Pompadours and Poodle Skirts

Book by Shubert Fendrich
Music and Lyrics by Christopher Mohr and Steven Fendrich

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3. The following notice: “Produced by special arrangement with Pioneer Drama Service, Inc., Denver, Colorado”
CAST OF CHARACTERS

ALEX FENTON ...................... a football hero 46
FELIX ................................ hot rodder 20
VICKIE .............................. goes with Felix 17
WILBUR ......................... awkward boy 25
BERTHA ........................... awkward girl 19
LAURA CARTER ................ rock music fan 35
DEBRA .......................... cheerleader 22
SUSAN ........................ another 17
CONNIE ........................ another 21
CURTIS JACKSON .............. rock star 52
SANDRA HARPER .............. Public Relations person 50
WHEELS .......................... head of Yellow Jacket Gang 50
ALICE .............................. goes with Wheels 41
TONY ........................ member of Yellow Jackets 18
BABS LAWRENCE ................ Tony’s girlfriend 18
PLOTSKY ........................ lackey to Wheels, none-too-bright (boy or girl) 14
MARTHA ........................ owner of Victor Malt Shop, Class of ’25 8
TILLIE .......................... waitress at Malt Shop 52
MR. GRIMES ................... alumnus, Class of ’33 7
MRS. GRIMES ................ another 4
MR. HAWKINS .................... alumnus, Class of ’44 5
MRS. HAWKINS ................ another 3
RADIO ANNOUNCER ............. 2

Plus optional impersonations of Elvis Presley and Buddy Holly to set the historical “flavor” of the Fifties.

CASTING NOTES: For school productions, it can be effective for Mr. & Mrs. Grimes (Class of ’33), Mr. & Mrs. Hawkins (Class of ’44), and Martha (Class of ’25) to be portrayed by faculty members, when possible.
# POMPADOURS AND POODLE SKIRTS

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

**TIME:** The Fifties  
Scene 1 - Victor Malt Shop, Late Saturday Morning  
Scene 2 - Stadium Press Box, Saturday Afternoon  
Scene 3 - Victor Malt Shop, Saturday Night

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POMPADOIRS AND POODLE SKIRTS

MUSIC CUE 1: OVERTURE - Instrumental

SCENE ONE

SCENE: The Victor Malt Shop. Late Morning. STAGE RIGHT are tables and high school decorations, pennants with GRANT HIGH, posters of Elvis Presley, perhaps assorted road signs, etc. STAGE LEFT, tables, motorcycle decorations, motorcycle posters, a wall emblem with "Yellow Jackets." UP CENTER is a juke box and a small counter with an EXIT into kitchen. An entry to the cafe is DOWN RIGHT, an entry to the cafe from the rear is DOWN LEFT.

AT RISE: The high school crowd is seated at tables DOWN RIGHT. ALEX FENTON, a good-looking young man wearing a letterman's jacket, is at a table with FELIX, VICKIE and LAURA CARTER. DEBRA, SUSAN and CONNIE, wearing matching cheerleader outfits, are seated together. WILBUR sits at the counter by himself. He wears ill-fitting clothes, wears thick glasses and reads a book. BERTHA sits at a table by herself. She also wears ill-fitting clothes and large, horn-rimmed glasses. TILLIE, a none-too-bright waitress, ENTERS with a tray of drinks.

TILLIE: I have two cokes, a chocolate malt, a vanilla malt and a cherry phosphate.
ALEX: Watch out, Tillie. You're going to put on a lot of weight.
TILLIE: Oh, no, Alex. These are for you.
FELIX: Then HE'S going to put on a lot of weight.
VICKIE: Hey, stop clowning, Felix.
FELIX: Okay; okay. I've got the chocolate malt.
ALEX: I'm vanilla. Vickie and Laura get the cokes.
TILLIE: (Putting the drinks on the table.) Who's the cherry phosphate? (No answer.) Who's the cherry phosphate?
BERTHA: (Raising her hand limply.) Over here, please.
FELIX: That's funny, Bertha. You don't look like a cherry phosphate. (Needling.) What do you think, Wilbur?
WILBUR: (Looking up.) What was that, Felix?
VICKIE: Do you think Bertha's a cherry phosphate type?
WILBUR: Gosh, Vickie. I don't know. I haven't taken psychology
yet.

CONNIE: Hey, how about some music?
FELIX: Great! Who’s got a nickel?
ALEX: *(Going to the juke box.)* I’ll get it, Connie. *(Looking at juke box selections.)* How about Presley?
VICKIE: I like Buddy Holly.
DEBRA: Anything there by Curtis Jackson?
LAURA: He ought to be two for a nickel.
DEBRA: Come on, Laura. You’re a “Rock Snob.”
LAURA: Maybe so, but Curtis Jackson is absolutely off his rock.
DEBRA: Maybe you should write and tell him.
LAURA: I already did. After all, when a singer makes a couple of gold records and his last couple don’t even win him a bronze, something’s got to be wrong.
FELIX: Maybe you could do better?
LAURA: Maybe I could.
FELIX: All right. Tillie, you still got that guitar behind the counter?
TILLIE: Yeah, Martha has been taking guitar lessons. *(Goes behind counter, picks up guitar.)*
DEBRA: Who’s Martha?
SUSAN: She’s the owner of this place. *(TILLIE hands guitar to LAURA.)*
FELIX: Okay. . . let’s hear you put your music where your mouth is.
LAURA: *(Weakening.)* Maybe Curtis Jackson isn’t that bad after all. *(There is a chorus of complaints.)*
ALL: *(Ad lib.)* Come on. . .
Let’s hear you sing.
You’re not afraid, are you?
Let’s hear some music.
ALEX: Come on, Laura. I feel like some rock and roll.
LAURA: *(Getting into the spirit.)* So do I, Alex. So do I.

MUSIC CUE 2: BOBBY SOCK HOP

LAURA: *(Sings.)* I wanna rock, I wanna roll, I wanna throw my shoes away.
I wanna roll. Yeah, I want to rock.
I got a feeling it’s a bobby sock hop day.

CHORUS: Well you can rock, and you can roll,
And, you can swing cuz this is bobby sock hop.
Oh, you can roll and you can rock.
And, you can swing cuz this is bobby sock hop.

LAURA: I wanna sing, I wanna dance,
Slide across the soda shop floor,
Lemme sing, yeah; I want to dance,
And, when this song’s over,
We’ll bobby sock hop some more.

CHORUS: Well you can rock, and you can roll,
And, you can swing cuz this is bobby sock hop.
Oh, you can roll, and you can rock,
Yeah, you can swing cuz this is bobby sock hop.

LAURA: I wanna clap, I wanna yell,
I wanna rock till I just can’t stop
I wanna yell, yeah, I want to clap.
It’s great to clap and dance to bobby sock hop rock!

CHORUS: Well you can rock, and you can roll,
And, you can swing cuz this is bobby sock hop.
Oh, you can roll, and you can rock,
And, you can swing cuz this is bobby sock hop.
Swing cuz this is bobby sock hop.

(Following song, there is general enthusiasm and applause.)

DEBRA: Hey, that was great!
SUSAN: Watch out, Elvis Presley!
CONNIE: And Buddy Holly!
VICKIE: And Curtis Jackson!
TILLIE: And Oscar Fliedermeyer.
ALL: (In unison.) Who’s Oscar Fliedermeyer?
TILLIE: He’s a truck driver I know.

DEBRA: Well, we better be on our way.
CONNIE: Got to practice for the big game this afternoon.
VICKIE: Alex, you’re the quarterback. How’s the team doing this year?

ALEX: I think we’re the best team in the league, if we can get by Hartville this afternoon. It’s not only Homecoming, it will probably decide the state championship, too.

DEBRA: (Leading into a cheer.) Don’t worry, Alex. We’re with you — all the way.

DEBRA, SUSAN, CONNIE: Grant High, Grant High, all the way!
Grant High, Grant High, yeah, yeah, yeah!

DEBRA: Eu...
SUSAN: Lysses...
CONNIE: S...

