



Sample Pages from
Agatha Rex: Competition Version

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AGATHA REX: COMPETITION VERSION

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
Lindsay Price



Agatha Rex: Competition Version
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Characters

4M 5F + 10 AG

Agatha Rex: Student council president. Sister to Paul, Elliot, and Irene.

Paul Rex: Troublemaker in the past. Brother to Elliot, Agatha, and Irene.

Elliot Rex: Star basketball player. Brother to Paul, Agatha, and Irene.

Irene Rex: Very concerned with status. Sister to Agatha, Paul and Elliot.

Dr. Creon: Principal of Thebes High. Very concerned with rules.

Eunice: Head Hall Monitor. Very concerned with rules.

Joanne: Assistant Hall Monitor. Very concerned with rules.

Harry: Dr. Creon's Son. Dating Agatha.

Terry: Head of the PTA.

Chorus: Penelope, Helen, Rhea, Denny, Diana, Jason, Eddie, Art, Don, and Herman.

Genders

DR. CREON & TERRY: These characters are identified as male and female respectively. You have permission to change the gender and any words associated with gender in the text (e.g. Dad to Mom)

CHORUS: Names have been assigned for the Chorus. Feel free to cast your chorus in whatever gender configuration fits your situation. You have permission to change the chorus names to address your casting choices. The only criteria is to choose names derived from Greek Myths.

Size of Chorus

The chorus can be as large as you want. The more voices there are the better.

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. A prison-like feel would also be appropriate. There should be at least one upper platform where Dr. Creon's scenes take place.

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

Costume

The play describes a specific school uniform with specific school colours (grey socks, black shoes, grey pants or plaid skirt, white button down shirt with a green blazer, or a cardigan, or sweater and a tie). Feel free to change the colours mentioned to match uniforms you either use at your school or to match your costumes. It's not the colour of the costumes that matters, but that they are worn with a completely regimented air and without flexibility.

Music plays. Lights up on students all over the stage. They are wearing variations of a school uniform. 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, confer with clipboards.

One of the CHORUS enters. Their shirt is slightly untucked – something done absentmindedly and without malice. JOANNE notices this immediately and blows her whistle. Everyone freezes. The music cuts out. JOANNE points at the shirt. The CHORUS member rushes to tuck in their shirt and stands, almost at attention. JOANNE blows her whistle approvingly.

The CHORUS member takes off. The bell rings. IRENE waves to friends and exits. AGATHA and HARRY say goodbye and exit in opposite directions. EUNICE and JOANNE nod at each other and JOANNE exits. EUNICE starts to cross the stage, her head buried in her clipboard.

PAUL and ELLIOT run onstage. They look over their shoulder, trying to hide their ears in their collars. Not looking where they're going, they run over EUNICE. She goes sprawling.

EUNICE: OOF!

PAUL: Sorry!

EUNICE: Watch where you're going!

ELLIOT and PAUL help EUNICE up. They move around her, dusting her off.

ELLIOT: We're really sorry.

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

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

ELLIOT: Eager beavers.

EUNICE: (*shaking PAUL and ELLIOT off*) Quit that!!

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

PAUL: I'm eagerly right behind you.

PAUL turns and EUNICE sees something in PAUL's ear. She gasps.

PAUL: (turning away from her) What? Nothing!

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 starts writing furiously on her clipboard. She exits in the opposite direction.

The trample of many feet is heard offstage. The CHORUS enters walking in a line. Their step is as uniform as their outfits. JOANNE leads them.

JOANNE: (as she walks) Left, left, left, right, left. Left, left, left, right, left. (this continues until the line gets 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.

NOTE: Whenever the word CHORUS appears, that means the entire CHORUS speaks in unison. HALF CHORUS means half speak in unison (decide who makes up that half). MALE CHORUS means any CHORUS characters who identify as male, and FEMALE CHORUS means any CHORUS characters who identify as female.

JOANNE: Shoes?

HALF CHORUS: Black.

JOANNE: Socks?

HALF CHORUS: Grey.

JOANNE: Pants?

MALE CHORUS: Grey polyester – they itch like crazy!

