

Sonny

## Characters

George: Father, 30's-40's

Estelle: Mother, 30's-40's

Sonny: Their son, teen.

Teddy: Friend, teen.

## Place

An average kitchen in an average home.

## Time

A Saturday morning last Winter.

ACT I

Scene One

Setting: A kitchen where a table is center stage, chairs on each side and a third between table and sink. The sink, with dish rack showing washed glassware and dishes, is against the wall upstage center. On the wall behind the sink is a window showing a picturesque winter scene of freshly fallen snow. An entrance to the other rooms is upstage right, an outside doorway is upstage left. A stove/oven is near the inner room doorway, against the wall at center right. A wall clock, calender and small stand with flowers is against the center left wall.

At Rise: (*ESTELLE sits at the midle chair, morning newspaper in hand, lightly singing, "Let it Snow" as she reads.*)

ESTELLE

*(Singing.)*

“Oh, the weather outside is frightful, yet the fire is so delightful...”

GEORGE (Off stage.)

’Stelle... where’s my paper?

ESTELLE

Where it is every Saturday, George.

*(GEORGE enters wearing slippers, robe and pajamas. Estelle removes a portion of the paper and holds it up. George takes it, kisses Estelle lightly on the top of her head then sits (chair center right) and opens the newspaper.)*

GEORGE

What’s this? Spain has banned smoking in public buildings?

ESTELLE

But that’s a good thing, George. Second hand smoke is not good for you no matter what language.

GEORGE

They based their decision on health concerns. Ha! I guess being chased through Pamplona by a bull the size of Texas is good for their health.

ESTELLE

Running is healthy for you.

GEORGE

Not if you’re a slow runner in Spain I would think.

ESTELLE

*(Looks at wall clock.)*

Speaking of running, I’m going shopping. It snowed last night, George.

GEORGE

It figures. My day off and I have to shovel snow.

ESTELLE

Have Sonny help you.

GEORGE

Do you think your son would offer to shovel... or do anything for that matter?

ESTELLE

Yes, *our* son would. Maybe he'd appreciate his Dad asking.

GEORGE

My Dad never asked. I did my chores or got slapped on the ass.

ESTELLE

Your father never laid a hand on you.

GEORGE

Because I did my chores!

ESTELLE

You're impossible.

GEORGE

Is there any coffee, 'Stelle?

ESTELLE

*(Annoyed)*

Yes, there is. There has been since I got up three hours ago, started the laundry, finished the dishes, got your newspaper... out of the bushes... again! And made the coffee. Now I have to run to the market.

GEORGE

Bushes again, huh? Well, when that paperboy looks for his Christmas tip he can find it in the bushes. And are you insinuating I should have greeted this wonderful day at the crack of dawn as you did?

ESTELLE

*(Gathering her coat and purse annoyed.)*

No, George. It's your day off so I guess it's okay to sleep until Sunday.

GEORGE

A bit grumpy today, 'Stelle? Maybe you should have some of that coffee. Would you get me a cup while you're up?

*(SONNY enters and kisses Estelle on the cheek.)*

SONNY

Morning, Mom.

ESTELLE

Good morning, sweetheart. *(To George)* I'm going now, George, but don't worry, I'll be back to make your lunch. In the mean time, get your own coffee.

*(Estelle waits for George's reply. George continues reading the newspaper. Estelle sighs in frustration, wave's to Sonny and leaves by outside door. Sonny stands by table.)*

SONNY

Can't you put the paper down long enough to carry on a conversation, Dad?

GEORGE

*(Still reading.)*

You sound like your mother.

SONNY

I can see why she gets upset.

GEORGE

*(Paper down abruptly.)*

She only sounds upset. It's the language of a weekly ceremony of nagging versus ignoring. Experts call it love but I refer to it as just another Saturday. Am I not allowed to read the newspaper in my own home in peace and quiet?

SONNY

Sure. You can do what you want. It's when you lose contact with others that's irritating.

GEORGE

So you feel you've journeyed far enough through life that you're eligible to replace Sigmund Freud? Okay, tell me Heir Freud, how am I losing contact?

SONNY

I'm not analyzing you, but you have this annoying habit of tuning people out when they're talking to you.

GEORGE

No... what I am doing is taking in what is said, dissecting it for relevancy then reply in a prioritized fashion.

SONNY

You're not taking this seriously.

GEORGE

*(Taking up the paper.)*

No, I'm not because you're making a mountain out of a molehill and I like my molehill the way it is. *(Pause.) (Lowers newspaper.)* Are you going out or did you plan to stand there all day?

