

(At the end of the song, MISS LYNCH enters to break up the group.
ALL exit, except GUYS and SONNY.)

MISS LYNCH. (To SONNY.) Mr. LaTierri, aren't you due in
Detention Hall right now?

(GUYS all make fun of SONNY and lead him off to Detention Hall.)

Scene 4

SCENE: A pajama party in MARTY's bedroom. MARTY, FRENCHY,
JAN and RIZZO are in pastel baby doll pajamas, SANDY in a
quilted robe buttoned all the way up to the neck. The WAXX
jingle for the VINCE FONTAINE show is playing on the radio.

VINCE'S RADIO VOICE. Hey, hey, this is 'the main-brain,
Vince Fontaine, at Big Fifteen! Spinnin' the stacks of wax, here at the
House of Wax—W-A-X-X (OOO-ga horn sound.) Cruisin' time,
10:46. (Sound of ricocheting bullet.) Sharpshooter pick hit of the
week. A brand new one shootin' up the charts like a rocket by "The
Vel-doo Rays"—goin' out to Ronnie and Sheila, the kids down at
Mom's school store, and especially to Little Joe and the LaDons—
listen in while I give it a spin!

Vince

start
(Radio fades. FRENCHY is looking at a fan magazine that has a big
picture of Fabian.)

JAN. Hey, Sandy, you ever wear earrings? I think they'd keep
your face from lookin' so skinny.

MARTY. Hey! Yeah! I got some big round ones made out of real
mink. They'd look great on you.

FRENCHY. Wouldja like me to pierce your ears for ya, Sandy?
I'm gonna be a beautician, y'know.

JAN. Yeah, she's real good. She did mine for me.

FRENCHY. Hey, Marty, you got a needle around?

MARTY. Hey, how about my circle pin?

SANDY. Uh ... maybe ... uh

(MARTY reaches for her Pink Ladies jacket, takes off "circle pin")

and hands it to FRENCHY.)

FRENCHY. Hey, would ya hold still!

(FRENCHY begins to pierce SANDY's ears. SANDY yelps.)

MARTY. Hey, French ... why don't you take Sandy in the john? My old lady'd kill me if we got blood all over the rug.

SANDY. Huh?

FRENCHY. It only bleeds for a second. Come on.

JAN. Aaawww! We miss all the fun!

SANDY. Listen, I'm sorry, but I'm not feeling too well, and I

RIZZO. Look, Sandy, if you think you're gonna be hangin' around with the Pink Ladies—you gotta get with it! Otherwise, forget it ... and go back to your hot cocoa and Girl Scout cookies!

SANDY. Okay, come on Frenchy.

(SANDY exits slowly.)

JAN. Hey, Sandy, don't sweat it. If she screws up, she can always fix your hair so your ears won't show.

FRENCHY. Har-dee-har-har!

(FRENCHY exits.)

RIZZO. That chick's getting to be a real pain.

JAN. Ah, lay off, Rizzo

SANDY. *(Offstage.)* Urghhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!

RIZZO. What was that?

FRENCHY. *(Running back into room.)* Hey, Marty, Sandy's sick. She's heavin' all over the place.

JAN. Ja do her ears already?

FRENCHY. Nah. I only did one. As soon as she saw the blood she went BLEUGH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

MARTY. *(Making a big show of putting on a gaudy kimono.)* Jeez, it's getting kinda chilly. I think I'll put my robe on.

JAN. Hey, Marty. Wher'dja get that thing?

MARTY. Oh, you like it? It's from Japan. This guy I know sent it to me.

FRENCHY. No kiddin'!

END.