

# Pandora's Locker

*An opera by Dean Burry*

Pandora, *soprano*

Calli, *soprano*

Diana, *mezzo-soprano*

Alex, *tenor*

A janitor, *baritone*

The Father Figure (may be played by Janitor or a Chorus member), *baritone*

CHORUS of students (Minimum of four performers, which includes the following individual roles)

Mother's Voice, *mezzo-soprano*

Girl 1, *soprano*

Girl 2, *mezzo-soprano*

Guy 1, *tenor*

Guy 2, *baritone*

3 French Shopkeepers *soprano, soprano, mezzo-soprano*

3 Italian Waiters, *tenor, tenor, baritone*

Thai Man, *tenor*

Super Hunky Jock Guy, *tenor*

Dreamy Mysterious Artsy Guy, *baritone*

Super Nerdy Smart Guy, *tenor*

## Prologue

*(Friday afternoon at an unremarkable high school. A row of lockers represents a hallway. The janitor makes his way through his list of chores. Pandora, a teenage girl runs in with an envelope crushed in her fist. She is exhausted, dishevelled and somewhat frantic. She glances at the envelope and nervously looks to make sure there is no one around.)*

Mother's Voice:       *(pre-recorded and scratched.)* Pandora Pandora  
If you really want to know the name  
to know the name  
and throw your life away  
                          to play the game  
                          to lay the blame  
                          to say the name of your father

open the letter

open the letter.

Pandora dora dora  
are you really ready to face the facts  
to face the facts  
your face in the mirror  
    a clearer reflection  
    a fear of rejection  
    a nearer connection?

If you don't like what you see  
don't turn to me,  
return to me.

If you've got to feed this flame  
than lay the blame on yourself if you get burned

You wanna know the name of your father?

Open the letter.  
Open the letter.

*(She is about to open the letter when the bell rings and Pandora hides to one side, crouching and seen only by the audience. Students rush into the hallway. Pandora remains unnoticed but listens as the students prepare to go home.)*

## Scene One

Chorus:               Where's Pandora?

Diana & Calli:       Where's Pandora?

Diana:                This is like the seventh day she hasn't been in school this month.

Chorus:               She's probably in an alley somewhere.

Calli:                 Mr. Smith is gonna kill her if she misses one more class.

Chorus:               Did we mention she's a ho?

Diana & Calli:       What is she thinking?  
                          What is she doing?  
                          Why is she giving up like this?

Diana:                Did you talk to her this morning?

Chorus: Was she sick or was she drunk?

Calli: No her mom said she hadn't been home all night.  
Was she with your brother?

Chorus: Did we mention her mother's a ho?

Diana: No, Alex was home all night.

Chorus: He's way too good for her.

Calli & Diana: Alex, was Pandora ok last night?

Alex: Yeah fine, I guess-  
fine for Pandora.

Chorus: Why does he put up with her.

Alex: I dropped her off at home after the game.

Chorus: Alexander the great!

Calli & Diana: No one has seen her all day.

Girls: Alexander, you going to the party tonight?

Alex: Yeah, I'll be there.

Girls: Ooh.

Alex: With Pandora.

Girls: Ugh.

Girl1: What do you see in that slob?

Girl2: You could do much better.

Alex: We'll see you at the party.

Girls: Your loss.

Diana, Calli & Alex: Where in the world is Pandora?

Chorus: Pandora dora dora

whatcha gonna do  
whatcha gonna say  
whatcha gonna be  
gonna be like  
believe  
begin?

That girl is just a bitch  
like an itch you gotta scratch her  
catch her  
that's her game  
that's her way.  
Thinks she's better than the rest of us  
best of us  
Got the nerve, but serves her right  
if everybody hates her  
hates her.

Walk 'round school like you own the world,  
like a big shot  
so hot  
so not.  
With a chip on your shoulder  
couldn't be bolder  
colder.  
Has anybody told her she's a loser  
loser  
loser?

Guy1: I have.

Chorus: Me too!

