

Sonny Side 1 of 1

START → **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?

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.*)

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.*)

END