



Audition Scenes

Scene 6 (Schoolyard) - Danny and Sandy

Scene 5 (Street Corner) - Danny and The Boys

Scene 2 (Cafeteria) - Jan, Marty, Kenickie, Roger, Sonny, Rizzo, Frenchy, Doody, Miss Lynch, Patty

Scene 4 (Bedroom) - Pink Ladies, Sandy and Vince Fontaine

SCENE 6 – SCHOOLYARD

SCENE: SANDY runs on with Pom Poms, dressed in a green baggy gym suit.
She does a Rydell cheer.

SANDY

DO A SPLIT, GIVE A YELL THROW A FIT FOR OLD RYDELL WAY TO GO, GREEN AND BROWN TURN THE
FOE UPSIDE DOWN.

SANDY does awkward split. DANNY enters.

DANNY

Hiya, Sandy.

(SANDY gives him a look and turns her head so that DANNY sees the Band-Aid on her ear.) Hey, what
happened to your ear?

SANDY

Huh? (She covers her ear with her hand, answers coldly.) Oh, nothing. Just an accident.

DANNY Hey, look, uh, I hope you're not bugged about that first day at school. I mean, couldn't ya'
tell I was glad to see ya'?

SANDY Well, you could've been a little nicer to me in front of your friends.

DANNY Are you kidding? Hey, you don't know those guys. They just see ya' talkin' to a chick and
right away they think she puts... well, you know what I mean.

SANDY I'm not sure. It looked to me like maybe you had a new girl friend or something.

DANNY Are you kiddin'! Listen, if it was up to me, I'd never even look at any other chick but you.
(SANDY blushes.) Hey, tell ya' what. We're throwin' a party in the park tomorrow night for Frenchy.
She's gonna quit school before she flunks again and go to Beauty School. How'dja like to make it on
down there with me?

SANDY I'd really like to, but I'm not so sure those girls want me around anymore.

DANNY Listen, Sandy. Nobody's gonna start gettin' salty with ya' when I'm around. Uh-uhh!

SANDY All right, Danny, as long as you're with me. Let's not let anyone come between us again,
okay?

PATTY (Rushing onstage with two batons and wearing cheerleader outfit.) HIIIIIIII, Danny! Oh, don't
let me interrupt. (Gives SANDY baton.) Here, why don't you twirl this for awhile. (Taking DANNY
aside.) I've been dying to tell you something. You know what I found out after you left my house the
other night? My mother thinks you're cute. (To SANDY.) He's such a lady-killer.

SANDY

Isn't he, though! (Out of corner of mouth, to DANNY.) What were you doing at her house?

DANNY

Ah, I was just copying down some homework.

PATTY

Come on, Sandy, let's practice.

SANDY

Yeah, let's! I'm just dying to make a good impression on all those cute letterman.

DANNY

Oh, that's why you're wearing that thing—gettin' ready to show off your skivvies to a bunch of horny jocks?

SANDY

Don't tell me you're jealous, Danny.

DANNY

What? Of that bunch ah meatheads! Don't make me laugh. Ha! Ha!

SANDY

Just because they can do something you can't do?

DANNY

Yeah, sure, right.

SANDY

Okay, what have you ever done?

DANNY (To PATTY, twirling baton.)

Stop that! (Thinking a moment.)

I won a Hully-Gully contest at the "Teen-Talent" record hop.

SANDY

Aaahh, you don't even know what I'm talking about.

DANNY

Whattaya mean, look, I could run circles around those jerks.

SANDY

But you'd rather spend your time copying other people's homework.

DANNY

Listen, the next time they have tryouts for any of those teams I'll show you what I can do.

PATTY

Oh, what a lucky coincidence! The track team's having tryouts tomorrow.

DANNY

(Panic.) Huh? Okay, I'll be there.

SANDY

Big talk.

DANNY You think so, huh. Hey, Patty, when'dja say those tryouts were?

PATTY

Tomorrow, tenth period on the football field.

DANNY Good, I'll be there. You're gonna come watch me, aren't you?

PATTY

Oooohh, I can't wait!

DANNY

Solid. I'll see ya' there, sexy.

DANNY exits.

PATTY

Toodles!

(Elated, turns to SANDY.) Oooohh, I'm so excited, aren't you?

SANDY

Come on, let's practice.

SCENE 5 – STREET CORNER

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, dip-stick!

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?

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, LaTierri!

ROGER

Nice color, what is it? Candy Apple Primer?

KENICKIE That's all right—wait till I give it a paint job and soup 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.)

Scene 2 (Cafeteria)

SCENE: The GREASERS stalk off as the scene shifts to the high school cafeteria. JAN and MARTY enter, wearing their Pink Ladies jackets and carrying trays, JAN'S loaded with food. As each female character enters, she joins the others at one large table.

