NDY. Don't put too many records on, Frenchy. I'm going leave in a couple of minutes.

KENICK E. Aahh, come on! You ain't takin' your record player slready! The party's just gettin' started.

RIZZO. (moving to SANDY at steps.) Yeah, she's cuttin' out 'cause Zuko ain't here.

SANDY. No, I'm not! Adidn't come here to see him.

RIZZO. No? What'dja come for, then?

SANDY. Uh...because I was it. sited.

RIZZO. We only invited we cause we needed a record player.

JAN. (Trying to avoid trouble, she motions to FRENCHY to come out to the kitchen.) Hey, French!

FRENCHY. (Coming over to SANDY and putting her hand on SAND's arm.) Don't mind her, Sandy. C'h on, let's go hap Jan fix the food.

START

(The guys all gather together at the couch looking at View Master.)

MARTY. (moving to RIZZO, who is sitting alone on steps) Jesus, you're really a barrel of laughs tonight, Rizzo... You havin' your friend?

RIZZO. Huh?

MARTY. Your friend. Your period.

RIZZO. Don't I wish! I'm about five days late.

MARTY. You think maybe you're p.g.?

RIZZO. I don't know - big deal.

MARTY. How'd you let a thing like that happen anyway?

RIZZO. It wasn't my fault. The guy was usin' a thing, but it broke.

MARTY. Holy cow!

RIZZO. Yeah. He got it in a machine at a gas station. Y'know, one of those four-for-a-quarter jobs.

MARTY. Jeez, what a cheapskate!

(KENICKE gets can of beer; near MARTY and RIZZO.)

Hey, it's not Kenickie, is it?

RIZZO. Nah! You don't know the guy.

MARTY. Aahh, they're all the same! Ya remember that disc jockey I met at the dance. I caught him puttin' aspirin in my Coke.

RIZZO. Hey, promise you won't tell anybody, huh?

MARTY. Sure, I won't say nothin'.

RIZZO. (moves to guys at couch) Hey, what happened to the music? Why don't you guys sing another song?

ROGER. Okay. Hey, Dude, let's do that new one by the Tinkle-tones?

(JAN, FRENCHY and SANDY come on to hear song.)

CONTRACTOR (MAC)

TOTAL PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF

THE CALL OF SAME PARTY.

COOTING OF THE STATE OF THE STA

(During the start of song, MARTY whispers to KENICKIE, who angrily goes over to RIZZO.)

KENICKIE. (loud) Hey, Rizzo, I hear you're knocked up. (Song stops.)

RIZZO. (glaring at MARTY) You do, huh? Boy, good news really travels fast!

KENICKIE. Hey, listen, why didn't you tell me?

RIZZO. Don't worry about it, Kenickie. You don't even know who the guy is.

KENICKIE. Huh? Thanks a lot, kid.

(He walks away, hurt, leaves the party. The group urges him to stay. RIZZO, upset, sits looking after him.)

if you eer need somebody to talk to...

RIZZO. All of a sudde. you think you can get a little. Get lost, Sonny.

DOODY. Tough luck, Kizzo.

ROGER Listen, Rizz, I'll help you out with some me new if you need it.

yzzo. Forget it, I don't want any handouts.

FRANCHY. It ain't so bad, Rizz – you get to stay home from school.

JAN. Hey you want to stay over tonight, Rizz?

RIZZO. Hey, why don't you guys just flake off and leave me alone?

(There is an awkward silence.)

JAN. It's getting late, anyway – I guess it might be better if everybody went home. C'mon, let's go!

(JAN pushes SONNY, DODY and FRENCHY exit.)

MARTY. Hey, French...waj up

(MARTY gets her prese, which is near RIZZO, avoiding eye contact. RIZZO glares vicious, at her.)

ROGER. See ya, Kizz. (ROGER looks at her a moment and exits.) SONNY. (to JAN) Tell her I didn't mean anything, will ya.

(He exits. RIZZO begins to clean up.)

JAN. Last leave that stuff, Rizzo. I'll get it. RYZO. Look, it's no bother. I don't mind.

(JAN exits. SANDY collects her record player and purse.

SANDY. I'm sorry to hear you're in trouble, Rizzo.

RIZZO. Bull! What are you gonna do – give me a whole sermon about it?

SANDY. No. But doesn't it bother you that you're pregnant?

RIZZO. Look, that's my business. It's nobody else's problem.

SANDY. Do you really believe that? Didn't you see Kenickie's face when he left here?

(RIZZO turns away.)

It's Kenickie, isn't it? (awkward pause) Well, I guess I've said too much already. Good luck, Rizzo.

(She starts to leave. RIZZO turns and glares at her.)

RIZZO. Just a minute, Miss Goody-Goody! Who do you think you are? Handing me all this sympathy crap! Since you

START

know all the answers, how come I didn't see Zuko here tonight? You just listen to me, Miss Sandra Dee...

(sings)

[MUSIC NO. 17: THERE ARE WORSE THINGS I SOUL DO]

THERE ARE WORSE THINGS I COULD DO
THAY GO WITH A BOY OR TWO
EVEN THOUGH THE NEIGHBORHOOD
THINKS I'M TRASHY AND NO GOOD
I SUPPOSITIT COULD BE TRUE
BUT THERE'S WORSE THINGS I COULD DO.

I COULD FLIRT WITH ALL THE GUYS
SMILE AT THEN AND BAT MY EYES
PRESS AGAINST THEM WHEN WE DANCE
MAKE THEM THINK THEY STAND A CHANCE
THEN REFUSE TO SEE IT THROUGH
THAT'S A THING I'D NEVER DO.

I COULD STAY HOME EVERY NICHT
WAIT AROUND FOR MISTER RIGHT
TAKE COLD SHOWERS EVERY DAY
AND THROW MY LIFE AWAY
FOR A DREAM THAT WON'T COME TRUE.

I COULD HURT SOME ONE LIKE ME OUT OF SPITE OR JUALOUSY
I DON'T STEAL AND I DON'T LIE
BUT I CAN FEEL AND I CAN CRY
A FACT I'LL BUT YOU NEVER KNEW
BUT TO CRYAN FRONT OF YOU
THAT'S THE WORST THING I COULD DO.

(Lights fade out on RIZZO as SANDY exits, crying carrying her record player, going into her tedroom. SANDY sits down on her bed, dejectedly. She sings a retrise)

MUSIC NO. 18: LOOK AT ME, I'M SANDRA DAE]

END



Chelsea Music Service, Inc. 311 West 43rd Street NYC 10036 212.541-8656





ENO