DEBRA, SUSAN, CONNIE: Grant High... Yeahhhhh! (General applause. THEY EXIT RIGHT.)
VICKIE: Anybody seen the Yellow Jackets around today?
TILLIE: *(Who is cleaning and putting away glasses.)* I saw a
bumblebee in my hollyhocks.
ALEX: She means THE Yellow Jackets; you know, the ones with
the motorcycles.
TILLIE: Oh, THOSE Yellow Jackets. It's a little early for them.
*(SHE EXITS.)*
FELIX: Hey! Let's jump in my car and take a spin. There's a
new car hop at the drive-in restaurant.
VICKIE: But James Dean is at the movie.
FELIX: Anybody coming along?
ALEX: I'm in training.
LAURA: I've got to decorate the gym for the Homecoming
Dance.
FELIX: Come on, Vickie. We'll drag Main Street on the way out.
VICKIE: Why do we always have to drag Main Street?
FELIX: *Cause it's the only paved street in town. *(THEY EXIT
RIGHT.)*
ALEX: *(To LAURA.)* Need a lift?
LAURA: Sure, thanks. *(THEY EXIT RIGHT. Outside, there is the
sound of cars pulling away.)*
WILBUR: *(Turning to BERTHA. This is obviously a painful
experience for him.)* Hi, Bertha.
BERTHA: *(Looking up.)* What did you say?
WILBUR: Oh, I was just wondering. *(Pause.)* How's the cherry
phosphate?
BERTHA: Oh! It's... ah... it's a very good cherry phosphate.
Of course, the... ah... the strawberry is good, too.
WILBUR: Oh. I'll have to try the strawberry some time. *(Gets
up, walks to her table.)* Can I sit here?
BERTHA: Oh, sure. *(There are three empty chairs.)* Just take
... take any chair you want.
WILBUR: I usually sit at the counter.
BERTHA: Yes, I know. I see you sitting there a lot.
WILBUR: Yes, I do. I read a lot.
BERTHA: You must be very intellectual.
WILBUR: No, I just read a lot. Bertha... I've been meaning to
ask you... .
BERTHA: Yes... ?
WILBUR: Well, I was wondering if you'd like to go with me to
the Homecoming Dance?
BERTHA: But, that's tonight!
WILBUR: Is it really!? No wonder everyone's been talking about it.
BERTHA: (Eagerly.) I'd like to go. (Pause.) But I might be busy.
WILBUR: Oh, yes. There's quite a bit going on.
BERTHA: But I'm sure I'll be able to make it.
WILBUR: You will? That's great! Say, can I take you home? I've got my Dad's car.
BERTHA: Thank you, Wilbur. That would be nice. (THEY EXIT RIGHT. SANDRA HARPENTER ENTERS. She is older than the students, dressed in a stylish business suit. She carries an overcoat over her arm. She looks around, goes to door DOWN LEFT, opens it, calls.)
SANDRA: Okay, it's clear. (CURTIS JACKSON ENTERS. He is a composite of every 50's rock star. Greased hair, dark glasses, flashy jacket, pants. He carries an elaborate guitar.)
CURTIS: What a dump!
SANDRA: Hey, remember this was your idea.
CURTIS: But why did I have to leave my car out back?
SANDRA: A pink Cadillac with green stripes! It would attract a little attention, don't you think?
CURTIS: Don't you like the colors?
SANDRA: I don't like the whole idea. Coming all this way just because you get a letter from some girl here in... what's the name of this town... Victor?
CURTIS: But Sandra, I'm worried. My last two releases went nowhere.
SANDRA: Yes they did, Curtis. They went on close-out at 19 cents each.
CURTIS: A Curtis Jackson record for 19 cents. It's humiliating! Two gold records... and then this. Maybe we should get some help with public relations?
SANDRA: Look... I did all I could. But what can you do with "Ugga Wugga Rock?"
CURTIS: But it's a great tune! (Does just a bit of it. Sings.)

MUSIC CUE 3: UGGA WUGGA ROCK

Ugga Wugga Rock! Ugga Wugga Rock!
Ugga Ugga Wugga Wugga
Ugga Wugga Rock! Wooaaugh!

CURTIS: (Spoken.) Tell me, What's wrong with that?
SANDRA: It sounds like something from the Neanderthals.
CURTIS: Hey, I never even heard of that group.
SANDRA: *(With a disgusted sigh.)* They were a little before your time.
CURTIS: All I know is, I got to make my music relate to our current generation of rock fans.
SANDRA: Curtis, I didn’t know you were so perceptive.
CURTIS: Well, I am. *(Takes out a newspaper clipping from a pocket.)* Look what the music editor wrote, right here in The Times. He said I was one of the three all-time great rock and roll stars. Elvis Presley, Buddy Holly and Curtis Jackson.
SANDRA: You’re all pretty good, I have to admit. Rock and roll has come a long way.
CURTIS: It sure has.

**MUSIC CUE 4: ELVIS, BUDDY AND ME**

CURTIS: *(Spoken rhythmically.)*
When rock and roll was born,
The U.S.A. was torn.
Who makes kids scream when they sing?
*(Sings.)* Who’s the King?
Oh, Elvis really has the looks,
Buddy’s music really cooks,
But America has found
That three men have the sound,
A big rock star, I’m one of the three,
Elvis, Buddy and me.
Yeah, Elvis, Buddy and me.
*(Optional: ELVIS and BUDDY ENTER from opposite sides of the stage.)*

ELVIS *(or CURTIS):* Yeah, Curtis, Buddy and me.
BUDDY *(or CURTIS):* Oh, Yeah, Curtis, Elvis and me.
CURTIS: Elvis really has the looks,
Buddy’s music really cooks,
But America has found
That three men have the sound,
A big rock star, I’m one of the three,
Elvis, Buddy and me,
Yeah, Elvis, Buddy and me,
Elvis, Elvis, Buddy and me. *(ELVIS and BUDDY EXIT.)*
SANDRA: *(Applauding.)* Say, I think you’re getting better already!
CURTIS: I'm feeling pretty good, too.
SANDRA: *(Hands him coat.*) Here, you'd better put on this coat. You look like a walking neon sign. Anyone who comes in will either recognize you or think you're playing a part in the school variety show.
CURTIS: All right. *(Attempts to put the coat on over the guitar slung over his shoulder.)*
SANDRA: I packed some of my brother's jeans and shirts in the car. I suggest you change at the motel.
CURTIS: *(Struggling.*) Hey, what's wrong?
SANDRA: *(Realizing what he has been doing.*) Try it without the guitar.
CURTIS: Oh! *(Takes off guitar, slips on coat.)*
SANDRA: You want something to eat?
CURTIS: I want to find this girl. *(Takes out letter.*) This Laura Carter.
SANDRA: What's so important about Laura Carter? Didn't you see enough bobbysoxers on your last tour?
CURTIS: She just seems to know so much about rock and roll. Maybe she can help me figure out what went wrong with my last two records.
SANDRA: Okay.
CURTIS: *(Starting out.*) You coming?
SANDRA: No, I'm starved. Besides, the man at the gas station said this is where the kids hang out. Maybe I'll run into this Laura Carter you're looking for.
CURTIS: Okay, see you later alligator. *(Starts to EXIT RIGHT, singing a few bars from "Ugga Wugga Rock.")*
SANDRA: *(Calling after CURTIS.*) Be careful where you park the car. Someone will think the circus is in town. *(He's OUT.*) I wonder how you get some service around here?
TILLIE: *(ENTERS SUDDENLY FROM BEHIND COUNTER.*) Can I help you?
SANDRA: Yes, I'd like something to eat. *(Sits at counter, picks up a menu.*) What's on the menu?
TILLIE: *(Looking at menu.*) Just a little mustard.
SANDRA: I'll have a hamburger and a cup of coffee.
TILLIE: Coming right up. *(Starts into kitchen.*) Martha, fry one! *(There is the roar of motorcycles OFF LEFT.)*
SANDRA: What's that? A Sherman tank?
TILLIE: Oh, no, it's just the Yellow Jackets. They're usually in about this time. *(She EXITS. The Yellow Jackets ENTER LEFT.)*
MUSIC CUE 4A: YELLOW JACKET INCIDENTAL MUSIC - Instrumental

(The Yellow Jackets include WHEELS, the leader, about 19, ALICE, about 17, TONY and his girl, BABS, and PLOTSKY, a none-too-bright girl [or boy] who is a lackey to WHEELS. THEY wear black leather jackets with yellow bands on the sleeves or a Yellow Jacket design, or the words "Yellow Jackets" on the back. The group goes directly to their special section of the malt shop, STAGE LEFT. TONY immediately starts combing his hair.)