Used to be such a nice girl  
such a nice and nameless  
shameless  
blameless  
no one.

Everybody's gotta step it up  
pick it up.  
Find yourself and be a someone  
gotta choose a path  
gotta pick a life  
gotta ask the question  
question

question  
question who you are.

Gotta suck though if the answer's you're a bitch!

Pandora dora dora  
whatcha gonna do  
whatcha gonna say  
whatcha gonna be?

Calli & Diana: Pandora's not the same  
it was so easy to be friends  
when our biggest problems  
were what movie to see  
where to hang out  
what game to play.  
We were gonna be three forever  
but now Pandora's changed.

Calli: Haven't we all changed?

Diana: Yeah, but we changed together  
and she's going the other way fast.

Calli: It's not too late.

Diana: Just listen to them, Calli.  
Everybody hates her.  
We stand by her too long  
they're gonna hate us too.

Calli: Diana, she's our friend.

Girls: Diana, where's your friend -  
tit's up in a dumpster?

Diana, Calli & Alex: Shut it!  
Pandora's not like that.  
What gives you the right to judge her  
like you are the perfect models  
of high school gods and goddesses.  
Never a flaw  
Never a problem.  
Why don't you mind your own goddam business?

Chorus: Sorry.

Just asking. *(they laugh)*

Guy1: So where is Pandora, Alex?

Guy2: A guy should know where his girl is.

Alex: Yeah, I know, but what am I supposed to do?

Guys: Dump her, Alex, dump her.

Alex: Look, we've been together since we were kids,  
playing dolls with my sister, Diana.

Guys: You played with dolls?

Alex: Not me, Pandora.

Guys: You played with Pandora?

Alex: Quit it.  
She was the first girl I ever kissed.  
She was the first girl I ever danced with.

Guys: And, and, and...

Alex: Like I said -  
the first.

Guys: Fine, but then you were kids,  
now you're a man -  
not just a man but the captain of the basketball team.  
That makes you a king.

Don't you know you could have any girl in school?  
Don't you see Pandora's dragging you down?

Alex: I know Pandora's not the same  
I know that,  
but she'd lose it if I left her.  
                  so maybe I'm stuck  
                  shit out of luck.  
Sometimes I feel I'm everything she's got.

Listen, Diana.  
If you see Pandora, tell her to stop by after practise.

Diana: Don't count on it.

Alexander: Later.

Chorus: Pandora dora dora  
whatcha gonna do  
whatcha gonna say  
whatcha gonna be  
gonna be like  
believe  
begin  
be?

*(The Chorus and Alex exit. When the coast is clear, Pandora approaches Diana and Calli.)*

Calli: Omigod, Pandora.

Diana: Where have you been?

*(Pandora holds up the letter.)*

Pandora: It's about my father.

Calli: Your father?  
Pandora, did your mom tell you his name?

Pandora: Ever since I was a little girl I've asked my mother  
who he is  
what he is  
where?  
And always it was the same,  
'some questions are better left unanswered'.  
Always so much bullshit with my mother.  
  
So time goes on and you learn how to deal with not knowing  
after a while you just stop caring  
caring about anything,  
till one night you come home and the witch is sitting in the kitchen,  
a letter on the table  
like some fucking crystal ball  
  
'I know you're searching for something' she says  
'you want to know your father' she says  
'but I wash my hands if he does to you the things he did to me.  
If you choose to know your father  
then the choice is yours alone

alone  
alone’.

There’s a fire inside of me.  
I don’t know why it burns,  
but it burns.

Diana: This is amazing - the name of your father.

Calli: Pandora, you’ve waited for years.

Pandora: Years.  
I’ve waited for years. But I don’t care anymore.

Calli: Then why are you yelling?

Pandora: Go to hell.

Diana: Don’t talk to her like that!

Calli: It’s ok.  
Pandora, I’m sure your mom had her reasons.

Pandora: Don’t you dare take her side!  
She’s a bitch and you know it!

