

MISS LYNCH

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GREASE

START

MISS LYNCH. Before we begin, I'd like to welcome you all to "Moonlight in the Tropics." (*Drum Hit*) And I think we all owe a big round of applause to Patty Simcox and her committee for the wonderful decorations.

(*Mixed reaction from crowd.*)

CHA-CHA. They shoulda got real coconuts!

MISS LYNCH. Now, I'm sure you'll be glad to know that I'm not judging this dance contest.

(*A few kids cheer.*)

All right. All right. I'd like to present Mr. Vince Fontaine...

(*Kids cheer, as she looks around.*)

...Mr. Fontaine?

[*MUSIC NO. 12D: ENTER VINCE FONTAINE*]

VINCE. (*Necking with MARTY, yells to MISS LYNCH.*) Comin' right up!

MISS LYNCH. As most of you know, Mr. Fontaine is an announcer for radio station WAXX.

(*VINCE, on the bandstand, whispers in her ear.*)

...uh... (*uncomfortably*) "Dig the scene on big fifteen."

(*Cheer goes up.*)

Now for the rules! One: All couples must be boy-girl.

ROGER. Too bad, Eugene!

MISS LYNCH. Two: anyone using tasteless or vulgar movements will be disqualified.

RIZZO. (*loud to KENICKIE*) That let's us out!

MISS LYNCH. Three: If Mr. Fontaine taps you on the shoulder, you must clear the dance floor immediately...

~~VINCE. (*grabbing the mike from MISS LYNCH*) 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~~

END