You're the One That I Want, 2.0

by undying_young

Summary

The Grease Sing-Along, except gay.

Notes

for anon: "cute prompt thingy- Jyrus at the Grease Sing-a-long together. Jonah's in a pink lady costume thing and cy-guy is in his greaser outfit. I imagine them dancing and singing with each other with a TON of flirting~ :)"

BET

so i kinda imagined this as a different grease sing along after andi gets with walker or something bc i know if i wrote the one from the jandi drama i'm gonna end up including jandi drama and i JUST WANNA SMILE soooo this is an AU where this takes place after the jandi mess is resolved, just the grease sing along with the GHC + jonah with no frisbee stuff at stake and everyone's just in for a good time

(also watching the music videos helped so much, this was so amazingly fun to write, you guys should check it out because it inspired this heavily. also i had a bit of a Grease Live idea as far as setting, so yeah enjoy guys!!)

See the end of the work for more notes.
Jonah didn't mind the Pink Ladies jacket as much as his past self might've minded. Sure, pink was less than his favorite color, and he was very sure he wasn't a lady, but there was something about the Pink Ladies that carried a sort of badass-ness that he did not mind representing at all.

“Jonah, hey!” he heard someone yell, and turned to see Cyrus just as he was running past him. When Jonah was slow to follow, Cyrus skidded to a stop, and tugged his arm. “Our hour’s almost up, and I forgot they had an ice cream stand outside--good Lord, why isn't your collar popped?”

The brown-eyed boy stopped to adjust Jonah's jacket. They were on the set of the sing-along--Shadyside Park and Recreational Center--and currently, everyone was on an hour-long break to catch their breath from the busy day they’d all been having. Jonah had been hanging in the gym where the AC felt like heaven, but now his face was growing really warm and the AC wasn't helping, because Cyrus was right there and he simply shouldn't have been allowed to look so cute when he was concentrating. Jonah hoped he wasn't blushing; it was always obvious when he blushed.

“Can't take me anywhere,” Jonah joked as Cyrus ran a hand through his hair, fixing it as best as he could without a comb.

Cyrus shrugged. “Nonsense. You just need a little adjusting sometimes, m’love.”

Jonah really hoped he wasn't blushing.

When Cyrus was looking him in the eye again, he quirked his brow, a little grin spreading across his face. “Why are you smiling like that? This is the most stressful moment of my life.”

Jonah blinked twice. “I… huh?”

“You're smiling. Don't tell me you didn't realize that,” Cyrus chuckled as he tied the ascot back around Jonah’s neck. “Why did you untie this?” he muttered, more to himself than to Jonah.

Jonah shrugged, smoothing down his jacket. “I guess didn't realize a lot of stuff before now.”
Cyrus’ eyebrows shot up, and he blinked, his grin turning into a bit of a smirk. “Oh, yeah? And what does that mean?”

“It means--”

“Breaktime’s over, twenty minutes ‘til showtime!” the director shouted from a megaphone. Suddenly kids were running around from all directions, and Jonah decided he could that thought. “Get ready, darlings! These are the last numbers of the day, you don’t wanna miss them!”

Cyrus’ eyes went wide, and he stepped backwards. “I gotta get dressed, I'll see you out there!”

Jonah was going to point out that Cyrus was already dressed--he'd been wearing the same green button-up and khakis all day--but Cyrus was already speeding off towards the dressing rooms, so Jonah shrugged, and went to find the girls.

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It felt great outside. The day was hot, but it was getting a little late in the afternoon, and a breeze had picked up. The whole area was set up like a carnival, and people were chatting excitedly. Everything looked great.

Except, for some reason, one third of the Good Hair Crew was missing.

“Hey, Andi,” Jonah whispered in the middle of the director’s speech about ‘having fun and being yourself,’ “Where's Cyrus?”

Andi scanned the crowd. “He's right…” The girl trailed off when she didn't see him, and elbowed Buffy's arm. “Buffy, where's Cyrus?”

Buffy frowned. “I don't know; come to think of it, I haven't seen him since he ran off to get ice cream earlier.”

Jonah made a face, a bit of stress creeping up on him. “Well, I saw him head to the dressing rooms earlier, but I thought he'd be back by--”
The boy was interrupted by a burst of cheers and wolf whistles, and amongst them, he heard:

“Alright, Cyrus!”

“I see you, baby!”

