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SONNY. I was just lookin' at Shelley Farberay's jugs.

(FRENCHY leans over to look at picture.)

FRENCHY. (*primping*) Y'know, lotsa people think I look just like Shelley Farberries.

SONNY. Not a chance. You ain't got a "set" like hers.

FRENCHY. I happen to know she wears falsies.

SONNY. You oughtta know, Foam-Domes.

START → JAN. You want another cheeseburger?

ROGER. Nah, I think I'll have a Coke.

JAN. You shouldn't drink so much Coke. It rots your teeth.

ROGER. Thank you, Bucky Beaver.

JAN. I ain't kiddin'. Somebody told me about this scientist once who knocked out one of his teeth and dropped it in this glass of Coke, and after a week, the tooth rotted away until there was nothing left.

ROGER. ~~██████████~~ I ain't gonna carry a mouthful of Coke around for a week. Besides, what do you care what I do with my teeth? It ain't your problem.

JAN. No, I guess not.

Cont. →

MARTY. (*wearing extra-large college letterman sweater and modeling for DANNY*) Hey, Danny, how would I look as a college girl?

DANNY. (*pulling sweater tight*) Boola-Boola...

MARTY. Hey, watch it! It belongs to this big Jock at Holy Contrition.

DANNY. (*indicating MARTY's sweater*) Wait'll ya see me wearin' one of those things. I tried out for the track team today.

(*Several heads turn and look at DANNY. Ad libs of: What? Zuko, not, etc..*)

MARTY. Are you serious? With those bird legs?

(*Kids all laugh. ROGER does funny imitation of DANNY as a gung-ho track star.*)

DANNY. Hey, better hobby than yours, Rump.

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~~(Other guys laugh at remark, all giving ROGER calls of
"Rump-Rump!")~~

Cont. → 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 showm' off your ██████ 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.

END

JAN. *(seriously)* You do?