WHEELS: Hey, Plotsky. See if you can’t get us some service.
PLOTSKY: Sure thing, Wheels. Right away. (EXITS to kitchen.)
BABS: What are you using on your hair, Tony . . . Penzoil?
ALICE: Come on, Babs. Don’t you recognize greasy kid stuff when you see it?
TONY: (To BABS, threateningly.) How’d you like a . . . ?
BABS: Ehhh . . . your mother’s mustache.
TONY: Say, how’d you know my mother’s got a mustache?
(PLOTSKY ENTERS with TILLIE. TILLIE serves hamburger and coffee to SANDRA, goes to WHEELS.)

TILLIE: Hi, Wheels. What would you like?
WHEELS: What’s on the menu today?
TILLIE: (Looking at his menu.) I think you have the one with the catsup.
PLOTSKY: I’d like to have a hamburger, if that’s all right, Wheels.
WHEELS: Their hamburgers taste like glue.
TONY: No, the cheeseburgers taste like glue. The hamburgers taste like leather.
WHEELS: How about coffee all the way around. We can eat over in Hartville later on.
TILLIE: Five coffees, coming right up. (She EXITS into kitchen.)
WHEELS: (Spots SANDRA at counter.) Hey. . . new chick in town.
ALICE: (Bristling.) Come on, Wheels, put those eyeballs back in your head.
WHEELS: (Ignoring ALICE, walks over to SANDRA at the counter.) Hi, good lookin’. You from around here?
SANDRA: (Turns, gives him a cold look.) No. (She takes a book out of her jacket, begins reading.)
WHEELS: Where you from?
SANDRA: (Sarcastically.) Iceland.
WHEELS: Heyyy. No wonder you're such a cool chick.
ALICE: Come on back, Wheels. The temperature just dropped 20 degrees.
WHEELS: Look, Alice, nobody ignores a Yellow Jacket.
SANDRA: So, you're a Yellow Jacket, huh?
WHEELS: Yeah. (Puffing up.) What does it look like?
SANDRA: I thought you were a bunch of overgrown canaries. (TONY and BABS come over.)
BABS: Hey, nobody talks that way to a Yellow Jacket. (Now ALICE and PLOTSKY join THEM, making a group of five.)
ALICE: When you've been around a while, you'll know better.
SANDRA: (Now somewhat intimidated.) All right. I didn't mean to ruffle your feathers.
WHEELS: What?
SANDRA: I mean... look... I'm from New York. Around here, I don't know from nothing.
WHEELS: Well, around here, you find out mighty quick. We run this place. Don't forget it.

MUSIC CUE 5: YELLOW JACKET SONG

WHEELS: (Sings) Breaking rules got me outa high school,
        Didn't have time for kid's stuff.
        Ride my bike, that is all that I like,
        When I play, I like to play rough.
        Grease my hair, cruisin' everywhere,
        Drivin', back and forth on the street.
        To this place after the big drag race,
        Then my day has been complete.
        Ooooh, ooooh, I am glad I'm in the Yellow Jacket Street Gang.

ALICE: (Sings.)
        You're a fool and really uncool, testing Yellow Jacket's might,
        You see yellow, it tells every fellow,
        Don't you try to pick fights.
        Just can't spoil the hot fume of oil
        As your cycle hits eighty five.
        Feel of leather in all kinds of weather,
        I'm glad that I am alive.
        Ooooh, ooooh, I am proud I'm in the Yellow Jacket Street Gang.

ALICE: (Sings.) WHEELS: (Sings.)
        Yellow Jacket Street  Yellow Jacket Street
Yellow Jacket Street  Yellow Jacket Street
(TILLIE ENTERS with a tray of cups at completion of song.)

PLOTSKY: Hey, coffee's on! (THEY all swoop down on TILLIE'S tray, take their cups and return to their seats, except WHEELS, who remains at counter.)

TILLIE: (Puts WHEELS' order on counter. Figures bill.) Five coffees... that's 25 cents for you, Wheels. And, let's see, a hamburger and coffee. Twenty cents for you, lady.

WHEELS: (Putting down change.) I'll get it all.

SANDRA: (Surprised.) Well... chivalry is not dead.

WHEELS: (Sitting next to SANDRA, drinking his coffee while she eats her hamburger.) Bet you eat better than this in New York.

SANDRA: A greasy spoon is pretty much the same anywhere.

BABS: (Picking up on conversation.) A greasy spoon? Tony... maybe you ought to try one of those on your hair.

TONY: I'm gonna get indigestion if I hang around here. I need some fresh air. (He starts OUT.)

BABS: Yeah, Tony. Let's circle the block.

PLOTSKY: Guess I'll take off, too, if that's okay, Wheels?
(WHEELS nods. THEY EXIT. Shortly there is the sound of motorcycles taking off.)

WHEELS: (To SANDRA.) Can I give you a lift anywhere?

SANDRA: (Goes up.) I'm only staying a block down the street, at the Victor Motel.

WHEELS: I'll give you a ride.

SANDRA: Just as far as the front door.

WHEELS: Okay, okay... just as far as the door. (THEY start OUT.)

ALICE: C'mon Wheels, what about me?

WHEELS: Wait here. I'm coming back.

ALICE: Don't be surprised if I'm not here.

WHEELS: Where would you go, anyhow? (SANDRA and WHEELS EXIT LEFT.)

ALICE: That crumb! What am I going to do now? (There is the sound of a motorcycle taking off.)

ALEX: (ENTERS.) Tillie, have you seen my football play book around anywhere? (Spots book on a table.) Oh there it is, right where I left it.

TILLIE: That's good. Now you can learn your lines for the play. (She EXITS. ALEX shakes his head, starts out, pauses when he sees ALICE.)
ALEX: Hi, Alice. Where you been keeping yourself?
ALICE: Oh. . . around.
ALEX: I haven't seen you at school.
ALICE: I dropped out. Wheels says that going to school is a
waste of time.
ALEX: The Yellow Jackets. That figures.
ALICE: What do you mean?
ALEX: Nothing. I just missed you, that's all. We had some great
times last year.
ALICE: We sure did. Before you got so busy with sports and
everything.
ALEX: Say, why don't you take a little ride with me before the
game. . . for old time's sake?
ALICE: I'm waiting for Wheels. He's coming back in a minute to
get me.
ALEX: Okay. Just thought I'd ask. We really did have some
great times together. *(He starts OUT.)*
ALICE: Alex. . .
ALEX: Yes. . .
ALICE: Wait. . . just a minute. *(She sits, thinking.)*

MUSIC CUE 5A: YELLOW JACKET SONG REPRISE

ALICE: *(Sings a cappella.)*
   Breaking rules got me out of high school
   Didn't have no time for kid's stuff,
   Ride my bike that is all that I like,
   But I wonder is that enough?
   *(Spoken.)* Oh, what the heck! Let's go! *(THEY EXIT together.
   TILLIE ENTERS and begins wiping down the counter.)*

TILLIE: People certainly make a mess when they sit here at the
counter. Of course, it's worse when they sit at the tables. I
have to walk farther to clean them up. *(ENTER CURTIS
and SANDRA, hurriedly. CURTIS is now dressed in jeans
and a plaid shirt.)*

SANDRA: Thanks for rescuing me Curtis.
CURTIS: Like I always say, Sandra. . . you can make friends
anywhere.

SANDRA: Getting a lift from that guy was like a date with an
octopus.

