



## Sample Pages from Agatha Rex

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# AGATHA REX

A DRAMEDY IN TWO ACTS BY  
*Lindsay Price*



*Agatha Rex*

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## Characters

CAST	CHORUS	
Agatha Rex	<u>Female</u>	<u>Male</u>
Paul Rex	Penelope	Jason
Elliot Rex	Helen	Eddie
Irene Rex	Rhea	Art
Dr. Creon - Principal of Thebes High	Denny	Don
Eunice - Head Hall Monitor	Diana	Herman
Joanne - Assistant Hall Monitor	Aside from these 10 speaking parts, the chorus can be as large as you want. The more voices there are the better.	
Harry - Dr. Creon's Son		
Terry - Head of the PTA		

## Setting

The play takes place in a high school where the students wear uniforms. The set should reflect the hallways of a school. Think simply, don't try to create a realistic setting for each individual scene. The set should look like a number of hallways on different levels. Scaffolding would work well. The image of a prison would also be appropriate. There should be at least one upper platform where some scenes can take place.

There should also be places for the Chorus to sit so that they are onstage at all times, unless otherwise noted.



## Act One

### Opening Montage

*The opening scene shows a typical day at Thebes High. The scene is silent and should be set to music.*

*Students are everywhere, trying to get to class, talking in groups. All the students are wearing variations of a school uniform – some have blazers, some are wearing cardigans, some with just the white oxford shirt and tie. However they are dressed, everyone looks impeccable. There is an air of militarism in how tidy and crisp everyone looks.*

*AGATHA and HARRY enter together. On the opposite side of the stage IRENE enters, runs over to friends and starts to talk. EUNICE and JOANNE, the Hall Monitors, are conferring in the corner with clipboards.*

*One of the CHORUS members enters. His shirt is slightly untucked – something done absent-mindedly and without malice. JOANNE notices this immediately and blows her whistle. The entire stage freezes and looks at the offending party. The music cuts out. JOANNE runs over to the CHORUS member blowing her whistle and pointing at the shirt. The CHORUS member rushes to tuck in his shirt and stands, almost at attention. JOANNE looks him over and then blows the whistle approvingly.*

*The CHORUS member takes off. Everyone else seems to breathe a sigh of relief. JOANNE moves back to confer with EUNICE. EUNICE congratulates JOANNE on a job well done.*

*The bell rings. The stage starts to clear. IRENE leaves with friends, still talking. AGATHA and HARRY say goodbye and exit in opposite directions. EUNICE and JOANNE nod at each other with great efficiency and JOANNE exits. EUNICE starts to cross the stage her head buried in her clipboard.*

*PAUL and ELLIOT run on stage. They keep looking over their shoulder and try to hide their ears in their collars. Because they aren't looking where they are going, they both run over EUNICE. This sends her sprawling.*

EUNICE: OOF!

PAUL: Sorry.

EUNICE: Watch where you're going next time!

*ELLIOT and PAUL help EUNICE up. They keep moving around her, dusting her off, making sure that they keep their heads turned away from her.*

ELLIOT: We're really sorry.

EUNICE: You're not supposed to run in the halls. I could report you.

PAUL: We're just really eager to get to class.

ELLIOT: That's right.

PAUL: Eager beavers.

*EUNICE finally gets tired of them dusting her. She shakes them off.*

EUNICE: Quit that!!

ELLIOT: Come on Paul; let's get to that class.

PAUL: I'm eagerly right behind you.

*PAUL hands the clipboard to EUNICE. She grabs it from him and happens to look up. She sees something in PAUL's ear. She gasps.*

PAUL: What are you looking at?

*PAUL turns away from her, hiking up his collar. EUNICE turns to ELLIOT. She sees something in his ear. She gasps again.*

EUNICE: Holy Toledo!

ELLIOT: (*pulling on PAUL*) Come on!

*PAUL and ELLIOT take off on the run.*

EUNICE: Wait!

*EUNICE looks like she's going to go after them but a bell rings first. Instead she pulls out her clipboard and starts writing furiously. She exits in the opposite direction.*

*The trample of many feet is heard offstage. A line of CHORUS members (male and female) enters. Their step is as uniform as their outfits. They all stop at the same time centre stage. JOANNE has been leading them. She is holding a clipboard and wearing a whistle. There is the air of a military drill team.*

JOANNE: Left, left, left, right, left. Left, left, left, right, left. (*this continues until the line gets to centre stage*) And Attention! (*the line stops with military precision*) Turn, Downstage! (*they do, again with military precision*)

*JOANNE brings up her clipboard. She checks things off her list as she mentions them. The students answer her in unison.*

*NOTE: Whenever the word CHORUS appears, that means the entire chorus speaks in unison. FEMALE CHORUS means all the girls speak and MALE CHORUS means all the boys speak.*

JOANNE: Shoes?

MALE CHORUS: Black Oxford.

FEMALE CHORUS: Flats.

JOANNE: Socks?

MALE CHORUS: Grey.

FEMALE CHORUS: Knee-high.

JOANNE: Pants?

MALE CHORUS: Grey Polyester – they itch like crazy!

*The BOYS start hopping up and down scratching their legs. The GIRLS start to laugh. JOANNE looks up in alarm and blows her whistle several times to get them back in line. Everyone resumes his or her military stance.*

JOANNE: Skirt?

FEMALE CHORUS: Plaid. Grey and Green. One inch above the knee.  
No more. No less.

JOANNE: Shirt?

CHORUS: White button-down.

JOANNE: With?

CHORUS: With ties in the correct position.

*HERMAN makes a choking noise. The others start to giggle but stop as soon as JOANNE looks up.*



JOANNE: I saw that Herman. With?

CHORUS: With green...

JOANNE: (*interrupting*) What colour? Green?

*The CHORUS groans and look at JOANNE as if they've had enough. JOANNE looks up from her clipboard with an air of determination. She doesn't budge.*

JOANNE: What colour green?

CHORUS: Hunter green.

JOANNE: Hunter green what?

CHORUS: Blazer.

JOANNE: Or?

CHORUS: Sweater.

JOANNE: Or?

CHORUS: Cardigan.

JOANNE: And?

*Everyone in the CHORUS takes in a deep breath.*

CHORUS: Shirts tucked in, socks pulled up. Blazers clean, ties straight.  
No hats, no rips, no tears, no accessories. No individuality of any kind.

*JOANNE brings out a tuning pipe and blows a note. The CHORUS takes up a choral position. This should sound very pretty, but also a little mechanical.*

CHORUS:

Thebes High, Thebes High  
Standing tall and proud  
Our banners raised up to the sky  
Bypassing every cloud.  
Thebes High, Thebes High  
The mighty green and grey  
Our voices one united cry  
Our teams will win the day

*The CHORUS now moves into a standard team cheer formation. Even though it is very good, it should still*

*seem a little mechanical and militant. You get the sense that this is something they do every day.*

Thebes High!  
Touch the sky!  
Touch the sky!  
Thebes High!  
Go Thebes!

*The CHORUS leap into a final pose and hold it with wide frozen smiles.*

*JOANNE blows her whistle and at the same time, a bell rings. The CHORUS falls out. They are now in a hallway before class. The hallway is a buzz with talk. There are many small, animated groups.*

*Although the following sounds like one big conversation, the effect should be that the news is all over the school and everyone is talking about it.*

*DR. CREON appears above the crowd on a platform. The set should have at least one upper platform where the majority of DR. CREON's scenes take place.*

*EUNICE and JOANNE meet. The two of them race up to speak to DR. CREON. EUNICE shows DR. CREON her clipboard. They talk silently.*

CHORUS: Did you hear? Did you hear?

JASON: I heard it was a dare.

PENELOPE: I heard they lost a bet.

FEMALE CHORUS: Did you hear?

MALE CHORUS: Did you hear?

EDDIE: I don't believe it.

HELEN: They didn't!

RHEA: They did.

ART: They went to the mall.

HERMAN: They didn't.

HELEN: Over lunch

EDDIE: I don't believe it!

JASON: Why didn't I know?

ART: Why didn't I go!

CHORUS: Did you hear? Did you hear?

DON: How long before Cromagnon notices?

DENNY: If he notices.

HERMAN: Oh, he'll notice.

CHORUS: He notices everything

RHEA: And what he doesn't notice, he gets told.

*They all look upwards to DR. CREON. EUNICE and JOANNE are just leaving.*

CHORUS: He's got spies everywhere.

DIANA: Who would take Cromagnon's side?

*All members of the CHORUS stop what they are doing and turn towards the audience.*

CHORUS:

Who would take Cromagnon's side?  
Who would talk for glory's stride?  
Who would not let something slide?

*EUNICE and JOANNE cross the stage with their clipboards. They walk single file and with great precision.*

JOANNE: Left, left, left right left. Left, left, left right left. (And so on till they exit)

*The CHORUS whispers their next lines as the two of them pass. All eyes are on EUNICE and JOANNE.*

CHORUS:

Who would take Cromagnon's side?  
Who would talk for glory's stride?  
Who would not let something slide?

EDDIE: Paul and Elliot are in big trouble.

*DR. CREON uses the microphone to give announcements. His voice comes from everywhere. The CHORUS members freeze in their tracks.*

DR. CREON: Attention. Attention. Could I have your attention please for the following announcements? The after school Debate Club meeting scheduled for today has been cancelled. The Senior Boys basketball team will be practicing from 3:30 pm to 5:00 pm in the North gym this afternoon. Boys, I've noticed that your uniforms have become very unkempt of late. This is not how a winning team presents itself. When you play at another school you are not just representing yourselves...

CHORUS: You represent Thebes High.

DR. CREON: You represent Thebes High. Please see to it that you remedy the situation before your next game. And finally, would Elliot and Paul Rex report to the principal's office immediately? Elliot and Paul Rex report to the office. Thank you. That is all.

*The CHORUS all give a communal groan.*

FEMALE CHORUS: Caught!

MALE CHORUS: Trapped!

CHORUS: Doomed!

HELEN: They're in for it now.

DON: You see? I knew it!

JASON: It's hardly been a half an hour!

MALE CHORUS: Caught!

FEMALE CHORUS: Trapped!

CHORUS: Doomed!

PENELOPE: I heard Eunice saw them in the parking lot.

DON: Serves them right for getting caught. I wouldn't get caught.

DIANA: Would you do it?

HERMAN: Who me?

EDDIE: Would you do it?

DENNY: I don't know...