SONNY

I'm waiting for Teddy, we're going snowboarding.

GEORGE

Is that nincompoop driving?

SONNY

Teddy stutters, Dad. That doesn't make him a bad driver. Most of those dents were there when he bought the car.

GEORGE

*Most* of those dents? It's the ones that weren't there that worry me. The boy is nuts and should watch out for squirrels before they carry him away for their winter food supply.

SONNY

I'd drive if I had a car.

GEORGE

Well, keep saving those Burger King paychecks and someday you'll have one.

*(A knock on the door.)*

GEORGE and SONNY *(Unison.)*

Come in.

*(TEDDY enters.)*

TEDDY

Hi...hi, son... son... Sonny, Mis... Mister E.

GEORGE AND SONNY *(Unison.)*

Hello, Teddy.

TEDDY

*(Nears table bumping it.)*

Oh, I'm... sor... sorry.

GEORGE

*(Grimacing at Sonny.)*

I rest my case.

TEDDY

No... no... work, today Mister E?

GEORGE

Its Saturday, Teddy.

TEDDY

I thought maybe... maybe you had... had an... an... anal glaucoma.

GEORGE

What the hell is anal glaucoma?

TEDDY

When you... you... can't see... see taking your... your ass to work.

SONNY

*(Laughs.)*

Hey, that's pretty funny.

GEORGE

*(Annoyed.)*

Yeah, the boy's a riot. Very funny, son.

SONNY

Son? Why are you calling him son? I'm your son.

GEORGE

I call every young man, son. Doesn't mean I think of him as my son. *(looks at Teddy bothered.)* Or would want to.

TEDDY

I... I... don't mind.

GEORGE

It's okay, son. Sonny's just a bit confused.

SONNY

*(Upset.)*

Dad! You're speaking to him as though he were your son, you're even consoling him! You call me Sonny because I'm your son, now you call everyone son because they're someone's son?

*(George and Teddy look at each other. George amused, Teddy confused.)*

TEDDY

I... don't under... understand?

GEORGE

*(Slyly.)*

For once, I agree with you... *son.*

SONNY

*(Frustrated.)*

Awe come on, Dad. Now you're messing with my mind.

GEORGE

How could I mess with such an intuitive mass of gray matter?

TEDDY

A wha... wha... what?

GEORGE

Nothing you have to deal with, Teddy.

SONNY

Dad... I feel hurt when you call someone else son, even belittled, especially in front of my friends.

GEORGE

You know for someone called Sonny you're not too bright. This nonsense is eating at you but it's a clear case of the old jealousy monster rearing it's ugly head and has you upset over nothing.

SONNY

*(Puts on his jacket.)*

It still bothers me. Come on, Teddy. The old man gotta read his paper in peace and quiet.

GEORGE

Whoa! Wait right there. What did you call me?

SONNY

Ah, ha! It bothers you if I call you old man but I'm supposed to accept my embarrassment?

GEORGE

Listen, I call you Sonny because you are my son. I call others son because it is my way of tagging them as male.

SONNY

Fair enough. I will *tag* older males as old man.

TEDDY

Can... can... I play?

GEORGE AND SONNY *(Unison.)*

No!

SONNY

Dad, I would be emotionally grateful if you would not refer to others as son.

GEORGE

*(Considers.)*

Gee I don't know, let me see. If I refrain from calling others son... in return I get?

TEDDY

We... we won't think you're an... an old man.

GEORGE

He's right, that's my offer. You don't call me, or any other guy, old man and I stop calling other young men son.

SONNY

But how can you stop doing what you've been doing for years?

GEORGE

How can *you* remember to do something you've never done?

TEDDY

He... he has... a... a... a point.

GEORGE

Of course we need some way to ratify our agreement, some measure of showing our commitment.

SONNY

You mean like signing a peace treaty?

GEORGE

I had something in the line of physically proving your word. You shovel every time it snows and I'll give you the keys to my car every Saturday.

SONNY

You're kidding?

GEORGE

Scouts honor. I'm off Saturdays and there's always your mother's car if I need.

SONNY

It's a deal, thanks Dad!

GEORGE

Just remember what you learned in drivers ed.

*(Sonny and Teddy step to the outside door. Teddy bumps into the door.)*

TEDDY

Bye... Mis... Mister E.

GEORGE

Have a safe day, boys.

*(Sonny and Teddy step out and close the door. George resumes reading the newspaper and begins to sing.)*

GEORGE (Cont'd)

"Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow, let it snow..."

CURTAIN