

JAN and ROGER

JAN: (after a pause) How come you never get mad at those guys?

ROGER: Why should I?

JAN: Well, that name they call you. Rump!

ROGER: That's just my nickname. It's sorta like a title.

JAN: Whattaya mean?

ROGER: I'm king of the mooners.

JAN: The what?

ROGER: I'm the mooning champ of Rydell High.

JAN: You mean showin 'off your bare behind to people? That's pretty raunchy.

ROGER: Nah...it's neat! I even mooned old Lady Lynch once. I hung one on her right out the car window. And she never even knew who it was.

JAN: Too much! I wish I'd been there...(Quickly) I mean...y'know what I mean.

ROGER: Yeah. I wish you'd been there, too.

JAN: (Seriously) You do?