

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

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.

Roger