

JAN 1

44

GREASE

~~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 Farberay's jugs.~~

~~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.~~

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. For Christ sake, 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.

~~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, no!, 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.~~

START

END

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

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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 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?

~~(ROGER answers her by singing.)~~

[MUSIC NO. 8: MOONING]

~~ROGER.~~

~~I SPEND MY DAYS JUST MOONING  
SO SAD AND BLUE  
I SPEND MY NIGHTS JUST MOONING  
ALL OVER YOU.~~

~~JAN.~~

~~ALL OVER WHO?~~

~~ROGER.~~

~~OH, I'M SO FULL OF LOVE *(JAN oohs underneath.)*  
AS ANY FOOL CAN SEE  
'CAUSE ANGELS UP ABOVE  
HAVE HUNG A MOON ON ME.~~

**END**