ART: Would you do it?

*Each member of the CHORUS turns so that they are speaking to a specific person.*

CHORUS: Would you?

*They all turn again so that they are speaking to a different person.*

CHORUS: Would you?

RHEA: No way.

PENELOPE: No way!

CHORUS: No way! Cromagnon gives me the creeps.

FEMALE CHORUS: Caught.

MALE CHORUS: Trapped.

CHORUS: Doomed.

*They all give an all-over body shudder.*

HELEN: What's going to happen to them?

EDDIE: A slap on the wrist.

DENNY: Elliot's never in trouble.

ART: Paul's in there all the time.

JASON: Not for a while though.

DIANA: It's only an earring right?

PENELOPE: A teeny tiny stud.

HERMAN: Cromagnon itches for any little thing.

JASON: Your collar's crooked!

HELEN: Your socks are uneven!

RHEA: Your hair's too long!

DON: Your hair's too short!

ART: You're breathing too hard!

CHORUS: Cromagnon itches for any little thing. He's out for blood.

*The CHORUS members all take a deep breath in as JOANNE and EUNICE enter. They are escorting PAUL and ELLIOT to the principal's office. They all walk single file. EUNICE is in the lead, then ELLIOT, PAUL and JOANNE brings up the rear.*

JOANNE: Left, left, left right, left. Left, left, left, right left. Left, left, left, right, left. (*this continues until they are offstage*)

*The CHORUS watches them intently as the group passes. The CHORUS doesn't speak until they are offstage.*

JASON: Is my collar straight?

HELEN: Are my socks even?

DON: Is my hair too long?

ART: Am I breathing too loud?

*All members of the CHORUS take a deep breath in and let it out slowly. They turn to the audience.*

CHORUS: Dr. Creon. Our principal. A dedication.

*They all move together to form a picture. The following is recited in unison. It can also be sung.*

CHORUS:

Dr. Creon leads our school  
 He has the right of way  
 It feels just like an army camp  
 Death before disobey!  
 He's very strict and by the book  
 He won't sway left or right  
 You break the rules, you play the fool,  
 You're out without a fight.  
 Dr. Creon, where's the harm  
 In our self-expression?  
 Dr. Creon, you should know  
 We have a small confession  
 Robots we do not long to be  
 What we really want is to be free....

*The lights start to strobe on and off. Dance music is heard and all the CHORUS moves in a free-for-all dance frenzy.*

*Suddenly a member of the CHORUS looks up.*

ART: Cromagnon!

*The music stops. The lights return to normal. The CHORUS hurries to put their uniforms in order. DR.*

*CREON crosses the stage. Everyone freezes. DR. CREON stops to look at DON.*

DR. CREON: Are you sweating Don?

DON: No sir, Dr. Creon sir.

DR. CREON: Good.

*DR. CREON continues to exit offstage – he is heading in the same direction that EUNICE and the others have gone.*

CHORUS:

It's not that we would wish him harm  
Or cause him any pain.  
But we would feel much better if  
He was declared insane.

*A bell rings and the students disperse. AGATHA enters. She is trying to memorize a speech.*

AGATHA: Every year around this time we begin gathering canned goods for the local food bank. As your student council president I implore you... *(breaking out the of the speech)* No, not implore. No one will know what I'm talking about. *(she tries to think of other words)* I ask you... I beg of you – no, no begging. I urge you. Yeah, that's better. As your student council president I urge you...

*AGATHA stops walking, takes her knapsack off and brings out a pencil. She begins to intently make changes to her speech. She doesn't notice when DENNY and DIANA approach her.*

DENNY & DIANA: Hi Agatha!

AGATHA: *(looking up)* Huh? Oh hello you two.

DENNY & DIANA: How are you today?

AGATHA: I'm OK, thanks. Sorry I can't talk. *(she holds up her speech)*  
I'm trying to get this ready for last period.

*DENNY and DIANA are suddenly very dramatic and tragic. They sit beside AGATHA.*

DENNY: Agatha.

DIANA: Oh, Agatha.

DENNY & DIANA: Oh, Oh, Agatha!

AGATHA: (*puzzled by their behaviour*) What?

DIANA: Aren't you ashamed?

DENNY: Aren't you appalled?

DENNY & DIANA:

The situation's clearly chaos  
Disorder and disarray.  
Confusion's just around the corner  
Mayhem's not far away.

AGATHA: (*looking at her speech*) Come on it's not that bad.

DIANA: Don't you know?

AGATHA: Know what?

DENNY: Didn't you hear?

AGATHA: Hear what?

DENNY: Didn't you hear what your brothers did?

AGATHA: Nope.

DIANA: I can't believe it.

DENNY: It's all over school.

*The CHORUS whispers loudly to each other. It should sound like a lot of babbling and it is not necessary that the words be distinguishable.*

CHORUS: (*not in unison*) Did you hear? Did you hear? I heard it was a dare. I heard they lost a bet. Did you hear? I don't believe it. They didn't! They went to the mall. They didn't. Over lunch. I don't believe it! Why didn't I know? Why didn't I go! Did you hear? Did you hear?

*AGATHA cuts them off.*

AGATHA: Believe it or not, I don't spend my time having long conversations with or about my brothers.

DIANA: You should.

AGATHA: Why? So I can hear the ins and outs of jockstrap itch? No thanks.



*She starts to get up.*

AGATHA: I'll see you guys later!

*She starts to exit. DENNY calls after her in a taunting tone.*

DENNY: They're gonna get it.

DIANA: They're in big trouble.

*AGATHA turns back.*

AGATHA: What are you talking about?

CHORUS: (*whispering*) Caught. Trapped. Doomed.

DENNY: They're in Dr. Creon's office right now.

DIANA: At this very moment.

AGATHA: Paul's in trouble again? Oh no.

DENNY: Not just Paul. Both of them.

DENNY & DIANA: Paul and Elliot.

AGATHA: What did they do?

DENNY: Don't be upset but...

DIANA: ...they've gone and pierced their ears.

AGATHA: Pierced their ears! (*she starts to laugh*) Is that all? I thought you were going to tell me they ran over a kindergarten teacher or something. Pierced their ears. What did they go and do that for?

DENNY: Darned if we know.

AGATHA: Both of them? Elliot too?

DENNY: One apiece.

*AGATHA is still laughing over the news, but DENNY and DIANA are extremely serious.*

AGATHA: I don't believe it. What a stupid thing to do.

DIANA: I heard it was a dare.

DENNY: I hear they lost a bet.

AGATHA: (*she shakes her head*) Well so what? What's the worst thing that could happen? It's just an earring.

DENNY: Haven't you read the rulebook?

AGATHA: Of course I have but –

DIANA: (*interrupting*) Dr. Creon is on the warpath.

AGATHA: But they didn't do anything. It's just an earring.

DIANA & DENNY: Get real Agatha.

*The following should sound like one sentence.*

DENNY: You know...

DIANA: ...just as well as we do...

DENNY: ...about how Dr. Creon feels about rules...

DIANA: ...around here...

DIANA & DENNY: ...especially when it comes to our uniforms.

AGATHA: Yeah but it's just an earring.

DIANA: Big or small it doesn't matter. Of all people, you should know that.

AGATHA: Of course I do but...

DENNY: They broke the rules.

DIANA: They're gonna get it.

DENNY: They're in big trouble.

CHORUS: Big Trouble!

DENNY & DIANA: Dr. Creon's out for blood.

CHORUS: Caught. Trapped. Doomed.

AGATHA: That's ridiculous. Nobody's in big trouble and nobody's going to lose any blood over this. You'll see. You're just being hysterical. (*AGATHA turns to the rest of the CHORUS*) The whole lot of you are blowing this way out of proportion. It's just an earring. Dr. Creon knows the difference between wearing an earring and running over a kindergarten teacher. You'll see.

*AGATHA exits. DENNY & DIANA titter and call after her.*

DENNY: See you Agatha.

DIANA: Catch you later alligator.

*The lights change. A tight spotlight comes up on DR. CREON. He is reading from the student rulebook. It is a big thick black book, which must contain hundreds and hundreds of rules.*

DR. CREON: Boys will not wear any jewellery of any kind. Including earrings. Girls may wear studs if they so choose. They may not wear rings of any sort, bracelets of any sort, or necklaces of any sort. A watch may be allowed if it is worn under the cuff of the shirt. No sports watches, plastic neon flashing light watches, no watches that make noise, that speak the time, that look like anything other than a watch. There is to be nothing garish or gaudy that overshadows the importance of the uniform. No deviation from the uniform is allowed. Students who choose to deviate from the uniform will face certain punishment and possible expulsion.

*DR. CREON closes the book with a bang. The bang should echo around the stage and throw the CHORUS members off balance like an earthquake. When DR. CREON closes the book, the lights should come up on the CHORUS.*

*The phrase "Possible Expulsion" also echoes around the stage. The CHORUS begins to repeat the phrase as well. It should come from many different places, and be syncopated instead of in unison.*

CHORUS: Possible expulsion. Possible expulsion. Possible expulsion.  
Expulsion. Expulsion. Expulsion. Expulsion.

*Half of the CHORUS take up the word "Expulsion." They begin to speak and move in unison. The manner in which they repeat the word begins to sound like a train moving on tracks.*

CHORUS: (group 1) Expulsion. Expulsion. Expulsion (continuing on)

*After giving Group One a few moments to get their chant going, the other half of the CHORUS begins to repeat their own chant.*

CHORUS: (group 2) Black shoes, grey socks, grey pants, plaid skirt, white shirt, blazer, sweater, car-di-gan. Black shoes, grey socks, grey pants, plaid skirt, white shirt, blazer, sweater, car-di-gan.

Black shoes, grey socks, grey pants, plaid skirt, white shirt, blazer, sweater, car-di-gan.

*The two groups start out slow and then gather speed. They should seem to be challenging each other. The groups get faster and faster and build to a crescendo. Each side should have movements which co-ordinate with their chant.*

*When the groups do reach a peak, they should both end at the same time and freeze – except for one poor fellow who is a lone voice at the end. He keeps moving and speaking, oblivious that the others have stopped. HERMAN is gamely trying to get the chant correct.*

HERMAN: Plaid shoes, black socks, white pants, grey shirt, blazer... (he realises that he is the only one speaking and that everyone is watching him) um sweater... cardi sweater... Aww shoot.

