

## 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)

**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**

Scene 4

*DAISY stands still for a moment, unsure of how to handle this isolation. First she waits, and then she screams, but there is no response. She throw the plastic chair at the ground, breaking one of the legs. She breaks off the remaining legs, and throws each one of them offstage. She goes back to the papers that MOM has dropped on the*

*ground. And pulls out her own drawing. With a pencil she pulls from her bag, she scribbles out her mother's pedal.*

**DAISY**

She loves me.

*Then she scribbles out the opposite pedal.*

She loves me not.

*YD comes running back on stage.*

**YOUNG DAISY**

Wait! You can't do that, that's dad's pedal.

*DAISY quickly scribbles out YD's pedal.*

**DAISY**

She loves me.

*YD falls to the floor, dead. Comically, almost a pratt fall. DAISY sits for a moment, reveling in the silence, but is beholden to the symmetry of the daisy. Ultimately, she erases the scratch marks over YD's pedal, and YD comes back to life.*

**YOUNG DAISY**

You can't scratch out dad's pedal. That's not fair.

**DAISY**

Why not?

**YOUNG DAISY**

You haven't even seen him yet.

**DAISY**

I haven't seen dad in years. Even when he's here I don't see him. He hasn't looked me in the eyes since the day I came out. He doesn't want anything to do with me.

**YOUNG DAISY**

He's DAD! Of course he wants to see you.

**DAISY**

He's your dad, not mine. It won't be long before you figure that out too.

**YOUNG DAISY**

So, what? You're just crossing them out of your life? Just like that?

**DAISY**

*(looking down at the paper)* I don't know.

**YOUNG DAISY**

You're, you're...evil.

**DAISY**

*(surprised, maybe somewhat amused)* What?

**YOUNG DAISY**

You're evil, and...and crazy. You're FUCKED UP is what you are.

**DAISY**

Oh yeah? How old are you?

**YOUNG DAISY**

12.

**DAISY**

Yeah, that sounds about right. Come on, we're going on a field trip.

**YOUNG DAISY**

I'm not going anywhere with you, you SICK, TWISTED—

**DAISY**

Great, we're already here.

*The space is transforming. It's a bathroom again, but a home bathroom. There's a mirror.*

*The chorus holds the new set pieces in place.*

**YOUNG DAISY**

Where?

**DAISY**

Aunt Kelly's place. You're putting on a play with your cousins, and they need you to play the jester.

*DAISY crosses and picks up a stack of clothes.*

Here, put these on.

**YOUNG DAISY**

These are girl clothes.

**DAISY**

It's supposed to be funny! Don't you want to make everyone laugh?

**YOUNG DAISY**

*(taking the clothes)* I hate you.

*YOUNG DAISY finds somewhere to change. Maybe it's onstage, behind a shower curtain, maybe it's offstage, but the dialogue continues.*

**DAISY**

Come show me your outfits when you're all done.

**YOUNG DAISY**

Don't look.

**DAISY**

I'm not looking, I'm working.

*DAISY has pulled out her self portrait, and starts writing on the back of it. She's filling in the empty pedals with relevant parts of her self portrait, like friends, relationships, jobs, et cetera. Fill this information however you desire.*

**YOUNG DAISY**

What's a self-portrait?

**DAISY**

It's like a picture of yourself.

**YOUNG DAISY**

Yours doesn't look like a picture of anything.

**DAISY**

Well, mine's a little more abstract.

*YOUNG DAISY emerges, in a conglomeration of different outfits. An old woman wig, an a hospital gown, and a rockstar belt, for example.*

**YOUNG DAISY**

*(annoyed but still curious)* What's abstract?

*DAISY laughs, and checks out YD's costume.*

**DAISY**

I guess it means...unconventional. I'm trying to tell someone who I am, instead of what I look like.

**YOUNG DAISY**

Well who are you?

**DAISY**

I like this one, but I don't think it's funny enough for the jester. Go try on something else.

*YOUNG DAISY goes off to change again. DAISY continues doodling.*

**YOUNG DAISY**

It's your fault, you know.

**DAISY**

What is?

**YOUNG DAISY**

That mom and dad hate you. They made the rules, but you're the one who broke them. That's on you.

**DAISY**

That's on us, Daisy.

**YOUNG DAISY**

Henry. My name is Henry.

**DAISY**

Sure, whatever. But they hate you too.

*YD comes out, only half dressed in silly costumes.*

**YOUNG DAISY**

SHUT UP. They do not. I haven't done anything wrong.

**DAISY**

I know you haven't, but it doesn't matter. They don't hate what you do, they hate what you are.

Who you are. Go on, try something else.

*YOUNG DAISY leaves, slower this time, to change one more time.*

**YOUNG DAISY**

Who are you then?

**DAISY**

You mean, who are we?

**YOUNG DAISY**

Whatever, shut up. I don't want to know.

