

# SONNY 1

14

GREASE

START

SONNY. Son of a "Bee." I got Old Lady Lynch for English again. She hates my guts. (SONNY *lights a cigarette.*)

ROGER. Nah, she's got the hots for ya, Sonny. That's why she keeps puttin' ya back in her class.

KENICKIE. Yeah, she's just waitin' for ya to grow up.

SONNY. Yeah, well, this year she's gonna wish she never seen me.

KENICKIE. Yeah? What are ya gonna do to her?

SONNY. I'm just not gonna take any of her crap, that's all. I don't take no crap from nobody.

(MISS LYNCH *enters.*)

MISS LYNCH. What's all the racket out here?

~~SONNY. I'm just not gonna take any of her crap, that's all. I don't take no crap from nobody.~~

~~(SONNY *lights a cigarette by putting it in his*~~

~~mouth and inhales on the still-burning cigarette.)~~

SONNY. Hello, Miss Lynch, we was...uh...

MISS LYNCH. Dominic, aren't you supposed to be in class right now?

SONNY. I... I...

MISS LYNCH. You're just dawdling, aren't you? That's a fine way to start the new semester, Mr. LaTierri. Well? Are you going to stand there all day?

SONNY. No, Ma'am.

~~SONNY. I'm just not gonna take any of her crap, that's all. I don't take no crap from nobody.~~

MISS LYNCH. Then move! (MISS LYNCH *exits.*)

SONNY. Yes, Ma'am. (SONNY *takes his hand out of his pocket and inhales on the still-burning cigarette.*)

ROGERS. I'm sure glad she didn't give you no crap, Son. You would have really told her off, right?

SONNY. Shaddup.

END

~~(SONNY *lights a cigarette by putting it in his*~~

~~mouth and inhales on the still-burning cigarette.)~~

# SONNY 2

34

GREASE

## Scene Five

*(Scene: GUYS come running on out of breath and carrying quarts of beer and four hubcaps. DANNY has tire iron.)*

DANNY. I don't know why I brought this tire iron! I coulda yanked these babies off with my bare hands!

SONNY. Sure ya could, Zuko! I just broke six fingernails!

ROGER. Hey, you guys, these hubcaps ain't got a scratch on 'em. They must be worth two beans a piece easy.

DOODY. No kiddin'? Hey, how much can we get for these dice? *(pulls out foam rubber dice)*

ROGER. Hey, who the hell would put brand new chromers on a second-hand Dodgem car!

DANNY. Probably some real tool!

SONNY. Hey, c'mon, let's go push these things off on somebody!

DANNY. Eleven o'clock at night? Sure, maybe we could go sell 'em at a police station!

DOODY. A police station, what a laugh! They don't use these kinda hubcaps on cop cars.

*(A car horn is heard.)*

SONNY. Hey, here comes that car we just hit! Let's make tracks! Ditch the evidence!

*(GUYS run, dropping hubcaps. SONNY tries to scoop them up as KENICKIE drives on in "Greased Lightning.")*

DANNY. Hey, wait a minute -- it's Kenickie!

KENICKIE. All right, put those things back on the car, dipstick!

SONNY. Jeez, whatta grouch! We was only holdin' 'em for ya so nobody'd swipe 'em.

DOODY. *(handing back dice)* Hey, where'dja get these cool dice?

START

DANNY. Kenickie, whattaya doin' with this hunk-ah-junk,  
anyway?

KENICKIE. Whattaya mean? This is "Greased Lightning"!

*("Whats" and puzzled looks go up from GUYS.)*

SONNY. What? You really expect to make out in this sardine  
can?

KENICKIE. Hey, get bent, LaTierr!

ROGERS. Nice color, what is it? Candy Apple Primer?

KENICKIE. That's all right – wait till I give it a paint job and  
tune up the engine – she'll work like a champ!

DANNY. *(looking at car and picking up mike)* The one and only  
Greased Lightning!

*(Driving guitar begins playing.)*

**[MUSIC NO. 6: GREASED LIGHTNIN']**

KENICKIE. *(sings)*

I'LL HAVE ME OVERHEAD LIFTERS AND FOUR-BARREL  
QUADS, OH, YEAH

*(GUYS sing back-up throughout.)*

A FUEL-INJECTION CUT-OFF AND CHROME-PLATED RODS,  
OH, YEAH

WITH A FOUR-SPEED ON THE FLOOR, THEY'LL BE WAITIN'  
AT THE DOOR

YA KNOW WITHOUT A DOUBT, I'LL BE REALLY MAKIN' OUT  
IN GREASED LIGHTNIN'!

KENICKIE.

GO, GREASED LIGHTNIN', YOU'RE BURNIN' UP THE  
QUARTER MILE

GUYS.

GREASED LIGHTNIN', GO, GREASED LIGHTNIN'

KENICKIE.

YEAH, GREASED LIGHTNIN', YOU'RE COASTIN' THROUGH  
THE HEAT-LAP TRIALS

END