*The others start to laugh at him until DR. CREON's voice echoes once again all around the stage.*

DR. CREON: Attention, Attention, could I have your attention please for the following announcement. We have had an incident here at Thebes High. An infringement on the infrastructure of our school. This cannot be and will not be allowed. Rules must be followed. All rules. If there is anyone having similar thoughts, be warned. You break the rules, you play the fool and you will be dealt with swiftly and severely. I repeat: Swiftly and Severely. That is all.

*The CHORUS is no longer in a laughing mood. They move away from centre stage slowly and sombrely.*

CHORUS: Swiftly and severely. That is all.

*PAUL enters, with AGATHA at his heels.*

AGATHA: What do you mean expelled?

PAUL: I mean expelled.

AGATHA: Over an earring? It's not even that big! I can hardly see it.

PAUL: Big enough for Cromagnon.

AGATHA: That's the stupidest thing I ever heard.

PAUL: Why don't you go tell him that? I'm sure he'd love to hear your opinion.

AGATHA: Why did you do in the first place? I mean –

PAUL: *(interrupting)* I don't know.

AGATHA: Come on, you have to have some idea. No one dragged you to the mall and forced –

PAUL: *(interrupting)* I don't know, OK!

AGATHA: OK. OK. I just can't believe you're both getting expelled over an earring!

*This stops PAUL. He turns to face AGATHA.*

PAUL: Are you trying to be funny?

AGATHA: No. Why?

PAUL: Don't you know?

AGATHA: Know what? Why does everyone think I know everything that goes on in this school? *(PAUL doesn't say anything)* Come on! Tell me!

PAUL: We're not both getting expelled.

AGATHA: That's great! *(PAUL gives her a look)* No it isn't. Why isn't that great?

*A deep throated "Ahhhhhhhhh" comes from the CHORUS. The lights change. We are now going to see what took place between the boys and DR. CREON.*

*Two spotlights come up downstage. JOANNE brings each boy to a spot and places him in it. They are in DR. CREON's office. DR. CREON stands on a level above the boys. He looks down on them. PAUL and ELLIOT look straight out towards the audience. EUNICE stands behind DR. CREON. AGATHA stands to the side and watches the scene.*

DR. CREON: Well, well, well. This is a sad day indeed, isn't it boys?

PAUL & ELLIOT: Yes sir, Dr. Creon sir.

DR. CREON: When was the last time you were in my office Paul?

PAUL: Three months ago Dr. Creon sir.

DR. CREON: Three months. And Elliot...

ELLIOT: I've never been here Dr. Creon sir.

DR. CREON: Indeed.

ELLIOT: I've never been in a principal's office my entire life. Never. Not even in grade school. I've never done anything. I was very bookish as a kid and –

DR. CREON: (*interrupting*) Thank you Elliot. We seem to have a problem here, don't we boys?

PAUL & ELLIOT: Yes sir, Dr. Creon sir.

DR. CREON: Eunice. Please step forward and give your report.

EUNICE: Yes sir, Dr. Creon sir. (*she steps up referring to her clipboard*) This Hall Monitor observed the perpetrators entering school property on this day moments prior to the second bell at 12:55 pm. This Hall Monitor witnessed that each of the perpetrators was running and had his collar up as if trying to hide something. Upon closer inspection, this Hall Monitor uncovered that both of the above said parties were wearing one earring each. After this Hall Monitor had uncovered this information but before she could act on the situation, both perpetrators quitted the scene.

DR. CREON: I see.

EUNICE: Each of the perpetrators stands before you and continues to wear said earrings at this exact time of 14:03 pm, Dr. Creon sir.

*PAUL and ELLIOT pull their collars up as if they could still hide the earring.*

DR. CREON: I see.

*DR. CREON hands over a large thick black book to EUNICE.*

DR. CREON: Eunice, will you please read to me from the Student Rule book: page thirty-two, Section seven, Subsection forty-five, Appendix A, Paragraph twelve.

*EUNICE reaches the page and reads.*

EUNICE: Boys will not wear any jewellery of any kind. This includes earrings.

*EUNICE slams the book shut and gives it back to DR. CREON.*

DR. CREON: Thank you Eunice. Here at Thebes High, we place a high importance on the rules. Especially when it comes to the uniform. You are aware of this importance, aren't you boys?

PAUL & ELLIOT: Yes sir, Dr. Creon sir.

DR. CREON: This isn't something new that I have implemented recently. I have always been quite clear on my feelings in this matter, haven't I boys?

PAUL & ELLIOT: Yes sir, Dr. Creon sir.

DR. CREON: I believe that rules are the foundation to healthy human beings. A lack of structure is where young minds fall through the cracks. We don't want to see anyone fall through the cracks, do we boys?

PAUL & ELLIOT: No sir, Dr. Creon sir.

DR. CREON: Exactly.

PAUL: We'll take them out sir.

ELLIOT: We didn't mean to keep them.

PAUL: It was just a dare.

ELLIOT: Right a dare. We didn't mean it.

PAUL: Right.

ELLIOT: We just wanted to see what they looked like.

DR. CREON: You shouldn't have done it in the first place. I can't very well let you off the hook now can I?

PAUL: Dr. Creon, I haven't done anything in three months!

ELLIOT: Dr. Creon I have to play basketball!

DR. CREON: All rules must be followed, big and small. And when rules are broken, big or small, they must be punished. Eunice, please step forward and place this verdict on the record.

*EUNICE steps forward. She has her clipboard out and her pen ready.*

*Ominous music and lighting should accompany DR. CREON's following speech. It should have the feel of a ritualistic moment.*

DR. CREON: (*pointing a finger down at PAUL*) Paul Rex. You have chosen to spend your time at Thebes High sailing the enormous swells of mischief, dissension and disobedience. But enough is enough. From this moment on, consider yourself expelled. Banished from school property. Never to step foot on the grounds of Thebes High ever again.

*There is the sound of thunder. In the background the CHORUS whispers.*

CHORUS: (*whispering*) Expulsion. Expulsion. Expulsion.

DR. CREON: (*pointing a finger down at ELLIOT*) Elliot Rex. You are a model student. A fine example of sportsmanship and scholastic abilities. I want a ten thousand word essay from you covering the importance of rules.

ELLIOT: (*he is cringing as if to avoid being hit*) And?

DR. CREON: Consider this a warning. I don't want to see you in my office again.

*The music and lights abruptly cut off. PAUL is left alone in his spot.*

PAUL: What?

ELLIOT: Thanks Dr. Creon! (*he exits*)

PAUL: He gets an essay and I get banished from school property?

DR. CREON: That will be all.

PAUL: But it was his idea! He convinced me to go!

DR. CREON: That will be all.

PAUL: (*extremely confused*) But what was all that talk... big and small and...

EUNICE: You have half an hour to clean out your locker. Get moving.

PAUL: (*just starting to realize what has happened*) That's not fair!!

*The lights change to show that we now return to the scene between PAUL and AGATHA. AGATHA stands aghast at the story she has just heard.*

AGATHA: That's not fair!

CHORUS: (*whispering*) You break the rules, you play the fool.



PAUL: Tell me about it. I haven't done a thing in three months. I haven't skipped one class, I haven't tormented any freshmen, and I'm actually starting to get C's in all my classes. This is what I get? What was the point?

AGATHA: So you get expelled and Elliot gets an essay. Why?

PAUL: Do I know?

FEMALE CHORUS: Elliot is an honour student

MALE CHORUS: Elliot is a basketball star.

FEMALE CHORUS: Elliot volunteers at the hospital after school.

MALE CHORUS: Elliot is a wonderful human being.

FEMALE CHORUS: Elliot is the greatest person that ever lived.

PAUL: HEY, HEY, HEY!!! What about Paul? What about what Paul is?

FEMALE CHORUS: Paul is...

MALE CHORUS: Paul is... well...

FEMALE CHORUS: Paul is...

PAUL: Forget it. Just forget it.

AGATHA: (to the CHORUS) Guys, this isn't a contest. Just because Paul isn't as...

PAUL: Paul isn't what? Isn't as good? Isn't as smart? Isn't as athletic? Is that what you were going to say?

AGATHA: Of course not. You're just different, that's all.

PAUL: Yeah that makes me feel so much better.

AGATHA: Paul...

PAUL: I'm out of here. You know what? I'm glad. I'm glad I don't have to spend another minute in this stupid uniform. How's a uniform helped me? I'm going back to D minuses and tormenting geeks.

*He takes off his tie and throws it on the ground. Then he stomps on the tie. The CHORUS gasps.*

CHORUS: Did you see that? Did you see that? Dissension! Dissension!

JOANNE: I saw that Paul Rex. I'm telling Dr. Creon!

*She exits. PAUL calls after her.*

PAUL: Go ahead! Do your worst!

*From the opposite side of the stage, ELLIOT enters.*

PAUL: Oh no.

ELLIOT: Paul....

PAUL: I'm not talking to you. I'm not talking!

*He storms off.*

ELLIOT: Paul! Wait.

AGATHA: Paul!

ELLIOT: *(calling after him)* I'm sorry! It's not my fault! Oh man.

AGATHA: He's pretty upset.

*AGATHA picks up the tie. She tries to smooth it out.*

ELLIOT: I know.

AGATHA: You have to talk to Dr. Creon.

ELLIOT: Me?

AGATHA: It's not fair. You both did the same thing and he's getting punished.

ELLIOT: I said it was my idea and Dr. Creon didn't want to listen.

AGATHA: So talk to him again.

ELLIOT: I just told you he didn't want to listen.

AGATHA: So make him listen!

ELLIOT: Agatha, if I get expelled I'm not going to be able to play basketball.

AGATHA: That didn't stop you from doing it in the first place.

ELLIOT: It was supposed to be a joke. We just wanted to.... I didn't think he'd freak out on us.

AGATHA: He didn't freak out on you. He freaked out on Paul.

ELLIOT: I know. I know.

AGATHA: But as long as it's Paul and not you, it's OK.

ELLIOT: You don't understand.

AGATHA: I think I do.

ELLIOT: No you don't. Is it my fault that Paul is always getting in trouble? Is it my fault that Dr. Creon didn't believe me when I said it was my idea?

AGATHA: It's your fault if you don't do anything about it.

ELLIOT: What am I supposed to do? Dr. Creon's already made his mind up.

AGATHA: So change his mind!

ELLIOT: I can't believe you're sticking up for Paul. He's never done anything but make your life a living hell.

AGATHA: He doesn't deserve to get the brunt of this.

ELLIOT: You don't understand!

