

MISS LYNCH. Thank you. It is my pleasure at this time to introduce Mrs. Patricia Simcox Honeywell, your class yearbook editor, and Mr. Eugene Florczyk, class valedictorian and today vice-president of “Straight-Shooters” Unlimited, Research and Marketing.

EUGENE. Miss Lynch, fellow graduates, honored guests, and others. Looking over these familiar faces really takes me back to those wonderful bygone days. Days of working and playing together, days of cheering together for our athletic teams – Yay, Ringtails! – and days of worrying together when examination time rolled around. Perhaps some of those familiar faces of yesteryear are absent this evening because they thought our beloved Miss Lynch might have one of her famous English finals awaiting us. *(to MISS LYNCH)* I was only joking. *(to audience)* However, the small portion of alumni I notice missing tonight are certainly not missing from our fond memories of them...and I’m sure they’d want us to know that they’re fully present and accounted for in spirit, just the way we always remember them.

(School bell rings – “Chuck Berry” guitar run is heard. The GREASERS are revealed in positions of laziness, defiance, boredom and amusement. They sing a parody of the “Alma Mater” as they take over the stage.)

[MUSIC NO. 2: RYDELL ALMA MATER PARODY]

GREASERS.

I SAW A DEAD SKUNK ON THE HIGHWAY
 AND I WAS GOIN’ CRAZY FROM THE SMELL
 ’CAUSE WHEN THE WIND WAS BLOWIN’ MY WAY
 IT SMELLED JUST LIKE THE HALLS OF OLD RYDELL
 AND IF YA’ GOTTA USE THE TOILET
 AND LATER ON YOU START TO SCRATCH LIKE HELL
 TAKE OFF YOUR UNDERWEAR AND BOIL IT
 ’CAUSE YOU GOT MEMORIES OF OLD RYDELL.