JAN Jeez, I wish it was still summer. God, it's only a quarter after twelve and I feel like I been here a whole year already.

MARTY

Yeah, what a drag. Hey, you wanna sit here?

JAN Yeah. Rizzo's comin', and Frenchy's bringin' that new chick. Hey, Marty, who'd ya' get for Economics? Old Man Drucker?

MARTY

Yeah, what a drag. He keeps makin' passes.

JAN

For real? He never tried nothin' with me!

MARTY

Huh. You want my coleslaw?

JAN

I'll see if I have room for it.

JAN takes coleslaw.

MARTY

Hey, Rizzo, over here!

RIZZO enters carrying tray.

RIZZO

Hey, hey, hey! Hey, where's all the guys?

JAN Those slobs. You think they'd spend a dime on their lunch? They're baggin' it.

RIZZO

Pretty cheap.

Lights fade on the cafeteria, come up on ROGER and DOODY sitting on the school steps.

DOODY Hey, Rump, I'll trade ya' a sardine for a liver sausage.

ROGER I ain't eatin' one of those things. You had 'em in your ice box since last Easter.

DOODY Nah, this was a fresh can. My ma just opened it this morning.

ROGER You mean your old lady dragged her carcass out of bed for ya'?

DOODY Sure. She does it every year on the first day of school.

KENICKIE enters.

KENICKIE
Hey, where ya' at?

ROGER
Hey, Kenickie. What's happening?

DOODY Hey, Kenickie, whatcha got in the bag? I'll trade ya' half a sardine.

KENICKIE Get outta here with that dog food. I ain't messin' up my stomach with none of that crap.

KENICKIE pulls a pack of Hostess Sno-Balls out of the bag and starts unwrapping it.

ROGER
Hey, Knicks, where were ya' all summer?

KENICKIE
What are you, the F.B.I.?

ROGER
I was just askin'.

KENICKIE I was workin'. Which is more than either of you two skids can say.

ROGER
Workin'! Yeah? Where?

KENICKIE
Luggin' boxes at Bargain City.

ROGER
Nice job!

KENICKIE Hey, crami! I'm savin' up to get me some wheels. That's the only reason I took the job.

ROGER
You getting' a car, Kenick?

DOODY
Hey, cool! What kind?

KENICKIE I don't know what kind yet, moron. But I got a name all picked out. "Greased Lightning"!

ROGER
(Putting him on.)
Oh, nifty!

DOODY Yeah. Maybe you oughtta get a hamster instead.

DOODY and ROGER laugh.

KENICKIE Go ahead, laugh it up. When I show up in that baby, you suckers'll be laughin' out the other end.

ROGER
Will we ever!

SONNY enters, with wraparound sunglasses. As he enters, he pull a class schedule out of his pocket.

KENICKIE
Hey, whattaya say, Sonny?

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?

DOODY
Hi, Miss Lynch, did you have a nice summer?

SONNY hides his cigarette by cupping it in his hand and shoving his hand in his pocket.

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.

DOODY
No, Ma'am.

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.

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

SONNY
Shaddup.

Lights fade on steps, come up again on GIRLS in the cafeteria.

MARTY (Squinting and putting her rhinestone glasses on.) Hey, Jan, who's that chick with Frenchy? Is she the one you were tellin' me about?

JAN Yeah, her name's Sandy. She seems pretty cool. Maybe we could let her in the Pink Ladies.

RIZZO
Just what we need. Another broad around.

FRENCHY and SANDY enter, carrying trays.

FRENCHY Hi, you guys, this is my new next-door neighbor, Sandy Dumbrowski. This here's Rizzo and that's Marty and you remember Jan.

JAN
Sure. Hi.

SANDY
Hi. Pleased to meet you.

FRENCHY
(To SANDY.) Come on, sit down. Hey, Marty, those new glasses?

MARTY Yeah, I just got 'em for school. Do they make me look smarter?

RIZZO
Nah. We can still see your face.

MARTY
Howdja like rice pudding down your bra?

JAN
I'll take it!

JAN reaches over and grabs the pudding.

RIZZO
How long you been livin' around here?

SANDY
Since July. My father just got transferred here.

MARTY Hey, French, what'dja' do to your hair? It really looks tough.

FRENCHY

Ah, I just touched it up a little.

JAN

You gonna eat your cole-slaw, Sandy?

SANDY

It smells kinda funny.

FRENCHY (Diverting SANDY'S attention. JAN grabs SANDY'S cole-slaw.) Wait'll you have the chipped beef. Better known as "Barf on a Bun."

MARTY Don't mind her, Sandy. Some of us like to show off and use scurvy words.

RIZZO Some of us? Check out Miss Toiletmouth over here.

