

Bubblegum

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[ONESHOT] Play-Based. Doody has never been the forward kind, but when he asks Frenchy to the movies, he's determined to make things change ... at least he hopes to ... Doody/Frenchy.

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ONE-SHOT

Title: "Bubblegum"

Author: BloodRoses1619

Genre: Fluff/Humor

Rating: G

Series: Grease

Pairing: Doody/Frenchy

Summary: Doody has never been the forward kind, but when he asks Frenchy to the movies, he's determined to make things change ... atleast he hopes to ... -based off the play

Disclaimer: I OWN NOTHING

A/N:: Wheeheehee. I love this pairing :3 ... they're so cute x3 ... And Doody is amazing cause he's so adorable and shy and cute and GWWAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!11!1shiftoeone2 I'm in love with his character :P ... Okay, so ... off I go. :3 ... *huggles Doody* And, okay, omfg, play!Doody is soooo much better than the movie.

Doody and Frenchy were best friends; inseperable to say the least. Their silly innocent antics were highly contagious. Perhaps that's why they were so dearly loved by their fellow T-Birds/Pink Ladies (most of the time). But there was something more between the pair than friendship, and maybe they didn't even realize it. There was something Doody loved about Frenchy. He couldn't point it out, but it was there. No, no, it wasn't anything bad. *Never* anything bad; Doody was good beyond help. It was something else ...

Something that almost kept him from having enough guts to ask her to the movies. Even so, he finally managed to spit it out. She said yes without question, but didn't she always? She just didn't think sometimes ... He admitted to himself that, yes, she could be something of a "ditz" (as some people would have it), but it was ... *cute* in a sense. It made you wonder if she was naturally blonde. Though, the blonde hair certainly suited her ... maybe that was it?

Doody shook the thought off as he and Frenchy sat in the back seat of his car and waited for the drive-in movie to start. He hesitantly looked over at her as she cracked her gum. She looked so pretty ... Wait, she always did ... *Say it*, he told himself. *Just say it, just say it ...* He opened his mouth to tell her how lovely she looked and all that jazz, but quickly shut it, for lack of words (or clogged vocal chords, whichever you prefer). He fought with himself for a while before coughing up a small, "H-hey, French?"

Frenchy looked over at Doody, "Yeah?"

Doody swallowed the lump in his throat and, before it came back, quickly said, "Y-you look real nice tonight."

A wide smile engulfed Frenchy's face, "Thanks! So do you!"

Doody felt himself go bright red, and hoped she hadn't seen, but lucky for him she turned her head back to the movie screen just as it lit up. "*So do you!*" ? He wondered if forcing his voice out and putting up with the nauseous feeling in the pit of his stomach was worth that response. But this was Frenchy. What else did he really expect? Something short, sweet, and slightly stupid was exactly what he should be grateful for.

He fidgeted with his hands, suddenly noticing how sweaty they were. He wiped them on his pant legs and crossed his arms over his chest, making sure he didn't display any nervous habits in case Frenchy was watching.

Frenchy ...

Doody's attention was suddenly drawn to the hand next to him. It belonged to ... y'know, *her*. He swallowed and looked up at her; her eyes were fixed on the screen. Oh, God, how he just wanted to hold her hand like the couples do in the movies ... But it would never happen. Not unless he had the gaul to either just reach down himself or ask her if it was alright. But which was better? *Come on, Dood ...* he took a deep breath. He looked down at her hand again. "U-uh ... French?"

She looked at him, "Yeah?"

As soon as their eyes met, Doody felt himself go numb. He broke their gaze. "N-nothing ... "

"Okay .. "

Doody cursed at himself. He looked at her hand. *Just reach over and grab it ...* He inched his hand slowly over to put it on top of her's, hesitating for a split second before pulling it back slightly. *Just reach over ...* He held his breath and went for it again ...

... just as Frenchy blew a bubble with her gum and decided to tend to an itch on the back of her neck.

Doody pulled his hand back again. Drat ... He pouted and tried to watch at least some of the film, but found he was easily distracted by the girl next to him. He sighed. Why did he have to feel so strongly for her? Why did he try so hard to get her attention? Deep down he knew that there probably wasn't much of a chance for them, but he still tried his best to make it work. Besides, what was the worst thing that could possibly happen?

She could tell him the truth -- that she didn't see him that way. And she would stop talking to him. And they'd never speak to each other again. And their friendship would be ruined forever ...

No, no, that would never happen ... Doody mentally shook it off.

If he wanted to do anything about it, it would have to be now! The drive-in was *always* where things happened. And they were alone -- he looked at her out of the corner of his eye. She was pretty fixed on that movie ...

Doody contemplated over whether to make some kind of subtle move or not. He could always just put his arm around her shoulders or something. Yeah, yeah, that's it! Like Danny used to do with his girlfriends! Then again, he didn't want to distract her. But if he waited to when she wouldn't be distracted, the movie would already be over.

At the precise moment he nervously started reaching back behind her head, she asked if he wanted more soda, cause she was going to get some.

He drew his arm back. "No thanks." Crap. He responded too quickly ...

Frenchy studied him. "You okay? You're acting kinda' funny."

Doody smiled. "I'm okay. Go get yourself a coke or something."

Frenchy hesitated. "Okay ..." She climbed out of the car, leaving him by himself.

He sunk down in his seat a little and let out an exasperated sigh. "Oh my God ... " What was he supposed to do now? Nothing he had tried worked at all. Maybe it was a sign from God or something. Maybe he just wasn't meant to be with her.

Then again ...

Maybe he just hadn't thought of everything to try. Doody wasn't a very forward guy, but if nothing else worked, this could be his last chance. He watched Frenchy come back to the car and sit down next to him. She smiled sweetly at him and made herself comfortable, fixing her eyes on the movie again.

***Oh, yes, this is it.* He glanced at her to see where her lips were currently positioned. He felt his heart leap into his throat at the thought of just leaning over and kissing her right here, right now. It could be the worst thing he'd ever do, or the best thing ... Finding out which one would be brutal; but it was worth it.**

Doody waited a couple more minutes before looking over again to make sure she hadn't moved. Then, without thinking, he leaned across the armrest and --

POP!

Oh, he found her lips, alright. And the bubble attached to them. Doody opened his eyes. *Damnit.* He was stuck to Frenchy's bubblegum, which was now pancaked in between their lips. They didn't move. Frenchy tried to gently pull herself away, but found it didn't quite work as well as she'd hoped. There was

still gum stuck to both of their faces.

Doody blushed. "S-sorry, French, I -- ... I didn't -- I mean, I --"

Frenchy leaned back over toward him, put her hands on his jaw, and kissed him affectionately, while, in the process, she nibbled the gum off his mouth.

A shy smile spread across Doody's face when Frenchy pulled away. "Is ... is that kinda why they call you Frenchy?"

She cocked her head to the side a little and said "Nah, I just wanted my gum back."

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