“Yas, *gawd*!”

“Okay, Sandy!”

The three turned to see the crowd parting, and out walked none other than Cyrus Goodman, and, as a kid next to Jonah was shouting, baby came to snatch *wigs*.

Jonah looked Cyrus up and down, and swore he could've passed out on the spot. The brown-eyed boy was all decked out in an all-black outfit, complete with a leather jacket, slicked-back hair, and a chain hanging from his belt-loop. The crowd parted as Cyrus walked through, eating a sucker, looking cooler than anyone Jonah had probably ever seen in his whole life.

Buffy and Andi herded Jonah forward. He snapped out of it, and turned to the girls. “Hey, wait a minute; this isn't my number.”

“It is, now,” Buffy replied.

“Everyone agreed on it, and you know the part forwards and backwards,” Andi reassured him, a mischievous glimmer in her eyes. “And he looks *good*.”

Buffy squeezed Jonah’s shoulders, a smirk playing at her lips. “Don’t act like you don’t wanna sing him a love song.”

Jonah turned back to Cyrus, and swallowed his bubblegum when Cyrus walked towards him.
“Cyrus,” Jonah said intelligently.

The other boy smirked around the sucker. “That's my name, don't wear it out.”

The music started, and Buffy shoved Jonah forward a little more. When he glanced back, she and Andi were smiling innocently.

“Get him, boy!” someone shouted.

“Hey!” Cyrus shouted. “You gonna sing somethin’, or what, Jo?”

Jonah faced Cyrus, who was tapping his foot, arms crossed. Jonah's mind was running a million miles an hour, and it took a lot for him to reign in his emotions, but then he was figuring this wasn't the time to reign anything in. Maybe today wasn't the day to hold back. Maybe today as the day to take a leap.

He figured he'd find out when the song was over.

Jonah took a deep breath, tossed off his jacket, and began to sing.

“ I got chills, they're multiplying
And I'm losing control
Cause the power you're supplying
It's electrifying!”

Jonah shook dramatically, and fell to his knees, eliciting laughter from the ensemble.

Everyone crowded Cyrus forward. Cyrus looked to Andi, who mimed throwing the sucker.

Cyrus blinked owlishly. “Oh!” He tossed the candy, and hooked a finger under Jonah's chin. The ensemble went batshit. Andi was shrieking louder than anyone else, without question.

“You better shape up, cause I need a man
And my heart is set on you”

Jonah nodded, hanging on to every lyric.

Cyrus was grinning impossibly wide. “You better shape up, you better understand
To my heart, I must be true!”

“Nothin’ left, nothin left for me to do!”

“You're the one that I want (you are the one I want)
Oo-oo-oo, honey
The one that I want (you are the one I want)
Oo-oo-oo, honey
The one that I want (you are the one I want)
Oo-oo-oo, the one I need (one I need)
Oh, yes, indeed!”

Cyrus walked off to the dunking booth, and Jonah scrambled to his feet. None other than Gus was sitting above the tank giving Jonah two thumbs-up, and Jonah would've laughed, but suddenly Cyrus was singing again and Jonah soon forgot about the world around him.

“If you're filled with affection
You're too shy to convey
Meditate in my direction”

Cyrus pulled Jonah by the ascot, and Jonah was suddenly unable to recall just how many times he'd been hopelessly frozen by those huge brown eyes in that day alone.

“Feel your way.”

“Ow!” Jonah fell back, and two kids caught him. Gus fell over into the water on his own, and Cyrus laughed, hopping over to the popcorn stand. Jonah followed, smiling like an idiot, with a couple of greasers close behind.

“I better shape up, cause you need a man--”

“--I need a man who can keep me satisfied!”
Someone handed Jonah a giant stuffed dolphin, and Jonah presented it to Cyrus. “I better shape up if I’m gonna prove--”

“--You better prove that my faith is justified!”

“Are you sure?”

Cyrus took the dolphin, and waved it in the air. “Yes, I'm sure down deep inside!”

“You're the one that I want (you are the one I want)
Oo-oo-oo, honey
The one that I want (you are the one I want)
Oo-oo-oo, honey
The one that I want (you are the one I want)
Oo-oo-oo, the one I need (one I need)
Oh, yes, indeed (yes indeed)”

Everyone was throwing popcorn at them, smiling and singing and jumping all over the place. The energy was infectious.