Diana & Calli: Pandora, we’re just trying to help.  
We’re your friends.

Pandora: My friends?  
You with your band geek freaks and fundraising dances?  
You with your lesbian basketball jockettes?  
We may have been friends  
but you guys have changed.  
Nothing’s the same,  
Just leave me alone.

You’re just like everyone else.

Diana & Calli: Pandora...

Pandora: *(yelling)* Leave me alone! *(she turns away)*

*(The girls are about to leave when they stop and turn back)*

Diana & Calli: There’s a party tonight at Boomer’s.

Maybe we'll catch up later.

Pandora: Leave me the hell alone.

*(Alex enters with a basketball as Calli and Diana are leaving.)*

Alex: Hey P, what's up?

Pandora: The end of the world.

Alex: Little dramatic?

Pandora: You know me.  
This letter has the name of my father.

Alex: *(excited, but then feigning indifference)* Your dad?  
So what, who cares  
not you, right?

Pandora: Right.

Alex: What do you need him for,  
right?

Pandora: Right.

Alex: You got everything you need.

Pandora: Everything.  
Everything I need you give me.  
Everything I have worth having  
comes from you.  
When we're together I can forget about my life  
myself  
my everything.

Alex: *(Sung as a duet, but Pandora does not really listen to Alex.)*  
Everyday I wonder  
if every time is wrong  
every moment lost if we go on like this forever.  
You know I'll always be there  
I swear I'll always be there.  
I'd do anything, but be everything  
to you.

Pandora: Thank god I've got you.

Alex: No worries, P.  
Hey, you going to Boomer's tonight?

Pandora: I'm not in the mood.

Alex: Come on, you've got to.  
Everyone who's anyone will be there  
and P?

Pandora: Yeah?

Alex: Could you wear that dress Diana gave you?  
You'd look amazing in that?

Pandora: *(quickly losing her temper)* You want a dress Alex?  
You want miss perky nose prissy ass?  
Tough shit!  
That ain't me.

Alex: Aw, P, I'm just saying...

Pandora: Not you too, Alex.  
I'm not in the mood.

Alex: P?

Pandora: I'll call you later.

Alex: Later.

*(He exits.)*

Pandora: There's a fire inside of me.  
I don't know why it burns  
but it's greedy and yearns  
and it's turning me into  
a hollow abandoned ruin.

There's a fire inside of me.  
All ashes and smoke  
and it sounds like a joke  
but it's choking me so hard  
like an unseen stalker.

Sealed inside this envelope is the answer to a question.

Fuel for the fire,  
all we desire.  
But will it blaze higher or low?  
Where does the burn ever go?

There's a fire inside of me.  
I don't know why it burns  
but it burns.

*(The janitor startles her.)*

Janitor: Pandora.

Pandora: Shit!

Janitor: Sorry.  
You look like you need some time to chill.  
I've got rounds to do.  
Take all the time you need.  
I'll see you are left alone.  
If that's what you want.

*(Pandora says nothing as he walks away. She stares at the envelope for a moment then throws it into her locker. She slams the door shut and sinks to the floor with her head in her hands.)*

## Scene Two

*(There is a knocking from inside the locker. Pandora, confused, slowly stands and opens the door. A man wearing a business suit steps out of the locker. He is the Father Figure and wears an impressive classical Greek theatre mask depicting Zeus.)*

Father: Hello, Pandora.

Pandora: Who the hell are you?

Father: Look at the mirror's reflection.  
Before me a beautiful young lady,  
and I'm bursting with pride

Pandora: Look, I don't know what you were doing in my locker, but...

Father: What does that matter now princess?  
You wanted to know me and here I am.

Pandora: Dad?

Father: Look at the mirror's reflection  
I can see you've inherited my smile  
and I'm bursting  
bursting  
with pride.

My existence has not been complete.  
My world is missing the joy.  
My heart has been longing  
searching  
hoping  
and bursting  
bursting with pride.

Pandora: Dad, I've been searching too,  
but mom kept me away.  
It's been hard.