AGATHA: So you consider the whole thing fair.

ELLIOT: Agatha...

AGATHA: I just want to be clear on this: You take two hours, slap some words on a piece of paper and you're off the hook. That's fair to you?

ELLIOT: Look, Paul never fit in here anyway. This could be the best thing that ever happened to him.

AGATHA: Mom and Dad will probably see it exactly that way.

ELLIOT: If you know what's good for you, you'll let things lie. This isn't your problem Agatha. I got practice. See you at home.

*He leaves.*

AGATHA: Traitor! *(she exits in the opposite direction)*

*The CHORUS moves forward and takes up choral positions.*

CHORUS:

Come hear our tale  
 Come one and all  
 Take heed to our story  
 From the heights they did fall  
 It's the harrowing tale  
 Of Elliot and Paul.  
 And their treacherous quest

For earrings at the mall.

They stood side by side  
 Side by each, brothers both  
 With their hands fiercely clenched  
 And their hearts in their throats  
 With their breath coming quick  
 No time left to stall  
 The brothers Rex squared their shoulders  
 Striding brave through the mall.

Step by step, side by side  
 Nary a glance left nor right  
 Holding fast and with purpose  
 Earlobes burning in the light  
 "You go first," cried Elliot  
 "Nay it's for you," roared Paul  
 It was almost "to the death!"  
 By the food court of the mall

They sweated, they hollered,  
 They cursed and they brayed.  
 They fought for the words,  
 "Did you want your ears pierced today?"  
 Holding fast to their vision  
 Brothers stood proud and tall  
 To face the cosmetician  
 In that fine suburban mall.

Throwing himself to the chair  
 Paul's first to the gun  
 Before he can blink  
 The deed quick has been done  
 Elliot's next to the chair  
 With a brave hero's smile.  
 Without a wince he's complete  
 Nary a fuss nor a trial

Now.  
 There's no turning back  
 For they must quit the mall.  
 And the worst is yet to come  
 In the hallowed school halls.  
 In the hallowed school halls.  
 In the hallowed school halls.

*The CHORUS disperses. DR. CREON crosses the stage with EUNICE and JOANNE following close behind. AGATHA approaches DR. CREON.*

AGATHA: Dr. Creon?

DR. CREON: Yes Agatha?

AGATHA: Can I talk to you for a moment?

DR. CREON: Of course. I always have time for you.

*EUNICE and JOANNE crane their necks towards DR. CREON and AGATHA trying to hear the conversation.*

AGATHA: Alone?

DR. CREON: *(handing papers to EUNICE)* Take these back to the office will you Eunice?

EUNICE: Yes Dr. Creon.

*EUNICE nods curtly at AGATHA. JOANNE does the same.*

EUNICE: Agatha.

AGATHA: How's it going Eunice?

EUNICE: Well. Thank you.

*EUNICE and JOANNE exit.*

DR. CREON: Now. What can I do for you?

AGATHA: I... I wanted to talk to you about Paul and Elliot.

DR. CREON: A shocking situation.

AGATHA: Actually I was wondering...*(she is cut off by DR. CREON)*

DR. CREON: I expected more from Elliot. But I believe that he will be served well by his punishment.

AGATHA: That's what I wanted... *(DR. CREON cuts her off)*

DR. CREON: And Paul. I was beginning... Paul is very much like your father. I was a student at this school at the same time as your father and he caused no end of trouble.

AGATHA: But I don't think...

DR. CREON: When I heard that four Rex children were to attend Thebes High under my tutelage... I had my doubts. But now, with you setting such a fine example, with Elliot so dedicated to basketball, with Paul gone, and with Irene under my watchful eye there should be no more troubles. No more troubles indeed.

AGATHA: I've never caused you any troubles?

DR. CREON: No. You are absolutely the most perfect student I have ever encountered in all of my years in the field of education.

AGATHA: I am?

DR. CREON: You are. Without a single solitary doubt.

AGATHA: Why?

DR. CREON: Why? You have to ask? Your work is always on time and exceptional. You are a leader among your fellow students. You understand the values and structures that I am trying to build in the foundation of the young lives under our charge.

AGATHA: You mean I follow the rules.

DR. CREON: Oh it's much more than that. Much more indeed. (DR. CREON checks his watch) Now, my time is very limited, what was it that you wanted to talk to me about?

AGATHA: Well, what I was wondering... I was wondering why Paul got expelled and Elliot didn't seeing as they both did the same thing and...

DR. CREON: (*interrupting*) Agatha. I'm shocked and surprised. I can't believe you would ask that question.

AGATHA: I think it's a fair question.

DR. CREON: I assume you would know the answer.

AGATHA: I'm afraid I don't.

DR. CREON: Paul is obviously a bad influence on Elliot.

AGATHA: Paul hasn't been in trouble...

DR. CREON: Yes, yes, I have been keeping a close eye on Paul's progress. Three months is not a long time Agatha. Not long at all.

AGATHA: He's been trying to change.

DR. CREON: He obviously wasn't trying hard enough.

AGATHA: But it was Elliot's idea.

DR. CREON: I doubt that very much.

AGATHA: He told me so!

DR. CREON: If it indeed was Elliot's idea I am most certain Paul coerced him.

AGATHA: But how do you know that?

DR. CREON: I know students. I know what they are capable of and what they are not capable of.

AGATHA: Paul and Elliot did same thing. They should be treated equally, they should both have been expelled or they both should have been let go. You can't play favourites like that!

*There is a deep throated AHHHH from the CHORUS as AGATHA and DR. CREON seems to stare each other down.*

*There is a moment of silence as DR. CREON stares at AGATHA. AGATHA, who has been standing in a powerful position, with her fists in the air, realizes that she may have gone too far. She takes a few steps backwards.*

DR. CREON: I'm going to forget for a moment that you spoke to me in that tone of voice. I realize you are speaking from a point of passion as you always do. However, this is not one of your speeches. This is real life.

AGATHA: I know that.

DR. CREON: *(continuing on from previous line)* And I must say that I am somewhat confused. Of all people I'm very much surprised you are standing up for Paul. It has been my observation he has caused you a great deal of embarrassment.

AGATHA: He hasn't embarrassed me...

*The lights change. PAUL is surrounded by members of the CHORUS.*

PAUL: Look at these baby pictures. Agatha looks just like a sumo wrestler!

*The CHORUS points at AGATHA and laughs.*

AGATHA: OK, maybe he's embarrassed me a little. But just that one time...

PAUL: Hey, Agatha, how'd your date with Harry go last night. Did you get a kiss? (*he makes kissy noises*)

*The CHORUS laughs. They all make kissy noises and laugh at AGATHA.*

AGATHA: It's nothing I couldn't handle.

PAUL: Agatha and Harry sitting in a tree

CHORUS & PAUL: k-i-s-s-i-n-g!!!

*The CHORUS points and laughs. The lights fade on PAUL.*

DR. CREON: He is a bad influence and I will not put up with his presence any longer. Now, I'm glad we have had a chance to talk this through; however I must –

AGATHA: (*interrupting*) It's still not fair. It's not fair at all.

DR. CREON: My dear, clearly you don't understand the intricacies of this situation. I can see your intensions are well meaning but this is the way it has to be. It's for their good, it's for the good of the school and it's for your own good too.

AGATHA: But....

DR. CREON: The discussion is closed. Now you better hurry along, otherwise you'll be late for class.

AGATHA: But...

DR. CREON: I know what's right, I know what's good, I know better than you. I'm an adult. You're just going to have to trust me on this point. Believe me. I have your best interests at heart.

*DR. CREON exits. The CHORUS slowly moves forward surrounding AGATHA. AGATHA is stunned. She cannot believe what has just happened.*

AGATHA: I don't believe it. I don't believe it!

CHORUS: (*imitating DR. CREON*) I know what's right.

AGATHA: I know what's right too.

CHORUS: I know what's good.



AGATHA: Paul's not a bad person, even if he does torment me.

CHORUS: I know better than you. I'm an adult.

AGATHA: Well...

CHORUS: You're just going to have to trust me.

AGATHA: He's breaking his own rules.

CHORUS: Trust me.

AGATHA: He's breaking his own rules.

CHORUS: Trust me.

AGATHA: His own rules!

*AGATHA gives a scream of frustration. She starts to pace up and down the stage. The CHORUS imitates her, also walking up and down, stamping with heavy feet. They tramp for a minute moving with military precision in lines all over the stage. When AGATHA stops, the CHORUS stops as well.*

CHORUS: What are you going to do?

AGATHA: I don't know.

*They start to pace and tramp again. AGATHA stops and they stop too.*

CHORUS: What are you going to do?

AGATHA: I don't know!

CHORUS: Agatha thinks. Agatha blinks.

AGATHA: Leave me alone.

CHORUS: What will you do?

MALE CHORUS: The day's almost done.

FEMALE CHORUS: The battle's just begun?

CHORUS: Long is the line of those who have gone against Dr. Creon.

RHEA: One by one they fall.

DON: Well meaning and brave-hearted all.

HELEN: But no one wins Cromagnon's game.

ART: For every fight, the outcome's the same.

DIANA: Do you really think you have a chance?

MALE CHORUS: Against him?

FEMALE CHORUS: Against Cromagnon?

AGATHA: I don't know.

PENELOPE: Let it go.

JASON: Let it go.

CHORUS: Let it go. Let Paul take the blame.

AGATHA: I can't.

DENNY: You'll be sorry.

HERMAN: You'll end up underwater.

EDDIE: You'll end up with the short end of the stick.

CHORUS: You'll end up deep in...

*IRENE enters talking to a group of friends. AGATHA turns and sees her. She makes a decision and rushes over.*

AGATHA: Irene!

*IRENE is shocked to see AGATHA talking to her.*

IRENE: Oh. Hi Agatha.

AGATHA: I need to talk to you.

*She drags IRENE away from her friends.*

IRENE: *(in a bright voice)* OK, like see you later guys! *(in an annoyed voice to AGATHA)* It's all right; I wasn't doing anything important, drag me wherever.

AGATHA: Did you hear about Paul and Elliot?

IRENE: Yeah like that really sucks.

AGATHA: It more than sucks, Irene. It's completely unfair.

IRENE: Paul's been in trouble before, he should be used to it.

AGATHA: That's not the point.

IRENE: What do I care what the point is? All I know is that it isn't happening to me. Oh, I would just like die if I ever got expelled.

AGATHA: Irene.

