

# Marty + The Other Girls

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GREASE

**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]*

**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