These CHORUS MEMBERS start hopping up and down, scratching their legs. The OTHERS laugh. JOANNE looks up in alarm and blows her whistle to get them back in line.

JOANNE: Skirt?

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

JOANNE: Shirt?

CHORUS: White.

JOANNE: With?

CHORUS: With ties in the correct position.

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

JOANNE: I saw that. With?

CHORUS: With green...

JOANNE: *(interrupting)* What colour green?

The CHORUS groans. JOANNE 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?

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

A bell rings. The CHORUS starts talking animatedly to one another. There is “news” that is all over school and everyone is talking about it.

During the following, DR. CREON appears above the crowd on a platform. EUNICE races in 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.

HALF CHORUS: Did you hear?

HALF CHORUS: Did you hear?

EDDIE: I don't believe it.

HELEN: They didn't!

RHEA: They did.

CHORUS: Did you hear? Did you hear?

DON: How long before Cromagnon (*crow-MAG-non*) notices?

DENNY: If he notices.

HERMAN: Oh, he'll notice.

CHORUS: He notices everything.

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

ART: Paul and Elliot are in big trouble.

DR. CREON: Attention. Attention. Could I have your attention, please, for the following announcements? The Senior Boys basketball team will practice 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. When you play at another school you are not just representing yourselves...

CHORUS: (*mocking*) You represent Thebes High.

DR. CREON: You represent Thebes High. Remedy the situation before your next game. Finally, would Elliot and Paul Rex report to the principal's office immediately? Thank you. That is all.

HALF CHORUS: Caught!

HALF CHORUS: Trapped!

CHORUS: Doomed!

HELEN: They're in for it now.

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

PENELOPE: I wouldn't get caught.

ART: Yes, you would.

JOANNE and EUNICE enter escorting PAUL and ELLIOT to the principal's office in single file.

JOANNE: *(while walking)* Left, left, left, right, left. *(continues)*

The CHORUS watches them intently as the quartet passes and exits.

HALF CHORUS: Caught.

HALF CHORUS: Trapped.

CHORUS: Doomed.

A bell rings. 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... No, not implore. No one will know what I'm talking about. 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... *(makes notes on her speech)*

DENNY and DIANA approach.

DENNY & DIANA: Hi Agatha!

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

DENNY & DIANA: How are you today?

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

DENNY & DIANA: *(dramatic and tragic)* Oh, Agatha.

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

DENNY & DIANA: The situation's clearly chaos
Disorder and dismay.
Confusion's 'round the corner
Mayhem's not far away.

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

DIANA: Don't you know?

DENNY: Didn't you hear?

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

AGATHA: Believe it or not, I don't spend my time having long
conversations with or about my brothers. (*standing up*) I'll see you
later!

DIANA: They're in big trouble.

AGATHA: What are you talking about?

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

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

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

DIANA: Not just Paul.

DENNY & DIANA: Paul *and* Elliot.

AGATHA: What did they do?

DENNY: Don't be upset but...

DIANA: (*like this is awful*) ...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. Really?

DIANA: I heard it was a dare.

DENNY: I hear they lost a bet.

AGATHA: Well, so what? Who cares? It's an earring. Happens all the
time.

DENNY: Haven't you read the rulebook?

AGATHA: Of course I have but –

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

AGATHA: They didn't do anything.

CHORUS: Caught. Trapped. Doomed.

AGATHA: You're blowing this way out of proportion. Dr. Creon knows the difference between wearing an earring and running over a kindergarten teacher. You'll see.

AGATHA exits. DENNY and DIANA go back to the CHORUS. The lights change. DR. CREON is reading from the student rule book. It is a big black book, which must contain hundreds of rules.

DR. CREON: Boys will not wear earrings or have piercings of any kind. Girls may only wear studs. No rings, bracelets, or necklaces. 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. Lights return to normal.

CHORUS: Possible expulsion. Expulsion. Expulsion. Expulsion.

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 it in the first place? I mean –

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

AGATHA: You have to have some idea. No one dragged you to –

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

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

This stops PAUL. He turns to face AGATHA.

AGATHA: What?

PAUL: We're not both getting expelled.

A deep "AHHHHHHH" comes from the CHORUS. The sound is more "AW" than "AY." The CHORUS stops when DR. CREON speaks.