TILLIE: I tried octopus in a Greek restaurant once. It wasn't that
bad. *(Sound of motorcycles at REAR STAGE LEFT.)*
SANDRA: Oh no. You don't suppose he saw me come back in
here do you?
TILLIE:  Yup. Sounds like Wheels to me.
SANDRA:  I'm going to take a walk. If he asks about me, tell him
        I came down with the pox.
CURTIS:  Chicken or small?
SANDRA:  Pure chicken, honey. (She EXITS RIGHT just as
        WHEELS, TONY, BABS and PLOTSKY ENTER LEFT. The
        boys immediately go into their "hair combing" routine.)

MUSIC CUE 5B: YELLOW JACKET INCIDENTAL MUSIC -
        Instrumental

BABS:  If I combed my hair that often, it would come out by the
        roots.
TONY:  Ehhh. . . your mother's mustache.
BABS:  Hey, Tony. . . that's YOUR mother, remember? (VICKIE
        ENTERS RIGHT with FELIX in pursuit.)
FELIX:  Don't be mad, Vickie. I'll take you to see that James
        Dean picture later.
VICKIE:  That's what you said before.
FELIX:  You know I'd like to take you, but I got to get my car
        home and check the engine. I'm sure there's something
        missing.
VICKIE:  There's something missing, all right. . . and it's all in
        your head!
FELIX:  Vickie, I'm really thinking of you. I wouldn't want the car
        to stall on the way to the dance tonight.
VICKIE:  Don't worry! That car is so well trained, it only stalls
        on command. Like late at night at Lookout Point.
FELIX:  I'm sure it's the timing.
VICKIE:  (Emphatically.) I'm sure it is! (ENTER DEBRA, CONNIE
        and SUSAN.)
FELIX:  I was just on my way out. (EXITS huffily.)
DEBRA:  What a grouch!
VICKIE:  It's just a difference of opinion. He wants to work on his
        car and I want to go to the movies.
CURTIS:  (Walking over to GIRLS' table.) Say, do any of you
        know Laura Carter?
DEBRA:  Sure. She's down at the gym putting up decorations for
        the Homecoming Dance tonight.
CURTIS:  Thanks. (He EXITS.)
SUSAN:  Too bad we can't practice there. It's one mass of tinsel
and crepe paper. *(CHEERLEADERS Practice a cheer.)*

DEBRA, CONNIE, SUSAN: V - I - C - T - O - R - Y, VICTOR TO VICTORY, GO VICTOR!

WHEELS: *(Walking over to girls.)* Too bad Hartville is going to wipe up the field with your Victor pansies.

DEBRA: We've got the best team in the county.

CONNIE: The best team in the state.

SUSAN: The best team in the country.

DEBRA: Why don't you guys get on your noisy bikes and get your haircuts out of here?

PLOTSKY: Because we're too busy trying to figure out why you dress the way you do!

SUSAN: What do you mean the way we dress?

WHEELS: It's always something.

DEBRA: Look, why don't you dopey ducktails with your pompadour haircuts go take a ride?

WHEELS: Ducktails?!

CONNIE: Yeah. With those haircuts you look like you should be down at the lake... up to your eyeballs in the water.

SUSAN: I know a duck hunter who'd hire you as decoys.

PLOTSKY: Are you going to let them talk to you that way, Wheels?

WHEELS: Who pays any attention to a bunch of silly bobbysoxers?

PLOTSKY: Yeah! They all look the same. If it's not cheeleading uniforms, then it's poodle skirts, bobbysox and sweaters.

TONY: I kind of like the sweaters.

CONNIE: You're just jealous 'cause you ducktails got thrown out of school.

WHEELS: Better than spending all day cooped up in a classroom with a bunch of silly girls in poodle skirts and bobbysox. *(High schoolers and motorcycle gang start to square off.)*

SUSAN: You're still a bunch of ducktails to us.

BABS: And you're just a bunch of bobbysoxers to us.

SCHOOLGIRLS: Ducktails!

YELLOW JACKETS: Bobbysox!

MUSIC CUE 6: DUCKTAILS AND BOBBYSOX

SCHOOLGIRLS: *(Sing.)* Ducktails! You're wet behind the ears!

YELLOW JACKETS: *(Sing.)* Bobbysox! Run 'round doing dumb cheers.
SCHOOLGIRLS: (Sing.) Ducktails, waddle when you walk.
YELLOW JACKETS: (Sing.) Bobbysox, all you do is talk.
SCHOOLGIRLS: (Sing.) Ducktails!
YELLOW JACKETS: (Sing.) Bobbysox!
BOTH GROUPS: (Sing.) You make our day. Ooh! Ooh! Hey!
Hey! When you're away!
SCHOOLGIRLS: (Sing.) You guys act just like little ducks,
Your quack's bigger than your bite,
You walk just like you laid an egg,
Ducktails you are quite a sight.
Ducktails! You make our day,
Ooh! Ooh! Hey! Hey! When you're away.
YELLOW JACKETS: (Sing.) Sissies, you girls all dress the
same,
Dumb jocks always make you cheer,
You're in love with all those rock stars,
We wish you would disappear.
Bobbysox! You make our day,
Ooh! Ooh! Hey! Hey! When you're away.
SCHOOLGIRLS: (Sing.) Ducktails! It's South you oughta fly!
YELLOW JACKETS: (Sing.) Bobbysox! Dumb flicks make you
cry!
SCHOOLGIRLS: (Sing.) Ducktails, you guys just ride your bikes.
YELLOW JACKETS: (Sing.) Bobbysox, you girls are look-alikes.
SCHOOLGIRLS: (Sing.) Ducktails!
YELLOW JACKETS: (Sing.) Bobbysox!
BOTH GROUPS: (Sing.) You make our day.
Ooh! Ooh! Hey! Hey! When you're away!
BABS: (Spoken.) That's telling 'em, guys. (She returns to her
seat.)
CONNIE: I'd like to see anyone tell these jokers anything. Come
on, let's have a coke. (GIRLS Ad Lib.)
DEBRA: Good idea. (They return to their seats.)
WHEELS: Hey, Babs. Have you seen Alice around? She was
supposed to wait here for me, but she cut out.
BABS: Why don't you swing by her house?
WHEELS: I think I will. Yo, guys. (He EXITS with TONY, BABS
and PLOTSKY in tow, as LAURA ENTERS. She is carrying
a huge stack of crepe paper.)
CONNIE: Laura! Is that you under all that paper?
LAURA: I'm afraid it is. I never realized the gym was so big.
DEBRA: There was a young man in here looking for you. He
just left.
LAURA: Anyone I know?
CONNIE: He's a stranger to us. But he's kinda cute.
TILLIE: A mysterious stranger! How mysterious. I saw him
driving a fancy cadillac with pink paint and green stripes.
LAURA: I only know one person who drives a car like that. And
he's... you say this stranger went over to the gym to see
me?
CONNIE: That's what he said.
LAURA: Guess I'll walk back over that way. I've got to get the
last of these decorations up, anyhow.
VICKIE: Here. Let me give you a hand. *(She takes some of the
crepe paper.*) I'd better stop by and see Felix too. I can't
stand it when he's mad at me. *(THEY EXIT.)*
DEBRA: I'm so excited about the game. How do you think we'll
do?
SUSAN: With Alex as quarterback, I don't see how we can lose.
I hear the university is sending a scout down to see him.
TILLIE: If it's that important, you'd think they'd send the
scoutmaster.
CONNIE: And the Homecoming dance tonight! It's going to be
about the greatest day in the whole history of Grant High.
*(THEY break into a spontaneous cheer.)*
GIRLS: Grant High, Grant High, All the Way,
Grant High, Grant High, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!
DEBRA: Eu...
SUSAN: Lysses...
CONNIE: S...
DEBRA, SUSAN, CONNIE: Grant High. . . Yeahhhhh!
TILLIE: If nobody's hungry, I'm going to help Martha in the
kitchen. *(TILLIE EXITS. ALEX ENTERS with ALICE. ALEX
and ALICE sit on the right side of the malt shop. ALICE is
still wearing her Yellow Jacket outfit.)*
DEBRA: Hi, Alex. Ready for the big game?
ALEX: As ready as I'll ever be.
CONNIE: It's our first chance to beat Hartville in 18 years.
Then... on to the state championship!
DEBRA: I can hardly wait.
SUSAN: Me neither!
ALEX: All right, but let's wait until after the game to celebrate.
CONNIE: Let's go over to school!
DEBRA, SUSAN: Great! Let's go! *(THEY EXIT RIGHT.)*
ALEX: You know, Alice, I'm starting to get nervous.
ALICE: Everyone gets butterflies before a big game.
ALEX: I have to admit, getting together with you again has helped. Guess I didn't realize how much I missed you.
ALICE: I feel better, too. The other kids they kind of snubbed me since I've been going with Wheels. (*ENTER WHEELS, TONY, BABS and PLOTSKY.*
WHEELS: (*Walking directly to ALICE and ALEX.*) Come on, Alice. Give this bum the brush and let's take a run over to Hartville.
ALICE: Maybe your friend from New York might like to take a ride. Or did she tell you to take a walk?
WHEELS: I can get any girl I want. I just don't want a Yellow Jacket running around with these schoolies.
PLOTSKY: That's tellin' her, Wheels.
ALEX: Look, Wheels. Alice and I are old friends. Why don't you relax?
WHEELS: Maybe I don't want to relax. And maybe I especially don't want my chick running around with the likes of you.
ALEX: (*Getting up, squaring off.*) And what do you mean by that?
WHEELS: Exactly what I said. (*Grabbing ALICE, he starts to pull her across the room.*) Come on, Alice. You're on the wrong side of the room.
ALEX: (*Intervening.*) Get your lousy hands off her!
ALICE: (*Frightened for ALEX.*) Alex, don't! Come on, Wheels, let's go!
ALEX: What do you mean?
ALICE: Couldn't you tell? I was just fooling around. (*Grabbing WHEELS by the arm. WHEELS is at first surprised, then pleased with himself.*) Wheels is my steady, get it?
ALEX: Boy... you really had me fooled.
ALICE: No hard feelings. Thanks for the laughs.
ALEX: Looks like the last laugh is on me. (*EXITS angrily.*)
WHEELS: Well, all right, babe. Glad you finally came to your senses.
ALICE: (*To WHEELS.*) I've come to my senses, all right. I was smart enough to keep a decent guy from risking the football game and college and everything, just to flatten a bum like you. (*Takes off Yellow Jacket, throws it in his face.*) Here... see if you can't find some other dummy to fill this! (*She storms OFF RIGHT.*)
PLOTSKY: She shouldn't treat you that way, Wheels.
WHEELS: (*Thoughtfully.*) That's right... and I wonder what would happen if our friend, Alex Fenton, never showed up
for the game today?