IRENE: I mean I wouldn't be able to show my face at all. Especially not after doing something so stupid as what they did.

AGATHA: Irene....

IRENE: I mean if you're going to get expelled, it shouldn't be for something stupid, it should be for something really bad, something really despicable like cheating, or stealing, or running someone down in the parking lot, or...

AGATHA: IRENE! THAT IS NOT THE POINT!!!

IRENE: Well sorry. Excuse me for breathing.

AGATHA: Paul and Elliot did the exact same thing. They should be treated equally and it shouldn't matter that Paul's been in trouble more times than Elliot. (*IRENE looks at AGATHA with a blank look*) Don't you agree? Don't you think they should both be treated the same?

IRENE: But if Elliot gets expelled he, like, won't be able to play basketball.

AGATHA: So what?

IRENE: So what? The team needs him! They'll lose the championship without him. He's like, their number one player, their ace in the hole, their...

AGATHA: And what about Paul?

IRENE: He doesn't play basketball.

AGATHA: Irene. This is really important.

IRENE: Why does Paul have to play basketball?

AGATHA: He –

IRENE: (*just continuing from her previous line*) I mean he couldn't really play if he tried. He isn't exactly the fittest person in the world. I personally think it's all the french fries that he eats, it's completely gross. I mean the pimples alone are...

AGATHA: (*leaping in*) We have to help Paul, and it has nothing to do with basketball.

*IRENE stares at AGATHA and folds her arms across her chest.*

IRENE: Define help.

AGATHA: I don't know. I want to do something. I just don't know what it is yet. I want to make a stand, something. We have to show Cromagnon that he can't do this. He can't break his own rules, he can't...

IRENE: Whoa, whoa, whoa, what are you talking about?

AGATHA: Paul was trying to change and Dr. Creon walked all over him.

IRENE: You are going to go against Dr. Creon?

AGATHA: I don't know. Maybe. Yes. Yes I am.

IRENE: (*trying to leave*) I am so out of here, have a nice life.

*AGATHA pulls IRENE back.*

AGATHA: Wait, a second.

IRENE: Have you thought about this? Like actually thought?

AGATHA: I'm working on my feet here Irene. I don't know what I'm thinking.

IRENE: You'll probably get expelled too. You do realize that? Dr. Creon will toss you out of here like yesterday's trash!

AGATHA: I'm not afraid of him.

IRENE: Won't that like completely destroy, pulverize, and annihilate your chances of getting that scholarship you've been drooling after for four years?

AGATHA: I never thought of that.

IRENE: Well????

AGATHA: Yeah I guess they won't give it to me if I get expelled.

IRENE: And it doesn't bother you, that you're ruining your entire life?

AGATHA: It's not my entire life...

IRENE: Have you totally completely absolutely lost your mind!

AGATHA: Are you with me?

IRENE: Are you nuts?

AGATHA: I want you to help me. The more people we have the better.  
The more –

IRENE: (*interrupting*) You want me to got against Dr. Creon? I don't think so.

AGATHA: What are you afraid of?

IRENE: Agatha. I have my whole high school life ahead of me. If I screw up now, that is going to ruin everything I do for the rest of my life. You want me to ruin my life over Paul and Elliot?

AGATHA: They're your brothers.

IRENE: They're pigs. I like, have trouble keeping my lunch down just thinking about them.

AGATHA: But...

IRENE: But nothing. I have to get back to my friends.

*IRENE starts to leave. AGATHA calls after her.*

AGATHA: It doesn't matter anyway. I don't want your help.

*Something in AGATHA's voice stops IRENE. She turns back.*

IRENE: I'm not going to tell anyone about this. Rumours spread like, too fast around here.

AGATHA: Go ahead. Say what you like. Tell the whole world. If you keep this a secret it's like having you on my side.

IRENE: I can't believe you're being so stupid Aggie. You'll like, be finished before you begin.

*She leaves.*

AGATHA: (*calling out after her*) Double traitor! I knew you wouldn't, like, help!

*AGATHA starts to pace up and down the stage. The CHORUS imitates her, also walking up and down, stamping with heavy feet. They tramp for a minute. When she stops, they stop and speak their lines.*

CHORUS: What are you going to do?

AGATHA: I don't know.

*They start to pace and tramp again. AGATHA stops and they stop too.*

CHORUS: What are you going to do?

AGATHA: I don't know!

CHORUS: Agatha thinks. Agatha blinks.

MALE CHORUS: The day's almost done.

FEMALE CHORUS: The battle's just begun?

CHORUS: Do you really think you have a chance?

RHEA: You'll get in trouble.

DON: You'll lose your scholarship.

ART: Lose your scholarship.

CHORUS: (*almost a whisper*) Lose your scholarship. Lose. Your. Scholar. Shhhhhhhhhhhhip.

*AGATHA stands up straight and shakes her head.*

AGATHA: What am I thinking? I can't lose my scholarship. Irene's right. I can't go up against Dr. Creon. I have to think of the big picture. Elliot's right. Paul's always getting into trouble. He never did fit in. He does make my life a living hell. I should... I should leave well enough alone. I should... I should let the chips fall where they may. I should let sleeping dogs lie... I should...

CHORUS: What are you going to do?

*HARRY enters. He has a pile of papers that he is going through as he walks.*

AGATHA: Harry! I really have to talk to you.

HARRY: Sorry Aggie can't talk now. I'm up to my elbows preparing for this seminar.

AGATHA: You've been preparing all week.

HARRY: I can't get it right. I keep forgetting things.

AGATHA: All you have to do is throw away your papers, go in there and say what's on your mind.

*HARRY starts to laugh.*

AGATHA: What? You'll be fine.

HARRY: Not in a million years could I do that.

AGATHA: Sure you could.

HARRY: Uh-uh.

AGATHA: I do it all the time. It's not that hard.

HARRY: I'm not like you Agatha. I can't just get up in front of people and talk. My mind turns to Jell-O! That's what makes you a great Student President.

AGATHA: *(smiling)* I have Jell-O in my head?

HARRY: Funny Ha Ha. I mean you know how to talk, how to rally the troops, so to speak.

AGATHA: I do?

HARRY: Yeah. You always know what to say and how to say it.

AGATHA: I do?

HARRY: You know you do. Nobody wanted to fundraise for the soup kitchen until you started talking about it. And no one else could have got the football team to volunteer at that seniors home. You talk and people do things. *(HARRY looks at his watch)* Oh man. I gotta go. Can we talk later?

AGATHA: Sure.

HARRY: Great. *(HARRY looks at his papers and feeling overwhelmed he sighs)* Maybe I need index cards.

AGATHA: I have some in my locker.

*HARRY gives her a quick hug and a kiss.*

HARRY: You're the best. Wish me luck!

*HARRY exits.*

AGATHA: *(calling after him)* Good luck! *(she starts to talk to herself)* I know what to say and how to say it. I talk, people do. But what do I do? I don't do anything. If I talk about this and I walk away, it makes me just as bad as the rest of them. It doesn't matter what I think about Paul. It's still not right. It doesn't matter what Irene and Elliot and Dr. Creon say. It's still not right.

*The CHORUS moves in.*

CHORUS: What're you gonna do?

AGATHA: I guess I'm on my own.

CHORUS: What're you gonna do?

AGATHA: Something. Somehow. Someone has to take a stand.

CHORUS: Take a stand?

AGATHA: I guess.

CHORUS: Take a stand?

AGATHA: Yes!

CHORUS: What about Cromagnon?

AGATHA: What about him?

CHORUS: He's out for blood.

AGATHA: So?

CHORUS: He's on the warpath.

AGATHA: So what?

CHORUS: Possible expulsion. Expulsion. Expulsion. Expulsion.  
Expulsion. Expulsion.

*As the CHORUS dies out there is a moment of silence.  
AGATHA stands tall, considering her fate.*

AGATHA: You know what? I don't care. *(she starts to jump up and down)*  
I don't care!

*A great cry erupts from the CHORUS. They jump up  
and down too. There is general merriment and glee.*

CHORUS: She doesn't care!

AGATHA: What a great feeling. I can't believe it. It's like a huge weight  
has been lifted off my shoulders. I don't care!

CHORUS: She doesn't care.

AGATHA: I'm going to go for it!

CHORUS: She's going to go for it!

AGATHA: I'm going to fight, no matter what the consequence!

CHORUS: Good for you!

AGATHA: Good for me!



CHORUS: Take a stand!

AGATHA: Take a stand!

CHORUS: Ag-a-tha! Ag-a-tha! Ag-a-tha!

*The CHORUS lifts AGATHA up on their shoulders and parades her around the stage. She holds her arms high in triumph.*

CHORUS:

Agatha. She's our man  
If she can't do it  
No one can!

AGATHA:

No matter what  
I'm going to fight  
I'm going to stand  
Up for what's right!

CHORUS:

Agatha, she's on top  
She'll keep going  
And never stop

AGATHA:

Dr. Creon  
You best beware!  
I'm coming for you  
And I don't scare!

CHORUS:

Agatha, she's the one  
If she can't do it  
It won't get done!

AGATHA: I'm gonna get it done!

CHORUS: Ya!

AGATHA: I'm gonna get it done!

CHORUS: Ya Ya!

AGATHA: I'm gonna get it done!

CHORUS: Ya! Ya! Ya!

AGATHA: Who's with me?

*There is sudden silence from the CHORUS. They drop her on the floor. They all turn away from her, looking at her feet and anything but her.*

AGATHA: Who's with me?

*There is silence. The CHORUS will not look at AGATHA. AGATHA stands to face the CHORUS. She holds out her hand.*

AGATHA: Who is with me?

*There is again silence. AGATHA drops her hand.*

AGATHA: What's the matter?

CHORUS: *(very meekly)* Nothing...

AGATHA: Are you all afraid? Is that it?

CHORUS: *(very strong)* Of course not!

AGATHA: Then who's with me?

*There is the general babble of the chorus, each coming up with a million reasons why they can't act with AGATHA.*

CHORUS: *(not speaking in unison)* I have to get to class. Uh I can't I just can't. I have to get my hair done. I have to feed my cat. I'm allergic to standing up for things. I have a really sore leg. A really sore leg. And I just don't think that I should be standing. Today is Wednesday and I promised my mother to come right home on Wednesdays. I have to feed my neighbour's cat. I have too much homework. I would love to but I just don't have the time for this sort of thing...etc. *(the CHORUS continues with their babbling until AGATHA screams at them to stop)*

AGATHA: Shut up! Shut up!