The lights change. This is the past. JOANNE escorts ELLIOT onstage and PAUL joins them. PAUL and ELLIOT face forward. EUNICE stands behind DR. CREON. AGATHA watches.

DR. CREON: 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 –

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: Here at Thebes High, we place a high importance on the rules. Especially when it comes to the uniform. Rules are the foundation to healthy human beings.

PAUL: We'll take them out, sir.

ELLIOT: We didn't mean to do it.

PAUL: It was just a dare.

DR. CREON: All rules must be followed, big or 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. 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. From this moment on, consider yourself expelled. Never to step foot on the grounds of Thebes High ever again.

CHORUS: 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: (*cringing*) And?

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

The music cuts off. PAUL is confused.

PAUL: What?

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

PAUL: He gets an essay and I get expelled?

DR. CREON: That will be all. (*exits*)

EUNICE: You have 30 minutes to clean out your locker. Get moving.

PAUL: That's not fair!!

We now return to the scene between PAUL and AGATHA. AGATHA stands aghast.

AGATHA: That's not fair!

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

PAUL: I haven't done anything in three months. I'm actually starting to get C's in all my classes. What was the point?

HALF CHORUS: Elliot is an honour student.

HALF CHORUS: Elliot is a basketball star.

HALF CHORUS: Elliot volunteers.

HALF CHORUS: Elliot is a wonderful human being!

PAUL: HEY!!! What about Paul?

HALF CHORUS: Paul is...

HALF CHORUS: Well...

AGATHA: (*to the CHORUS*) 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?

AGATHA: You're different, that's all.

PAUL: Yeah, that makes me feel so much better. You know what? I'm glad I don't have to spend another minute in this stupid uniform.

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

CHORUS: Dissension!

PAUL: (*to CHORUS*) Shut up!

ELLIOT enters from the opposite side of the stage.

ELLIOT: Paul!

PAUL: I'm not talking to you! (*storms off*)

ELLIOT: Wait!

AGATHA: (*calling after*) Paul!

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

AGATHA: (*picking up PAUL's tie*) He's pretty upset.

ELLIOT: I know.

AGATHA: You have to talk to Dr. Creon.

ELLIOT: Me?

AGATHA: You both did the same thing and he's getting punished.

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. I didn't think he'd freak out on us.

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

ELLIOT: You don't understand.

AGATHA: (*handing tie to ELLIOT*) I think I do.

ELLIOT: Paul never fit in here anyway. It's done, and there's no changing it. (*exits*)

AGATHA: Traitor!

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?
Caught. Trapped. Doomed.

DR. CREON crosses the stage with EUNICE and JOANNE following. AGATHA approaches DR. CREON. EUNICE and JOANNE stand at attention.

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.

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

DR. CREON: A shocking situation.

AGATHA: Actually I was wondering if... (*DR. CREON cuts her off*)

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 to... (*DR. CREON cuts her off*)

DR. CREON: And Paul. I was beginning...

AGATHA: (*interrupting*) That's what I wanted to talk to you about. I was wondering why Paul got expelled and Elliot didn't, seeing as they both did the same thing.

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

AGATHA: He's been trying to change.

DR. CREON: Not hard enough.

In this speech AGATHA seems to grow in stature. She is a vision of the Greek hero.

AGATHA: Paul and Elliot did the same thing. They should be treated equally, they should both have been expelled or they both should have been let go. (*pointing with power at DR. CREON*) You can't play favourites like that!

A deep throated "AHHHHHHH" comes from the CHORUS. The sound is more "AW" than "AY." AGATHA and DR. CREON stare at each other. AGATHA breaks first, looking away and physically backing down. The CHORUS is silent.

DR. CREON: I'm going to forget for a moment that you spoke to me in that tone of voice. You are speaking from a point of passion, as you always do. However, this is not one of your speeches. This is real life. Paul is a bad influence and I will not put up with his presence any longer.

AGATHA: It's still not fair.

DR. CREON: The discussion is closed. I know what's right. I'm the adult.

DR. CREON exits, followed by EUNICE and JOANNE. The CHORUS surrounds AGATHA.

