

Miss Lynch /  
Johnny  
Casino

EUGENE. (*over by PATTY*) Patty, you promised to be my partner for the dance contest, remember?

PATTY. That's right. I almost forgot.

(*She looks longingly toward DANNY as EUGENE pulls her away.*)

DANNY. (*walking over to RIZZO and KENICKIE*) Hey, Rizzo. I'm ready to dance with you now.

RIZZO. Don't strain yourself... I'm dancin' with Kenickie.

KENICKIE. That's alright, Zuko, you can have my date. (*He yells.*) Hey, Charlene! Come 'ere.

CHA-CHA. (*walking over*) Yeah, whattaya want?

KENICKIE. How'dja like to dance this next one with Danny Zuko?

CHA-CHA. The big rod of the Burger Palace Boys? I didn't even know he saw me here.

DANNY. (*giving CHA-CHA a dismayed look*) I didn't.

(*CHA-CHA looks around in ecstasy.*)

JOHNNY. Okay, alligators, here it is. The big one...

(*drum roll*)

...the Hand-Jive Dance Contest.

(*The kids cheer.*)

Let's get things under way by bringing up our own Miss Lynch.

[MUSIC NO. 12C: ENTER MISS LYNCH]

(*The kids react. Guitar player in band plays a few chords of "Rydell fight song" as MISS LYNCH comes up to the mike.*)

MISS LYNCH. Thank you, Clarence.

(*All the kids break up. JOHNNY CASINO gives kids "the finger."*)

Whenever you're finished.

(*Noise subsides a little.*)

start

**MISS LYNCH.** Before we begin, I'd like to welcome you all to "Moonlight in the Tropics." (*Drum Hit*) And I think we all owe a big round of applause to Patty Simcox and her committee for the wonderful decorations.

(*Mixed reaction from crowd.*)

**CHA-CHA.** They shoulda got real coconuts!

**MISS LYNCH.** Now, I'm sure you'll be glad to know that I'm not judging this dance contest.

(*A few kids cheer.*)

All right. All right. I'd like to present Mr. Vince Fontaine...

(*Kids cheer, as she looks around.*)

...Mr. Fontaine?

[*MUSIC NO. 12D: ENTER VINCE FONTAINE*]

**VINCE.** (*Necking with MARTY, yells to MISS LYNCH.*) Comin' right up!

**MISS LYNCH.** As most of you know, Mr. Fontaine is an announcer for radio station WXXX.

(*VINCE, on the bandstand, whispers in her ear.*)

...uh... (*uncomfortably*) "Dig the scene on big fifteen."

(*Cheer goes up.*)

Now for the rules! One: All couples must be boy-girl.

**ROGER.** Too bad, Eugene!

**MISS LYNCH.** Two: anyone using tasteless or vulgar movements will be disqualified.

**RIZZO.** (*loud to KENICKIE*) That let's us out!

**MISS LYNCH.** Three: If Mr. Fontaine taps you on the shoulder, you must clear the dance floor immediately...

**VINCE.** (*grabbing the mike from MISS LYNCH*) I just wanna say, truly in all sincerity, Miss Lynch, that you're doing a really, really terrific job here, terrific. And I'll sure bet these kids are lucky to have you for a teacher, 'cause

I'll bet in all sincerity that you're really terrific. IS SHE TERRIFIC, KIDS?

*(The kids cheer.)*

Only thing I wanna say, in all sincerity, is enjoy yourselves, have a ball, 'cause like we always say at "BIG FIFTEEN" where the jocks hang out - "If you're having fun, you're number one!" And some lucky guy and gal is gonna go boppin' home with a stack of terrific prizes. But don't feel bad if I bump yuzz out, 'cause it don't matter if you win or lose, it's what ya do with those dancing shoes. So, okay, cats, throw your mittens around your kittens...and AWAY WE GO!

*(VINCE does a Jackie Gleason pose. JOHNNY CASINO sings "Born to Hand-Jive." During the dance, couples are eliminated one by one as VINCE FONTAINE mills through the crowd, tapping each couple and occasionally letting one of his hands slither down to rub one of the girls across the ass, or nonchalantly trying to "cop a feel")*

**[MUSIC NO. 13: BORN TO HAND-JIVE]**

**JOHNNY CASINO.**

BEFORE I WAS BORN, LATE ONE NIGHT  
 MY PAPA SAID, EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT  
 THE DOCTOR LAUGHED, WHEN MA LAID DOWN  
 WITH HER STOMACH BOUNCIN' ALL AROUND  
 'CAUSE A BE-BOP STORK WAS 'BOUT TO ARRIVE  
 AND MAMA GAVE BIRTH TO THE "HAND-JIVE"!  
 I COULD BARELY WALK WHEN I MILKED A COW  
 AND WHEN I WAS THREE I PUSHED A PLOW  
 WHILE CHOPPIN' WOOD I'D MOVE MY LEGS  
 AND STARTED DANCIN' WHILE I GATHERED EGGS  
 THE TOWN-FOLK CLAPPED, I WAS ONLY FIVE  
 HE'LL OUTDANCE 'EM ALL, HE'S A BORN "HAND-JIVE"!

*(Short guitar solo. Dance Chorus.)*

stop