TONY: Don't be silly. He'd have to be hog-tied to miss that game.

WHEELS: (Laughing.) That's exactly what I got in mind. (Goes to counter, scribbles a note on a restaurant bill pad.)

BABS: Gosh, Wheels. I didn't know you could write.

WHEELS: That's okay, Babs. I didn't know you could read.

(Hands note to PLOTSKY.) Here, Plotsky. Run after Alex and give him this note. Got it?

PLOTSKY: (Reading the note.) "The shack behind the malt shop." That's mighty smart, Wheels, mighty smart. (HE RUNS OFF RIGHT.)

WHEELS: Yeah! Looks like today will be a big day all right. For Hartville, that is. (THEY laugh.)

MUSIC CUE 6A: YELLOW JACKET INCIDENTAL MUSIC - Instrumental

(THEY EXIT LEFT. A school cheer is heard OFF RIGHT. ENTER MR. and MRS. GRIMES, who are in their late 30's, and MR. and MRS. HAWKINS, who are in their late 20's. THEY are dressed for a football game and carry "Grant High" pennants. They cheer.)

ALL: Grant High, Grant High, V-I-C-T-O-R-Y, Go Grant High!

MR. GRIMES: It's the biggest day of the year, and I know we're going to whip Hartville good!

TILLIE: (ENTERS FROM BEHIND COUNTER. Embracing him.) Why, Mr. Grimes, . . . and little Flora.

MRS. GRIMES: It's Mrs. Grimes, now, and I'm not so little any more. I can't believe how long it's been since we went to Grant High.

MR. GRIMES: Class of '33. What a time to graduate! Right in the middle of the Depression. Remember the WPA?

MRS. GRIMES: Workman's Progress Administration.

MR. GRIMES: And the bread lines?

MRS. GRIMES: And the soup kitchens?

MR. GRIMES: Say, we brought these youngsters with us.

MR. HAWKINS: Charlie and Jane Hawkins, Class of '44!

TILLIE: Well, I declare! (CURTIS JACKSON and SANDRA ENTER RIGHT.)

CURTIS: Tillie. Have you seen Laura Carter?

TILLIE: Seen Laura? Certainly I've seen Laura.

CURTIS: Where is she?
TILLIE: How would I know?
CURTIS: I just missed her at the gym. (*He and SANDRA go over to a table, sit. ALEX ENTERS hurriedly.*)
ALEX: Tillie. Have you seen Alice?
TILLIE: Seen Alice? Certainly I've seen Alice.
ALEX: Is she still here?
TILLIE: How would I know?
ALEX: Is there a shed or shack of some kind out back?
TILLIE: Yes. Martha lets the Yellow Jackets use it to store things in.
ALEX: Thanks. (*Starts OUT BACK.*)
TILLIE: Isn't the football game starting soon?
ALEX: Yes. I've only got a couple minutes to take care of something important. (*He EXITS OFF LEFT.*)
MR. GRIMES: (*Handing TILLIE a thermos bottle.*) Will you fill this with coffee for us? And tell Martha we're here.
TILLIE: Coming right up. (*She EXITS into kitchen. There is a massive shout from the back and MARTHA bursts onto the stage. She is in her late 40's and also carries a pennant.*)
MARTHA: Yahoo! 23 Skidoo. Eu... lysses... S... Grant High, yeahhhhh!
TILLIE: (*ENTERING with thermos.*) Why, Martha, I've never seen you like this!
MARTHA: It's Homecoming, Tillie. And I'm representing the Class of '25. For the rest of the day, you're in charge.
TILLIE: You can depend on me. (*LAURA ENTERS hurriedly.*)
LAURA: Tillie! Have you seen Alex Fenton?
TILLIE: What am I... the missing person's bureau?
LAURA: (*Anxiously*) Tillie, it's important!
TILLIE: Well, he was through here a minute ago.
LAURA: I can't imagine what happened to him, but I promised the coach I'd look around. Which way did he go?
TILLIE: I think he went that way. (*Indicates OFF LEFT.*)
LAURA: Thanks. (*Checks her watch.*) The game is starting.
(*She EXITS LEFT.*)
MR. GRIMES: Hey, hubba, hubba! We'd better get it in gear.
OTHERS: (*Ad lib.*) Yes, let's go!
   How exciting!
   What a great day for football.
   Etc. (*THEY EXIT RIGHT, CHEERING.*)
SANDRA: (*To CURTIS.*) Do you want to go to the game?
CURTIS: I think I'd like some coffee first. It's still pretty early in the day for me.
SANDRA: Could we have some coffee, please?
TILLIE: Oh, sure. (She gets cups, pours coffee, serves them. WILBUR and BERTHA ENTER RIGHT. WILBUR carries a large telescope and three or four star charts rolled up.) Hi, Wilbur, Bertha. Where are you going with all that stuff?
WILBUR: Oh, we're going up to Lookout Point tonight after the dance.
TILLIE: You two got around to that pretty quick!
WILBUR: We sure did! It's a great place to look at the stars. (Spreading charts on table.) Here, Bertha, I want to point out some of the constellations. (Pointing.) Here's the big dipper, the little dipper and Leo the Lion. (Sitting with BERTHA.) Do you enjoy looking at constellations?
BERTHA: Oh, yes. I always enjoy looking at the stars... especially at night.
WILBUR: They kind of sparkle, you know... like your eyes.
BERTHA: (Shyly.) Gosh, Wilbur...
LAURA: (ENTERS, somewhat breathless.) I can't understand it. Alex's car is outside, but I can't find him anywhere!
TILLIE: Why don't you wait a few minutes? Maybe he'll turn up.
LAURA: He's already missed the start of the game!
TILLIE: How about a coke? You look really upset.
LAURA: Thanks. (Sits at counter.)
WILBUR: (To BERTHA.) I hope you don't mind... what I said about you... and the stars and all.
BERTHA: Oh, no. I liked it a lot. Nobody ever said anything like that to me before.
WILBUR: Golly, they should.

