

KENICKIE and SONNY (or DOODY)

KENICKIE: Hey, where ya 'at?

SONNY: Hey, Kenickie! What's happening? Where were ya all summer?

KENICKIE: What are you, the F.B.I.?

SONNY: I was just askin'.

KENICKIE: I was workin'. Which is more than either of you two skids can say.

SONNY: Workin'! Yeah? Where?

KENICKIE: Luggin 'boxes at Bargin City.

SONNY: Nice job!

KENICKIE: Hey, crमित! I'm savin 'up to get me some wheels. That's the only reason I took the job.

SONNY: You getting 'a car, Kenick? What kind?

KENICKIE: I don't know what kind yet, moron. But I got a name all picked out. "Greased Lightning"!

SONNY (putting him on): Oh, nifty! (Laughs)

KENICKIE: Go ahead, laugh it up. When I show up in that baby, you suckers'll be laughin 'out the other end.

SONNY: Will we ever!