

PATTY

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GREASE

JAN. (*trying to change the subject*) How do ya 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. Hey, look who's comin'. Patty Simcox, the Little Lulu of Rydell High.

MARTY. Yeah. Wonder what she's doin' back here with us chobs?

RIZZO. Maybe she's havin' her period and wants to be alone.

(PATTY enters.)

PATTY. Well, don't say hello.

RIZZO. We won't.

PATTY. Is there room at your table?

MARTY. (*surprised*) 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. I just hope I don't make *too* poor a showing.

START

RIZZO. Well, we sure wish ya all the luck in the world.

PATTY. Oh, uh, thanks. 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. Thank you.

PATTY. I'll bet you're going to be at the cheerleader try-outs next week, aren't you?

SANDY. Oh, no. I'd be too embarrassed.

PATTY. Don't be silly. I could give you a few pointers if you like.

MARTY. Aaaaaahhh, son of a bitch!

PATTY. Goodness gracious!

RIZZO. Nice language. 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?

KENICKIE. Yeah. What's he doin' hangin' around the girls' gym entrance?

ROGER. Maybe he's hot for some chick!

SONNY. One of those skanks we've seen around since kindergarten? Not quite.

DOODY. (*yells*) HEY, DANNY! WHATCHA DOIN'?

ROGER. That's good, Dood. Play it real cool.

KENICKIE. Aw, leave him alone. Maybe he ain't gettin' any.

(*DANNY enters, carrying books and lunch.*)

DANNY. Hey, you guys, what's shakin'? (*fakes SONNY out with a quick goose*)

SONNY. Whattaya say, Zuko - 'dja see any good-lookin' stuff over there?

END