

Scene Two

(Scene: The GREASERS stalk off as the scene shifts to the high school cafeteria. JAN and MARTY enter, wearing their Pink Ladies jackets and carrying trays, JAN's loaded with food. As each female character enters, she joins the others at one large table.)

JAN. Jeez, I wish it was still summer. God, it's only a quarter after twelve and I feel like I been here a whole year already.

MARTY. Yeah, what a drag. Hey, you wanna sit here?

JAN. Yeah. Rizzo's coming and Frenchy's bringin' that new chick. Hey, Marty, who'd ya get for Economics? Old Man Drucker?

MARTY. Yeah, what a drag. He keeps makin' passes.

JAN. For real? He never tried nothin' with me!

MARTY. Huh. You want my coleslaw?

JAN. I'll see if I have room for it, *(JAN takes coleslaw.)*

MARTY. Hey, Rizzo, over here!

(RIZZO enters carrying tray.)

RIZZO. Hey, hey, hey! Hey, where's all the guys?

JAN. Those slob. You think they'd spend a dime on their lunch? They're baggin' it.

RIZZO. Pretty cheap.

(Lights fade on the cafeteria, come up on ROGER and DOODY sitting on the school steps.)

DOODY. Hey, Rump, I'll trade ya a sardine for a liver sausage.

ROGER. I ain't eatin' one of those things. You had 'em in your ice box since last Easter.

DOODY. Nah, this was a fresh can. My ma just opened it this morning.

ROGER. You mean your old lady dragged her carcass out of bed for ya?

DOODY. Sure. She does it every year on the first day of school.

(KENICKIE enters.)

KENICKIE. Hey, where ya at?

ROGER. Hey, Kenickie. What's happening?

DOODY. Hey, Kenickie, whatcha got in the bag? I'll trade ya half a sardine.

KENICKIE. Get outta here with that dog food. I ain't messin' up my stomach with none of that crap. (KENICKIE pulls a pack of Hostess Sno-Balls out of the bag and starts unwrapping it.)

ROGER. Hey, Knicks, where were ya all summer?

KENICKIE. What are you, the F.B.I.?

ROGER. I was just askin'.

KENICKIE. I was workin'. Which is more than either of you two skids can say.

ROGER. Workin'! Yeah? Where?

KENICKIE. Luggin' boxes at Bargain City.

ROGER. Nice job!

KENICKIE. Hey, crमित! I'm savin' up to get me some wheels. That's the only reason I took the job.

ROGER. You gettin' a car, Kenick?

DOODY. Hey, cool! What kind?

KENICKIE. I don't know what kind yet, moron. But I got a name all picked out. "Greased Lightning"!

ROGER. (putting him on) Oh, nifty!

DOODY. Yeah. Maybe you oughtta get a hamster instead.

(DOODY and ROGER laugh.)

KENICKIE. Go ahead, laugh it up. When I show up in that baby, you suckers'll be laughin' out the other end.

ROGER. Will we ever!

(SONNY enters, with wraparound sunglasses. As he enters, he pulls a class schedule out of his pocket.)

KENICKIE. Hey, whattaya say, Sonny?