

Character List:

Daisy—A trans woman, mid-to-late 20s,

Middle-aged Daisy (MD)—A trans woman, 45-50

Old Daisy (OD) —A trans woman 65

Young Daisy (Henry) (YD)—Cis boy, 12 years old.

Middle aged Henry (MH) —cis man, 45-50,

Old Henry (OH) —cis man 65 years old

MOM—Daisy's mom.

Miscellaneous Characters played by members of the chorus (everyone except for DAISY)

Scene 3

DAISY takes the chair off to the side, pulls out a sheet of paper (the document from scene 1) and starts writing on it. Continuing to skip the first question. Maybe the document is projected again. The rest of the group circles around OD. as if at a funeral. MOM begins to speak.

MOM

We gather here today to remember things as they once were, and to mourn what might have been. We remember a wife, a mother, who gave her heart and soul to her children, we remember the rotten child who made her late to the corporate picnic, we mourn my future career—

DAISY

(standing) Okay, okay, I'm done.

DAISY rushes over to where MOM is standing, stuffing the papers back into her pocket.

The group disbands, and OD. stands back up, shuffling back in with the chorus. They create the corporate picnic.

MOM

What were you writing?

DAISY

Nothing. Drawing.

MOM

I'm late because of a doodle? You'd better start producing Picasso's soon.

DAISY

I thought we were waiting for dad.

MOM

Dad isn't coming.

CHORUS

Greetings! Meetings. Greeting and re-meeting at the corporaaaaate picnic.

MOM

(approaching OD and OH) Daryl! Marie. It's so nice to see you two. You remember my son, Henry.

On the opposite side of the stage, MH. punches MD. in the stomach. MD. hunches over in pain. DAISY notices the punch, and interjects quickly.

DAISY

Actually, my friends call me Daisy. It's my favorite flower. See? *(DAISY lifts her necklace up for the couple to see. It's a beautiful, large pendant)*

With newfound strength, MD. lifts her chest and strikes against MH, kicking him in the groin. During the following lines, the two grapple each other, wrestling but without making much progress against the other.

BUSINESS DARYL

Well. Would you look at that.

MOM

Most of the year he's off at Carlton College.

DAISY

Studying art and design.

MOM

But he stays with us during the summer.

BUSINESS MARIE

Oh, that's wonderful.

BUSINESS DARYL

Well if you ever strike out in art, based on what I know of your mother, you'd fit right in at the firm. What was your name again.

(simultaneously)

DAISY

Daisy.

MOM

Henry.

A slight pause as BUSINESS DARYL prepares to break the tension.

BUSINESS DARYL

(to DAISY) You don't find it odd that your friends call you after a flower?

DAISY

(bravely) Who doesn't like flowers?

BUSINESS MARIE

(to BUSINESS DARYL) Darling, there go the Rassmussens. *(to MOM)* A pleasure, as always.

(to DAISY) and it was delightful to meet you again. Daisy's are one of my favorites too.

MD and MH, who have grappled each other into a hold on the ground, both fall limp, exhausted, but not dead. They roll away from each other, and begin slowly to regain their strength and rejoin the party. They are met by OD and OH, who help them to their feet and engage them in conversation.

MOM

You cut that out.

DAISY

What?

MOM

Don't bullshit me. I am your *mother*. How *dare* you embarrass me like that.

DAISY

I didn't—

MOM

"This is my son, the boy who plays with flowers"

DAISY

I'm not a boy.

MOM

You SHUT IT. I pay for the house you live in, I pay for the food you eat. As long as you are my child, you will be my son. I let you wear your clothes, draw your pictures, wear your necklaces. But you will not take away my little boy.

YD., who has been sitting in the plastic chair on the other side of the stage, comes running toward DAISY and MOM. It looks as if he could be running to either of them, but at the last moment, jumps into DAISY's arms. She holds him.

DAISY

I need to go to the bathroom.

The chorus breaks up, and chants in unison as they clear the stage, leaving the chair dead center. DAISY carries YD around, eventually reaching the seat.

CHORUS

All hail

the ADA!

And thank her,

for the Family Bathroom.

DAISY sits down, still holding YD.

DAISY

Are you okay?

YOUNG DAISY

Me? Of course I'm okay.

DAISY

Really? You seemed scared?

YOUNG DAISY

I don't get scared. You're the one who gets scared.

DAISY

I guess you're right. I miss that.

YOUNG DAISY

But now you're not scared. Because you're all by yourself. No one can hurt you when you're by yourself.

YD has stood up, and is now exploring the family bathroom. The bathroom starts small, but begins to expand the more YD explores, slowly filling the entire stage. DAISY watches, anxiously.