DENNY: But you go ahead, Agatha.

PENELOPE: It's a very important thing to do.

JASON: We're behind you every step of the way!

*They all take a step backwards.*

HELEN: We're behind you one hundred percent.

DON: We believe in what you're doing.

RHEA: You're number one!

CHORUS: Absolutely!

*They all take another step backwards.*

EDDIE: Is that the time?

DIANA: My goodness it's getting late.

ART: I had no idea.

HERMAN: It's amazing how time sneaks up on you like that.

CHORUS: Bye Agatha!

*The CHORUS runs offstage in all directions as fast as they can go. AGATHA tries to make them stop but can't. She is left alone on stage.*

AGATHA: Wait! Wait! I don't believe it. I guess I really am on my own. *(she paces for a moment then draws herself up)* Well I have two choices. Either I do it, or I don't. Either I stand up for what I believe in or I don't. Either I voice my opinions, or I don't. Either I do what's expected of me, or I don't. Either I follow the rules or I don't. Either I worry about my scholarship, my reputation and my life...or I don't. Or I don't. I can do this. I can do this. It's the right thing to do and so... But what happens if I get expelled? If I get expelled I'm not going to be able to... stop it! Stop it! Stop thinking like that! I have to do this. No matter what the consequence. No matter what happens. Here I come Dr. Creon. Ready or not!

*Blackout.*

## Act Two

*Lights come up on lines of students moving in unison. One foot at a time. The trampling of feet. The difference in these lines from the top of the show is that now everyone is moving very slowly as if walking through molasses. It takes all their energy to move from one step to the next. Everyone looks as if they are sleepwalking and in a dream. Another day at Thebes High.*

*After the entire CHORUS has entered, they begin to act out their day. Each thing that they talk about should have a movement or an action associated with it. The actions flow together to create a cohesive piece.*

CHORUS: *(speaking as if in a dream)* Walk. Walk. Walk. Get to School. Locker. Books. Yawn. Sit down. Do work. Bell rings. Walk to class. Sit down. Yawn. Bell rings. Locker. More books. Walk to class. Sit down. Do work. Bell rings. Yawn. Go Home. Walk. Walk. Walk. Do it all over again.

*As they repeat this set of actions, a spotlight comes up on DR. CREON. He is talking to the audience as if they are a group of parents who have children who might attend Thebes High. The CHORUS continues with their actions without the words underneath DR. CREON's speech.*

DR. CREON: Thank you all for joining me today. I am overjoyed to see so many faces. Each year the numbers grow and grow for our annual orientation meeting. This tells me that Thebes High has something exceptional to offer. I believe that rules make strong spines. The youths of Thebes High will be able to handle any situation thrown at them in later years. They may find the place strict now, but in time, they will be glad for what they have learned. Yes, we have an excellent reputation in the quality of our academics, but students need more than academics. They need discipline. My team works very hard to make sure that the rules are enforced.

*The focus shifts back to the CHORUS for a moment.*

CHORUS: Walk. Walk. Walk. Go to school. Locker. Books. Yawn. Sit down. Do work. Bell Rings.

*The CHORUS continues doing their actions without the words. The focus shifts back to DR. CREON.*

DR. CREON: Some criticism was voiced when I reinstated the uniform at Thebes High. I believe that uniforms are an essential part of learning. They create equality. Here all students are treated equally. The students treat each other equally. It's an important step to becoming an adult. Ah, I can see you nodding your heads. I can see that you agree. If this is the type of education that you would like your children to experience, then Thebes High is the place.

*The lights fade on DR. CREON. The CHORUS still continues with their actions. During the following DR. CREON stands on the platform with his back to the action.*

CHORUS: Sit down. Do work. Yawn. Walk to class. Sit down. Yawn. Walk to the next class. Sit down do work. Walk home. Walk, walk, walk. Do it all over again.

*As they continue, HARRY runs on stage weaving in and out of the sleepwalking figures. HARRY moves and speaks normally. He is looking for AGATHA. EUNICE sees him running and her hand comes up slowly to stop him.*

EUNICE: (*speaking slowly and drawn out*) Heyyyyyyy

*EUNICE slowly brings her whistle to her lips and blows. Even EUNICE's voice comes out slow and drawn out.*

EUNICE: No... running... in... the... halls.

*HARRY slows down. He sees IRENE and goes over to her. IRENE continues her actions almost unconsciously.*

HARRY: Irene, have you seen Agatha?

IRENE: (*sleepily*) Nope.

HARRY: Are you sure?

IRENE: She left before breakfast.

*HARRY continues his search, moving through the bodies.*

CHORUS: Get to school. Yawn. Get to class. Sit down. Do work. Bell rings. Walk to class...

*Across the stage, HARRY sees ELLIOT and goes to him. ELLIOT continues his actions almost unconsciously.*

HARRY: Elliot. Have you seen Agatha? She was supposed to meet me this morning.

ELLIOT: *(sleepily and without malice)* I don't care if I ever see her.

CHORUS: Sit down. Yawn. Walk to class...

HARRY: Why?

ELLIOT: She raised a big stink at home. I didn't get expelled, but I got grounded for a whole month. *(he yawns)* Oh well...

CHORUS: Sit down. Do work. Walk home. Walk, walk, walk, do it all over again.

HARRY: Where is she? *(HARRY exits)*

*The sound of an insistent whistle blowing is heard offstage. JOANNE runs onstage blowing her whistle. She is moving with great speed and runs right to EUNICE. The two of them silently talk. They are now both moving at normal speed. As JOANNE and EUNICE talk, they seem to get quite agitated. At this interruption, the CHORUS seems to wake up and shake off their sleepiness. Their movements and chant grind to a halt. They all stop what they are doing and lean in towards the conversation between JOANNE and EUNICE. Suddenly, EUNICE jumps back in alarm.*

EUNICE: She what? Are you sure?

*JOANNE blows on her whistle in affirmation.*

EUNICE: Holy Toledo!

*EUNICE turns to see everyone staring at her.*

EUNICE: What are you staring at? Get back to class.

*JOANNE blows her whistle and everyone moves again. Only now they are all moving at a normal speed and no one behaves as if they are in dream-like state.*

CHORUS: Sit down. Do work. Yawn. Walk to class. Sit down. Yawn. Walk to the next class. Sit down do work. Walk home.

*EUNICE heads up to the second platform to talk to DR. CREON. The CHORUS continues with their actions but now they are wide-awake and completely distracted as they strain to observe EUNICE walking to meet DR. CREON.*

CHORUS: Walk, walk, walk, sit down do work. Yawn. Get to School.  
Go home. Walk, walk, walk, walk, walk, walk, walk...

*The CHORUS cannot hear the conversation between EUNICE and DR. CREON. They all turn towards JOANNE. JOANNE stands sternly, facing the audience, holding her clipboard in front of her. The CHORUS tries to get her attention.*

JASON: Psst!

DENNY: Joanne!

HERMAN: Psst!

RHEA: Psst!

EDDIE: Psst!

PENELOPE: Joanne!

CHORUS: Psst! Joanne, Psst!

*JOANNE doesn't answer them, staring straight ahead in military fashion.*

DON: What's going on?

DIANA: Who's in trouble now?

ART: What's happened?

JASON: Who's going to get it?

CHORUS:

What dirty deed's been done?  
Who's lost before they've won?  
Who fell from the tower?  
In their final hour  
By the dying light of the sun?

*JOANNE blows her whistle again to get them in line.  
The CHORUS steps forward.*

CHORUS:

What dirty deed's been done?  
 Who's lost before they've won?  
 Who fell from the tower?  
 In their final hour  
 By the dying light of the sun?

*DR. CREON reacts to the news that EUNICE has just told him.*

DR. CREON: She what? Are you sure?

*EUNICE nods.*

DR. CREON: Bring her to me.

*DR. CREON exits. EUNICE comes down off the platform to get JOANNE. JOANNE and EUNICE confer silently, both writing on their clipboards as they come up with a game plan. The CHORUS is now beside themselves in curiosity.*

CHORUS:

What dirty deed's been done?  
 Who's lost before they've won?  
 Who fell from the tower?  
 In their final hour  
 By the dying light of the sun?

HERMAN: Who is it?

DENNY: Who is it?

DON: Did they work alone?

RHEA: In pairs?

EDDIE: In threes?

CHORUS: A pack of wolves? A gang of thieves? A mob? A crush? A crowd? A throng?

*EUNICE and JOANNE ignore the CHORUS. They exit in single file.*

JOANNE: Left, left, left right left, left, left, left, right, left (*continues until they are offstage*)

*The CHORUS loudly calls out after them.*



CHORUS:

What dirty deed's been done?  
 Who's lost before they've won?  
 Who fell from the tower?  
 In their final hour  
 By the dying light of the sun?

*THE CHORUS turns away when they realize that their questions will remain unanswered.*

CHORUS: Awwwwwwwww

*On the opposite side of the stage, HELEN runs onstage. She is panting and gasping for air. The CHORUS all turn and look at her.*

HELEN: Hey! Hey! *(she stops and tries to get air)* You'll never guess...

CHORUS: What?

HELEN: You'll never... *(she gasps to get a breath of air)*

CHORUS: What?

HELEN: You'll never guess what I just saw!!

ART: What is it?

PENELOPE: What?

CHORUS: What?

HELEN: A –

CHORUS: *(repeating)* A –

HELEN: GA –

CHORUS: GA –

EDDIE: What is it?

DIANA: What?

CHORUS: What?

HELEN: *(finally getting enough air)* Agatha. Agatha!

CHORUS: Agatha! Agatha!

PENELOPE: Agatha what?

JASON: Agatha where?

DENNY: Agatha how?

HELEN: Agatha Rex is wearing a baseball cap inside school!

*There is a gasp and an instant babble of voices. The CHORUS express their disbelief with each other. IRENE falls over in a faint.*

IRENE: I'm ruined! Ruined!

ELLIOT: What is she doing?

PENELOPE: This can't be true.

CHORUS: Agatha Rex.

HERMAN: She'd never do something like that.

CHORUS: Agatha Rex.

DENNY: Not her.

ART: Not ever.

CHORUS: Agatha Rex.

RHEA: She's too good.

EDDIE: She's a leader.

JASON: She's the one who urges us to volunteer.

DIANA: Raise money!

DON: Stand up tall!

CHORUS: Agatha! Agatha! Agatha Rex! Agatha Rex!