MUSIC CUE 7: STAR LOVE

CURTIS: (Sings.) Bo, De Do, Bo De Do, Do, Bo, Do, etc.
LAURA/TILLIE: (Sing.) Bah, Bah, Bah, Do, Do, Do, etc.
ALL: Do, Wah Wah Wah Wah... etc.
CURTIS: De Bo Do Do, etc.
WILBUR: (Sings.) I search the sky, and cry, where is my love? Oooooh.
BERTHA: (Sings.) Star Bright, Star Light, first star in the sky. Where is my love?
BOTH: (Sing.) Oooooh.
WILBUR: (Sings.) And the stars twinkle back From the heavens above.
BERTHA: (Sings.) And they answer my wish.
A gift sent from heaven, my star love, oh, oh...

WILBUR: *(Sings.)* Twinkle, twinkle, little star... With infinite wonder.

CURTIS: Galaxies!
WILBUR: Galaxies!
LAURA: Galaxies!
BERTHA/TILLIE: Galaxies!
CURTIS: Galaxies!
WILBUR: Galaxies!
LAURA: Galaxies!
BERTHA/TILLIE: Galaxies!
ALL: Galaxies!
WILBUR/BERTHA: Brought us together
    A Star Love!
    Now we have each other,
    Yes, Love, we’ll face life’s thunder.
    We have a special love,
    Much brighter than any force,
    A Star Love!

TILLIE: Gosh... that was just beautiful!

LAURA: I can’t wait for Alex any longer. *(To Wilbur.)* Can you give me a lift to the stadium? Maybe he’s turned up by now.

WILBUR: O.K. We can tune the game in on the car radio. Come on, Bertha. *(LAURA, WILBUR and BERTHA EXIT RIGHT.)*

SANDRA: You know, that girl had a kind of nice style.

CURTIS: You mean the one at the table.

SANDRA: No, the girl you were singing with. The one at the counter.

TILLIE: Oh, that was Laura Carter.

CURTIS/SANDRA: *(Incredulously.)* Laura Carter!

CURTIS: Why didn’t you say something?

TILLIE: Why didn’t you ask?

SANDRA: They’re on their way to the stadium. We can catch up with her there.

CURTIS: We’d better hurry. *(THEY start out.)* Which way to the stadium?

TILLIE: Through town and on your right. It’s the big field with all the bleachers.

SANDRA: That shouldn’t be too hard to find. *(THEY are OUT.)*

TILLIE: *(Reaches under counter, puts a "Cathedral" style radio on the counter, STAGE CENTER.)* I’ve got a hunch it’s going to be kind of quiet in here for the next few hours. Might as well listen to the game. Let’s see... guess I’ll
have to run an extension cord into the kitchen. *(She takes cord in hand, EXITS UP CENTER. ENTER WHEELS,
TONY and BABS.)*

TONY: I don't think you should have done what you did, Wheels.
BABS: Tony's right. You're just trying to get back at Alice.
WHEELS: Hey, she walked out on the Yellow Jackets,
remember?
BABS: Seems to me she just walked out on you. Besides, I
think there's going to be trouble.
WHEELS: You mean 'cause our great big hero is gonna miss
the game? 'Cause he is kind of temporarily. . . uh. . . tied
up? *(Laughs.)*
TONY: I don't think it's funny. You and Plotsky should turn him
loose while there's still time.
WHEELS: *(Turns, grabs TONY by his collar.)* You taking the part
of the schoolies?
TONY: I'm not taking anyone's side. *(WHEELS releases TONY
as TILLIE ENTERS.)*
TILLIE: *(Seeing THEM.)* And I thought it was going to be quiet
so I could hear the game.
WHEELS: Don't let us interrupt your fun, kiddo. Hit the switch
on that little squawk box and let's catch the broadcast.
TILLIE: *(Fiddles with dial. Sound of static, squawks, etc.)* I
think I've got it. *(Crowd noises from radio, then voice of
ANNOUNCER.)*

ANNOUNCER: Well folks. Hartville has struck for six points to
take the lead in the closing minutes of the first half. The
capacity crowd here at Grant High Stadium has been
stunned by the turn of events this afternoon. There is still
no word as to the whereabouts of All-State Grant High
quarterback Alex Fenton.

WHEELS: *(Switching off radio.)* I've heard enough. That will
teach Fenton to fool with my chick. Think I'll look her up
and see how she likes the game. Plotsky you look after our
friend out back. *(WHEELS EXITS. Sound of motorcycle
pulling out.)*

TILLIE: Why did he turn off the radio? I want to hear the game.
TONY: There's not much of a game to listen to, now.
BABS: You know, Tony, I feel crummy.
TONY: So do I.
TILLIE: Can I get you both an Alka Seltzer. . . or a Bromo?
ALICE: *(Bursts in UP RIGHT.)* All right, what did you guys do?
TONY: Heyyy. . . I didn't do nothin'.
ALICE: Well, somebody did something, and I want to know what.
BABS: I gotta tell you the truth, Alice. (Pause.) Wheels sent a
phony message to Alex; he said you wanted to meet him
out back here before the game. When Alex showed up,
Wheels and Plotsky jumped him. Alex is tied up out in the
shed.
TONY: Plotsky's watching him now.
ALICE: (Starting OUT LEFT.) That's all I wanted to know.
TONY: What are you going to do?
ALICE: Either get Alex loose or give Plotsky one heck of a fight.
TONY: Wait a minute! I'll help.
BABS: So will I. (THEY EXIT LEFT. Sound of crowd cheering.)
BLACKOUT

SCENE TWO

SETTING: Press Box of the Grant High Stadium.

AT RISE: Although there is a blackout on the set, the action is
continuous. After a few seconds of crowd noise, a single
spotlight picks up the ANNOUNCER either at CENTER
STAGE or stepping out of the wings. He holds a
microphone and speaks over the roar of the crowd.

ANNOUNCER: Well folks, it's been a long afternoon. There's
only 7 seconds left on the clock and its fourth down and 23
to go. The Grant High Wildcats have called their last time
out on their own 17 yard line. There's time for only one
more play, and with Hartville leading 12-7, it seems that
Grant will need a miracle to pull this one out. There's still
no word on the mysterious disappearance of Grant High
star quarterback Alex Fenton, who hasn't been seen since
early afternoon. On this bleak and dismal Grant High
Homecoming Day, neither Alex Fenton nor the Grant High
fans have anything to cheer about. (Changes tone of
voice.) But... here's something you can cheer about. Take
a test ride in a new Edsel at Ted's Ford. This sleek,
beautiful vehicle of the future is the car that everyone is
talking about. That's the Edsel, at Ted's Ford in downtown
Victor. (Huge roar from crowd.) Wait... I don't believe it!
It's number 26, Alex Fenton. Alex Fenton is in the stadium,
his in the game! The crowd has come to its feet! He takes
his position in the huddle. With one play, yes, one play to
show Hartville, the scouts from State University and the
Homecoming crowd, that the Grant High Wildcats are the best football team in the State. The Wildcats come to the line of scrimmage. Hartville sets its defense deep, anticipating the long pass. Long count... snap... Fenton fades back... he's looking deep... the rush is on... he's going right... still looking deep... no one is open... Fenton breaks through the defense... he's heading up field... 30, 40, 50... oohhh, he's hit!!! He stays on his feet... he's at the 20... the 10... the 5... he's stopped by three Hartville players... there's a pileup on the goal line. I... I... I can't see if he's over. We're waiting for an official's signal. Is it? Yes... it's... a TOUCHDOWN!!! TOUCHDOWN GRANT HIGH!!! Alex Fenton has done it! An unbelievable 83 yards and Grant beats Hartville 13-12 in the game of the century! Just listen to that crowd!!! *(Roar of crowd. Fade to Black.)*

END OF SCENE

SCENE THREE

SETTING: Later that evening at the Victor Malt Shop. The radio has been put away.