**DAISY**

Well, we're a girl, which is the part they hate, but we're a lot more than that. (referring to the self portrait) We're an artist, a friend, we live on 1511 Crosshollow Rd. During the school year we live on Banister Avenue. We love ice cream, and cartoons, and sitting in the rain. We spend most of the time caught up in our own heads. We can't wear over-ear headphones because they always feel like they're squishing our brain, we can't not correct someone when they misuse the word "perchance." We're young, a little arrogant, a little stupid, but a little brave. And we've been

learning a lot about ourselves in the past few years, that's for sure. Things that are true, but that we didn't want to see. That we're more than just our parents' kids. That we don't need someone else's approval to be lovable. That we're beautiful, even. That—

**YOUNG DAISY**

Daisy?

**DAISY**

Yeah? *(a pause)* Henry what is it? You can come out, now, it's alright.

*After a moment, YD steps back out into the space. He's wearing a beautiful dress. It's simple, yet elegant. He's beautiful. He walks timidly, clearly scared, but scared of what he's feeling, not of DAISY. DAISY beckons him closer, and he slowly walks further onstage. As he does, A young cis girl, of a similar height and build, walks in wearing the same dress. She mimics YD's movements exactly, stepping when he steps, fidgeting when he fidgets. YD finally makes his way to the mirror, finally facing the young girl for the first time. They speak in unison.*

**BOTH YOUNG DAISYS**

Is that...? Daisy, is that—

*Suddenly, MOM enters from offstage.*

**MOM**

Henry! Henry, your cousins are looking for—

*Upon seeing YD, MOM stops dead in her tracks. She stares at YD*

**YOUNG DAISY**

Mom! *(covering himself and the dress the best he can)* I'm changing in here!

**MOM**

Henry...

**YOUNG DAISY**

No, Mom, it's not like that! It's for a play, I'm the jester, I'm the jester!



*MOM rushes off from the way she came, sobbing.*

**YOUNG DAISY**

Mom, WAIT! PLEASE. mOM.

*YD sobs, kneeling, reaching after MOM. DAISY approaches, YD to put a hand on his shoulder.*

**DAISY**

Daisy...

**YOUNG DAISY**

NO! I'm NOT DAISY. My name is HENRY. YOU're not real, there's NO daisy, I am NOT DAISY!

*YD rushes at the girl in the mirror, and tackles her to the ground. He strangles her, until she lies there motionless. He then grabs a pair of scissors that have been lying around in the bathroom, and kills OD and MD.*

**DAISY**

You don't have to do this, daisy. It's not going to help anything.

**YOUNG DAISY**

I am NOT DAISY.

*YD jumps on top of DAISY, and after some struggle, kills her too. He sits still for a moment, exhausted. Then all the other 4 versions of daisy come back to life, standing back up.*

**YOUNG DAISY**

What are you still doing here? I killed you. I killed all of you.

**DAISY**

*(after a pause)* That's not how this works.

**YOUNG DAISY**

Who are those people.

**DAISY**

*(referring to the other YD)* Well, that's you. *(referring to MD and OD)* And those are you just a little later in life.

**YOUNG DAISY**

No, cause that's me later in life.

*YD points to MH and OH who might have just entered, or might have been on stage the whole time.*

That's me.

**DAISY**

Maybe, maybe. But he's *(referring to MH and MD)* just her in a suit, and he's *(referring to OH and MD)* just her without hair implants. She never goes away.

**YOUNG DAISY**

*(looking around)* What about me?

**DAISY + CHORUS**

What about you?

**YOUNG DAISY**

If I go away, then you go away. All of you.

*YD grabs the scissors, and raises them above his stomach, ready to plunge.*

**DAISY + CHORUS**

Think, for a moment.

**YOUNG DAISY**

I'm done thinking!

*YD plunges the scissors into his gut, screaming out in pain. He pulls back, and plunges again, harder, and screams louder. Blood begins seeping through his shirt.*

*(in desperation, to DAISY)* Why isn't it working?

*The whole chorus raises their shirts to show off matching scars of two scissor puncture wounds. DAISY walks to YD, and takes the scissors out of his hands.*

**DAISY**

Your scissors are dull.

*She walks away from YD, setting the scissors on the opposite side of the stage.*

But you can't undo that. It's a part of us now.

**YOUNG DAISY**

I don't care about you, or us. Any of you. I don't want any part of this. I'm not you, you're not me.

And I don't want to be in your stupid self portrait.

*YD picks up his own picture and tears it into tiny pieces. He then steps on DAISY's picture and tears it down one side, so that both of the crossed out pedals are still visible, but the perpendicular pedal that DAISY scribbled and erased earlier has been torn off. The picture is unsymmetrical, and now stomped on. He takes his slice of the picture and runs offstage.*

*The remaining members of the chorus pick up the pieces of the pictures that have been torn, and set them on a table in front of DAISY. They also produce some art supplies, more paper and glue, and other various materials. They leave DAISY alone, and she begins to work on putting it all together.*

**End of Part 2**