

# Danny, Sandy, Patty

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DANNY

Listen, Sandy. Nobody's gonna start gettin' salty with ya when I'm around. Uh-uhh!

SANDY

All right, Danny, as long as you're with me, but let's not let anyone come between us again, okay?

PATTY

*(rushing onstage with two batons and wearing a cheerleader outfit.)*  
Hiiiiiii, Danny! Oh... don't let me interrupt. *(Gives SANDY baton)* Here, Sandy, why don't you twirl this for a while. *(Taking DANNY aside)* I've been dying to tell you something. You know what I found out after you left my house the other night? My mother thinks you're cute. *(To SANDY)* He's such a lady-killer.

SANDY

Isn't he though! What were you doing at her house?

DANNY

Ah, I was just copying down some homework.

PATTY

Come on Sandy, let's practice.

SANDY

Yeah, lets! I'm just dying to make a good impression on all those cute lettermen.

DANNY

So, that's why you're wearing that thing - getting' ready to show off your skivvies to a bunch of horny jocks?

SANDY

Don't tell me you're jealous, Danny.

DANNY

What? Of that bunch of meatheads! Don't make me laugh. Ha-ha.

SANDY

Just because they can do something you can't do?

DANNY

Whattaya mean, look, I could run circles around those jerks.

SANDY

But you'd rather spend your time copying other people's homework.

DANNY

Listen, the next time they have tryouts for any of those teams, I'll show you what I can do.