AGATHA: I don't believe it.

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

AGATHA: I know what's right, too.

CHORUS: (*imitating*) I'm the adult.

AGATHA: He's breaking his own rules. His own rules!

CHORUS: What're you gonna do?

AGATHA: I don't know.

CHORUS: Agatha thinks. Agatha blinks.

AGATHA: Leave me alone.

HALF CHORUS: The day's almost done.

HALF CHORUS: The battle's just begun.

CHORUS: Do you think you have a chance?

AGATHA: I don't know.

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

AGATHA: Irene!

IRENE: (*shocked that AGATHA is talking to her*) Oh. Hi, Agatha.

AGATHA: I need to talk to you.

She drags IRENE away from her friends.

IRENE: (*annoyed to AGATHA*) It's all right, I wasn't doing anything important. Drag me wherever.

AGATHA: We need to talk 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: I would just, like, die if I ever got expelled. I wouldn't be able to show my face at all.

AGATHA: Irene that is not the –

IRENE: But I mean, if you're going to get expelled, it shouldn't be for something stupid, it should be for something really bad like cheating, or stealing, or –

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

IRENE: Well. 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. We have to help him.

IRENE: (*crossing her arms*) Define help.

AGATHA: I don't know. We have to show Dr. Creon he can't break his own rules.

IRENE: What?

AGATHA: Are you with me?

IRENE: Are you nuts? You're going 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: Wait a second.

IRENE: Agatha. I have four years of high school ahead of me. I'm not going to screw it up over Paul and Elliot.

AGATHA: But –

IRENE: But nothing. (*leaves*)

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

CHORUS: What're you gonna do?

AGATHA: I don't know.

CHORUS: Agatha thinks. Agatha blinks.

HALF CHORUS: The day's almost done.

HALF CHORUS: The battle's just begun.

CHORUS: Do you really think you have a chance?

AGATHA: What am I thinking? I can't go up against Dr. Creon. I should... I should leave well enough alone. I should... I should...

CHORUS: What're you gonna do?

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

AGATHA: Harry! I have to talk to you.

HARRY: Sorry Aggie, can't talk. 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: (*laughing*) I couldn't do that in a million years.

AGATHA: Sure you could.

HARRY: I'm not like you. I can't get up in front of people and just 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: Ha. I mean, you always know what to say and how to say it. 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. I gotta go. Talk later?

AGATHA: Sure.

HARRY: Wish me luck! (*exits*)

AGATHA: (*calling after him*) Good luck! (*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 walk away, it makes me just as bad as the rest of them.

CHORUS: What're you gonna do?

AGATHA: Something. Someone has to take a stand.

CHORUS: What about Cromagnon?

AGATHA: What about him?

CHORUS: He's on the warpath.

AGATHA: So what?

CHORUS: Possible expulsion. Expulsion. Expulsion. Expulsion.

AGATHA: (*considering her fate*) You know what? I... don't care. I don't care!

CHORUS: (*throwing arms in the air with glee*) She doesn't care!

AGATHA: I'm going to go for it!

CHORUS: (*arms in the air with glee*) She's going to go for it!

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

CHORUS: (*chanting*) Ag-a-tha! Ag-a-tha! Ag-a-tha!

AGATHA: Who's with me?

There is sudden silence from the CHORUS.

AGATHA: Who's with me? (*the CHORUS does not answer*) What's the matter?

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

AGATHA: Are you all afraid? Is that it?

CHORUS: (*strong*) Of course not!

AGATHA: Then who's with me?

A babble from the CHORUS, each coming up with a reason why they can't stand with AGATHA.

CHORUS: (*all at the same time but not speaking in unison*) I have to get to class. 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 and I don't think I should be standing. I promised my mother to come right home on Wednesdays. 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 as they run offstage*)

AGATHA: (*calling after*) Wait! Wait! I don't believe it. (*to self*) I guess I'm on my own. Well, I have two choices. Either I stand up... or I don't. I can do this. But what if I get expelled? If I get expelled I'm not going to be able to... stop it! Stop thinking like that! I have to do this. Here I come, Dr. Creon. Ready or not!

Blackout. Music plays, AGATHA runs off.