“You're the one that I want (you are the one I want)
Oo-oo-oo, honey
The one that I want (you are the one I want)
Oo-oo-oo, honey
The one that I want (you are the one I want)
Oo-oo-oo, the one I need (one I need)
The one I need
Oh, yes, indeed (yes indeed)”

The ensemble crowded around the two.

“You're the one that I want!”

Everyone struck a pose when the last note hit, and the director and coordinators went wild on the sidelines. Cyrus took Jonah’s hand, and they bowed. Everyone broke into laughter and cheers. The boys exchanged a look, and were suddenly attacked with a bunch of hugs.

“That was amazing!” Buffy raved, ruffling Jonah's hair.
Andi took Cyrus’ hands. “I'm living for it! I don’t hear you sing enough, and that changes today.”

Buffy nodded. “Those are facts.”

“Alright, kiddos!” the director announced. “We Go Together, places!”

The girls gave Jonah a look, and got into their places for the next song.

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The bus ride home was quiet. Everyone was either asleep or chatting quietly, with the exception of a girl one seat ahead, who was gently singing “Hopelessly Devoted.” She sounded beautiful, so no one bothered her about it; they all just let her sing it again and again, and let that be the mood for the evening.

Andi was knocked out on Buffy’s shoulder in the seats across the aisle.

Jonah and Cyrus were sitting together, too. Both of them were awake, but neither had been very chatty since they got on the bus. Maybe it was because the both of them hadn't fully processed the day yet. Jonah could certainly say he hadn't; at least, not until he'd actually sat down next

Jonah’s phone buzzed, and he opened it to see a message from Buffy. It said, in all caps:

TALK TO HIM.

Jonah looked up to see Buffy raise her eyebrows at him, and nod towards Cyrus. Jonah shook his head. She pursed her lips, and began to type out another message.

It's the perfect moment. There's romantic singing, a pretty sunset, no one's bothering you two... Say something before I do!!
Jonah rolled his eyes, and turned towards the other boy. Cyrus was staring out of the window with a far-off kind of look in his eyes, and just as Jonah was opening his mouth to speak, Cyrus murmured, “I never knew you could sing like that.”

Jonah blinked twice, and stammered out, “I mean, I didn't even know you could sing at all until ‘You're the One That I Want.’”

Cyrus turned to him with a tired smile. “I can't believe we did that.”

Jonah let out a little breath he didn’t realize he was holding. “I can't believe you pulled that transformation in, like, twenty minutes.”

“I can't believe you tossed off that jacket.”

“I can't believe you winked at me; you became a totally different person.”

Cyrus smiled sheepishly. “I was attempting to be flirty.”

“It worked.”

“It did?” Cyrus gave Jonah a once-over, his smile turning into a look of pure disbelief. “What, are you saying I wooed you?”

“I'm taking it back if you say the word ‘woo’ again.”

Cyrus scoffed. “Says Mr. Magocious over here.”

“I thought you were into that!”

“I am, but it's still dorky.”
“Then we're both dorks.”

“Both of us.”

The eye contact must've held too long, and Cyrus looked down at his hands. There was a bit of a pause, and then he said, albeit quietly, “I had a really great time.”

“Me, too.” There was another pause, and Jonah added, “Maybe we should have more great times. Maybe with just us.”

Cyrus’ eyes flickered up to meet his, and, not unlike how he was feeling earlier that day, Jonah felt like those eyes could stop time.

“What do you mean?”

“Do you really need me to spell it out?”

“Yeah, I really need you to spell it out.”

The green-eyed boy, shrugged, and said, “I wanna go on dates with you.”

Cyrus visibly swallowed, and the suspense of waiting for his response would've killed Jonah in any other circumstance, except now he felt oddly comfortable. He felt ready, and sure, which was much more than he could say for his other relationships. For some reason, he trusted that everything would be alright.

Cyrus studied him for a bit--a little cautiously, if Jonah was interpreting it right--before he nodded gently. “Okay.”

Jonah stifled a smile. “Okay?”
“I mean, it's way better than just okay, but...” Cyrus shrugged, appearing more at ease. “Yeah. I’d--Yeah. That sounds really great, yeah.”

Jonah held out his hand. “It's a date.”

Cyrus took his hand. “Totally.”

The both turned away; Jonah staring up at the ceiling, Cyrus staring out of the window. They didn't stop holding hands, though. Why would they?

End Notes

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