

Scene One

Danny, Patty, and Sandy

- Patty: (*Rushing onstage with two batons and wearing cheerleading outfit*) HIIIIII, Danny! Oh, don't let me interrupt. 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 the corner of her 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 dying to make a good impression on all of those cute lettermen.
- Danny: Oh that's why you're wearing that thing-getting' ready to show off your skivvies to a bunch of stupid jocks?
- Sandy: Don't tell me you're jealous, Danny.
- Danny: What, of that bunch of 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 even done?
- Danny: *To Patty, twirling baton*. Stop that! *Thinking a moment*. I won a Hully-Gully contest at the "Teen Talent" record hop.
- Sandy: But you'd rather spend your time copying other people's homework.

- Danny: Listen, the next time they have tryout for any of those teams I'll show you what I can do.
- Patty: Well 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. I'll see ya there, sexy. (*Danny exits.*)

Scene Two

Frenchie

- Frenchy: *Uncertain*. Yeah... Yeah sure. *To her movie magazine*. Jeez! What am I gonna do? I mean, I can't just tell everybody I dropped out of beauty school. I can't go in the Palace for a job, with all the guys sittin' around. Boy, I wish I had one of those guardian angel things like in that Debbie Reynolds movie. Wouldn't that be neat... somebody always there to tell ya' what's the best thing to do.

Scene Three
Danny, Sonny, and Kenickie

- Sonny: Hey, it's a good thing you're here. We're supposed to rumble the Dukes tonight!
- Danny: *Alarmed*. What time?
- Kenickie: Nine o'clock.
- Danny: *Annoyed*. Nice play! I got field training till 9:30.
- Kenickie: Can't ya sneak away, man?
- Danny: Not a chance! The coach'd kick my butt.
- Sonny: The coach!?
- Danny: Besides, what am I supposed to do, stomp on somebody's face with my gym shoes?
- Kenickie: Ahh, c'mon, Zuko, whattya tryin' to prove with this track team crap?
- Danny: Why? Whatta you care anyway? Look, I gotta cut. I'm in the middle of a race now. See ya later.
Danny starts off.
- Sonny: You got the hots for that cheerleader or something'?
- Danny: How'd you like a fat lip, Sonny?
- Sonny: Zuko, we're gonna get creamed without you.
- Danny: Nine o'clock huh? I'll be back if I can get away. Later! Danny runs off.
- Sonny: Neat guy, causes a ruckus and then he cuts out on us!
- Kenickie: Jeez, next thing ya know, he'll be getting' a crew-cut!

Scene Four
Rizzo and Sandy

- Sandy: I'm sorry to hear you're in trouble, Rizzo.
- Rizzo: Bull! What are ya gonna do- give me a whole sermon about it?
- Sandy: No. But doesn't it bother you that you're pregnant?
- Rizzo: Look, that's my business. It's nobody else's problem.
- Sandy: Do you really believe that? Didn't you see Kenickie's face when he left here? *Rizzo turns away*. It's Kenickie, isn't it? Pause. Well I guess I've said too much already. *Goes to leave*.
- Rizzo: Just a minute, Miss Goody-Goody! Who do you think you are? Handing me all this sympathy crap! Since you know all the answers, how come I didn't see Zuko here tonight? You just listen to me, Miss Sandra Dee... There are worse things I could do!