

Miss Lynch Side 1 of 2

START → **MISS LYNCH.** Before we begin, I'd like to welcome you all to "Moonlight in the Tropics." (*Drum Hit*) And I think we all owe a big round of applause to Patty Simcox and her committee for the wonderful decorations.

(*Mixed reaction from crowd.*)

CHA-CHA. They shoulda got real coconuts!

MISS LYNCH. Now, I'm sure you'll be glad to know that I'm not judging this dance contest.

(*A few kids cheer.*)

All right. All right. I'd like to present Mr. Vince Fontaine...

(*Kids cheer, as she looks around.*)

...Mr. Fontaine?

[*MUSIC NO. 12D: ENTER VINCE FONTAINE*]

VINCE. (*Necking with MARTY, yells to MISS LYNCH.*) Comin' right up!

MISS LYNCH. As most of you know, Mr. Fontaine is an announcer for radio station WAXX.

(*VINCE, on the bandstand, whispers in her ear.*)

...uh... (*uncomfortably*) "Dig the scene on big fifteen."

(*Cheer goes up.*)

Now for the rules! One: All couples must be boy-girl.

ROGER. Too bad, Eugene!

MISS LYNCH. Two: anyone using tasteless or vulgar movements will be disqualified.

RIZZO. (*loud to KENICKIE*) That let's us out!

END

MISS LYNCH. Three: If Mr. Fontaine taps you on the shoulder, you must clear the dance floor immediately...

VINCE. (*grabbing the mike from MISS LYNCH*) I just wanna say, truly in all sincerity, Miss Lynch, that you're doing a really, really terrific job here, terrific. And I'll sure bet these kids are lucky to have you for a teacher, 'cause

Miss Lynch Side 2 of 2

SONNY. Son of a "Bee." I got Old Lady Lynch for English again. She hates my guts. (*SONNY lights a cigarette.*)

ROGER. Nah, she's got the hots for ya, Sonny. That's why she keeps puttin' ya back in her class.

KENICKIE. Yeah, she's just waitin' for ya to grow up.

SONNY. Yeah, well, this year she's gonna wish she never seen me.

KENICKIE. Yeah? What are ya gonna do to her?

START → **SONNY.** I'm just not gonna take any of her crap, that's all. I don't take no crap from nobody.

(*MISS LYNCH enters.*)

MISS LYNCH. What's all the racket out here?

DOODY. Hi, Miss Lynch, did you have a nice summer?

(*SONNY hides his cigarette by cupping it in his hand and shoving his hand in his pocket.*)

SONNY. Hello, Miss Lynch, we was...uh...

MISS LYNCH. Dominic, aren't you supposed to be in class right now?

SONNY. I... I...

MISS LYNCH. You're just dawdling, aren't you? That's a fine way to start the new semester, Mr. LaTierri. Well? Are you going to stand there all day?

SONNY. No, Ma'am.

DOODY. No, Ma'am.

MISS LYNCH. Then move! (*MISS LYNCH exits.*)

END **SONNY.** Yes, Ma'am. (*SONNY takes his hand out of his pocket and inhales on the still-burning cigarette.*)

ROGERS. I'm sure glad she didn't give you no crap, Son. You would have really told her off, right?

SONNY. Shaddup.

(*Lights fade on steps, come up again on GIRLS in the cafeteria.*)