another cheeseburger?

ROGER. Nah, I think I'll have a Coke.

JAN. You shouldn't drink so much Coke. It rots your teeth.

ROGER. Thank you, Bucky Beaver.

JAN. I ain't kiddin'. Somebody told me about this scientist once who knocked out one of his teeth and dropped it in this glass of Coke, and after a week, the tooth rotted away until there was nothing left.

ROGER. For Christ sake, I ain't gonna carry a mouthful of Coke around for a week. Besides, what do you care what I do with my teeth? It ain't your problem.

JAN. No, I guess not.

MARTY. (*wearing extra-large college letterman sweater and modeling for DANNY*) Hey, Danny, how would I look as a college girl?

DANNY. (*pulling sweater tight*) Boola-Boola...

MARTY. Hey, watch it! It belongs to this big Jock at Holy Contrition.

DANNY. (*indicating MARTY's sweater*) Wait'll ya see me wearin' one of those things. I tried out for the track team today.

(*Several heads turn and look at DANNY. Ad libs of: What? Zuko, not, etc.*)

MARTY. Are you serious? With those bird legs?

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

DANNY. Hey, better hobby than yours, Rump.

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GREASE

~~DANNY. Nine o'clock, huh? I'll be back if I can get away.~~

~~Later! (Silence, DANNY stands glaring at the guys for a moment and then he runs off, cigarette in his mouth.)~~

~~SONNY. Neat guy, causes a ruckus and then he cuts out on us!~~

~~KENICKIE. Jeez, next thing ya know he'll be gettin' a crew-cut!~~

~~DOODY. He'd look neater with a flat top.~~

~~KENICKIE. C'mon, let's go eat.~~

~~(He and SONNY start towards Burger Palace.)~~

~~SONNY. Hey, Knicks, you wanna split a super-burger?~~

~~KENICKIE. Yeah. All right.~~

~~SONNY. Good. Lend me a half a buck.~~

~~(SONNY and KENICKIE exit into Burger Palace stashing their weapons in a painted oil drum used for garbage.)~~

~~DOODY. Hey, Frenchy, maybe I'll come down to your beauty school some night this week...we can have a Coke or somethin'.~~

~~FRENCHY. (uncertain) Yeah...yeah, sure.~~

~~(DOODY smiles and, depositing his baseball bat in the same oil can, exits into the Burger Palace. To her moving magazine.)~~

START

Jeez! What am I gonna do? I mean, I can't just tell everybody I dropped out of beauty school. I can't go in the Palace for a job...with all the guys sittin' 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 ya' 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,~~
