

JAMIE

(clocking her tone)

Is something wrong?

SUSAN

One, I tried really hard with the council and Sister Margaret, I tried my best, but the funds have already been reallocated to the Campus Ministry. So, we're still only left with 350.

JAMIE

Why give us anything? Why not make us pay them for the privilege of putting on a play?

SUSAN

I know you're joking, but please don't ever say that within earshot of the nuns, because they will think it's a brilliant idea.

Also, the Archdiocese is in town that week for the annual convention, so Father Benedict from St John's and the other priests will be attending opening night. Special guests of Sister Priscilla.

JAMIE

And I care because?

SUSAN

Some of us care.
And finally, um...

JAMIE

Oh god. Do you have to quit?

SUSAN

No! I'm really sorry I was late today, but I'm committed, don't worry about me.

*Jaime sighs, letting his extreme stress show for a minute.
He reaches out and squeezes Susan's shoulder, briefly.*

JAMIE

Thank you.

Susan takes a sec. This is gonna be weird to talk about.

SUSAN

Jamie.

JAMIE

Yeah?

SUSAN

The other thing is... the private rehearsals you're doing. In your office. The sisters, um. Especially Sister Margaret, but she's been talking to the others. They... well.

JAMIE

What, they have a problem with it?

SUSAN

(embarrassed)

If you need to keep doing it, they want me to be there?

JAMIE

As a chaperone.

SUSAN

But the thing is, I don't have time. So... look. Just... I - I know why you have to. They barely gave you enough rehearsal time to begin with, and this is a difficult play.

JAMIE

Mmhmm.

SUSAN

I'm just- look I don't have to be there - I'm just letting you know that- they- they - want me to?

(pause)

They're *nuns*! We're Catholic. It's... just... how things are. Here.

Jamie doesn't say anything. He paces around, angry, frustrated.

SUSAN

I'm sorry Jamie.

Jamie looks at her, surprised.

JAMIE

Why are you sorry?

SUSAN

I thought this would be... fun. When they agreed to hire a drama teacher I thought of you right away. But I'm sorry. You're too good for this place. They haven't had a school play here in fifteen years, and I keep trying, but I just - I can't -

JAMIE

Hey. It's fine. Really. I'm grateful for the job.
It's just new, and... infuriating, but... it's a challenge. I like challenges.

SUSAN

It'll be easier next year. And all those girls who hate lacrosse and basketball and struggle with their grades and just want to do something creative, they'll finally have... room to breathe.

She looks around the rehearsal space.

JAMIE

Look at you. All grown-up. Going places. Your parents must be so proud.

SUSAN

Wouldn't hurt them to say it once... a year... or so... but thank you.

JAMIE

Greg and Mary-Beth are coming for the play, right?

SUSAN

I think so? If my Dad can get away, sure.

Another warning bell rings.

SUSAN

And I have to get back. The bedtime roll isn't going to call itself.

Jamie nods, lost in thought.

SUSAN

And listen, about... everything they're asking.
You just have to start thinking like we do. We play by their rules, we act the part, until they look away and then we can do whatever we want.

JAMIE

Should you be talking like this, as the Head Girl?

SUSAN

(matter-of-fact)

How do you think I got this far?

She exits.