AT RISE: TILLIE is, as usual, wiping down some tables. ALICE bursts in UP RIGHT and runs toward the EXIT, UP LEFT, obviously in a panic. As she reaches the door, PLOTSKY steps in, blocks her way. She turns, attempts to retrace her steps. WHEELS steps in UP RIGHT, cutting off her escape.

WHEELS: All right, fink! I been trying to catch up with you ever since the game.

PLOTSKY: Tony and Babs was in on it, too. It took the three of them.

WHEELS: *(Closing in on ALICE.)* Well take care of this one first.

ALICE: What took you so long, Wheels? The game's been over for three hours.

WHEELS: I just found out what happened.

ALICE: So Plotsky went crying to daddy. You poor baby!

PLOTSKY: Don't let her talk to me that way, Wheels.

WHEELS: Nobody crosses a Yellow Jacket and gets away with it.

ALICE: Yeah? Where's your chains and knives? Or are you two going to take me on with your bare hands?

WHEELS: *(As THEY back her against the counter.)* You'll find
out soon enough.

ALICE: *(Now becoming frightened.)* Hey, look... there's no need to get rough.

PLOTSKY: Mess her up good, Wheels.

WHEELS: Yeah... we're going to give you a little something to remember us by.

ALEX: *(ENTERS.)* Alice! Looks like you're a little overmatched.

WHEELS: *(Turns.)* Hey, it's our football hero! I thought we gave you enough already.

ALICE: *(Breaking and running to Alex.)* Watch out for him, Alex. He fights dirty.

ALEX: I know. They caught me by surprise this afternoon. I've been trying to catch up with this pair ever since the game.

PLOTSKY: I... I... uh... I got to go, Wheels. See you later.

*(EXITS LEFT.)*

ALEX: Okay, Wheels. Let's see what you can do when you're on your own.

WHEELS: No schoolie in the world can take a Yellow Jacket.

*(ALEX approaches WHEELS, ready to fight.)*

ALEX: How about it, Wheels?

WHEELS: *(Reconsidering.)* Ah... no way! I'm not gonna dirty my hands on you. I've got better things to do. *(Backs off, starts to EXIT.)*

ALICE: *(Taking one of the Yellow Jacket motorcycle emblems off the wall STAGE LEFT.)* Wait a minute, Wheels. *( Throws him the emblem.)* Take this with you.

WHEELS: Okay, okay...

ALEX: And if I see you back here again... *

WHEELS: *(Interrupting.)* I've had it with this stinking town anyhow. *(He EXITS LEFT. Motorcycle sounds a few seconds later.)*

ALEX: Good riddance to bad rubbish!

TILLIE: *(Slowly peeking over edge of counter.)* Is it all over?

ALICE: Tillie, I think you just lost two of your customers.

ALEX: I don't get it, Alice. First the turnoff before the game and then you come charging in like the cavalry tonight.

ALICE: Look, I was just afraid that Wheels would mess you up before the game and louse up your big chance. Anyhow, it's all over. You'd better get changed if you're going to the dance. This is kind of "your day" you might say.

ALEX: Problem is, Alice, I don't have a date.

ALICE: And my date's probably halfway to Hartville by now.

ALEX: How'd you like to go to the dance with me? That would
really make my day complete.

ALICE: I can be ready in twenty minutes. I'll see you back here
at nine o'clock.

ALEX: Make it 9:05. I've got an errand to run. (THEY EXIT
RIGHT, almost running into SANDRA and CURTIS on the
way in.)

CURTIS: (In a daze.) I don't believe it... I just don't believe it.

SANDRA: Look, it was pure bedlam at the game. No wonder
you missed her.

CURTIS: Maybe I'll get another chance. Everyone was talking
about getting together here on the way to the dance. I
guess it's an old school tradition. (ENTER MR. and MRS.
GRIMES, MR. and MRS. HAWKINS and MARTHA. THEY
are now dressed in their 1950's finery. SANDRA and
CURTIS sit at a table or the counter.)

MR. HAWKINS: Greatest Homecoming game I ever saw.

MRS. HAWKINS: (To her husband.) Just like old times, isn't it,
dear?

MR. HAWKINS: Yep. It's going to be fun, representing the Class
of '44.

MR. GRIMES: And the Class of '33.

MARTHA: Don't forget the Class of '25! Those years sure go by
in a hurry. (ENTER WILBUR and BERTHA. From here on,
everyone coming on stage is dressed for the dance, with
the girls wearing corsages either on their dresses or on
their wrists.)

BERTHA: Oh, Wilbur, this is the most beautiful corsage I've
ever had!

WILBUR: Is it really?

BERTHA: Yes. It's also the ONLY corsage I've ever had!

WILBUR: Bertha... could you... would you... wear my pin?

(He offers her a pin.)

BERTHA: Oh, Wilbur... I'd be proud to. (Takes pin, looks at it.)
It's even inscribed. (Reads.) "Be Prepared."

WILBUR: It's my Boy Scout pin. I've had it since I was twelve.

(ENTER FELIX, VICKIE, DEBRA, SUSAN, CONNIE.)

VICKIE: Oh, come on, Felix. Won't you pick up the rest of the
guys?

FELIX: I'm sorry they're having car trouble, but they'll have to
meet us at the dance.

VICKIE: I still think you could have picked them up.

FELIX: Just how many people do you think I can fit in a coupe?

(ALICE, TONY and BABS ENTER. TONY is now dressed in a
suit. BABS has a corsage but ALICE does not.)

TONY: Do we hafta go to the dance?

BABS: Aw, come on, Tony. With Wheels and Plotsky gone, we
got to get back in the race.

TONY: What race?

BABS: The human race.

FELIX: Hey, look! It’s the Yellow Jackets!

ALICE: Not any more, Felix. We’ve all split.

DEBRA: You’re not coming to OUR dance.

SUSAN: Go on! Get back on your own side of the room. (ALEX
ENTERS during the last few lines. He carries a box with a
corsage. CONNIE spots him.)

CONNIE: Hey, everyone. . . . it's Alex! (General cheer, ad libs.)

MR. HAWKINS: (Shaking ALEX'S hand.) Great game today,
young man.

MR. GRIMES: (Shaking ALEX'S hand.) You really showed them
the old hustle.

ALEX: Thanks, but I want to get something straight right now. It
was Tony and Babs and Alice that shook me loose from
Wheels so I could get to the game. (ALEX shakes hands
with TONY.) I never did get a chance to say it, but thanks
for this afternoon. (Hugs BABS and ALICE.) All of you.

TONY: Aw. . . it was nothing. (LAURA ENTERS. Unlike
OTHERS, she is dressed in her school clothes.)

LAURA: At last. . . . I've finished the decorations.

SUSAN: Laura. . . aren't you going to the dance? (CURTIS
picks up his ears in interest, turns, looks at LAURA.)

LAURA: No, I think I'll just go home and go to bed. I'm
exhausted.

CURTIS: (CROSSES to LAURA quickly. Excitedly.) It's YOU!

LAURA: Why, yes. (Suspiciously.) But, who are YOU?

CURTIS: Ahhh. . . I'm. . . ah. . . I'm Jack Curtis. I'm a writer. . .
uh. . . doing an article on the new "rock" music.

LAURA: You didn't have to come all the way to Victor to learn
about rock and roll music.

CURTIS: But, this is where it's happening! In small towns all
over America. And I understand that you kind of. . . well. . .
know quite a bit about rock music.

LAURA: I've studied it a lot. And I sing and play a little.

CURTIS: How about doing something now?

ALEX: What about that number you wrote for the dance tonight?

FELIX: Yeah, yeah, yeah. I'd like to hear that!

MARTHA: Come on, honey. We just won the big game. This
place could use some excitement.
CURTIS: What's the name of the tune?
DEBRA: It's HOMECOMING ROCK!
LAURA: Well... all right. Take it, cheerleaders.