Lights up on lines of students (CHORUS and CHARACTERS) moving around the stage. One foot at a time. The trudging of feet. Everyone is moving as if walking through molasses. It takes all their energy to move from one step to the next. Super slow. Music fades.

CHORUS: (*speaking as if sleeping but rhythmically*) Walk. Walk. Get to school. Books. Yawn. Sit down. Do work. Bell rings. Walk to class. Sit down. Yawn. Bell rings. Walk to class. Sit down. Do work. Bell rings. Yawn. Go home. Walk. Walk. Do it all again.

The CHORUS continues to trudge along and quietly murmur the above list of actions. As they repeat, DR. CREON enters to stand on the platform. He is talking to the audience as if they are a group of parents whose children attend Thebes High.

DR. CREON: Thebes High has something exceptional to offer. Rules make strong spines. Yes, we have an excellent reputation for our academic standards, but students need more than academics.

We now hear the CHORUS clearly for a moment.

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

The CHORUS goes back to murmuring. The focus shifts back to DR. CREON.

DR. CREON: Some criticism was voiced when I introduced the uniform at Thebes High. Uniforms are an essential part of learning. They create equality. Our students are treated equally and they treat each other equally. If this is the type of education you would like your children to experience, then Thebes High is the place.

The focus shifts back to the CHORUS. DR. CREON turns his back to the action.

CHORUS: Walk to class. Sit down. Yawn. Walk home. Walk. Walk. Do it all again.

They continue to murmur and walk. HARRY runs onstage, weaving in and out of the figures. HARRY moves and speaks normally. He approaches IRENE. IRENE acts like a sleepwalker.

HARRY: Irene, have you seen Agatha?

IRENE: *(sleepily)* Nope.

HARRY: Are you sure?

IRENE: *(yawning)* She left before breakfast.

HARRY continues his search.

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

HARRY approaches ELLIOT.

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.

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...

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

NOTE: During this action, HELEN wanders offstage.

CHORUS: Sit down. Do work. Walk home. Walk. Walk. Do it all again.

JOANNE runs onstage blowing her whistle. She runs right to EUNICE. The two of them silently talk. The CHORUS starts to break out of their sleep state.

CHORUS: *(sleepily)* 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?

EUNICE: *(jumping back in alarm)* She what?

JOANNE blows her whistle and the two of run up to DR. CREON.

CHORUS: *(now a little louder as they wake up)*
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: *(reacting)* She what?

DR. CREON exits with JOANNE and EUNICE.

CHORUS: *(loud!)* 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?

HELEN runs on. She is panting and gasping for air.

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

CHORUS: What?

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

CHORUS: What?

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

CHORUS: Agatha what? Agatha where? 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 verbal and physical disbelief with each other. DR. CREON enters on the upper platform and everyone freezes. 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.

DR. CREON slams the book shut and exits. The CHORUS turns as they hear JOANNE.

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

EUNICE, AGATHA, and JOANNE enter, walking single file. AGATHA walks, her head held high, with a baseball cap on her head. AGATHA remains calm and collected. NOTE: the cap must be tight enough so that we cannot see any of her hair.

THE CHORUS is dismayed. If AGATHA can break the rules what does this mean for them?

CHORUS: Everything that is right in the world is wrong.
Everything that is wrong in the world is right.
The sun comes up at midnight and sets in the afternoon.
Our lives will never be the same again.

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. EUNICE and JOANNE 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: 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.

AGATHA: (to EUNICE) We haven't talked in a long time.

EUNICE: What?

AGATHA: We used to have some pretty great conversations. You must remember the sixth grade lunchroom.

EUNICE: I have no recollection of that time.

AGATHA: Really? That's too bad. I have a lot of fond memories of "That Time."

EUNICE: We run in different circles these days.

AGATHA: I guess.

JOANNE: (to EUNICE) You were friends?

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

JOANNE reluctantly leaves. There is another silence.

AGATHA: Do you ever think of breaking the 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: Never.

AGATHA: Why not?

EUNICE: Agatha!

AGATHA: There's a certain power about it, you know. Thinking about breaking the rules. There's nothing wrong with thinking, you know. It's just ideas floating around. Sometimes you have to take what you're thinking very seriously. Sometimes you have to act on what you're thinking and there's nothing wrong with that either.