*The CHORUS moves into choral positions. IRENE and ELLIOT stand off to the side during this.*

CHORUS:

Agatha Rex. Student Extraordinaire. A dedication.

A is for Accessible – She's always there for you.

G is for Genuine – She's open, honest and true.

A is for Accomplished – She's at the top of her class.

T is for Tremendous – She never comes last!

H is for Hardworking, headstrong, hardly ever harsh or harried.

And A is for...

IRENE: Ad nauseam.

ELLIOT: Or Ack! Ack! Ack!

*ELLIOT mimes choking himself. He and IRENE have a good laugh.*

CHORUS: *(turning on them)* Quiet! *(they all return to their choral positions and voices)* And A is for...

*The CHORUS cuts off as they hear a familiar refrain from offstage.*

JOANNE: *(offstage)* Left, left, left right left. Left, Left, left right left.  
*(continues as they enter)*

CHORUS: Agatha?

ELLIOT: Agatha?

IRENE: I'm like, so humiliated!

*The CHORUS all turn their heads to see EUNICE, AGATHA and JOANNE enter single file. EUNICE is in the front. JOANNE is in the rear. AGATHA walks in the middle, her head held high with a baseball cap on her head.*

*NOTE: the cap must be tight enough so that we cannot see any of her hair.*

*The CHORUS is aghast. There is again another babble of noise. A sea of bodies, they clamour forward into a tight group, each trying to reach AGATHA.*

CHORUS: *(all speaking at the same time, not in unison)* Not you! Not you too? What would make her? What would make her do a thing like that? Agatha Rex is wearing a hat? This is way worse than an earring. Way worse. I can't believe it! I can't believe it! I can't believe it!

*They all surge forward. JOANNE turns on them in alarm and blows her whistle. Everyone freezes. The lights change as a spotlight comes up on DR. CREON. He is holding the large book of rules.*

DR. CREON: Student Rule Book. Page two hundred and seventeen. Section ninety-eight. Subsection two. Appendix Three G. Paragraph forty-four. Hats of any kind are strictly forbidden and not to be worn on school property.

*He slams the book shut, the spotlight goes out on him, and the lights return to the general stage. The CHORUS once again begins to move, surging forward*

*to try and get to AGATHA. During all of this AGATHA remains very calm and collected.*

*JOANNE blows her whistle.*

JOANNE: Get back! Get back!

EUNICE: Stop this nonsense!

*The CHORUS moves back. They stand in a mass. Everyone hangs his or her head.*

EUNICE: Now. All of you get to class.

*JOANNE blows her whistle.*

*EUNICE, AGATHA and JOANNE continue offstage.*

JOANNE: Left, left, left, right, left. *(continues as they head offstage)*

*THE CHORUS is very dismayed. They seem unsure of what to do and how to act. If AGATHA can break the rules what does this mean for the rest of them?*

*The CHORUS walks downstage and forms a line. They speak directly to the audience.*

CHORUS:

Everything that is right in the world is wrong.  
 Everything that is wrong in the world must be right.  
 Everything is upside down and inside out.  
 The sun comes up at midnight and sets in the middle of the afternoon.  
 We can feel that from this moment everything has changed.  
 Our lives will never be the same again  
 Everything that is right in the world is wrong.  
 Everything that is wrong in the world is right.

*The CHORUS begins to look at each other.*

RHEA: She can't go out on a limb.

EDDIE: I never thought she'd do it.

*Each member of the CHORUS turns to a specific person.*

CHORUS: Did you?

*Each member of the CHORUS turns to a different person.*

CHORUS: Did you?

DON: I never thought she'd do it.

CHORUS: I never thought she'd do it. Everything that is right in the world is wrong. Everything that is wrong in the world is...

*The CHORUS can't finish the thought. They somberly and slowly move back to their places.*

IRENE: Elliot, what do you think is gonna happen to her?

ELLIOT: I don't know.

*The scene shifts up to the platform. JOANNE enters with a chair. EUNICE enters with AGATHA.*

JOANNE: Sit.

*AGATHA sits.*

EUNICE: You wait here until Dr. Creon is ready to see you.

AGATHA: OK.

*There is a moment of silence. She is still very calm. In fact EUNICE and JOANNE seem more nervous than AGATHA does. They both stare at AGATHA.*

AGATHA: Do you always do this?

EUNICE: What?

AGATHA: Stare.

EUNICE: What are you talking about?

AGATHA: Do you always stare at the person sitting in this chair waiting to see Dr. Creon? It's very intimidating.

JOANNE: Are you insulting us?

AGATHA: On the contrary. I think it's quite hard for some people to look intimidating. You do it well.

EUNICE: If you took the cap off now, you might only get away with a warning.

JOANNE: Eunice!

AGATHA: No thanks.

EUNICE: Suit yourself.

*There is a moment of silence. AGATHA starts to hum to herself. This confuses EUNICE and JOANNE. They don't know why AGATHA isn't afraid. They seem even more confused when AGATHA breaks out into a song.*

EUNICE: (*cutting AGATHA off*) Agatha!!

AGATHA: Oops sorry. Is there a rule about singing? I must have forgot. It's just that the rulebook is so very heavy; it's a little hard to carry around. I promise I won't do it again.

EUNICE: You don't seem to realize the severity of the situation.

JOANNE: This is a very serious situation.

EUNICE: Very serious.

JOANNE: Very, very serious. Very, very, very –

EUNICE: (*interrupting*) Thank you Joanne.

AGATHA: (*staring right at EUNICE*) We haven't talked in a long time, have we?

EUNICE: What?

AGATHA: We used to talk. We used to have some pretty great conversations. You must remember the sixth grade lunchroom. (*EUNICE's expression does not change*) Don't you?

EUNICE: I have no recollection of that time.

AGATHA: Really? That's too bad. I have a lot of fond memories of "That Time." I guess it has been awhile. Still we did lead some of the most legendary food fights in the history of the school. You have to remember that.

EUNICE: (*trying to cut AGATHA off*) I guess we run in different circles these days.

AGATHA: I guess.

JOANNE: (*turning to look at EUNICE*) Food fights?

AGATHA: Big food fights. Jell-O wars. Pudding Platoons!

JOANNE: Pudding?

EUNICE: Thank you Joanne. That will be all. You can go back to class.

*JOANNE reluctantly leaves. There is another silence. AGATHA seems very calm. This seems to make EUNICE very jittery.*

AGATHA: Do you know where you're headed next year?

EUNICE: No.

AGATHA: Me neither. My mom wants me to go to Vassar. But that's just because she went there which is a good reason I guess. I mean I like the school and I don't want to not go there just because she went there but still...

EUNICE: It would be best if you sat still and didn't talk.

AGATHA: Do you ever think of breaking rules?

EUNICE: What are you talking about?

AGATHA: Rules. Do you ever think about not following them? Moving in the opposite direction. Breaking them.

EUNICE: Agatha! (*in an agonized whisper*) He's right through that door.

AGATHA: I'm not doing anything! All I did was ask if you thought about breaking the rules. I didn't ask you to break anything. You don't have to do anything you don't want to.

EUNICE: That's right.

AGATHA: But do you never...

EUNICE: Never.

AGATHA: Never?

EUNICE: No.

AGATHA: No impulses to throw Jell-O around the cafeteria?

EUNICE: No.

AGATHA: No desire to un-tuck a shirt or slouch one of your socks.

EUNICE: No!

AGATHA: Why not?

EUNICE: Agatha!

AGATHA: There's a certain power about it you know. Thinking about breaking the rules. I feel pretty good about it. There's nothing wrong with thinking you know. It's just ideas floating around in

my brain. I've been thinking about the uniform. I mean, I agree with the theory but does it really put every on an even keel?

EUNICE: You should stop talking right now.

AGATHA: Sometimes you have to take what you're thinking very seriously. Sometimes you have to act on what you're thinking about and there's nothing wrong with that either.

EUNICE: I haven't the slightest idea –

AGATHA: (*interrupting*) That makes me think about my own actions. What I'm doing. What am I doing here? Am I cheating on a test? Am I failing school? Am I breaking windows? Am I hurting anyone? Am I torturing small animals? None of the above. Nobody does that around here. And it got me to thinking even more.

EUNICE: You want people to torture small animals?

AGATHA: All I am doing is wearing a hat. Why is it that I can get into just as much trouble wearing a hat as I could for torturing a small animal? What does that mean?

EUNICE: Rules are rules for a reason. The uniform is set for a reason.

AGATHA: I suppose. But I've been thinking I don't like these rules anymore.

*DR. CREON enters.*

DR. CREON: Those are very dangerous thoughts.

*EUNICE jumps to attention, even though she hasn't been doing anything wrong, she feels like she's been caught.*

EUNICE: Sir, Dr. Creon, sir.

DR. CREON: Make your report please, Eunice.

EUNICE: (*holding up her clipboard*) Yes sir, Dr. Creon sir. My assistant Hall Monitor Joanne witnessed the altercation and prepared for me the following account.

*A spotlight comes up on JOANNE downstage. She gives her account in almost a bloodthirsty way.*

JOANNE: I saw the perpetrator step onto school property at 8:12 am wearing said baseball cap. Although said perpetrator has never transgressed the rules as long as I've been on patrol I did not allow this to prevent me from doing my job to the best of



my ability. Said perpetrator progressed from school property and entered the main building still wearing the aforementioned baseball cap. I moved stealthily behind observing her every move. I do not believe she was aware of my presence. The perpetrator arrived at her locker and at that time it was clear to this Assistant Hall Monitor that she, the aforementioned perpetrator, did not intend to remove the illegal object from her head. It was then I decided to intercept, confront and defuse the situation. (*JOANNE speaks as if she is talking to AGATHA at the time*) “According to Section ninety eight, Subsection two, Appendix Three G, Paragraph forty-four: ‘Hats of any kind are strictly forbidden and not to be worn on school property.’ (*as if to AGATHA*) “You must remove your cap. (*there is no answer*) Remove your cap! I repeat, Remove your cap! You have been given sufficient warning, you will be asked one more time and then prepare yourself to be the recipient of dire consequences. Remove your cap!”

*It is obvious that AGATHA does not remove the cap. JOANNE begins to blow her whistle and exits out of the spotlight. The focus returns to the scene on the platform.*

DR. CREON: The bottom line being that Agatha did not remove the cap.

EUNICE: No sir, Dr. Creon Sir. Joanne reported the incident to me and that’s when I came to report it to you.

