

*Danny / Sandy /
Patty*

Scene Six

(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 girlfriend 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.

Start

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 cheer-leader outfit*) HHHiiiiiii, 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 lettermen.

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. Ooohh, I can't wait!

DANNY. Solid. I'll see ya there, sexy. (**DANNY exits.**)

PATTY. Toodles! (*elated, turns to SANDY*) Ooohh, I'm so excited, aren't you?

SANDY. Come on, let's practice.

(They sing "Rydell Fight Song," twirling batons, SANDY just missing PATTY's head with each swing.)

[MUSIC NO. 7: RYDELL FIGHT SONG]

SANDY & PATTY.

HIT 'EM AGAIN, RYDELL RINGTAILS
TEAR 'EM APART, GREEN AND BROWN
BASH THEIR BRAINS OUT, STOMP 'EM ON THE FLOOR
FOR THE GLORY OF RYDELL EVER MORE.

FIGHT TEAM, FIGHT, FIGHT, TEAM FIGHT
CHEW 'EM UP - SPIT 'EM OUT
FIGHT TEAM, FIGHT.

(SANDY and PATTY exit doing majorette march step.)