

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)

[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 Restroom.

Scene X.1

[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. I thought you were scared. That's why I came to get you.

DAISY

Oh, sure. Thanks then. .

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

Why are you in the bathroom?

DAISY

Guess.

YOUNG DAISY

No, cause you're ALWAYS IN THE BATHROOM.

DAISY

Am not.

YOUNG DAISY

Are too! ARE TOO ARE TOO ARE TOO—

DAISY

I drink a lot of water.

YOUNG DAISY

[contemplating, then matter-of-factly] you're not pissing...

DAISY

Okay, let's talk about something else. How's school?

YOUNG DAISY

Stupid. There's nothing fun to do, and everyone's weird and stupid in my class. I hate school.

DAISY

You got in a fight.

YOUNG DAISY

Stupid. Wasn't even a fight. We were LITERALLY playing. STUPID.

DAISY

You get suspended?

YOUNG DAISY

Yeah. Fine by me though. I'd rather be at home than at stupid school.

DAISY

How's home?

*[this takes YD for a spin. After a moment, he tries to
recompose himself]*

YOUNG DAISY

What do you mean?

DAISY

Just...I don't know.

YOUNG DAISY

Home's good.

[a long pause]

DAISY

Yeah.

[another pause]

YOUNG DAISY

Hey did we learn anything cool at college?

DAISY

Yeah. Lots of cool stuff.

YOUNG DAISY

Did you figure out how to blow stuff up like Mr. Finley?

DAISY

Oh, baby. I don't know how to tell you this. We go to art school.

YOUNG DAISY

Art school? They have a school for that?

DAISY

They do. Pretty good ones too.

YOUNG DAISY

What do they teach you?

DAISY

Drawing mainly. That's my focus.

YOUNG DAISY

But I already know how to draw.

DAISY

Sure, but there's stuff you don't know.

YOUNG DAISY

What?

[after thinking for a moment, DAISY goes and pulls out her document from her pocket, and produces a pen from her purse]

[she lays on her stomach, on the ground for a flat surface, YD laying beside her]

DAISY

Let's talk about Perspective.

[she tears the document apart at the staple, giving one sheet to YD]

Draw a line straight across. *[they both do]* That's your horizon.

Now you're gonna draw a dot at the middle of it. Not too big. Just enough that you know where it is. That's your vanishing point.

[the lights come up on the back of the stage. From out of nowhere, the chorus has formed a line. Their arms stick straight out, fingertips touching, creating the horizon line. MOM stands in the middle. As DAISY continues to teach, their bodies create and interpret the concept of “perspective” within the space]

YOUNG DAISY

Okay.

DAISY

Now whatever you draw on this page, it always points to the vanishing point.

YOUNG DAISY

What do you mean, points?

[the CHORUS all points accusingly at MOM, who might be facing upstage. They all might be facing that way. They are qualities of line, but they are also the figures they represent.]

DAISY

It means everything comes from there, and everything ends there. Let's start with a road.

[DAISY draws. The chorus responds.]

You see these two lines, how they end at the vanishing point? That's our road.

YOUNG DAISY

That's a triangle.

DAISY

That's because you're still thinking flat. You have to start seeing depth. Here.

[DAISY starts furiously drawing. Maybe they're buildings, maybe some figures standing close and further away, lines on the road, anything. The sound of DAISY's drawing creates a backing track for the movement piece unfolding within the CHORUS.]

DAISY

Do you see it?

YOUNG DAISY

Yeah. I think so. Those are houses.

DAISY

Look closer.

YOUNG DAISY

Wait. That's our house?

DAISY

I even broke the gutter by the garage, to make it just like the real thing.

YOUNG DAISY

How did you make our house out of triangles?

DAISY

They're not just triangles, but they do all point back to the vanishing point. That's what keeps it so neat.

YOUNG DAISY

Wait, if that's our house, then why is there a giant building across the street. That should be Miss Franklin's house, with the cats.

DAISY

That's my apartment in Chicago. It felt right to put it on the other side of the street, to balance things out. And look, even though the building is so much taller, it still vanishes.

YOUNG DAISY

No it doesn't.

DAISY

Yeah it does.

YOUNG DAISY

It doesn't vanish, it's right there.

DAISY

No, I mean—you're right, it doesn't vanish. I guess the vanishing point doesn't vanish everything, but it does affect it. Do you want to draw something? Another building or something?

YOUNG DAISY

Yeah.

[YD takes DAISY's picture, and gives her the barely started drawing. DAISY laughs, and doodles on her new half while YD draws on the first drawing.]

DAISY

Do you like drawing?

YOUNG DAISY

I guess. Do you have any other colors?

DAISY

Um, maybe. One sec.

[DAISY rifles through her purse, pulling out a pink marker.]

Here.

*[YD takes one look at the marker, and one look at
DAISY]*

YOUNG DAISY

Nevermind.

*[they laugh. YD keeps drawing, and DAISY
affectionately smooths his hair. There is a knock on
the bathroom stall.]*

MOM

Henry? Are you in there?

YOUNG DAISY

Coming, mom!

*[YD runs offstage. DAISY holds up her drawing, up
against the backdrop of the CHORUS. MOM has
left, but the vanishing point remains. DAISY
wanders, eventually finding herself at the center of
it all, where all things originate and all things end.
MOM enters, holding YD's picture.]*

MOM

Hey you. We need to talk.

End of Scene