

## 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)

## **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**

### **Part 3**

*DAISY works on her self portrait for as long as the director sees fit. Maybe the finished versions of the self portrait as shown physically, maybe projected onto the backdrop, maybe both. I leave the presentation of DAISY's work up to the director's vision.*

*The CHORUS members seep into the audience, filling open seats, preferably closer to the stage than further back. MOM finds a seat near the back, with YD.*

*(as a pre recorded announcement or a God Mic)*

## **ANNOUNCER (MD)**

And now, presenting her senior portfolio, is Daisy Montgomery.

*DAISY stands and moves to the front of the stage. With some access to the materials she is about to present.*

## **DAISY**

Hello, everyone. My name is Daisy, I'm a student of Art and Design. And I'll be presenting a self portrait that I've been working on for the past 6 months.

*A slideshow begins, first with a slide that shows all of the items contained in the self portrait.*

The idea came to me when I was filling out paperwork to officially change my name and gender with the state of Ohio. I realized that it had been several years since the state had had an accurate record of who I am, but an even longer time since I had kept a record of who I have become. The intricacies that don't fit into the simple striped lines of a government document. I began making my self portrait with this piece.

*The projector shows a wreath made from paper sheets, each containing it's own iteration of the name-change document.*

This wreath contains different versions of Ohio's official name-change request form, using every nickname, new address, and iterations of my new name applied to it's pages. Every version of myself that I've ever been, locked into a single wreath. I liked the idea of it being a cyclical structure, because identity doesn't have starting and ending points. It all just flows into each other, sometimes forwards, sometimes backwards, sometime's staying completely still for years on end. Which brings me to my next piece.

*The projector shows the plastic chair, with 3 of the legs pulled off, but perfectly balanced on the one remaining leg. DAISY might also produce it physically.*

This piece is representative of my childhood, or rather my childhood fantasy, which manages to keep itself balanced and stable despite its lack of structural integrity. It seems to hold itself up by sheer power of will, growing roots into the ground, getting increasingly difficult to topple the longer that it stands unchallenged. Which brings me to the final piece of this series:

The projector shows the document with the daisies on it, with some slight alterations.

### **DAISY (cont'd)**

The Challenge.

At around 15 years old I got very into drawing daisies. I enjoyed the beauty of symmetry, the way that they could exist in isolation, and their intricacies and many layers. I'd assign each of the pedals to different parts of my life, having one pedal for each person or thing that I thought was important. As you can see, several of these pedals are full, and flourishing, filled with collage elements that make me happy. I wanted to emphasize those connections, making them equally prominent as the painful connections. The pedals that have been scratched out on the top and bottom are symbolic of my parents, who I don't speak with much these days. The side that has been torn is symbolic of my younger self, my inner-child, who I am in the process of rebuilding a relationship with.

*The torn off pedals from YD's outburst have been complemented with another paper below it, which shows small saplings growing from the places that the pedals had been torn off. The seedlings are much smaller, but healthy, and beautiful. The projector cuts to a new slide showing all three pieces again.*

These pieces provide a 3 dimensional self portrait of my life: highlighting the challenge in my relationships, the instability of my childhood, and the cyclical nature of my identity. Working on this project has given me insight into how each of these aspects of my personal life have shaped, do shape, and will continue to shape my identity. Thank you so much.

*The Audience Claps, perhaps led by the CHORUS members. MH stands up from the audience, and addresses DAISY.*

## **BOARD #1**

Thank you, Daisy. I'm intrigued by the title you gave your work. It's evocative—"The Killing of Daisy Montgomery." Could you speak to that title?

## **DAISY**

Yeah, of course. The name came to me when I finished the first piece, my identity wreath. The original title was “The Killing of Henry Montgomery”, but it felt...wrong to me? Because Henry Montgomery isn’t dead, he’s not gone, he’s just isn’t me. Does that make sense?

*OD stands up, becoming BOARD #2*

**BOARD #2**

Then why include killing in the title at all? If no one is dead?

**DAISY**

We’ll, it’s about the verb of “killing”, instead of the noun, I guess. That the action never fully becomes complete. Both Daisy, and Henry, they’re always being killed, but they’ve never *been* killed. And in the same way, they’re always doing the killing, but never finish the act. “The *Killing* of Daisy Montgomery”.

*MD stands, becoming BOARD #3*

**BOARD #3**

You mentioned the idea of your childhood, but clarified that it was a perception of your childhood. What does that distinction add to your work?

**DAISY**

Well, I mentioned my inner-child, and how that relationship is rebuilding. I think the piece is supposed to represent—

**BOARD #3**

Supposed to? You think?

**DAISY**

The piece represents my...my misunderstanding of who that person was?

**BOARD #3**

Who?

**DAISY**

Henry.

*OH stands up becoming BOARD #4. All board members are now standing, making their final judgements.*

**BOARD #4**

Henry, as in Henry Montgomery? From your first title?

**DAISY**

Yes, of course, sorry. Henry was my birth name.

**BOARD #4**

Understood. And who is Henry Montgomery?

**YOUNG DAISY**

Hi!

*YD is standing on his chair, near the back of the theatre, waving at DAISY. He is happy, chipper even, and seems to have left whatever weight we've seen him carrying throughout the play behind. DAISY sees him, but it seems that no-one else does. It's a sweet reunion.*

**DAISY**

Umm, I don't know. I guess that's something I'm still figuring out. I know that we're connected, but I don't know how. In a sense, that's me. But in another sense, I hardly know him. Or her. I don't know.

Any other questions?

*MOM stands with YD.*

**MOM**

Is this over?

**DAISY**

Questions about the piece?

**CHORUS + MOM + YOUNG DAISY**

Is it?

**DAISY**

*(after a moment, and more scattered than the rest of her responses)* No. It can't be, right? I mean, I've changed—and I will change again. I'm sure. I don't know how. I just. And, and other people change, too, right? Some people are a little stuck, rooted, sure, yeah, but people can change. Maybe I'll change into something they need, again, right? God that sounds awful. Or, or, maybe they'll change what they need, and I'll fit again. The past is written in ink, but not for me. I only use pencil. I use those pencils that the eraser completely removes marks from, the kind that undoes mistakes entirely. I can do that. That's—that doesn't sound fair. And it sounds desperate, I guess. Maybe the past is written in ink. Or paint, or something. Maybe you paint over things, but they don't go away. You just bury them, and hope no one checks. Maybe you—

**MOM**

Is this over?

**DAISY**

I don't know. Probably. For a little while. I don't know.

*MOM walks up from the audience, and the rest of the CHORUS follows. MOM meets DAISY, and offers her hands. DAISY grabs her hands, and slowly lowers MOM to the ground, crossing MOM's arms over her chest as she lies center stage. DAISY lies next to MOM, draping her arms around MOM as they lie together on the ground. The CHORUS surrounds them, mimicking the funeral in scene 3. They speak in solemn unison.*

**CHORUS**

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 a daughter, who rejected that heart in search of her own. We mourn today, in the hopes that we might rejoice tomorrow.

**YOUNG DAISY**

Amen.

*The other YD also enters. She and YD find a place to join DAISY and MOM, holding each other on the ground. MH and MD join the dog pile, as do OH and OD. collectively, they take one final breath, before a cut to black.*

**END OF PLAY**