DR. CREON: I see.

EUNICE: When we returned to the area to retrieve Agatha – the perpetrator, she appeared to be waiting for us. She came without question or comment, Dr. Creon, sir.

DR. CREON: Thank you Eunice. Agatha there are no ball caps in school.

AGATHA: I know.

DR. CREON: You know the rules.

AGATHA: Yes.

DR. CREON: And yet, you defy them.

AGATHA: Yes.

DR. CREON: No denials or excuses.

AGATHA: There is nothing to deny or excuse. The cap is on my head.  
How can I deny that?

DR. CREON: Then why are you wearing it?

AGATHA: (*speaking with sincerity NOT sarcasm*) I'm having a terrible hair day. I felt that the status of my hair didn't conform to the uniform and I had to cover it up.

DR. CREON: Agatha, remove the cap.

AGATHA: First of all, I'd like to talk to you about Paul and Elliot.

DR. CREON: That matter is settled. There is nothing left to discuss.

AGATHA: There is plenty to discuss.

DR. CREON: You are not in a position to bargain, remove your cap.

AGATHA: I think it's unfair.

DR. CREON: Remove the cap. If you do so immediately you'll only receive one week of detention.

AGATHA: A week of detention because I'm wearing a cap? Aren't you going to expel me?

DR. CREON: This is not a game. You will do as you're told and you will do it at once!

AGATHA: All right, all right. I can see the severity of the situation. I can tell that you are extremely serious. You want me to remove my cap.

DR. CREON: Immediately.

AGATHA: Whatever you say.

*AGATHA removes the cap with a flourish. Underneath, her hair is dyed neon green. She fluffs her hair now that it has been released from the confines of the cap. EUNICE is aghast. Her mouth drops to the floor.*

EUNICE: Holly Toledo! Are you trying to get expelled!

DR. CREON: Thank you Eunice. You may return to class. I need to speak to our class valedictorian privately.

*EUNICE leaves the platform and the CHORUS moves over to her. EUNICE walks and speaks as if she is in a daze*

CHORUS: What happened? What happened?

*EUNICE is in the middle of a moment of weakness. She can't believe what she just saw and she blurts it out to the CHORUS.*

EUNICE: Agatha Rex has dyed her hair green.

DON: Agatha Rex has dyed her hair green?

CHORUS: Agatha Rex has dyed her hair green!

*There is a communal gasp. The CHORUS scramble to get in a position where they can watch the showdown between DR. CREON and AGATHA.*

DR. CREON: What is the meaning of this?

AGATHA: I felt like a change.

DR. CREON: Agatha.

AGATHA: I wanted to show my spirit by choosing one of the school colours.

DR. CREON: This is a deliberate transgression of the rules.

AGATHA: Yes it is.

*AGATHA stands. She is tall and proud. A deep throated "AHHHHH" comes from the CHORUS. The lights change. The following scene takes on a ritualized tone – not unlike a Greek tragedy.*

AGATHA: I know the consequences that lie before me. I know the words I speak and the actions I have done will come to a certain end.

DR. CREON: I have never seen this side of you Agatha.

AGATHA: I will stand by my decision no matter what you say to me. Deal with me as you must. As swift and severe as you must.

DR. CREON: If you are trying to turn yourself into a martyr, you'll fail before you succeed. You're the student counsel president. You should be setting an example for the student body. You should be what the other students strive to emulate. You are letting your fellow students down Agatha.

AGATHA: I don't see it that way. I am standing up for my brother when no one will stand up for him.

DR. CREON: No school will accept Elliot with an expulsion on his record.

AGATHA: Nor will they accept me.

DR. CREON: What has Paul ever done for you? Will you really ruin your life to make this point?

AGATHA: Dr. Creon, it's a hat and hair and a pair of earrings. You are the one who is obsessed with making a point.

DR. CREON: Agatha you –

AGATHA: There is another choice. You could set them both free. Why does either of them need to be expelled?

DR. CREON: This is over.

*The “AHHHHHH” is cut off, the lights change back to normal*

DR. CREON: I will not have my school overturned by this situation. You have two choices Agatha. You can tell me that tomorrow is a new day and that you will come to school as you have every other day of your life with natural coloured hair and with your attitude returned to it's normal state. Your second choice is to face the same fate as your brother. Expulsion. I will leave you to decide.

*DR. CREON stalks off and AGATHA is left on a chair on the platform. The focus shifts back to the CHORUS. They are astounded by what they have just seen. During the following, AGATHA remains seated in the chair on the upper platform.*

HERMAN: Can you believe what she's saying?

DIANA: Can you believe what she's said?

PENELOPE: What is she doing?

EDDIE: What is she doing?

CHORUS: What is she doing?

*The CHORUS turns to the audience.*

CHORUS: Long is the line of those who have dared to cross Dr. Creon; who have dared to stand up to his rule. Long is the list, tattered and torn of those who have done battle. In every case, each student is left with only scars and wounds as a memory of

the meeting. Long is the line up of those who have dared to cross Dr. Creon. Long is the list, tattered and torn of those who have done battle.

*RHEA, JASON and PENELOPE step forward. They represent three students who have tried to go against DR. CREON.*

CHORUS: Here are the tales of three brave souls. Here are the stories of three war torn heroes, long lost to the battlefield known as Cromagnon. Stories are all that remain of Iris Young.

*RHEA steps forward. As she does, the entire CHORUS stamps their feet one time.*

CHORUS: Moe Stewart.

*JASON steps forward. As he does, the entire CHORUS stamps their feet one time.*

CHORUS: Erin Gallagher.

*PENELOPE steps forward. As she does, the entire CHORUS stamps their feet one time.*

CHORUS: Stories are all that remain.

*THE CHORUS stamps their feet three times and RHEA steps forward to address the audience.*

RHEA: *(speaking to the audience as if they were a group of students)* I want to know why there aren't more girls' sports at this school! The administration keeps saying it's because there isn't enough money. But if there isn't enough money, how come the boys' basketball team got new uniforms this year? Their old uniforms didn't need replacing, did they Dr. Creon! It's only a feeble excuse! *(to the students)* Come with me! Join me! Together we can fight the administration and win one for the school!

*RHEA freezes with her arms upheld in a pose of victory.*

CHORUS:

What will be her dreadful fate  
When the trumpet sounds the call  
For those who stand against the state  
Must first learn how to fall.

*A spotlight comes up on DR. CREON. He is placing judgment on the student.*

DR. CREON: I never give feeble excuses! I see that your grades have slipped a quarter of a percent. This is obviously the start of a downward spiral, something that we cannot accept here at Thebes High.

*His hand comes down. The CHORUS stamps their feet. RHEA falls from a position of victory to a position of defeat.*

CHORUS: Stories are all that remain.

*The CHORUS stamps their feet three times and JASON steps forward.*

JASON: I want to know why we have to wear uniforms! What do uniforms mean anyway? What do they really say about us? It's unconstitutional! It's expensive! Why do we need to all look the same? What does that prove? Wearing a uniform does not make me a better student, nor does it make me a better person. (to the students) Come with me! Join me! Together we can fight the administration and win one for the school!

*JASON freezes in a position of victory.*

CHORUS:

What will be his dreadful fate  
When the trumpet sounds the call  
For those who stand against the state  
Must first learn how to fall.

*A spotlight comes up on DR. CREON. He is placing judgment on the student.*

DR. CREON: You have two choices and two choices only. Wear the uniform. Leave the school. There will be no discussions and no other choices. Have I made myself clear?

*His hand comes down; the CHORUS stamps their feet. JASON falls from a position of victory to a position of defeat.*

CHORUS: Stories are all that remain.

*The CHORUS stamps their feet three times and PENELOPE steps forward.*

PENELOPE: The food is uneatable at this school. And I want to know why there aren't more vegetarian items on the menu. Why are there only french fries? Why should I gain thirty pounds just because I choose not to eat meat? I want better, healthier

choices! I want a better lunch menu! (*to the students*) Come with me! Join me! Together we can fight the administration and win one for the school!

*PENELOPE freezes in a pose of victory.*

CHORUS:

What will be her dreadful fate  
When the trumpet sounds the call  
For those who stand against the state  
Must first learn how to fall.

*A spotlight comes up on DR. CREON. He is placing judgment on the student.*

DR. CREON: You foolish girl. I make the decisions here, not you.

*His hand comes down; the CHORUS stamps their feet. PENELOPE falls from a position of victory to a position of defeat.*

*The light fades on DR. CREON.*

CHORUS: One by one they fall. Well meaning and brave hearted all. But no one wins Cromagnon's game. For every fight the outcome's the same.

*The CHORUS all turn their heads to look up to where AGATHA is still calmly sitting.*

CHORUS:

What will be her dreadful fate  
When the trumpet sounds the call  
For those who stand against the state  
Must first learn how to fall.

*AGATHA stands and comes forward to address the CHORUS.*

AGATHA: It must be easy for you to sit there and tell stories. Why will none of you write a story of your own? Will any of you stand behind me?

*AGATHA reaches out her hand to the CHORUS. They look like they want to turn and reach out their hands but at the last minute they all turn away from her.*

CHORUS: (*whispering*) Possible Expulsion. Expulsion. Expulsion. Swift and severe, severe, severe....

*The CHORUS all return to their places. AGATHA sits in her chair with a sigh.*

*PAUL sneaks up to the platform where AGATHA is sitting.*

PAUL: (*whispering*) Agatha! Agatha! Psst.

AGATHA: Paul!

PAUL: Shhh!

AGATHA: (*whispering*) What are you doing here?

PAUL: Holy Toledo! What did you do to your hair???

AGATHA: I was looking for something dramatic. What are you doing here?

PAUL: I'm breaking you out. Come on.

AGATHA: Paul. I can't leave.

PAUL: Why not?

AGATHA: I can't just run away.

PAUL: Yes you can! You don't want to face Cromagnon Agatha, not like this. Come on.

AGATHA: No.

PAUL: Look I'll even drive you to the mall, you can get your hair dyed back to it's normal colour and –

AGATHA: (*interrupting*) You want me to dye it back? Why?

*There is a pause. PAUL can't look at AGATHA.*

AGATHA: Why?

PAUL: You can't lose your scholarship. Not over me.

AGATHA: Why not over you?

PAUL: I'm not worth it.

AGATHA: Paul.

PAUL: I mean if you want to put up a fight about uniforms and rules and who makes the rules that's fine, but you shouldn't do it because of me.





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