

Kenickie Side 1 of 1

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

(KENICKIE enters.)

START →

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.

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?~~

Greased Lightning

Kenickie: Side 1 of 1

p. 1

CUE: DANNY: The one and only Greased Lightning!

KENICKIE

I'll have me ov er head lift ers and four bar-rel quads oh— yeah!

BOYS

A fuel in-jec-tion cut-off and chrome plat-ed rods oh— yeah!

Woo ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh

C **C** **F7**

w/ Gtrs.

7 8 9 10

With a four speed on the floor they'll be wait-in' at the door Ya

Woo ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh Ahh doot doo wah Doot doo

C G7 F7

11 12 13 14

know with-out a doubt, I'll be real-ly mak-in' out in Greased Light-nin'!

wah Doot doo wah Go go go go go go go go go

G7 F7 C G+7

15 16 17 18

Go Greased Light-nin' you're burn-ing up the quar-ter_ mile_

Go! _____ Greased Light-nin'! Go _____ Greased Light-nin'!

C C

19 20 21 22

Yeah, Greased Light-nin' you're coast-in' through the heat lap trials!_ You are su -

Go! _____ Greased Light-nin'! Go _____ Greased Light-nin'!

F7 C

23 24 25 26

preme the chicks -'ll dream 'bout Greased Light-nin'! **END** I'll have me

Uh - huh Uh - huh Go Go Go go go go go go go go

G7 F7 C G

27 28 29 30

pur-ple french tail - lights and thir-ty inch fins oh__ yeah!__ A

Pa - Pa Pa - Pa Pa - Pa Pa - Pa Woo ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh

Oom Oom Oom Oom

C7