Father: Now Pandora, don't blame your mother.  
She did what she could,  
whatever that was.

Things are going to change.  
They have to.  
Your life is going to change  
and now you're coming with me.

Pandora: Where are we going?

Father: Around the world, princess.  
I have important business in Paris

Pandora: Paris?

Father: You are coming with me.

*(The Father Figure grabs Pandora by the hand and leads her behind the lockers. The rest of the cast enters as Chorus wearing uniform, non-descript Greek masks. They carry various items used to set the upcoming scene: garments, a bistro table and two chairs. An accordion version of "La Vie en Rose" is scratched.)*

Chorus: Open your eyes, Pandora.  
See beyond your own little mind.  
Reach beyond your own little life

to become something bigger  
something better.

There's a great big world out there  
where little girls become women.

Pandora dora dora  
whatcha gonna do  
whatcha gonna say  
whatcha gonna be  
gonna be like  
believe  
begin?

Bienvenue à Paris!

Paris, the City of Lights.  
Paris, the City of Love.  
The perfect place for a princess.  
The perfect place for Pandora.

*(Pandora enters with the Father. She is amazed by the sights and loving the attention of the Father Figure. Members of the chorus become the employees of a high fashion boutique.)*

3 Women: Bonjour, monsieur.  
Bonjour, mademoiselle  
how may we help you aujourd'hui  
a La Salon de Clique et Claque?

Father: My daughter...

Pandora: His daughter.

Father: My daughter needs an outfit  
befitting her new standing.

Pandora: Dad, I don't do dresses.

Father: Quiet, Pandora.  
I know this must seem new.  
Just trust me.

Ladies, what are you waiting for?  
We have not got all day.

*(The Chorus sets to work on her.)*

Chorus:       Quelle jolie fille.  
                  Malheuresment elle ressemble un couchon.  
                  Ses cheveux sont comme une lavette graisseuse  
                  et elle marche comme un canard.

                  Quelle jolie fille.  
                  Mais elle sent comme une vache.  
                  Elle plie comme un mendiant  
                  Que fait-elle avec Monsieur ?

*(What a pretty girl.  
Unfortunately she looks like a pig.  
Her hair is like a greasy mop  
and she walks like a duck.*

*What a pretty girl  
but she smells like a cow.  
She slouches like a beggar.  
What's she doing with monsieur?)*

*(The Chorus pulls away to reveal several ridiculously girly additions to Pandora's basic clothes.)*

                  C'est fini! C'est magnifique!

Father:        Now you look like a princess.

*(Pandora actually seems to like it.)*

3 Women:     Au revoir, Monsieur.  
                  Au revoir, Mademoiselle.

Pandora:     *(trying her French)* Merci...beaucoup et...

Father:       *(pulling her away)* That's fine, Pandora.  
                  They have been paid.  
                  We have a plane to catch.

Pandora:     Where?

Father:       To Rome.

Pandora:     To Rome?

*(They exit behind the lockers. Verdi's "La donna é mobile" (1908 Caruso recording) is 'scratched' while the chorus changes the scene to an Italian ristorante.)*

Chorus: Rome: The Eternal City.  
Rome, the romance and the history.  
Pandora, you should feel at home  
when in Rome, when in Rome.

*(Pandora and the Father Figure enter.)*

3 Men (waiters): Buono sera, signore.  
Benvenuto, signorina.  
Right this way, per favore,  
your table, she is always waiting.  
at Il Camera di Alimento.

*(They are led to a table.)*

Pandora: It's so fancy.

Father: Anything for you, princess.

3 Men: And what would signorina like?

*(Pandora looks quizzically at the menu, turning it upside down, then back again.)*

Pandora: I'll just have spaghetti and meatballs.

3 Men: Spaghetti and meatballs, an excellent...

Father: No.  
She does not want meatballs.  
She will have *Orrechiette Funghi*.

Pandora: It's fine, dad.