YOUNG DAISY

Teach me something.

DAISY

Like what?

YOUNG DAISY

Something I don't know yet. Something cool, or beautiful. Something worth knowing.

DAISY

I don't know a lot.

YOUNG DAISY

Well, what *do* you know?

DAISY

(after a moment of thought) I could teach you to draw.

YOUNG DAISY

I already know how to draw. I drew a spider and a monster for mom and dad today. I wanted to learn something new.

DAISY

Then we'll draw something new. *(taking out the papers from her pocket, and pulling them apart from the staple)* Here, draw on the back of this. I think I have a pencil or two in my bag.

(shuffling through it) or here, how about a marker?

DAISY hands YD a pink marker, and they both lay down on the ground to use the floor as a flat drawing surface.

YOUNG DAISY

What's this for?

DAISY

It's scrap paper, just draw on the back. I'm going to show you how to draw a daisy.

YD is hesitant, but begins to follow along. We see both drawings projected side by side, as they are being created on stage. DAISY's drawing is precise and clean, while YD's is hesitant, but joyful, shown in pink marker.

We'll start with the head. It looks like a circle, but really it's tons of smaller circles, spiraling out from each other in a disk. The core is more organized, the outsides a little more free. Hundreds or flowers in every daisy.

YD is trying to mimic the intricacies of DAISY's drawing, but the thickness of the marker is making the details all blur together. He's clearly getting frustrated.

Whoa, take it easy there. Don't worry about it. The pedals are the prettiest part anyway.

DAISY begins drawing the pedals, and YD follows along. She draws two pedals, on opposite sides of the flower head.

Now, this one is me, and this one is you.

She draws two more pedals, perpendicular to the ones before.

And there's mom and dad.

She keeps drawing one pedal after another, always mirroring each other from the center of the flower.

And there are your friends, your school, your hobbies, your job,

YOUNG DAISY

I don't have a job.

DAISY

Okay, then something else. But for everything you add, you add one on the other side. It keeps the Daisy symmetrical. That's why they're so pretty.

YOUNG DAISY

What if you lose one of the pedals?

DAISY

Then I guess you could pluck one from the other side. There's a french game, "he loves me, he loves me not", where you pluck off the pedals of a daisy to figure out if your crush likes you back. I don't pluck daisy's though. I'd hate to see an empty flower.

YOUNG DAISY

What about the stem?

DAISY

I don't like to draw the stems. Daisy's are prettiest when they aren't attached to anything.

YOUNG DAISY

But how would they grow?

DAISY

These ones don't have to grow. They're just drawings. We can make them whatever way we want.

YD stands up, leaving the drawing on the ground.

YOUNG DAISY

I'm tired now. I'm going to go find mom.

DAISY

Okay, have fun. Bye, Daisy.

YD turns around before running all the way out.

YOUNG DAISY

Huh?

DAISY

Sorry, Henry. I was just saying bye.

YOUNG DAISY

Oh. Okay.

He runs off. DAISY walks behind, watching him go. She stands and looks for a while.

MOM enters from the other side, trailed by the chorus. She walks towards the papers on the ground, picking them up, she looks at the pictures, shakes her head, and then turns them around to see the other side.

MOM and CHORUS

Your name?

DAISY

Kind of a cruel and ironic opening question, don't you—

MOM

This is what you've been sneaking around with? Paperwork to change your name? Your sex?

The Chorus Exits after YD, leaving DAISY and MOM alone.

DAISY

Mom, I told you that—

MOM

Did I do something wrong? Did I raise you like this? God gave you your gender and I gave you your name.

DAISY

Please, Mom, it's not about—

MOM

Do you know what you're doing to this family? Can you see what you're doing?

The CHORUS re-enters, dragging YD in. He's scared, and yelling for help.

DAISY

Mom, what is this. What are you doing, what are yoU DOING?

MOM pulls out a knife, and stabs YD, who lets out a gentle squeak, more of surprise than of pain. The CHORUS drops YD, who falls gently into MOM's arms. MOM cries as she holds him.

DAISY

I've already submitted the paperwork.

Everyone turns to look, including YD.

A month ago. I'm filling out another copy as part of a collage. A self portrait.

YD stands back up, completely unharmed. He takes the knife, and pokes it into OLD HANK, then into MIDDLE AGED HANK, then into MOM. Everyone watches, but is unaffected, as the clearly retractable blade gently pokes the three of them. After MOM gets poked, she takes the knife back away from him.

MOM

(to DAISY) I used to love you so much.

MOM, YOUNG DAISY, and the CHORUS exit, leaving DAISY completely alone.

End of Part 1