EUNICE: You should stop talking right now.

AGATHA: It's just words. What am I doing, Eunice? Am I cheating on a test? Am I breaking windows?

EUNICE: Rules are rules 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 dangerous thoughts.

EUNICE: (*jumping to attention*) Sir, Dr. Creon, sir!

DR. CREON: Agatha, there are no ball caps in school. You know the rules.

AGATHA: Yes.

DR. CREON: And yet, you defy them.

AGATHA: I'd like to talk to you about Paul and Elliot.

DR. CREON: You are not in a position to bargain. Remove your cap. (*AGATHA does not*) 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. Whatever you say.

AGATHA removes the cap with a flourish. Underneath, her hair is dyed neon green. EUNICE is aghast. Her mouth drops to the floor.

EUNICE: Are you trying to get expelled?!

DR. CREON: Thank you, Eunice. You may return to class.

EUNICE leaves the platform in a daze.

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

AGATHA: Yes, it is.

AGATHA stands. She is tall and proud. A deep “AHHHHH” comes from the CHORUS. The lights change. The following 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. I stand by my decision no matter what you say. Deal with me as you must. As swift and severe as you must.

The “AHHH” stops and the lights return to normal.

DR. CREON: If you are trying to turn yourself into a martyr, you'll fail before you succeed.

AGATHA: I am standing up for my brother when no one will stand up for him.

DR. CREON: Will you really ruin your life to make this point?

AGATHA: It's a hat and hair and a pair of earrings. You are the one obsessed with making a point.

DR. CREON: Agatha, you –

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

DR. CREON: You have two choices. Tell me that tomorrow is a new day with your attitude and your hair returned to its normal state. Or, be expelled. I will leave you to decide.

DR. CREON stalks off and AGATHA sits. The focus shifts back to the CHORUS.

HALF CHORUS: (*astonished*) Can you believe it?

HALF CHORUS: What is she doing?

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.

PAUL sneaks onto the platform.

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

AGATHA: Paul!

PAUL: Shhh!

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

PAUL: What did you do to your hair???

AGATHA: I'm being dramatic. What are you doing here?

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

AGATHA: Paul. I can't run away.

PAUL: Yes, you can!

AGATHA: No.

PAUL: I'll drive you to whatever hairdressers you want; you can get your hair dyed back to its normal colour and –

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

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

PAUL: You can't get expelled. Not over me.

AGATHA: Why not over you?

PAUL: I'm not worth it.

AGATHA: Don't talk like that!

PAUL: (*hearing something*) Shhh!! Someone's coming. I'll be in the parking lot. OK?

AGATHA: Wait!

PAUL: Change your hair back, Agatha. You can't win. (*PAUL sneaks away.*)

AGATHA: Paul!

On the opposite side of the stage, HARRY sneaks onto the platform.

HARRY: (*whispering*) Agatha! Agatha! Psst!

AGATHA: (*turning in surprise*) Harry!

HARRY: (*stunned*) What did you do to your hair!

AGATHA: You better get out of here. You'll get in trouble.

HARRY: What are you doing?

AGATHA: I think I'm trying to get expelled.

HARRY: What? Why?

AGATHA: I'm taking a stand.

HARRY: But what if it gets you expelled?

AGATHA: What if it does?

HARRY: What if it affects the scholarship you're –

AGATHA: What if, what if, what if! (*beat*) Sorry. I want to focus on what's happening here and now.

HARRY: Which will affect your future.

AGATHA: I know.

HARRY: OK. (*thinking*) OK. Do you believe in what you're doing?

AGATHA: A hundred percent.

HARRY: In that case... I'll talk to my dad.

AGATHA: What? Why?

HARRY: Maybe he'll listen.

AGATHA: What will you say?

HARRY: I don't know. I'll make it up.

AGATHA: Harry! Make it up?

HARRY: On the spot.

AGATHA throws her arms around HARRY and gives him a big hug.

AGATHA: You're the best.

HARRY: (*speaking as a hero going to battle*) I might never come back, you know.

AGATHA: You better.



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