3 Men: Signor, if the lady wants meatballs...

Father: *(standing)* Do not dare to question my will!  
You will listen and smile and serve.  
Is that understood?

3 Men: Si, signor. perdoni.

Father: In English!

3 Men: Yes sir, please forgive us.

Father: She will have the *Orrechiette Funghi* and so will I.  
Go.

*(He sits, anxious and simmering.)*

Pandora: Dad, it was really ok.  
I like spaghetti.

Father: No, it is never ok  
when people try to take advantage.  
Listen well, Pandora,  
you'll get nothing from life  
that you don't stand up and take.

Let's go. I have business in Bangkok.

*(He gets up and walks off without waiting for her. She stands up, confused, then leaves a tip on the table before running after him.)*

Chorus: Buona Fortuna, Signorina Pandora  
You better run faster if you want to keep up.

*(The scene is changed to a marketplace in Bangkok, Thailand, and the Chorus becomes street merchants and beggars.)*

Chorus: Bangkok: Celestial City of Angels,  
fallen and otherwise.  
whatcha gonna be pandora dora dora  
do you like what you see?

*(The merchants begin pushing their wares in Thai.)*

Séu, séu!  
Tá nim! Meu teu! Kong gra jook gra jik!  
Séu, séu!

*(Buy! Buy!  
Jewellery! Cellphones! Trinkets!  
Buy, buy!)*

*(The Father strides on followed by Pandora who is still pulling her suitcase and struggling to keep up.)*

Pandora: Dad, wait up.

Chorus: Buy now! You buy now!

Pandora: They were just trying to be helpful.

Father: Being helpful means accepting your place in the world.

Chorus: Buy now! You buy now!

Thai Man: *(motioning to Pandora's suitcase, but addressing the Father.)*  
Help you with your bag, mister?

Father: No.  
*(to Pandora)* Don't you understand you are different?

Pandora: How am I different?

Father: We are better than these people.

Thai Man: Help you with your bag, mister?

Father: I said no.  
Pandora, you are acting like a child.

Pandora: How would you know?

Thai Man: I take your bags, real cheap?

*(The Father Figure is furious and pulls a gun from his pocket. The Thai man falls to the ground, shaking. The bustle around them stops dead.)*

Father: I said NO!  
Learn to understand English godammit.  
Leave us the hell alone  
or I swear...

*(Pandora steps between the man and the Father.)*

Pandora: Dad, NO!

Father: What? Ashamed of your father  
or maybe scared?  
Maybe just ashamed and scared of yourself.  
This is who I am, Pandora.  
This is who you are, Pandora.  
Get used to it.

*(He tosses the gun to her and storms off.)*

Pandora: *(to the Chorus)* I'm so sorry

Chorus: This is who you are pandora dora dora  
whatcha gonna do  
whatcha gonna say  
whatcha gonna be  
gonna be like  
believe,  
begin?  
Pandora dora dora...

*(They circle her, ripping off the fancy Parisian clothes and stealing her suitcase. The Chorus runs off and the scene immediately switches back to the high school hallway. Pandora, still holding the gun, stands in shock.)*

## Scene Three

Pandora: What was that?  
Am I going crazy  
or just stuck in some nightmare?

All that I want is to know my dad  
and I'd probably end up with that racist bastard.  
What does that make me-  
a chip-off-the-old block  
like father like daughter  
or fire and water?  
There's a fire inside of me.

Janitor: Hey.

Pandora: *(startled, pocketing the gun)* Shit.  
Stop that, you're creeping me out.

Janitor: Sorry, I'm usually alone.

Pandora: What do you want?

Janitor: What do I want?  
Just offering some advice, I guess.

Some fires need to be feared.  
Some fires need to be fanned.  
Some fires need to be fed.  
Don't be so quick to judge your father.

Pandora: You don't know me.  
You don't know him.

Janitor: That's true, but do you?

Every man and woman has a thousand different stories.  
Every life has twists you'll never know.  
There's no way to understand all the things that people must do.  
So don't be too hard.  
Don't be too quick.  
Don't just see in black and white  
and try not to judge him  
before you even know him.

