

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

JAN. 'Dja 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.)

start

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?

(MARTY and GIRLS suddenly become a rock'n' roll singing quartet.)

[MUSIC NO. 5: FREDDY, MY LOVE]

stop

MARTY. *(sings)*

FREDDY, MY LOVE, I MISS YOU MORE THAN WORDS CAN SAY

(GIRLS sing back-up throughout.)

FREDDY, MY LOVE, PLEASE KEEP IN TOUCH WHILE YOU'RE
AWAY

HEARING FROM YOU CAN MAKE THE DAY SO MUCH BETTER
GETTING A SOUVENIR OR MAYBE A LETTER

I REALLY FLIPPED OVER THE GREY CASHMERE SWEATER
FREDDY, MY LOVE

(FREDDY, MY LOVE, FREDDY, MY LOVE, FREDDY MY LO-OOVE)

FREDDY, YOU KNOW, YOUR ABSENCE MAKES ME FEEL SO
BLUE

THAT'S OKAY, THOUGH, YOUR PRESENTS MAKE ME THINK
OF YOU

MY MA WILL HAVE A HEART ATTACK WHEN SHE CATCHES
THOSE PEDAL PUSHERS WITH THE BLACK LEATHER
PATCHES

OH, HOW I WISH I HAD A JACKET THAT MATCHES