MARTY

(Giving her "the finger.") Up yours, Rizzle!

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 (Off-stage.) 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 slobs?

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 VicePresident?

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.

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?

DANNY Nah, just the same old chicks everybody's made it with!

DOODY
Where ya' been all summer, Danny?

DANNY
Well, I spent a lot of time down at the beach.

KENICKIE
Hey, 'dja meet any new broads?

DANNY Nah. Just met this one who was sorta cool, ya' know?

SONNY

Ya' mean she "goes all the way"?

DANNY

Is that all you ever think about, Sonny?

SONNY (Looking around at the other GUYS.)

Friggin'-A!

Scene 4 (Bedroom)

SCENE: A pajama party in MARTY'S bedroom. MARTY, FRENCHY, JAN and RIZZO are in pastel baby doll pajamas, SANDY in a quilted robe buttoned all the way up to the neck. The WAXX jingle for the VINCE FONTAINE Show is playing on the radio.

VINCE'S VOICE Hey, hey, this is the main-brain, Vince Fontaine, at Big Fifteen! Spinnin' the stacks of wax, here at the House of Wax—W-A-X-X. (OOO-ga horn SFX.) Cruisin' time, 10:46. (Ricocheting bullet SFX.) Sharpshooter pick hit of the week. A brand new one shootin' up the charts like a rocket by "The Vel-doo Rays"—goin' out to Ronnie and Sheila, the kids down at Mom's school store, and especially to Little Joe and the LaDons—listen in while I give it a spin!

Radio fades. FRENCHY is looking at a fan magazine that has a big picture of Fabian on the cover.

FRENCHY Hey, it says here that Fabian is in love with some Swedish movie star and might be gettin' married.

JAN
Oh, no!

MARTY Who cares, as long as they don't get their hooks into "Kookie."

RIZZO
Hey, Frenchy, throw me a ciggie-butt, will ya'?

FRENCHY throws RIZZO a cigarette.

MARTY
Me too, while ya' got the pack out.

FRENCHY
Ya' want one, Sandy?

SANDY
Oh, no thanks. I don't smoke.

FRENCHY
Ya' don't? Didja ever try it?

SANDY
Well, no, but...

RIZZO Go on, try it. It ain't gonna kill ya'. Give her a Hit Parade!

(FRENCHY throws SANDY a Hit Parade.) RIZZO (CONT'D) Now, when she holds up the match, suck in on it. (FRENCHY lights the cigarette, SANDY inhales and starts coughing violently.) Oh, I shoulda told ya', don't inhale if you're not used to it.

MARTY

That's okay. You'll get better at it.

FRENCHY Yeah, then I'll show ya' how to French inhale. That's really cool. Watch.

She demonstrates French inhaling.

JAN Phtyyaaagghh! That's the ugliest thing I ever saw!

FRENCHY Nah, the guys really go for it. That's how I got my nickname, Frenchy.

RIZZO

Sure it is. Jeez, you guys, I almost forgot! (She removes ½ gallon of wine from her overnight bag.) A little Sneaky Pete to get the party goin'.

JAN

Italian Swiss Colony. Wow, it's imported!

RIZZO passes bottle to MARTY.

FRENCHY

Hey, we need some glasses.

RIZZO Just drink it out of the bottle, we ain't got cooties.

MARTY It's kind of sweet. I think I like Thunderbird better.

RIZZO

Okay, Princess Grace.

Takes bottle away from MARTY.

MARTY

(Grabbing bottle back.) I didn't say I didn't want any, it just don't taste very strong, that's all.

MARTY passes bottle to SANDY, who quickly passes it to JAN.

JAN Hey, I brought some Twinkies, anybody want one?

MARTY

Twinkies and wine? That's real class, Jan.

JAN

(Pointing to label on bottle.) It says right here, it's a dessert wine!

Passes wine to FRENCHY.

RIZZO

Hey, Sandy didn't get any wine.

Hands bottle to SANDY

SANDY

Oh, that's okay. I don't mind.

RIZZO Hey, I'll bet you never had a drink before, either...

SANDY Sure I did. I had some champagne at my cousin's wedding once.

RIZZO

Oh, Ring-a-ding-ding. (Hands her wine. SANDY sips wine cautiously.) Hey, no! Ya' gotta chug it. Like this! (RIZZO takes a big slug from the bottle.) Otherwise you swallow air bubbles and that's what makes you throw up.

JAN

I never knew that.

MARTY Sure, Rudy from the Capri Lounge told me the same thing.

SANDY takes a slug from the bottle and holds it in her mouth trying to swallow it.

JAN Hey, Sandy, you ever wear earrings? I think they'd keep your face from lookin' so skinny.

MARTY Hey! Yeah! I got some big round ones made out of real mink. They'd look great on you.