Pandora: This from a janitor?  
Screw off.  
I'll judge whoever the hell I want!

Janitor: You're right,  
you will. *(he exits)*

Pandora: Besides, who needs a dad-  
I've gotta boyfriend.

## Scene Four

*(There is a knock from inside the locker. Pandora takes a deep breath and opens the door. A handsome masked athletic guy steps out and a 'cat and mouse' game of teenage courtship begins. Other men and women join in a movement piece. The masked guy is about to kiss Pandora when they are interrupted by the banging of a judge's gavel.)*

Chorus: Order! Order in the court!  
All rise for the judge:  
Pandora's Father.

*(The chorus immediately changes the hallway to a courtroom scene. The Father Figure, now played by the tenor, sits.)*

Pandora: Dad, do you have to make such a big deal every time I meet a new guy?

Judge: Bring forth the accused.

*(Two chorus members handcuff the guy Pandora was with and bring him to the front of the stage.)*

Chorus: Super Hunky Jock Guy.

Judge: You stand accused of trying to live up to the standards of me,  
Pandora's father.  
How do you plead?

Jock: Huh?

Chorus: Not guilty, not guilty, he said.

Jock: Whatever.

Judge: Fine, proceed.

Chorus: Strong and handsome  
powerful and popular  
possessing a body that would make any girl drool.  
Quite a trophy for your daughter.

Pandora: Oh yeah, baby.

Judge: Super Hunky Jock Guy,  
just one question.  
How would you treat my daughter?

Jock: No worries, dude.  
I'd treat her just the same...  
as all my other babes.

Chorus: Scandal! Horror! Outrage!

Judge: I find you guilty!

Chorus: Guilty! Guilty!

Judge: And for your crimes you are sentenced to DEATH...  
by Dodgeball.  
Take him away.

Pandora: Aw, dad.

*(The Jock is taken away and the next prisoner is brought forward.)*

Chorus: Dreamy Mysterious Artsy Guy.

Judge: You stand accused of trying to live up the standards  
of me, Pandora's Father.  
How do you plead?

Artsy: Not guilty, your honour.

Chorus: Not guilty! Your honour, not guilty.

Judge: Well, at least the worm has manners.

Artsy: Thank you.

Judge: Shut up! Proceed.

Chorus: Rare and romantic,  
creative and caring,  
can make any girl swoon with a single phrase.

Artsy: Hey, pretty girl.

Pandora: *(swoons)* Oh, mama!

Judge: Dreamy Mysterious Artsy Guy-  
just one question  
how would you treat my daughter?

Artsy: I would treat your daughter like the princess she is.

Chorus: Awww.

Artsy: And I figure she can work while I get my band going,  
we're called 'The Sludge Zombies'.

Chorus: Scandal! Outrage! Horror!

Judge: I find you guilty.

Chorus: Guilty! Guilty!

Judge: I sentence you to DEATH...by trombone!

Pandora: That's just weird.

Judge: Take him away.

*(The Chorus leads him away and brings forth Super Nerdy Smart Guy.)*

Chorus: Super Nerdy Smart Guy.

Judge: Super Nerdy Smart Guy,  
You stand accused of trying to live up the standards  
of me, Pandora's Father.  
How do you plead?

Nerd: Your Honour, in my defence,  
I would like to say that I am different from other men.  
I spend my time in scientific pursuit.

Judge: Finally, a man with ambitions.

Pandora: Bor-ing.

Judge: Proceed.

Nerd: I wish to be the country's premiere Thermodynamastitian.

Pandora: Thermo-dyna-who?

Nerd: To perfect the processes of reverse osmosis.

Pandora: *(beginning to get turned on by the scientific lingo)* Ooh, kinky.

Nerd: To supplement the success of redox titrations.

Pandora: Yeah, baby.

Nerd: Geometric isomers.

Pandora: Oh yeah, isomers.

