

SONNY

Good. Lend me a half a buck.

SONNY and KENICKIE exit into Burger Palace stashing their weapons in a painted oil drum used for garbage.

DOODY

Hey, Frenchy, maybe I'll come down to your beauty school some night this week... we can have a Coke or somethin'.

FRENCHY

(Uncertain.)

Yeah... yeah, sure.

(DOODY smiles and, depositing his baseball bat in the same oil can, exits into the Burger Palace. To her movie magazine.)

Jeez! What am I gonna do? I mean, I can't just tell everybody I dropped out of beauty school. I can't go in the Palace for a job... with all the guys sittin' around. Boy, I wish I had one of those Guardian Angel things like in that Debbie Reynolds movie. Would that be neat... somebody always there to tell ya' what's the best thing to do.

Spooky angelic guitar chords. FRENCHY'S Guardian TEEN ANGEL appears swinging in quietly on a rope. He is a Fabian-like rock singer. White Fabian sweater with the collar turned up, white chinos, white boots, a large white comb sticking out of his pocket. He sings "BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUT." After the first verse, a chorus of ANGELS appears: a group of GIRLS in white plastic sheets and their hair in white plastic rollers in a halo effect. They provide background Doo-wahs. The TEEN ANGEL sings.

#13 - Beauty School Dropout

TEEN ANGEL

(GIRLS sing backup throughout song. See Vocal Book.)

YOUR STORY'S SAD TO TELL
A TEENAGE NE'ER-DO-WELL
MOST MIXED-UP NON-DELINQUENT ON THE BLOCK
YOUR FUTURE'S SO UNCLEAR NOW
WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR CAREER NOW
CAN'T EVEN GET A TRADE-IN ON YOUR SMOCK.

(GIRLS enter, dressed in plastic beautician's robes and curlers.)

BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUT
NO GRADUATION DAY FOR YOU
BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUT
MISSED YOUR MID-TERMS AND FLUNKED SHAMPOO
WELL, AT LEAST YOU COULD HAVE TAKEN TIME
TO WASH AND CLEAN YOUR CLOTHES UP
AFTER SPENDING ALL THAT DOUGH TO HAVE
THE DOCTOR FIX YOUR NOSE UP