FRENCHY Wouldja like me to pierce your ears for ya', Sandy? I'm gonna be a beautician, y'know.

JAN

Yeah, she's real good. She did mine for me.

SANDY

Oh no, my father'd probably kill me.

MARTY You still worry about what your old man thinks?

SANDY

Well... no. But isn't it awfully dangerous?

RIZZO

(Leans down to SANDY.) You ain't afraid, are ya'?

SANDY

Of course not!

FRENCHY

Good. Hey, Marty, you got a needle around?

FRENCHY rummages in dresser for needle.

MARTY

Hey, how about my virgin pin!

MARTY reaches for her Pink Ladies jacket and takes off “circle pin” handing it to FRENCHY.

JAN

Nice to know it’s good for somethin’.

MARTY

What’s that crack supposed to mean?

JAN

Forget it, Marty, I was just teasing ya’.

MARTY Yeah, well, tease somebody else. It’s my house.

FRENCHY begins to pierce SANDY’S ears. SANDY yelps.

FRENCHY

Hey, would ya’ hold still!

MARTY

(To the rescue.) Hey, French... why don’t you take Sandy in the john? My old lady’d kill me if we got blood all over the rug.

SANDY

Huh?

FRENCHY

It only bleeds for a second. Come on.

JAN

Aaaww! We miss all the fun!

JAN opens a second package of Twinkies as FRENCHY begins to lead SANDY off.

FRENCHY Hey, Marty, I need some ice to numb her earlobes.

MARTY

(Exasperated.) Ahh... look, why don’tcha just let the cold water run for a little while, then stick her ear under the faucet?

SANDY Listen, I’m sorry, but I’m not feeling too well, and I...

RIZZO Look, Sandy, if you think you’re gonna be hangin’ around with the Pink Ladies—you gotta get with it! Otherwise forget it... and go back to your hot cocoa and Girl Scout cookies.

SANDY

Okay, come on... Frenchy.

JAN Hey, Sandy, don't sweat it. If she screws up, she can always fix your hair so your ears won't show.

FRENCHY

Har-dee-har-har!

RIZZO

That chick's gettin' to be a real nerd.

JAN

Ah, lay off, Rizzo.

MARTY

Yeah, she can't help it if she ain't been around.

RIZZO Yeah, well, how long are we supposed to play babysitter for her? (Suddenly a loud "urp" sound is heard offstage.) What was that? (The girls all look at each other, bewildered for a couple of seconds, then FRENCHY runs back into the room.)

FRENCHY Hey, Marty, Sandy's sick. She's heavin' all over the place!

JAN

Ja' do her ears already?

FRENCHY Nah. I only did one. As soon as she saw the blood she went BLEUGH!

RIZZO

God! What a Party Poop!

MARTY pulls out a gaudy kimono. She makes a big show of putting it on.

MARTY Jeez, it's gettin' kinda chilly. I think I'll put my robe on.

JAN

Hey, Marty, where'dja' get that thing?

MARTY

Oh, you like it? It's from Japan.

RIZZO

Yeah, everything's made in Japan these days.

MARTY

No, this guy I know sent it to me.

FRENCHY

No kiddin'!

JAN
You goin' with a Jap?

MARTY He ain't a Jap, stupid. He's a Marine. And, a real doll, too.

FRENCHY Oh, wow! Hey, Marty, can he get me one of those things?

JAN
You never told us you knew any Marines.

RIZZO
How long you known this guy?

MARTY Oh... just a couple of months. I met him on a blind date at the roller rink... and the next thing I know, he joins up. Anyway, right off the bat he starts sendin' me things—and then today I got this kimono. (Trying to be cool.) Oh yeah, look what else!

MARTY takes a ring out of cleavage.

FRENCHY
Oh, neat!

MARTY It's just a tiny bit too big. So I gotta get some angora for it.

FRENCHY
Jeez! Engaged to a Marine!

RIZZO
(Sarcastically.)
Endsville.

JAN
What's this guy look like, Marty?

FRENCHY
You got a picture?

MARTY Yeah, but it's not too good. He ain't in uniform. (MARTY takes her wallet out of the dresser. It's one of those fat bulging ones with rubber bands around it. She swings wallet and accordion picture folder drops to floor.) Oh, here it is... next to Paul Anka.

JAN
How come it's ripped in half?

MARTY
Oh, his old girl friend was in the picture.

JAN
What's this guy's name, anyway?

MARTY

Oh! It's Freddy. Freddy Strulka.

JAN

He a Polack?

MARTY

Naah, I think he's Irish.

FRENCHY

Do you write him a lot, Marty?

MARTY

Pretty much. Every time I get a present.

JAN

Whattaya say to a guy in a letter, anyway?