Nerd: The macromolecular melting point.

Pandora: *(getting more and more excited)* I'm melting, big boy!

Nerd: Fission.

Pandora: Yes.

Nerd: Fusion.

Pandora: Yes!

Nerd: Combustion!

Pandora: Yes!

Nerd: Ignition!

Pandora: Yes!

Nerd: Eruption!

Pandora: Oh yes!

Nerd: Emission!

Pandora: Oh yes!!

Nerd: Spontaneous Organic Reaction!

Pandora: *(worked up and in a frenzy)*  
SPONTANEOUS...ORGANIC...REACTION!

*(There is a stunned silence as everyone stares at Pandora, aghast. She is mildly embarrassed.)*

Pandora: Now that's what I call sexual chemistry.

Chorus: Scandal! Outrage! Horror!

Judge: I find you guilty!

Chorus: Guilty! Guilty!

Judge: I sentence you to DEATH...by Dilution!

Nerd: Nooooo!

*(The Nerd is taken away.)*

Pandora: Dad, stop it.  
You can't do this.

Judge: I am your father and I shall do whatever I wish.

Pandora: Well, if no boyfriend can live up to your standards, maybe I should get a girlfriend.

Chorus: Scandal! Outrage! Horror!

Girls: Call us.

Judge: Pandora, for your crimes I sentence you...

Pandora: Wait, I'm not on trial here.

Chorus: With parents, you're always on trial.

Judge: I sentence you to life in as a nun in a convent!

Chorus: And not like *The Sound of Music*,  
no Christopher Plummer,  
no cute Nazis in the gazebo!

Chorus & Judge: You are sentenced to life...  
alone.

*(The Chorus exits and the scene switches back to the hallway. Pandora is more confused than upset. She actually seems to be learning something from these episodes.)*

## Scene Five

*(The Janitor goes about his business.)*

Pandora: Hey, mister, I'm sorry for yelling at you.  
I've got a bit of a temper problem.

Janitor: Yeah, I noticed.  
Don't worry about it.  
But I appreciate the apology.

Pandora: Have you ever had a question  
you were afraid to ask  
but couldn't let it go?

There's a fire inside of me.

Sealed inside this envelope is the answer to a question.  
Fuel for the fire,  
all we desire.  
But will it blaze higher or low?  
Where does the burn ever go?

Ever since I was a little girl I've asked my mother  
who he is  
what he is  
where?

Janitor: Your dad?  
Pandora...ask the question.

Pandora: What if he doesn't love me?  
What if he's just a loser  
or maybe even a monster?

Is that what I'll see when I look in the mirror?  
Angry, unloved and alone.

Janitor: You know, I haven't been that many places.  
I've never been to Paris or Rome.  
But I've never heard a question that shouldn't have been asked.  
What makes people great, is the burning need to know.

I haven't lived the lives of some men.  
I'm no great judge of what folks do.  
But I've never heard an answer that shouldn't have been questioned.  
What makes people great is choosing their own way.

Don't look at those around you  
or how they look at you.  
Look down deep inside,  
see the fire inside  
and remember that that fire makes you you.

Ask every question.  
Question every answer.  
Pandora is who Pandora wants to be.

*(Pandora has truly been transported by these words and feels more peaceful than she has in a long time.)*

Pandora: Thanks, mister...I don't even know your name.

Janitor: My name is Mr. McKay.

Pandora: Thanks, Mr. McKay.  
Can I give you a hug?

Janitor: Yeah, I'll probably get fired, but what the hell.

*(Pandora hugs him and he begins to leave.)*

Janitor: I'm almost done here.

Pandora: Me too.

*(Janitor exits.)*

## Scene Six

*(Pandora opens the locker and a group of masked party-goers piles out. They set the stage as a house party, obviously the house party at "Boomer's" mentioned earlier. The masked Alex and Calli begin flirting in the corner. Pandora is relieved at seeing a familiar scene and is completely relaxed when the Father Figure steps from the locker.)*

Father: Hi, Pandora.