MUSIC CUE 8: HOMECOMING ROCK

CHEERLEADERS: Two bits, four bits,
Six bits, a dollar.
All for Grant High
Stand up and holler!
CHORUS (KIDS): (Sing.)
Homecoming Rock!
Homecoming Rock!
Aaaaaaaaaaohhhhhhh Yeah!
CHEERLEADERS: (Yelled.) Grant High!!!
Grant High!!!
LAURA: (Sings.) We just won the big ball game
And this evening has just begun.
Now’s the time for some rock 'n roll
Now’s the time for some homecoming fun.
CHORUS: (Sings.) Homecoming Rock!
Homecoming Rock!
Aaaao0000h, yeah!

MARTHA: (Spoken over music.) Wahoo! You kids are great!
Reminds me of my days with the Class of 1925. (Sings.)
Dancing was alive in '25,
We really used to cook, '23 skidoo,
Yeah, '23 skidoo! (Dances the Charleston. ALL applaud after the dance is over.)

MRS. GRIMES: Martha, you haven’t lost any of your spunk!
MARTHA: Now it’s your turn! Come on... (Dialogue over music.) show these kids how you used to dance when you were in high school!

MR. & MRS. GRIMES: (Sing.)
Dancing was the key in '33.
It eased the Depression.
Ten cents a dance,
Ten cents a dance. (THEY foxtrot. ALL applaud when they’re through. Dialogue continues over music.)

MARTHA: Quiet, everyone, quiet! We still haven’t seen Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins yet! You know, they won a dance contest together back in 1944!
MRS. HAWKINS: That's right!
MR. HAWKINS: Come on, dear. Let's kick up our heels and show these kids some real dancing!
MR. & MRS. HAWKINS: (Sing.)
Now, with the States at war in '44, We danced away the pain, Gonna cut a rug, Gonna cut a rug! (THEY dance the jitterbug. ALL applaud at the end.)
CURTIS: Hey, that was great! Seeing all of you together having so much fun makes me want to get up and sing!
LAURA: All right, then, let's go! One more time!
CURTIS: You're on!
CHORUS: (Sings.)
Homecoming Rock! Homecoming Rock!
LAURA/CURTIS: (Sing.)
Homecoming Rock is unique, Time to rock and roll and make a friend, Friends from the past and the present, I hope our dancing never ends.
CHORUS: (Sings.)
Now it's time to show our friends The way we dance it never ends Now Charleston, Foxtrot, they're a stroll But, when we dance, it's Rock and Roll!
ALL: (Led by CHEERLEADERS. Cheering.)
Dance all day! Dance all night! Dance just cuz it feels all right! (ALL dance wildly.)
CHORUS: (Sings.)
We have rocked all during spring and We have rolled all during fall, Summer, winter, rock 'n roll, Yeah, we'll never stop at all! (Shouted.) Ooohh, Rock! Rock! Rock! Rock! Ooohh, Homecoming Rock! (ALL take a bow, amidst applause, ALL dance about frenetically again.) (Ad lib's following song.)
ALL: That was great. I'm exhausted. That's what I call real singing. I hope I've still got strength enough for the dance.
VICKIE: All right, everybody, back in the coupe. (GIRLS groan.)
TONY: Can I give anyone a lift? I just traded my motorcycle in on a used car.
DEBRA: Great!
SUSAN: I'm coming along, too.
CONNIE: Anything to get out of that coupe.
MARTHA: Come on, folks. Let's head for the dance. Lock 'er up at midnight, Tillie. It's my night to howl. (She lets out a howl.)
ALL: (Ad lib.) Sure.
Let's go!
We're missing the fun.
Etc.
(ALL EXIT except TILLIE, SANDRA, CURTIS and LAURA. ALEX and ALICE start OUT, but THEY pause at the door after OTHERS have left.)
ALEX: Oh, Alice, I almost forgot! I brought you this! (Hands her a box.)
ALICE: (Takes box, opens it, jumps up and down with joy.) An orchid! Oh, Alex, you got me an orchid!
ALEX: It was... well... just about the last thing the florist had. It's not all that much.
ALICE: It's just about the most beautiful thing I ever saw!
ALEX: I just want you to know... I mean... I wanted to show you... I mean... heck, that eighty-three yard run today was easier than this.
ALICE: (Slipping her arm through his.) Come on, Alex. I'll pin on my orchid when we get to the dance. (THEY EXIT.)
CURTIS: Laura, I want to thank you. You really make singing fun again.
LAURA: Say, didn't you tell me you were a writer?
CURTIS: (Starting to change his costume. With feigned bravado.) You may think that I'm just a mild mannered newspaper reporter... but I am... (Struggles to take off his shirt and pants, talking at the same time, with LAURA looking on curiously.) But... I am... in reality... Curtis Jackson, Super Star!! (He strikes a rock singer's pose, wearing his flashy outfit as in the first scene.)
TILLIE: I've seen that trick done before, but the other fellow uses a phone booth.
SANDRA: You don't look too surprised.
LAURA: I kind of suspected it all the time. I really wouldn't be much of a fan if I didn't recognize Curtis Jackson.
SANDRA: Have you ever thought about singing on the stage,
Laura?
LAURA: I haven't thought about anything else. I'm just waiting
until I graduate.
SANDRA: You and Curtis would make a great pair.
CURTIS: Sure, you could be one of the "three."
SANDRA: You mean one of the "four."
CURTIS: Yeah... that's right!
SANDRA: Elvis, Buddy... 
CURTIS: Laura and me!

MUSIC CUE 9: FINALE - ELVIS, BUDDY, LAURA AND ME.

CURTIS: (Sings.) Oh, Elvis really has the looks, 
Buddy's music really cooks, 
But America has found 
That four people can be crowned, 
A big rock star, I'm one of the four, 
Elvis, Buddy, Laura and me, 
Yeah, Elvis, Buddy, Laura and me!
ELVIS: (ENTERS, Singing. Or CURTIS.) 
Yeah, Curtis, Buddy, Laura and me!
BUDDY: (ENTERS, Singing. Or CURTIS.) 
Oh Yeah, Elvis, Curtis, Laura and me!
CURTIS: Elvis, Buddy, Laura and me!
ELVIS/BUDDY/LAURA: Ugga Wugga Ugga Wugga, 
Rock! Rock! Rock!

CURTAIN
PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPS

Tray with assorted glasses, straws, coffee cups, hamburger on a plate, menus, wipe-rags, and other items as needed, radio, guitar - TILLIE
Overcoat (for CURTIS), book - SANDRA
Dark glasses, guitar, newspaper clipping - CURTIS
Combs - YELLOW JACKETS
Coins, pad and pencil - WHEELS
Notebook, corsage in box - ALEX
Crepe Paper - LAURA
Telescope, charts - WILBUR, BERTHA
Boy Scout pin - WILBUR
Grant High pennants - ALUMNUS
Thermos bottle - MR. GRIMES
Yellow Jacket emblem - ALICE
Corsages - GIRLS

Sound effects for cars (OFF RIGHT) and motorcycles (OFF LEFT) are effective when students and/or Yellow Jackets are arriving and leaving.

There should be virtually no time lapse between dialogue and music cues, or between scenes. The voice of the Announcer on the radio should be followed almost immediately by his appearance in Scene Two. Crowd noises may be live, back stage, or taped.

Additional characters can be used as students and chorus for BOBBY SOCK HOP and HOMECOMING ROCK. During the final Reprise (ELVIS, BUDDY, LAURA AND ME), girls from the audience can run up the aisles to the stage, swooning over the various rock stars in "Fifties" style. The Overture can also be used as music for bows.

Students should have additional hand properties such as school books, coins, purses, etc. The malt shop should have various items usually found in a restaurant (catsup and mustard bottles, salt and pepper shakers, menus, etc.). There should also be extensive decorations on the walls including a removable Yellow Jacket emblem for Alice to use in the last scene.

Anyone on stage who is not involved in the action should hold
characterization without detracting or "upstaging" those in the scene.
Keep the play moving. Once the curtain is up, the action should be continuous.
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