Pandora: Hi, dad.

Father: Is everything ok?

Pandora: *(hugging him)* Just great, dad.

Father: Looks like a party.  
You should go join in,  
have fun.

Pandora: Come on, I want you to meet my friends.

*(She leads him, arm-in-arm to the party.)*

Chorus: Hey Pandora, great to see you.  
Now this is a party.

Pandora: Has anyone seen Diana or Calli or Alex?

Chorus: They're out back.

Later.

*(Pandora approaches Diana who removes her mask.)*

Pandora: Diana, this is my dad.  
Where's Calli?

*(Diana motions to the masked Calli and Alex who are now fully making out. Pandora pulls Calli away and takes off her mask.)*

Pandora: Calli, take a breather, girl.  
I want you to meet my dad.  
Now you gotta meet my boyfriend.  
Where's Alex?

*(Everyone looks at the masked Alex. A horrible realization dawns on Pandora. She fearfully moves to Alex and rips the mask off.)*

Pandora: Alex!?

*(Calli moves next to Alex and puts her arm around him.)*

Pandora: Calli? You supposed to be my best friend!

*(The Chorus surrounds Pandora.)*

Chorus: Pandora dora dora  
whatcha gonna do  
whatcha gonna say  
whatcha gonna be  
gonna be like  
believe  
begin?

Pandora: No, Alex. How could you?

Alex: It meant nothing, P.

Chorus: You meant nothing, P.

Pandora: You're everything I have.  
What's left?

Chorus: Used to be such a nice girl,  
such a nice and nameless  
shameless

blameless  
no one.

Pandora: This can't be happening to me.  
Everybody in my life has betrayed me.

Chorus: Everybody's gotta step it up  
pick it up.  
Find yourself and be a someone  
gotta choose a path  
gotta pick a life  
gotta ask the question  
question  
question.

*(spoken)* Who the hell do you think you are?

Pandora: I can't take this.

Father: Pandora, don't just stand there.  
Open yourself to the anger.  
Unleash the power within you  
and see that justice is done!

You have been given many gifts.  
I have given you gifts,  
so look inside,  
and free the demons trying to escape.

Chorus: Ask every question.

Pandora: Who is Pandora?

Father: We are the same.

Chorus: Question every answer.

Pandora: How can I go on?

Father: Look inside, Pandora.  
Find the strength, Pandora!  
This is who you are, Pandora!

*(Pandora realises the gun is still in her pocket, pulls it out and stares at it.)*

Chorus: Pandora dora dora

Whatcha gonna do?  
Whatcha gonna say?  
Whatcha gonna be?

Pandora: This is who I am!

*(The music rises to a climax. Pandora shoots Alex. Diana steps in front of Calli who has fallen to her knees to beg. Pandora shoots Diana and then Calli where she kneels. All three fall dead. The Chorus reacts with cries of horror and fear.)*

Father: That's it, Pandora!  
Destroy what you fear!

*(Pandora has completely lost control as she swings the gun towards the Father Figure who stands defiant and unafraid, almost tempting her to shoot him. Pandora slowly brings the gun to her own head as she sinks sobbing to the floor. The Father Figure looks at her in disgust and grabs the gun from her.)*

Father: Pathetic.

*(He exits followed by the Chorus, including the slain students. The music suddenly stops and the scene switches back to the lonely hallway. Pandora's sobbing is the only sound. After a moment, the Janitor enters with Alex, Diana and Calli. They have returned to the school in search of their friend.)*

Janitor: She's right over there.

*(They go to her and she looks up but remains on the floor.)*

Pandora: Things are gonna change  
          they have to.  
Things are gonna change  
          for the better.  
Things are gonna change  
          I swear to you  
          and change is gonna do me good.

I've turned myself into a box  
to hide away my fears,  
          the pain and anger, selfishness and hate,  
          fears I've gotta face  
          find a safer place.  
Open up the lock to set the fire free.

Guys, I'm so sorry.

